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THE

Ancient

BRITISH DRAMA.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

17605 a1

VOLUME THIRD.

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ANCIENT BRITISH DRAMA.

THE

WHITE DEVIL:

OR,

VITTORIA COROMBONA.

A LADY OF VENICE.

BY

JOHN WEBSTER.

JOHN WEBSTER *flourished in the reign of king James the First. He was clerk of the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn,*[1] *and a member of the Merchant-Taylors' Company. The times of his birth and death are unknown. From the following verses, he appears to have had the character of an ill-natured critick, but whether with justice or not cannot now be determined, as none of his works of that kind are come down to posterity.*

[2] " But h'st with him crabbed (Websterio),
The play-wright, cart-wright: whether? either ho—
No further. Looke as yee'd bee lookt into:
Sit as ye woo'd be read: Lord! who woo'd know him?
Was ever man so mangl'd with a Poem?
See how he drawes his mouth awry of late,
How he scrubs: wrings his wrests: scratches his pate;
A midwife! helpe? By his *braines coitus*
Some Centaure strange: some huge Bucephalus,

[1] Gildon's *Lives of the Poets.*

[2] Notes from Black-Fryers, printed in certain Elegies. Done by sundrie excellent Wits. With Satyrs and Epigrams. 1620. 12mo.

Or Pallas (sure) ingendred in his braine,
Strike Vulcan with thy hammer once againe.
This is the crittick that (of all the rest)
I'de not have view mee, yet I feare him least,
Heer's not a word cursively I have writt,
But hee'll indastriously examine it;
And in some 12 monthes hence (or there about)
Set in a shamefull sheete my errors out.
But what care I? it will be so obscure,
That none shall understand him (I am sure)."

Theobald, who altered the Dutchess of Malfy, says of him[3]: "*He had a strong and impetuous genius, but withall a most wild and indigested one: he sometimes conceived nobly, but did not always express with clearness; and, if he now and then soars handsomely, he as often rises into the regions of bombast: his conceptions were so eccentric, that we are not to wonder why we cannot trace him. As for rules, he either knew them not, or thought them too servile a restraint. Hence it is, that he skips over years and kingdoms with an equal liberty. (It must be confessed, the unities were very sparingly observed at the time in which he wrote; however, when any poet travels so fast, that the imagination of his spectators cannot keep pace with him, probability is put quite out of breath.) Nor has he been less licentious in another respect: he makes mention of* Galilleo *and* Tasso, *neither of whom were born till near half a century after the Dutchess of Malfy was murthered.*"

Philip Frowde, Esq. in the Prologue to the same play, says:

"The rude, old bard, if critick laws he knew,
From a too warm imagination drew;
And scorning rule should his free soul confine,
Nor time, nor place, observ'd in his design."

He was the Author of the following plays:

(1.) "*The White Devil; or, the Tragedy of Paulo Giordano Ursini Duke of Brachiano; with the Life and Death of Vittoria Corombona, the famous Venetian Curtizan. Acted by the Queen's Servants at the Phœnix, Drury-Lane. 4to. 1612; 4to. 1631; 4to. 1665; 4to. 1672.*"

(2.) "*The Tragedy of the Dutchesse of Malfy. As it was presented privatly at the Black-Friers, and publiquely at the Globe, by the King's Majesties Servants. The perfect and exact Coppy, with diverse things printed, that the length of the play would not beare in the presentment. 4to. 1623; 4to. 1640; 4to. 1678; 4to. 1708.*"

(3.) "*The Devil's Law-case; or, When Women goe to Law, the Devil is full of Businesse: A New Tragic-comedy. The true and perfect Copie from the Originall. As it was approved well acted by her Majesties Servants. 4to. 1623.*"

(4.) "*Appius and Virginia. A Tragedy, 4to. 1654; 4to. 1655.*" *It was revived and printed in* 1679, *by Betterton, in 4to. and acted at the Duke's Theatre, under the title of* The Roman Virgin, or Unjust Judge.

(5.) "*The Thracian Wonder. A Comical History, as it hath been several times acted with great applause. Written by John Webster and William Rowley; 4to. 1661.*

(6.) "*A Cure for a Cuckold: A Pleasant Comedy. As it hath been several times acted with great applause. Written by John Webster and William Rowley; 4to. 1661.*"

He also wrote The Induction to The Male Content, *by Marston, 1604.*

"*A Monumental Columne, erected to the living Memory of the ever-glorious Henry, late Prince of Wales; 4to. 1613.*"

"*The Monument of Honour, at the confirmation of the right worthy brother John Goare in the high office of his Majesty's lieutenant over his royal chamber, at the charge and expence of the right worthy and worshipfull fraternity of eminent Merchant-Taylors. Invented and written by John Webster, Taylor; 4to. 1624.*"

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[3] Preface to *The Fatal Secret*, 12mo. 1735.

TO THE READER.

IN publishing this Tragedy, I do but challenge to myself that liberty which other men have taken before me; not that I affect praise by it, for *nos hæc novimus esse nihil*: only, since it was acted in so open and [4] black a theatre, that it wanted (that which is the only grace and setting-out of a tragedy) a full and understanding auditory; and that, since that time, I have noted most of the people that come to that play-house resemble those ignorant asses (who, visiting stationers' shops, their use is not to inquire for good books, but new books), I present it to the general view with this confidence:

Nec rhoncos metues malignorum,
Nec scombris tunicas dabis molestas.

If it be objected this is no true dramatick poem, I shall easily confess it, *non potes in nugas dicere plura meas, ipse ego quam dixi*; willingly, and not ignorantly, have I faulted. For should a man present, to such an auditory, the most sententious tragedy that ever was written, observing all the critical laws, as height of stile, and gravity of person, inrich it with the sententious chorus, and, as it were, enliven death, in the passionate and weighty *Nuntius*; yet, after all this divine rapture, *O dura messorum Ilia*, the breath that comes from the uncapable multitude is able to poison it; and, ere it be acted, let the author resolve to fix to every scene this of Horace:

—Hæc hodie porcis comedenda relinques.

To those, who report I was a long time in finishing this tragedy, I confess, I do not write with a goose-quill wing'd with two feathers; and, if they will needs make it my fault, I must answer them with that of Euripides to Alcestides, a tragick writer: Alcestides objecting that Euripides had only, in three days, composed three verses, whereas himself had written three hundred: Thou tell'st truth (quoth he); but here's the difference, thine shall only be read for three days, whereas mine shall continue three ages.

Detraction is the sworn friend to ignorance: for mine own part, I have ever truly cherished my good opinion of other men's worthy labours, especially of that full and heightened stile of master Chapman, the laboured and understanding works of master Jonson, the no less worthy composures of the both worthily excellent master Beaumont and master Fletcher; and lastly (without wrong last to be named), the right happy and copious industry of master Shakespeare, master Decker, and master Heywood, wishing what I write may be read by their light; protesting that, in the strength of mine own judgment, I know them so worthy, that though I rest silent in my own work, yet to most of theirs I dare (without flattery) fix that of Martial:

——non norunt hæc monumenta mori.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MONTICELSO, *a Cardinal; afterwards Pope* PAUL IV.
FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, *Duke of Florence; in the fifth Act disguised for a Moor, under the name of* MULINASSAR.
BRACHIANO, *otherwise* PAULO GIORDANO URSINI, *Duke of Brachiano, Husband to* ISABELLA, *and in love with* VITTORIA.
GIOVANNI, *his Son by* ISABELLA.
LODOVICO, *an Italian Count, but decay'd.*
ANTONELLI, } *his Friends, and Dependents of*
GASPARO, } *the Duke of Florence.*
CAMILLO, *Husband to* VITTORIA.
HORTENSIO, *one of* BRACHIANO'S *Officers.*
MARCELLO, *an Attendant of the Duke of Florence, and Brother to* VITTORIA.
FLAMINEO, *his Brother, Secretary to* BRACHIANO.
JAQUES, *a Moor, Servant to* GIOVANNI.
ISABELLA, *Sister to* FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, *and Wife to* BRACHIANO.
VITTORIA COROMBONA, *a Venetian Lady, first married to* CAMILLO, *afterwards to* BRACHIANO.
CORNELIA, *Mother to* VITTORIA, FLAMINEO, *and* MARCELLO.
ZANCHE, *a Moor, Servant to* VITTORIA.

Ambassadors, Courtiers, Lawyers, Officers, Physicians, Conjurer, Armourer, Attendants.

SCENE—ITALY.

In mentem Authoris.

Scire velis quid sit mulier? quo percitet œstro?
En tibi, si sapias, cum sale, mille sales.

[4] *Black a theatre.*—I think we should read *blank*, i. e. vacant, unsupplied with articles necessary toward theatrical representation. S.

THE

WHITE DEVIL;

OR,

VITTORIA COROMBONA.

A LADY OF VENICE.

ACT I.

Enter Count LODOVICO, ANTONELLI, *and* GASPARO.

Lod. Banish'd!
Ant. It griev'd me much to hear the sentence.
Lod. Ha, ha, O Democritus, thy gods
That govern the whole world! courtly reward
And punishment. Fortune's a right whore;
If she give out, she deals it in small parcels,
That she may take away all at one [5] swoop.
This 'tis to have great enemies; God quit them.
Your wolf no longer seems to be a wolf
Than when she's hungry.
Gas. You term those enemies,
Are men of princely rank.
Lod. Oh, I pray for them,
The violent thunder is ador'd by those
Are dash'd in pieces by it.
Ant. Come, my lord,
You're justly doom'd; look but a little back
Into your former life: you have in three years
Ruin'd the noblest earldom.
Gas. Your followers
Have swallowed you like [6] mummy, and being sick
With such unnatural and horrid physick,
Vomit you up i'th' kennel.
Ant. All the damnable degrees
Of drinkings have you stagger'd through. One citizen
Is lord of two fair manors, call'd you master,
Only for [7] caviare.
Gas. Those noblemen
Which were invited to your prodigal feasts,
(Wherein the phœnix scarce could scape your throats)
Laugh at your misery, as fore-deeming you
An idle meteor, which drawn forth, the earth
Would be soon lost in the air.
Ant. Jest upon you,
And say you were begotten in an earthquake,
You have ruin'd such fair lordships.
Lod. Very good.
This well goes with two buckets; I must tend
The pouring out of either.
Gas. Worse than these.
You have acted certain murders here in Rome,
Bloody and full of horror.
Lod. 'Las, they were flea-bitings:
Why took they not my head then?
Gas. O, my lord!
The law doth sometimes mediate, thinks it good
Not ever to steep violent sins in blood:

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[5] *Swoop*—The technical term for the descent of a hawk on its prey. So, in *Macbeth*:

"——Oh fell kite, all?
At one *swoop*."

See Note on that passage, Vol. IV. of Shakspeare, p. 565, edit. 1778. S.

[6] *Mummy*.—See Note 3 to *The Bird in a Cage*, Vol. I. p. 226.

[7] *Caviare*.—See Note 19 to *The Ordinary*, postea.

This gentle penance may both end your crimes,
And in the example better these bad times.
Lod. So, but I wonder then some great men 'scape
This banishment: there's Paulo Giordano Ursini,
The duke of Brachiano, now lives in Rome,
And by close panderism seeks to prostitute
The honour of Vittoria Corombona:
Vittoria, she that might have got my pardon
For one kiss to the duke.
Ant. Have a full man within you:
We see that trees bear no such pleasant fruit
There where they grew first, as where they are new set.
Perfumes, the more they are chaf'd, the more they render
Their pleasing scents; and so affliction
Expresseth virtue fully, whether true,
Or else adulterate.
Lod. Leave your painted comforts;
I'll make Italian cut-works in their guts
If ever I return.
Gas. O sir.
Lod. I am patient.
I have seen some ready to be executed,
Give pleasant looks, and money, and grow familiar
With the knave hangman; so do I; I thank them,
And would account them nobly merciful,
Would they dispatch me quickly.
Ant. Fare you well;
We shall find time, I doubt not, to repeal
Your banishment.
Lod. I am ever bound to you.
This is the world's alms; pray make use of it.
Great men sell sheep, thus to be cut in pieces,
When first they have shorn them bare, and sold their fleeces. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BRACHIANO, CAMILLO, FLAMINEO, VITTORIA COROMBONA.

Brach. Your best of rest.
Vit. Cor. Unto my lord, the duke,
The best of welcome. More lights: attend the duke. [*Exeunt* CAMILLO *and* VITTORIA COROMBONA.
Brach. Flamineo.
Flam. My lord.
Brach. Quite lost, Flamineo.
Flam. Pursue your noble wishes, I am prompt
As lightning to your service. O, my lord!
The fair Vittoria, my happy sister,
Shall give you present audience. Gentlemen,
[*Whisper.*
Let the caroch go on, and 'tis his pleasure
You put out all your torches, and depart.
Brach. Are we so happy?
Flam. Can it be otherwise?
Observ'd you not to-night, my honour'd lord,
Which way soe'er you went, she threw her eyes.
I have dealt already with her chamber-maid,
Zanche the Moor; and she is wondrous proud
To be the agent for so high a spirit.
Brach. We are happy above thought, because 'bove merit.
Flam. 'Bove merit! we may now talk freely: 'bove merit! what is't you doubt? her coyness! that's but the superficies of lust most women have; yet why should ladies blush to hear that nam'd, which they do not fear to handle? O they are politick; they know our desire is increased by the difficulty of enjoying; whereas satiety is a blunt, weary, and drowsy passion. If the buttery-hatch at court stood continually open, there would be nothing so passionate crowding, nor hot suit after the beverage.
Brach. O but her jealous husband——
Flam. Hang him; a gilder that hath his brains perish'd with quick-silver is not more cold in the liver. [8]The great barriers moulted not more feathers, than he hath shed hairs, by the confession of his doctor. [9]An Irish gamester that will play himself naked, and then wage all downwards, at hazard, is not more venturous. So unable to please a woman, that, like a Dutch doublet, all his back is shrunk into his breeches. Shrowd you within this closet, good my lord; Some trick now must be thought on to divide My brother-in-law from his fair bed-fellow.
Brach. O should she fail to come.
Flam. I must not have your lordship thus unwisely amorous: I myself have loved a lady, and pursued her with a great deal of under-age protestation, whom some three or four gallants that have enjoyed would with all their hearts have been glad to have been rid of: 'tis just like a summer bird-cage in a garden, the birds that are without despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair, and are in a consumption, for fear they shall never get out. Away, away, my lord.

Enter CAMILLO.

See here he comes. This fellow by his apparel
Some men would judge a politician;

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[8] *The great barriers moulted not more feathers,*—i. e. more feathers were not dislodged from the helmets of the combatants at the great tilting match. S.

[9] *An Irish gamester will play himself naked.*—Barnaby Rich, in his *New Description of Ireland*, 1610, p. 38, says, "there is (i. e. in Ireland) a certaine brotherhood, called by the name of *Karrowes*, and these be common gamsters, that do only exercise playing at cards, and they will play away their mantels, and their shirts from their backs, and when they have nothing left them, they will trusse themselves in straw; this is the life they lead, and from this they will not be reclaimed."

But call his wit in question, you shall find it
Meerly an ass [10] in's foot cloth.
How now, brother? what, travelling to bed to your kind wife?
Cam. I assure you, brother, no; my voyage lies
More northerly, in a far colder clime;
I do not well remember, I protest,
When I lay last with her.
Flam. Strange you should lose your count.
Cam. We never lay together, but ere morning
There grew a [11] flaw between us.
Flam. 'Thad been your part
To have made up that flaw.
Cam. True, but she loaths I should be seen in't.
Flam. Why, sir, what's the matter?
Cam. The duke your master visits me, I thank him;
And I perceive how, like an earnest bowler,
He very passionately leans that way
He would have his bowl run.
Flam. I hope you do not think—
Cam. That nobleman bowl booty? [12] faith, his cheek
Hath a most excellent bias, it would fain jump with my mistress.
Flam. Will you be an ass,
Despight your Aristotle? or a cuckold,
Contrary to you Ephemerides,
Which shews you under what a smiling planet
You were first swaddled?
Cam. Pew wew, sir; tell not me
Of planets nor of Ephemerides:
A man may be made a cuckold in the day-time,
When the stars eyes are out.
Flam. Sir, good-bye t'you;
I do commit you to your pitiful pillow
Stuft with horn-shavings.
Cam. Brother.
Flam. [13] God refuse me,
Might I advise you now, your only course
Were to lock up your wife.
Cam. 'Twere very good.
Flam. Bar her the sight of revels.
Cam. Excellent.
Flam. Let her not go to church, but [14] like a hound
In Leon, at your heels.
Cam. 'Twere for her honour.
Flam. And so you should be certain in one fortnight,
Despight her chastity or innocence,
To be cuckolded, which yet is in suspence:
This is my counsel, and I ask no fee for't.
Cam. Come, you know not where my night-cap wrings me.
Flam. Wear it o'th' old fashion; let your large ears come through, it will be more easy. Nay, I will be bitter; bar your wife of her entertainment. Women are more willingly and more gloriously chaste, when they are least restrained of their liberty. It seems you would be a fine capricious mathematically jealous coxcomb; take the height of your own horns with a Jacob's staff, afore they are up. These politick inclosures for paltry mutton, make more rebellion in the flesh, than all the provocative electuaries doctors have uttered since the last jubilee.
Cam. This doth not physic me.

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[10] *In's foot cloth*—i. e. in his housings, his accoutrements. See Note to *King Richard III.* A. 3. S. 4. S.

[11] *Flaw.*—*Flaw* anciently signified a *gust*, or *blast*. It here means a quarrel. So, in *Pericles*, A. 2:

"——I do not fear *the flaw*,
It hath done to me the worst."

Arden of Feversham:

"——Were I uppon the sea
As oft I have in many a bitter storme,
And saw a dreadfull suthern *flaw* at hand, &c."

[12] —— *Faith his cheek*
Hath a most excellent bias.—So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, A. 4. S. 5:

" Blow, villain, till thy sphered *bias cheek*
Out swell the cholic of puff'd Aquilon."

[13] *God refuse me.*—See Note 1 to *The Match at Midnight*, Vol. II. p. 459.

[14] —— *like a hound*
In Leon, at your heels.—I know not that the custom of being followed by a dog is peculiar to this city in Spain, but rather believe we should read,

—— like a hound in *leam*, i. e. a leash, a string.

See Note on *King Lear*, A. 3. S. 6. Shakspeare, Vol. IX. p. 432. S.

Flam. It seems you are jealous; I'll shew you the error of it by a familiar example: I have seen a pair of spectacles fashioned with such perspective art, that lay down but one twelve pence o'th'board, 'twill appear as if there were twenty; now should you wear a pair of these spectacles, and see your wife tying her shoe, you would imagine twenty hands were taking up of your wife's clothes, and this would put you into a horrible causeless fury.

Cam. The fault there, sir, is not in the eye-sight.

Flam. True, but [15] they that have the yellow jaundice think all objects they look on to be yellow. Jealousy is worse; her fits present to a man, like so many bubbles in a bason of water, twenty several crabbed faces, many times makes his own shadow his cuckold-maker.

Enter VITTORIA COROMBONA.

See, she comes; what reason have you to be jealous of this creature? what an ignorant ass or flattering knave might he be counted, that should write sonnets to her eyes; or call her brow, the snow of Ida, or ivory of Corinth, or compare her hair to the black-bird's bill, when 'tis liker the black-bird's feather? this is all: be wise, I will make you friends: and you shall go to bed together. Marry look you, it shall not be your seeking. Do you stand upon that by any means: walk you aloof; I would not have you seen in't.—Sister, my lord attends you in the banquetting-house: your husband is wondrous discontented.

Vit. Cor. I did nothing to displease him; I carved to him at supper-time.

Flam. You need not have carved him, in faith; they say he is a capon already. I must now seemingly fall out with you. *Shall a gentleman so well descended as* Camillo—a lousy slave, that within this twenty years rode with the black guard in the duke's carriage, 'mongst spits and dripping-pans?

Cam. Now he begins to tickle her.

Flam. An excellent scholar—one that hath a head fill'd with calves brains without any sage in them,—*come crouching in the hams to you for a night's lodging?*—that hath an itch in's hams, which like the fire at the glass-house hath not gone out this seven years—*is he not a courtly gentleman?*—when he wears white sattin, one would take him by his black muzzle to be no other creature than a maggot—*you are a goodly foil I confess well set out*—but cover'd with a false stone, you counterfeit diamond.

Cam. He will make her know what is in me.

Flam. Come, my lord attends you; thou shalt go to bed to my lord.

Cam. Now he comes to't.

Flam. With a relish as curious as a vintner going to taste new wine.—I am opening your case hard. [*To* CAMILLO.

Cam. A virtuous brother, on my credit!

Flam. He will give thee a ring with a philosopher's stone in it.

Cam. Indeed, I am studying alchymy.

Flam. Thou shalt lie in a bed stuft with turtles feathers; swoon in perfumed linen, like the fellow was smothered in roses. So perfect shall be thy happiness, that as men at sea think land, and trees, and ships, go that way they go; so both heaven and earth shall seem to go your voyage. Shall't meet him, 'tis fix'd, with nails of diamonds to inevitable necessity. [*Aside.*

Vit. Cor. How shall's rid him hence? [*Aside.*

Flam. I will put [16] the brize in's tail shall set him gadding presently.—I have almost wrought her to it, I find her coming; but, might I advise you now, for this night I would not lie with her, I would cross her humour to make her more humble.

Cam. Shall I, shall I?

Flam. It will shew in you a supremacy of judgment.

Cam. True, and a mind differing from the tumultuary opinion; for, *quæ negata, grata.*

Flam. Right: you are the [17] adamant shall draw her to you, though you keep distance off.

Cam. A philosophical reason.

Flam. Walk by her o'th' nobleman's fashion, and tell her you will lie with her at the end of the progress.

Cam. Vittoria, I cannot be induc'd, or as a man would say, incited.

---

[15] *They that have the yellow jaundice, think all objects they look on to be yellow.*—This thought is adopted by Mr. Pope:

"All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye." S.

[16] *The brize*—i. e. the fly that stings cattle. So, in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, A. 3. S. 1:

" This *brize* hath prick'd my patience."

The New Inn, A. 5. S. 3:

" ——— Sheelee nien
Runs like a heefer, bitten with *the brize*,
About the court crying on Fly, and cursing."

See also Mr. Steevens's Note on *Troilus and Cressida*, A. 1. S. 3. and to *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 3. S. 8.

[17] *Adamant*—i. e. the magnet. S. P.

Vit. Cor. To do what, sir?

Cam. To lie with you to-night. Your silk-worm useth to fast every third day, and the next following spins the better. To-morrow at night I am for you.

Vit. Cor. You'll spin a fair thread, trust to't.

Flam. But do you hear, I shall have you steal to her chamber about midnight.

Cam. Do you think so? why look you, brother, because you shall not think I'll gull you, take the key, lock me into the chamber, and say you shall be sure of me.

Flam. In troth I will; I'll be your jailor once: But have you ne'er a false door?

Cam. A pox on't, as I am a Christian; tell me to-morrow how scurvily she takes my unkind parting.

Flam. I will.

Cam. Didst thou not make the jest of the silk-worm?
Good-night, in faith I will use this trick often.

Flam. Do, do, do. [*Exit* CAMILLO.
So, now you are safe. Ha, ha, ha, [18] thou intanglest thyself in thine own work like a silk-worm.

Enter BRACHIANO.

Come, sister, darkness hides your blush. Women are like curst dogs; civility keeps them tied all day-time, but they are let loose at midnight, then they do most good, or most mischief. My lord, my lord.

ZANCHE *brings out a carpet, spreads it, and lays on it two fair cushions.*

Brach. Give credit: I could wish time would stand still,
And never end this interview, this hour;
But all delight doth itself soon'st devour.

Enter CORNELIA *listening.*

Let me into your bosom, happy lady,
Pour out, instead of eloquence, my vows.
Loose me not, madam, for if you forego me,
I am lost eternally.

Vit. Cor. Sir, in the way of pity,
I wish you heart-whole.

Brach. You are a sweet physician.

Vit. Cor. Sure, sir, a loathed cruelty in ladies
Is as to doctors many funerals:
It takes away their credit.

Brach. Excellent creature!
We call the cruel, fair; what name for you
That are so merciful?

Zan. See now they close.

Flam. Most happy union.

Cor. My fears are fall'n upon me: oh my heart!
My son the pander! now I find our house
Sinking to ruin. Earthquakes leave behind,
Where they have tyranniz'd, iron, lead, or stone;
But woe to ruin, violent lust leaves none.

Brach. That value is this jewel?

Vit. Cor. 'Tis the ornament of a weak fortune.

Brach. In sooth I'll have it; nay, I will but change
My jewel for your jewel.

Flam. Excellent;
His jewel for her jewel: well put in, duke.

Brach. Nay, let me see you wear it.

Vit. Cor. Here, sir.

Brach. Nay, lower, you shall wear my jewel lower.

Flam. That's better, she must wear his jewel lower.

Vit. Cor. To pass away the time, I'll tell your grace
A dream I had last night

Brach. Most wishedly.

Vit. Cor. A foolish idle dream:
Methought I walk'd about the mid of night
Into a church-yard, where a goodly yew-tree
Spread her large root in ground: under that yew,
As I sate sadly leaning on a grave,
Checquer'd with cross sticks, there came stealing in
Your dutchess and my husband; one of them
A pick-ax bore, th' other a rusty spade,
And in rough terms they 'gan to challenge me
About this yew.

Brach. That tree?

Vit. Cor. This harmless yew;
They told me my intent was to root up
That well-grown yew, and plant i'the stead of it
A wither'd black-thorn; and for that they vow'd
To bury me alive: my husband straight
With pick-ax 'gan to dig, and your fell dutchess
With shovel, like a fury, voided out
The earth, and scatter'd bones: lord, how methought
I trembled! and yet for all this terror
I could not pray

Flam. No; the devil was in your dream.

Vit. Cor. When to my rescue there arose, methought,
A whirlwind, which let fall a massy arm
From that strong plant;
And both were struck dead by that sacred yew,
In that base shallow grave that was their due.

Flam. Excellent devil!
She hath taught him in a dream

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[18] *Thou intanglest thyself in thine own work like a silk-worm.*—Thus Pope:

"The silk-worm thus spins fine his little store,
And labours till he clouds himself all o'er." S.

To make away his dutchess and her husband.
Brach. Sweetly shall I interpret this your dream.
You are lodg'd within his arms who shall protect you
From all the fevers of a jealous husband;
From the poor envy of our flegmatick dutchess.
I'll seat you above law, and above scandal;
Give to your thoughts the invention of delight,
And the fruition; nor shall government
Divide me from you longer, than a care
To keep you great: you shall to me at once,
Be dukedom, health, wife, children, friends, and all.
Cor. Woe to light hearts, they still fore-run our fall. [CORNELIA *comes forwards.*
Flam. What fury rais'd thee up? away, away. [*Exit* ZANCHE.
Cor. What makes you here, my lord, this dead of night?
Never dropt mildew on a flower here till now.
Flam. I pray, will you go to bed then,
Lest you be blasted?
Cor. O that this fair garden
Had all with poison'd herbs of Thessaly
At first been planted; made a nursery
For witch-craft, rather than a burial-plot
For both your honours.
Vit. Cor. Dearest mother, hear me.
Cor. O, thou dost make my brow bend to the earth,
Sooner than nature. See the curse of children!
In life they keep us frequently in tears;
And in the cold grave leave us in pale fears.
Brach. Come, come, I will not hear you.
Vit. Cor. Dear, my lord.
Cor. Where is thy dutchess now, adult'rous duke?
Thou little dream'st this night she is come to Rome.
Flam. How! come to Rome?
Vit. Cor. The dutchess.
Brach. She had been better——
Cor. The lives of princes should like dials move,
Whose regular example is so strong,
They make the times by them go right, or wrong.
Flam. So, have you done?
Cor. Unfortunate Camillo!
Vit. Cor. I do protest, if any chaste denial,
If any thing but blood could have allay'd
His long suit to me—
Cor. I will join with thee,
To the most woeful end ere mother kneel'd:
If thou dishonour thus thy husband's bed,
Be thy life short as are the funeral tears
In great men's——
Brach. Fy, fy, the woman's mad.
Cor. Be thy act Judas like, betray in kissing.
May'st thou be envy'd during his short breath,
And pity'd like a wretch after his death.
Vit. Cor. O me accurs'd! [*Exit* VIT. COR.
Flam. Are you out of your wits, my lord?
I'll fetch her back again.
Brach. No, I'll to bed.
Send doctor Julio to me presently.
Uncharitable woman! thy rash tongue
Hath rais'd a fearful and prodigious storm;
Be thou the cause of all ensuing harm.
[*Exit* BRACHIANO.
Flam. Now, you that stand so much upon your honour!
Is this a fitting time o'night, think you,
To send a duke home without e'er a man?
I would fain know where lies the mass of wealth
Which you have hoarded for my maintenance,
That I may bear my beard out of the level
Of my lord's stirrup.
Cor. What! because we are poor,
Shall we be vicious?
Flam. Pray, what means have you
To keep me from the gallies, or the gallows?
My father prov'd himself a gentleman,
Sold all his land, and, like a fortunate fellow,
Died ere the money was spent. You brought me up
At Padua, I confess, where I protest,
For want of means (the university judge me)
I have been fain to heel my tutor's stockings
At least seven years; conspiring with a beard
Made me a graduate; then to this duke's service.
I visited the court, whence I return'd
More courteous, more leacherous by far,
But not a suit the richer. And shall I,
Having a path so open, and so free
To my preferment, still retain your milk
In my pale forehead? no, this face of mine
I'll arm and fortify with lusty wine,
'Gainst shame and blushing.
Cor. O that I ne'er had borne thee!
Flam. So would I.
I would the common'st courtezan in Rome
Had been my mother, rather than thyself.
Nature is very pitiful to whores,
To give them but few children, yet those children
Plurality of fathers; they are sure
They shall not want. Go, go,
Complain unto my great lord cardinal;
It may be he will justify the act.
Lycurgus wonder'd much, men would provide
Good stallions for their mares, and yet would suffer
Their fair wives to be barren.
Cor. Misery of miseries! [*Exit* CORNELIA.
Flam. The dutchess comes to court! I like not that.
We are engag'd to mischief, and must on,
As rivers to find out the ocean
Flow with crook bendings beneath forced banks;
Or as we see, to aspire some mountain's top,
The way ascends not straight, but imitates
The subtile foldings of a winter snake;
So who knows policy and her true aspect,
Shall find her ways winding and indirect. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, *Cardinal* MONTICELSO, MARCELLO, ISABELLA, *young* GIOVANNI, *with little* JAQUES *the Moor.*

F. de Med. Have you not seen your husband since you arrived?
Isa. Not yet, sir.
F. de Med. Surely he is wonderful kind;
If I had such a dove-house as Camillo's,
I would set fire on't, were't but to destroy
The pole-cats that haunt to it.—My sweet cousin!
Gio. Lord uncle, you did promise me a horse,
And armour.
F. de Med. That I did, my pretty cousin.
Marcello, see it fitted.
Mar. My lord, the duke is here.
F. de Med. Sister, away; you must not yet be seen.
Isa. I do beseech you,
Entreat him mildly, let not your rough tongue
Set us at louder variance; all my wrongs
Are freely pardon'd; and I do not doubt,
As men, to try the [19] precious unicorn's horn,
Make of the powder a preservative circle,
And in it put a spider; so these arms
Shall charm his poison, force it to obeying,
And keep him chaste from an infected straying.
F. de Med. I wish they may. Be gone.
[*Exeunt* ISABELLA *and* GIOVANNI, &c.

Enter BRACHIANO *and* FLAMINEO.

'Void the chamber:
You are welcome, will you sit? I pray, my lord,
Be you my orator, my heart's too full,
I'll second you anon.
Mon. Ere I begin,
Let me entreat your grace forego all passion,
Which may be raised by my free discourse.
Brach. As silent as i'th' church; you may proceed.
Mon. It is a wonder to your noble friends,
That you having as 'twere enter'd the world
With a free scepter in your able hand,
And have to the use of nature well applied
High gifts of learning, should in your prime age
Neglect your awful throne, for the soft down
Of an insatiate bed. Oh, my lord,
The drunkard after all his lavish cups
Is dry, and then is sober: so at length,
[20] When you awake from this lascivious dream,
Repentance then will follow, like the sting
Plac'd in the adder's tail. Wretched are princes
When fortune blasteth but a petty flower
Of their unwieldy crowns; or ravisheth
But one pearl from their scepters: but alas!
When they thro' wilful shipwreck lose good fame,
All princely titles perish with their name.
Brach. You have said, my lord.
Mon. Enough to give you taste
How far I am from flatt'ring your greatness.
Brach. Now you that are his second, what say you?
Do not like young hawks fetch a course about,
Your game flies fair, and for you.
F. de Med. Do not fear it:
I'll answer you in your own hawking phrase.
Some eagles that should gaze upon the sun

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[19] *Precious unicorn's horn.*—"The antients held the *Unicorn's horn* to be a counter poison; and that the animal used to dip it in the water, to purify and sweeten it ere it would drink; it is added, that for the same reason other beasts wait to see it drink before them.—Thence, as also from the rarity of the thing, people have taken occasion to attribute divers medicinal virtues thereto.

"But Amb. Pare has proved it a mere piece of charletanery, and all the virtues attributed to it to be false; and yet the price it has bore is almost incredible. Andrea Racci, a physician of Florence, affirms the pound of 16 ounces to have been sold in the Apothecaries shops for 1536 crowns, when the same weight of gold was only worth one hundred forty-eight crowns." Chambers's *Dictionary*. See also Sir Thomas Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, B. 3. C. 23.

[20] *When you awake from this lascivious dream,*
Repentance then will follow, like the sting
Plac'd in the adder's tail.—So Thomson says:

"Even present, in the very lap of love
Inglorious laid: while musick flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine; and wanton hours;
Amid the roses fierce repentance rears
Her snaky crest: a quick returning pang
Shoots thro' the conscious heart; where honour still,
And great design, against th' oppressive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.——*Spring*, l. 992.

Seldom soar high, but take their lustful ease;
Since they from dunghill birds their prey can seize.
You know Vittoria?
Brach. Yes.
F. de Med. You shift your shirt there,
When you return from tennis?
Brach. Happily.
F. de Med. Her husband is the lord of a poor fortune,
Yet she wears cloth of tissue.
Brach. What of this?
Will you urge that, my good lord cardinal,
As part of her confession at next shrift,
And know from whence it sails?
F. de Med. She is your strumpet.
Brach. Uncivil sir, there's hemlock in thy breath,
And blackest slander. Were she whore of mine,
All thy loud cannons, and thy [21] borrow'd Switzers,
Thy gallies, nor thy sworn confederates,
Durst not supplant her.
F. de Med. Let's not talk on thunder.
Thou hast a wife, our sister; would I had given
Both her white hands to death, bound and lock'd fast
In her last winding sheet, when I gave thee
But one.
Brach. Thou hadst given a soul to God then.
F. de Med. True;
Thy ghostly father, with all his absolution,
Shall ne'er do so by thee.
Brach. Spit thy poison.
F. de Med. I shall not need, lust carries her sharp whip
At her own girdle; look to't, for our anger
Is making thunder-bolts.
Brach. Thunder! i'faith,
They are but crackers.
F. de Med. We'll end it with the cannon.
Brach. Thou'lt get nought by it, but iron in thy wounds,
And gunpowder in thy nostrils.
F. de Med. Better that,
Than change perfumes for plaisters.
Brach. Pity on thee,
'Twere good you'd shew your slaves, or men condemn'd,
Your new-plow'd forehead-defiance. I'll meet thee,
Even in a thicket of thy ablest men.
Mon. My lord, you shall not word it any farther
Without a milder limit.
F. de Med. Willingly.
Brach. Have you proclaim'd a triumph, that you bait
A lion thus?
Mon. My lord!
Brach. I'm tame, I'm tame, sir.
Flam. We send unto the duke for conference
'Bout levies 'gainst the pirates; my lord duke
Is not at home: we come ourselt in person;
Still my lord duke is busied. But we fear
When Tyber to each prouling passenger
Discovers flocks of wild ducks; then, my lord,
'Bout moulting time I mean, we shall be certain
To find you sure enough, and speak with you.
Brach. Ha!
Flam. A meer tale of a tub, my words are idle;
But to express the sonnet by natural reason,
When stags grow melancholy, you'll find the season.

Enter GIOVANNI.

Mon. No more, my lord; here comes a champion
Shall end the difference between you both;
Your son, prince Giovanni. See, my lords,
What hopes you store in him; this is a casket
For both your crowns, and should be held like dear.
Now is he apt for knowledge; therefore know
It is a more direct and even way,
To train to virtue those of princely blood,
By examples than by precepts: if by examples,
Whom should he rather strive to imitate
Than his own father? be his pattern then,
Leave him a stock of virtue that may last,
Should fortune rend his sails, and split his mast.
Brach. Your hand, boy, growing to a soldier?
Gio. Give me a pike.
F. de Med. What, practising your pike so young, fair cuz?
Gio. Suppose me one of Homer's frogs, my lord,
Tossing my bull-rush thus. Pray, sir, tell me,
Might not a child of good discretion
Be leader to an army?
F. de Med. Yes, cousin, a young prince
Of good discretion might.
Gio. Say you so?
Indeed I have heard, 'tis fit a general
Should not endanger his own person oft,
So that he makes a noise when he's on horseback
Like a Dantzick drummer, O, 'tis excellent!
He need not fight; methinks his horse as well
Might lead an army for him. If I live,
I'll charge the French foe in the very front
Of all my troops, the foremost man.

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[21] *Borrow'd Switzers.*—*Switzers*, in our antient plays, are generally spoken of as the guards particularly belonging to the persons of princes. See *The Noble Gentleman*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 3. S. 1. and *Hamlet*, A. 4. S. 5.

F. de Med. What! What!
Gio. And will not bid my soldiers up and follow,
But bid them follow me.
Brach. [22] Forward lap-wing!
He flies with the shell on's head.
F. de Med. Pretty cousin!
Gio. The first year, uncle, that I go to war,
All prisoners that I take I will set free,
Without their ransom.
F. de Med. Ha! without their ransom!
How then will you reward your soldiers,
That took those prisoners for you?
Gio. Thus, my lord;
I'll marry them to all the wealthy widows
That fall that year.
F. de Med. Why then, the next year following,
You'll have no men to go with you to war.
Gio. Why then I'll press the women to the war,
And then the men will follow.
Mon. Witty prince!
F. de Med. See, a good habit makes a child a man,
Whereas a bad one make a man a beast.
Come, you and I are friends.
Brach. Most wishedly:
Like bones which, broke in sunder, and well set,
Knit the more strongly.
F. de Med. Call Camillo hither:
You have receiv'd the rumour, how count Lodowick
Is turn'd a pirate.
Brach. Yes.
F. de Med. We are now preparing
Some ships to fetch him in. Behold your dutchess.
We now will leave you, and expect from you
Nothing but kind intreaty.
[*Exeunt* FRAN. MON. GIOV.

Enter ISABELLA.

Brach. You have charm'd me.
You are in health, we see.
Isa. And above health,
To see my lord well.
Brach. So, I wonder much
What amorous whirlwind hurried you to Rome?
Isa. Devotion, my lord.
Brach. Devotion!
Is your soul charg'd with any grievous sin?
Isa. 'Tis burthen'd with too many; and I think
The oft'ner that we cast our reckonings up,
Our sleeps will be the sounder.
Brach. Take your chamber.
Isa. Nay, my dear lord, I will not have you angry;
Doth not my absence from you, now two months,
Merit one kiss?
Brach. I do not use to kiss:
If that will dispossess your jealousy,
I'll swear it to you.
Isa. O my lov'd lord,
I do not come to chide: my jealousy!
I am to learn what that Italian means.
You are as welcome to these longing arms,
As I to you a virgin.
Brach. O your breath!
Out upon sweet-meats and continu'd physick,
The plague is in them.
Isa. You have oft, for these two lips,
Neglected cassia, or the natural sweets
Of the spring-violet: they are not yet much wither'd.
My lord, I should be merry: these your frowns
Shew in a helmet lovely; but on me,
In such a peaceful interview, methinks
They are too roughly knit.
Brach. O dissemblance!
Do you bandy factions 'gainst me? have you learnt
The trick of impudent baseness to complain
Unto your kindred?
Isa. Never, my dear lord.
Brach. Must I be hunted out? or was't your trick
To meet some amorous gallant here in Rome,
That must supply our discontinuance?
Isa. I pray, sir, burst my heart; and in my death
Turn to your antient pity, tho' not love.
Brach. Because your brother is the corpulent duke,
That is, the great duke: 'sdeath, I shall not shortly
Racket away five hundred crowns at tennis,
But it shall rest upon record! I scorn him
Like a [23] shav'd Polack; all his reverend wit
Lies in his wardrobe: he's a discreet fellow,
When he's made up in his robes of state.
Your brother, the great duke, because h'as gallies,
And now and then ransacks a Turkish fly-boat,
(Now all the hellish furies rack his soul)
First made this match; accursed be the priest
That sang the wedding-mass, and even my issue!

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[22] *Forward lap-wing!*
He flies with the shell on's head.—So Horatio says in *Hamlet*, A. 5. S. 2. "This *lap-wing* runs away with the shell on his head." See Mr Steevens's Note thereon.

[23] *Shav'd Polack*—i. e. Polander. See the Notes of Mr Pope, Dr Johnson, and Mr Steevens, on *Hamlet*, A. 1. S. 1. In Moryson's *Itinerary*, 1617, p. 3, p. 170, it is said, "The Polonians *shave* all their heads close, excepting the haire of the forehead, which they nourish very long, and cast backe to the hinder part of the head."

Isa. O, too too far you have curst.
Brach. Your hand I'll kiss;
This is the latest ceremony of my love.
Henceforth I'll never lie with thee: by this,
This wedding-ring, I'll ne'er more lie with thee.
And this divorce shall be as truly kept,
As if the judge had doom'd it. Fare you well;
Our sleeps are sever'd.
Isa. Forbid it the sweet union
Of all things blessed! why, the saints in heaven
Will knit their brows at that.
Brach. Let not thy love
Make thee an unbeliever; this my vow
Shall never, on my soul, be satisfied
With my repentance: let thy brother rage
Beyond a horrid tempest, or sea-fight,
My vow is fix'd.
Isa. O my winding-sheet!
Now shall I need thee shortly. Dear, my lord,
Let me hear once more, what I would not hear.
Never?
Brach. Never.
Isa. O my unkind lord! may your sins find
As I upon a woful widow'd bed [mercy,
Shall pray for you, if not to turn your eyes
Upon your wretched wife and hopeful son,
Yet that in time you'll fix them upon heaven.
Brach. No more; go, go, complain to the great duke.
Isa. No, my dear lord, you shall have present witness
How I'll work peace between you. I will make
Myself the author of your cursed vow,
I have some cause to do it, you have none;
Conceal it, I beseech you, for the weal
Of both your dukedoms, that you wrought the
Of such a separation: let the fault [means
Remain with my supposed jealousy,
And think with what a piteous and rent heart
I shall perform this sad ensuing part.

Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, FLAMINEO, MONTICELSO, MARCELLO, CAMILLO.

Brach. Well, take your course. My honourable brother!
F. de Med. Sister! this is not well, my lord. Why, sister!
She merits not this welcome.
Brach. Welcome, say?
She hath given me a sharp welcome.
F. de Med. Are you foolish?
Come, dry your tears: is this a modish course,
To better what is naught, to rail and weep?
Grow to a reconcilement, or, by heaven,
I'll ne'er more deal between you.
Isa. Sir, you shall not;
No, tho' Vittoria, upon that condition,
Would become honest.
F. de Med. Was your husband loud
Since we departed?
Isa. By my life, sir, no;
I swear by that I do not care to lose.
Are all these ruins of my former beauty
Laid out for a whore's triumph?
F. de Med. Do you hear?
Look upon other women, with what patience
They suffer these slight wrongs, and with what justice
They study to requite them: take that course.
Isa. O that I were a man! that I had power
To execute my apprehended wishes,
I would whip some with scorpions.
F. de Med. What, turn'd fury?
Isa. To dig the strumpet's eyes out; let her lie
Some twenty months a dying, to cut off
Her nose and lips, pull out her rotten teeth,
Preserve her flesh like mummy, for trophies
Of my just anger! Hell to my affliction
Is mere snow-water. By your favour, sir;
Brother, draw near, and my lord cardinal:
Sir, let me borrow of you but one kiss;
Henceforth I'll never lie with you, by this,
This wedding-ring.
F. de Med. How, ne'er more lie with him?
Isa. And this divorce shall be as truly kept
As if in thronged court a thousand ears
Had heard it, and a thousand lawyers' hands
Seal'd to the separation.
Brach. Ne'er lie with me?
Isa. Let not my former dotage
Make thee an unbeliever; this my vow
Shall never on my soul be satisfied.
With my repentance; *manet alta mente repostum.*
F. de Med. Now, by my birth, you are a foolish, mad,
And jealous woman. [foolish, mad,
Brach. You see 'tis not my seeking.
F. de Med. Was this your circle of pure unicorn's horn,
You said should charm your lord! now horns upon thee,
For jealousy deserves them: keep your vow,
And take your chamber.
Isa. No, sir, I'll presently to Padua;
I will not stay a minute.
Mon. O good madam!—
Brach. 'Twere best to let her have her humour;
Some half day's journey will bring down her stomach,
And then she'll turn in post. [stomach,
F. de Med. To see her come
To my lord cardinal for a dispensation
Of her rash vow, will beget excellent laughter.
Isa. Unkindness, do thy office; poor heart, break:
[24] Those are the killing griefs, which dare not speak. [*Exit.*

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[24] *Those are the killing griefs, which dare not speak.*—So, in *Macbeth*, A. 4. S. 3:

"Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break."

Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent. S.

Enter CAMILLO.

Mar. Camillo's come, my lord.
F. de Med. Where's the commission?
Mar. 'Tis here.
F. de Med. Give me the signet.
Flam. My lord, do you mark their whispering? I will compound a medicine, out of their two heads, stronger than garlick, deadlier than [25] stibium: the cantharides, which are scarce seen to stick upon the flesh, when they work to the heart, shall not do it with more silence or invisible cunning.

Enter Doctor.

Brach. About the murder?
Flam. They are sending him to Naples, but I'll send him to Candy. Here's another property too.
Brach. O, the doctor!
Flam. A poor quack-salving knave, my lord; one that should have been lash'd for's leachery, but that he confest a judgment, had an execution laid upon him, and so put the whip to a *non plus.*
Doc. And was cozen'd, my lord, by an arranter knave than myself, and made pay all the colourable execution.
Flam. He will shoot pills into a man's guts shall make them have more ventages than a cornet or a lamprey: he will poison in a kiss; and was once minded for his master-piece, [26] because Ireland breeds no poison, to have prepar'd a deadly vapour in a Spaniard's fart, that should have poison'd all Dublin.
Brach. O, saint Anthony's fire!
Doc. Your secretary is merry, my lord.
Flam. O thou curs'd antipathy to nature! look, his eye's bloodshed, like a needle a-chirurgeon stitcheth a wound with: let me embrace thee, toad, and love thee: O thou abominable loathsome gargarism, that will fetch up lungs, lights, heart, and liver, by scruples.
Brach. No more: I must employ thee, honest doctor.
You must to Padua, and, by the way,
Use some of your skill for us.
Doc. Sir, I shall.
Brach. But for Camillo?
Flam. He dies this night, by such a politick strain,
Men shall suppose him by's own engine slain.
But for your dutchess' death.
Doc. I'll make her sure.
Brach. Small mischiefs are by greater made secure.
Flam. Remember this, you slave; when knaves come to preferment, they rise as gallowses are rais'd in the Low Countries, one upon another's shoulders. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MONTICELSO, CAMILLO, *and* FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS.

Mon. Here is an emblem, nephew, pray peruse it;
'Twas thrown in at your window.
Cam. At my window?
Here is a stag, my lord, hath shed his horns,
And, for the loss of them, the poor beast weeps:
The word, *Inopem me copia fecit.*
Mon. That is,
Plenty of horns hath made him poor of horns.
Cam. What should this mean?
Mon. I'll tell you; 'tis given out you are a cuckold.
Cam. It is given out so.
I had rather such a report as that, my lord,
Should keep within doors.
F. de Med. Have you any children?
Cam. None, my lord.
F. de Med. You are the happier:
I'll tell you a tale.
Cam. Pray, my lord.
F. de Med. An old tale:
Upon a time Phœbus, the god of light,
Or him we call the sun, would needs be married:
The gods gave their consent, and Mercury
Was sent to voice it to the general world.
But what a piteous cry there straight arose
Amongst smiths and felt-makers, brewers and cooks,
Reapers and butter-women, amongst fishmongers,
And thousand other trades, which are annoy'd
By his excessive heat; 'twas lamentable:
They come to Jupiter all in a sweat,
And do forbid the banes. A great fat cook
Was made their speaker, who intreats of Jove,
That Phœbus might be gelded; for if now,
When there was but one sun, so many men
Were like to perish by his violent heat,
What should they do if he were married,
And should beget more, and those children
Make fire-works like their father? So say I;
Only I will apply it to your wife.
Her issue, should not providence prevent it,
Would make both nature, time, and man repent it.
Mon. Look you, cousin,
Go, change the air for shame; see if your absence
Will blast your cornucopia. Marcello
Is chosen with you joint-commissioner,
For the relieving our Italian coast
From pirates.
Mar. I am much honour'd in't.

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25 *Stibium*—An ancient name for antimony, now seldom used. Chambers's *Dictionary.*
26 *Because Ireland breeds no poison.*—See Note 24 to the Second Part of *The Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 574.

Cam. But, sir,
Ere I return, the stag's horns may be sprouted
Greater than those are shed.
Mon. Do not fear it;
I'll be your ranger.
Cam. You must watch i'th' nights;
Then's the most danger.
F. de Med. Farewel, good Marcello;
All the best fortunes of a soldier's wish
Bring you on ship-board.
Cam. Were I not best, now I am turn'd soldier,
Ere that I leave my wife, sell all she hath,
And then take leave of her?
Mon. I expect good from you,
Your parting is so merry.
Cam. Merry, my lord! o'th' captains humour right,
I am resolved to be drunk this night. [*Exit.*
F. de Med. So, 'twas well fitted: now shall we discern
How his wish'd absence will give violent way
To duke Brachiano's lust.
Mon. Why that was it;
To what scorn'd purpose else should we make choice
Of him for a sea-captain? and, besides,
Count Lodowick, which was rumour'd for a pirate,
Is now in Padua.
F. de Med. Is't true?
Mon. Most certain.
I have letters from him, which are suppliant
To work his quick repeal from banishment:
He means to address himself for pension
Unto our sister dutchess.
F. de Med. O 'twas well.
We shall not want his absence past six days:
I fain would have the duke Brachiano run
Into notorious scandal; for there's nought,
In such curst dotage, to repair his name,
Only the deep sense of some deathless shame.
Mon. It may be objected, I am dishonourable
To play thus with my kinsman; but I answer,
For my revenge I'd stake a brother's life,
That, being wrong'd, durst not avenge himself.
F. de Med. Come, to observe this strumpet.
Mon. Curse of greatness!
Sure he'll not leave her?
F. de Med. There's small pity in't;
Like missletoe on sear elms spent by weather,
Let him cleave to her, and both rot together.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter BRACHIANO *with one in the habit of a Conjurer.*

Brach. Now, sir, I claim your promise; 'tis dead midnight,
The time prefix'd to shew me, by your art,
How the intended murder of Camillo
And our loath'd dutchess grow to action. [deed
Con. You have won me, by your bounty, to a
I do not often practise: some there are,
Which, by sophistick tricks, aspire that name
Which I would gladly lose, of necromancer;
As some that use to juggle upon cards,
Seeming to conjure, when indeed they cheat.
Others that raise up their confederate spirits
'Bout wind-mills, and endanger their own necks
For making of a squib: and some there are
[27] Will keep a curtal to shew juggling tricks,
And give out 'tis a spirit. Besides these,
Such a whole ream of almanack-makers, figure-flingers,
Fellows, indeed, that only live by stealth,
Since they do merely lie about stol'n goods,
They'd make men think the devil were fast and loose,
With speaking fustian Latin. Pray sit down;
Put on this night-cap, sir, 'tis charm'd; and now
I'll shew you, by my strong commanding art,
The circumstance that breaks your dutchess' heart.

A dumb Show.

Enter suspiciously JULIO *and* CHRISTOPHERO; *they draw a curtain where* BRACHIANO'S *picture is. They put on spectacles of glass, which cover their eyes and noses, and then burn perfumes before the picture, and wash the lips of the picture; that done, quenching the fire, and putting off their spectacles, they depart laughing.*

Enter ISABELLA *in her night-gown, as to bed-ward, with light after her: Count* LODOVICO, GIOVANNI, GUID-ANTONIO, *and others waiting on her: she kneels down as to prayers, then draws the curtain of the picture, does three reverences to it, and kisses it thrice: she faints, and will not suffer them to come near it; dies: sorrow exprest in* GIOVANNI, *and in Count* LODOVICO. *She's conveyed out solemnly.*

Brach. Excellent! then she's dead.
Con. She's poison'd
By the fum'd picture: 'twas her custom nightly,
Before she went to bed, to go and visit
Your picture, and to feed her eyes and lips
On the dead shadow. Doctor Julio,
Observing this, infects it with an oil,
And other poison'd stuff, which presently
Did suffocate her spirits.
Brach. Methought I saw
Count Lodovico there.
Con. He was; and, by my art,
I find he did most passionately doat

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27 *Will keep a curtal*, &c.—This was said of *Banks's* celebrated horse so often mentioned in ancient writers. See Digby *on Bodies.*

Upon your dutchess. Now turn another way,
And view Camillo's far more politick face.
Strike louder, musick, from this charmed ground,
To yield, as fits the act, a tragick sound.

The second dumb Show.

Enter FLAMINEO, MARCELLO, CAMILLO, *with four more as Captains: they drink healths, and dance: a vaulting horse is brought into the room:* MARCELLO *and two more whisper'd out of the room, while* FLAMINEO *and* CAMILLO *stript themselves into their shirts, as to vault; they compliment who shall begin: as* CAMILLO *is about to vault,* FLAMINEO *pitcheth him upon his neck, and with the help of the rest, writhes his neck about: seems to see if it be broke, and lays him folded double, as 'twere under the horse: makes shew to call for help:* MARCELLO *comes in, laments; sends for the Cardinal and Duke, who come forth with armed men; wonders at the act; commands the body to be carried home; apprehends* FLAMINEO, MARCELLO, *and the rest; and goes, as 'twere, to apprehend* VITTORIA.

Brach. 'Twas quaintly done; but yet each circumstance
I taste not fully.
Con. O 'twas most apparent;
You saw them enter charg'd with their deep healths
To their boon voyage; and, to second that,
Flamineo calls to have a vaulting horse
Maintain their sport. The virtuous Marcello
Is innocently plotted forth the room,
Whilst your eye saw the rest, and can inform you
The engine of all.
Brach. It seems Marcello and Flamineo
Are both committed.
Con. Yes, you saw them guarded,
And now they are come with purpose to apprehend
Your mistress, fair Vittoria; we are now
Beneath her roof. 'Twere fit we instantly
Make out by some back postern.
Brach. Noble friend,
You bind me ever to you; this shall stand
As the firm seal annexed to my hand.
It shall inforce a payment. [*Exit* BRACHIANO.
Con. Sir, I thank you.
Both flowers and weeds spring, when the sun is warm,
And great men do great good, or else great harm. [*Exit Conjurer.*

Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, *and* MONTICELSO, *their Chancellor and Register.*

F. de Me. You have dealt discreetly, to obtain the presence
Of all the grave[28] leiger ambassadors,
To hear Vittoria's trial.
Mon. 'Twas not ill;
For, sir, you know we have nought but circumstances
To charge her with, about her husband's death;
Their approbation, therefore, to the proofs
Of her black lust shall make her infamous
To all our neighbouring kingdoms. I wonder
If Brachiano will be here?
F. de Med. O fy! 'twere impudence too palpable. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FLAMINEO *and* MARCELLO *guarded, and a Lawyer.*

Law. [29] What, are you in by the week? so, I will try now whether thy wit be close prisoner: methinks none should sit upon thy sister, but old whore-masters.
Flam. Or cuckolds; for your cuckold is the most terrible tickler of leachery. Whore-masters would serve, for none are judges at tilting, but those that have been old tilters.
Law. My lord duke and she have been very private.
Flam. You are a dull ass; 'tis threaten'd they have been very publick.
Law. If it can be proved they have but kiss'd one another.
Flam. What then?
Law. My lord cardinal will ferret them.
Flam. A cardinal, I hope, will not catch coneys.
Law. For to sow kisses (mark what I say) to sow kisses is to reap leachery; and, I am sure, a woman that will endure kissing is half won.
Flam. True, her upper part; by that rule, if you will win her nether part too, you know what follows.
Law. Heark, the ambassadors are lighted.
Flam. I do put on this feigned garb of mirth,
To gall suspicion.
Mar. O my unfortunate sister!
I would my dagger-point had cleft her heart
When she first saw Brachiano: you, 'tis said,
Were made his engine, and his stalking horse,
To undo my sister.
Flam. I am a kind of path
To her, and mine own preferment.
Mar. Your ruin.

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[28] *Leiger ambassadors.*]—See Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. VI. p. 52. edit. 1780.
[29] *What, are you in by the week?*—This phrase appears to signify an engagement for a time limited. It occurs in *Love's Labour Lost*, A. 5. S. 2. See Note thereon, edit. 1778. S.

Flam. Hum! thou art a soldier,
Followest the great duke, feedest his victories,
As witches do their serviceable spirits,
Even with thy prodigal blood: what hast got?
But, like the wealth of captains, a poor handful,
[30] Which in thy palm thou bear'st, as men hold water;
Seeking to gripe it fast, the frail reward
Steals thro' thy fingers.
Mar. Sir!
Flam. Thou hast scarce maintenance
To keep thee in fresh [31] shamois.
Mar. Brother!
Flam. Hear me:
And thus, when we have even pour'd ourselves
Into great sights, for their ambition,
Or idle spleen, how shall we find reward?
But as we seldom find the missletoe
Sacred to physick, or the builder oak,
Without a mandrake by it; so in our quest of gain.
Alas, the poorest of their forc'd dislikes
At a limb proffers, but at heart it strikes.
This is lamented doctrine.
Mar. Come, come.
Flam. When age shall turn thee
White as a blooming hawthorn——]
Mar. I'll interrupt you.
For love of virtue bear an honest heart,
And stride o'er every politick respect,
Which, where they most advance, they most infect,
Were I your father, as I am your brother,
I should not be ambitious to leave you
A better patrimony.
Flam. I'll think on't.

Enter Savoy.

The lord ambassadors.

[*Here there is a passage of the lieger ambassadors over the stage severally.*

Enter French Ambassador.

Law. O my sprightly Frenchman! Do you know him? he's an admirable tilter.
Flam. I saw him at last tilting; [32] he shew'd like a pewter candlestick, fashion'd like a man in armour, holding a tilting staff in his hand, little bigger than a candle of twelve i'th' pound.
Law. O, but he is an excellent horseman.
Flam. A lame one in his lofty tricks; he sleeps a horseback [33] like a poulter.

Enter English and Spanish.

Law. Lo' you my Spaniard.
Flam. He carries his face in's ruff, as I have seen a serving-man carry glasses in a cypress hat-band, monstrous steady, for fear of breaking: he looks like the claw of a black-bird, first salted, and then broil'd in a candle. [*Exeunt.*

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[30] *Which in thy palm thou bear'st, as men hold water;*
Seeking to gripe it fast, the frail reward
Steals thro' thy fingers.—Dryden has borrowed this thought in *All for Love*; or, *The World well Lost*, A. 5:

" O that I less could fear to lose this being,
Which, *like a snow-ball in my coward hand,*
The more 'tis grasp'd, the faster melts away."

[31] *Shamois*—i. e. shoes made of the wild goat's skin. *Chamois*, Fr. S.
[32] *He shew'd like a pewter candlestick, &c.*—So Shakspeare, in *King Henry V.* A. 4. S. 2:

" Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch staves in their hand:"

Mr Steevens observes, that the ancient candlesticks frequently represented human figures holding the sockets for the lights in their extended hands.
[33] *Like a poulter.*—Poulterers do not at present attend markets at earlier hours than men of other trades, so that this comparison in our times seems to want force. S.
In the former edition of this collection, the word *poulter* was changed to the more modern term *poulterer*; the former, however, was that which anciently was in constant use. The Company of *Poulters* were incorporated by that name 19 Henry VIII. and again renewed 30th Queen Elizabeth. See Stowe's *Survey*, 1722, Vol. II. p. 216. B 5.

ACT III.

The Arraignment of VITTORIA.

Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, MONTICELSO, *the* [34]*four lieger Ambassadors,* BRACHIANO, VITTORIA COROMBONA, ISABELLA, *Lawyer, and a guard.*

Mon. Forbear, my lord, here is no place assign'd you:
This business, by his holiness, is left
To our examination.
Brach. May it thrive with you.
[*Lays a rich gown under him.*
F. de Med. A chair there for his lordship.
Brach. Forbear your kindness; an unbidden guest
Should travel as Dutch women go to church,
Bear their stool with them.
Mon. At your pleasure, sir.
Stand to the table, gentlewoman. Now, signior,
Fall to your plea.
Law. Domine judex converte oculos in hanc pestem mulierum corruptissimam.
Vit. Cor. What's he?
F. de Med. A lawyer, that pleads against you.
Vit. Cor. Pray, my lord, let him speak his usual tongue,
I'll make no answer else.
F. de Med. Why, you understand Latin.
Vit. Cor. I do, sir, but amongst this auditory
Which come to hear my cause, the half or more
May be ignorant in't.
Mon. Go on, sir.
Vit. Cor. By your favour,
I will not have my accusation clouded
In a strange tongue: all this assembly
Shall hear what you can charge me with.
F. de Med. Signior,
You need not stand on't much; pray, change *your language.*
Mon. Oh, for God's sake! gentlewoman, your credit
Shall be more famous by it.
Law. Well then have at you.
Vit. Cor. I am the mark, sir, [35] I'll give aim to you,
And tell you how near you shoot.
Law. Most literated judges, please your lordships
So to connive your judgments to the view
Of this debauch'd and diversivolent woman;
Who such a concatenation
Of mischief hath effected, that to extirp
The memory of't, must be the consummation
Of her, and her projections.
Vit. Cor. What's all this?
Law. Hold your peace!
Exorbitant sins must have exulceration.
Vit. Cor. Surely, my lords, this lawyer hath swallowed
Some apothecaries bills, or proclamations:
And now the hard and undigestable words
Come up like stones we use give hawks for physick.
Why, this is Welch to Latin.
Law. My lords, the woman
Knows not her tropes, nor is perfect
In the academick derivation
Of grammatical elocution.
F. de Med. Sir, your pains
Shall be well spared, and your deep eloquence
Be worthily applauded among those
Which understand you.
Law. My good lord.
F. de Med. Sir,
Put up your papers in your fustian bag,
[FRANCISCO *speaks this as in scorn.*
Cry mercy, sir, 'tis buckeram, and accept
My notion of your learn'd verbosity.
Law. I most graduatically thank your lordship;
I shall have use for them elsewhere.
Mon. I shall be plainer with you, and paint out
Your follies in more natural red and white,
Than that upon your cheek.
Vit. Cor. O you mistake,
You raise a blood as noble in this cheek
As ever was your mother's.
Mon. I must spare you, till proof cry whore to that:
Observe this creature here, my honour'd lords,
A woman of a most prodigious spirit,
In her effected.
Vit. Cor. My honourable lord,
It doth not suit a reverend cardinal
To play the Lawyer thus.
Mon. Oh, your trade instructs your language!
You see, my lords, what goodly fruit she seems;
[36] Yet like those apples travellers report

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[34] *Four*—The quartos read *six; four*, however, are only mentioned.

[35] *I'll give aim to you.*—See Note 23 to *Cornelia*, Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. II. p. 277. edit. 1780.

[36] *Yet like those apples, &c.*—This account is taken from Maundeville's *Travels*. See edition 1725, p. 122. "And also the Cytees there weren lost, because of Synne. And there besyden growen trees, that beren fulle *faire Apples, and faire of colour to beholde; but whoso brekethe hem, or cuttethe hem in two, he schalle fynde within hem Coles and Cyndres;* in tokene that, be Wrathe of God, the Cytees and the Lond weren brente and sonken in to Helle. Sum men clepen that See, the Lake Dalfetidee; summe, the Flom of Develes; and sume that Flom that is ever stynkynge. And in to that See, sonken the 5 Cytees, be Wrathe of God; that is to seyne, *Sodom, Gomorre*, Aldama, Seboym, and Segor."

To grow where Sodom and Gomorah stood,
I will but touch her, and you straight shall see
She'll fall to soot and ashes. [do't.
Vit. Cor. Your invenom'd apothecary should
Mon. I am resolved,
Were there a second paradise to lose,
This devil would betray it.
Vit. Cor. O poor charity!
Thou art seldom found in scarlet.
Mon. Who knows not how, when several night by night
Her gates were choak'd with coaches, and her rooms
Outbrav'd the stars with several kinds of lights;
When she did counterfeit a prince's court
In musick, banquets, and most riotous surfeits;
This whore forsooth was holy.
Vit. Cor. Ha? whore? what's that?
Mon. Shall I expound whore to you? sure I shall!
I'll give their perfect character. They are first,
Sweet meats which rot the eater: in man's nostrils
Poison'd perfumes. They are coz'ning alchymy;
Shipwrecks in calmest weather. What are whores?
Cold Russian winters, that appear so barren,
As if that nature had forgot the spring.
They are the true material fire of hell.
Worse than those tributes i'th Low-countries paid,
Exactions upon meat, drink, garments, sleep;
Ay even on man's perdition, his sin.
They are those brittle evidences of law,
Which forfeit all a wretched man's estate
For leaving out one syllable. What are whores?
They are those flattering bells have all one tune,
At weddings and at funerals. Your rich whores
Are only treasuries by extortion fill'd,
And empty'd by curs'd riot. They are worse,
Worse than dead bodies, which are begg'd at th' gallows,
And wrought upon by surgeons, to teach man
Wherein he is imperfect. What's a whore?
She is like the gilt counterfeited coin,
Which, whosoe'er first stamps it, brings in trouble
All that receive it.
Vit. Cor. This character 'scapes me.
Mon. You, gentlewoman?
Take from all beasts and from all minerals
Their deadly poison—
Vit. Com. Well, what then?
Mon. I'll tell thee;
I'll find in thee an apothecary's shop,
To sample them all.
F. Amb. She hath lived ill.
E. Amb. True, but the cardinal's too bitter.
Mon. You know what whore is. Next the devil adul'try,
Enters the devil murder.
F. de Med. Your unhappy husband
Is dead.
Vit. Cor. O he's a happy husband;
Now he owes nature nothing.
F. de Med. And by a vaulting engine.
Mon. An active plot;
He jumpt into his grave.
F. de Med. What a prodigy was't,
That from some two yards high, a slender man
Should break his neck?
Mon. I'th' rushes!
F. de Med. And what's more,
Upon the instant lose all use of speech,
All vital motion, like a man had lain
Wound up three days. Now mark each circumstance.
Mon. And look upon this creature as his wife.
She comes not like a widow: she comes arm'd
With scorn and impudence: is this a mourning-habit?
Vit. Cor. Had I foreknown his death, as you suggest,
I would have bespoke my mourning.
Mon. O you are cunning!
Vit. Cor. You shame your wit and judgment
To call it so; what! is my just defence
By him that is my judge call'd impudence?
Let me appeal then from this [37] Christian court
To the uncivil Tartar.
Mon. See, my lords,
She scandals our proceedings.
Vit. Cor. Humbly thus,
Thus low, to the most worthy and respected
Leiger embassadors, my modesty
And woman-hood I tender; but withal,
So intangled in a cursed accusation,
That my defence, of force, like Perseus,
Must personate masculine virtue. To the point;
Find me but guilty, sever head from body,
We'll part good friends: I scorn to hold my life
At yours, or any man's intreaty, sir.
E. Amb. She hath a brave spirit.
Mon. Well, well, such counterfeit jewels
Make true ones oft suspected.
Vit. Cor. You are deceived;
For know, that all your strict combined heads,
Which strike against this mine of diamonds,
Shall prove but glassen hammers, they shall break;
These are but feigned shadows of my evils.

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[37] *Christian court.*—We have here an instance of the introduction of terms into one country, which peculiarly belong to another. The practice has been already mentioned. In England, the Ecclesiastical Courts, where causes of adultery are cognizable, are called *Courts Christian.*

[38] Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils,
I am past such needless palsy. For your names
Of whore and murdress, they proceed from you,
As if a man should spit against the wind;
The filth returns in's face.
Mon. Pray you, mistress, satisfy me one question:
Who lodg'd beneath your roof that fatal night
Your husband brake his neck?
Brach. That question
Inforceth me break silence; I was there.
Mon. Your business?
Brach. Why, I came to comfort her,
And take some course for settling her estate,
Because I heard her husband was in debt
To you, my lord.
Mon. He was.
Brach And 'twas strangely fear'd,
That you would cozen her.
Mon. Who made you overseer?
Brach. Why, my charity, my charity, which should flow
From every generous and noble spirit,
To orphans and to widows.
Mon. Your lust.
Brach. Cowardly dogs bark loudest! sirrah, priest,
I'll talk with you hereafter.—Do you hear?
The sword you frame of such an excellent temper,
I'll sheathe in your own bowels.
There are a number of thy coat resemble
Your common post-boys.
Mon. Ha?
Brach. Your mercenary post-boys;
Your letters carry truth, but 'tis your guise
To fill your mouths with gross and impudent lies.
Serv. My lord, your gown.
Brach. Thou liest, 'twas my stool.
Bestow't upon thy master, that will challenge
The rest o'th' household-stuff; for Brachiano
Was ne'er so beggarly to take a stool
Out of another's lodging: let him make
Vallance for his bed on't, or demy foot-cloth
[39] For his most reverend moile. Monticelso,
Nemo me impune lacessit. [*Exit* BRACHIANO.
Mon. Your champion's gone.
Vit. Cor. The wolf may prey the better.
F. de Med. My lord, there's great suspicion of the murder:
But no sound proof who did it. For my part
I do not think she hath a soul so black
To act a deed so bloody: if she have,
As in cold countries husband-men plant vines,
And with warm blood manure them: even so
One summer she will bear unsavory fruit,
And ere next spring wither both branch and root.
The act of blood let pass, only descend
To matter of incontinence.
Vit. Cor. I discern poison
Under your gilded pills.
Mon. Now the duke's gone, I will produce a letter,
Wherein 'twas plotted, he and you should meet
At an apothecary's summer-house,
Down by the river Tyber.' View't, my lords:
Where after wanton bathing and the heat
Of a lascivious banquet—I pray read it,
I shame to speak the rest.
Vit. Cor. Grant I was tempted;
Temptation to lust proves not the act:
Casta est quam nemo rogavit.
You read his hot love to me, but you want
My frosty answer.
Mon. Frost i'th' dog-days! strange!
Vit. Cor. Condemn you me for that the duke did love me?
So may you blame some fair and crystal river,
For that some melancholick distracted man
Hath drown'd himself in't.
Mon. Truly drown'd indeed.
Vit. Cor. Sum up my faults, I pray, and you shall find,
That beauty and gay cloaths, a merry heart,
And a good stomach to a feast, are all,
All the poor crimes that you can charge me with.
In faith, my lord, you might go pistol flies,
The sport would be more noble.
Mon. Very good.
Vit. Cor. But take you your course, it seems you have beggar'd me first,
And now would fain undo me. I have houses,
Jewels, and a poor remnant of [40] crusadoes;
Would those would make you charitable!
Mon. If the devil
Did ever take good shape, behold his picture.
Vit. Cor. You have one virtue left,
You will not flatter me.
F. de Med. Who brought this letter?
Vit. Cor. I am not compell'd to tell you.

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[38] *Terrify* babes, *my lord, with* painted devils.—So, in *Macbeth*, A. 2. S. 2:

"——'tis the eye of *childhood*
That fears *a painted devil.*"

[39] *For his most reverend moile.*—Cardinals rode on mules. See Fiddes's *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, in Collections, p. 87, et seq. S. P.

A moile was the old term for a *mule*. So, in Erasmus's *Praise of Folie*, Sign. H. "For one that is sand blynd woulde take an asse for a *moyle*, or another prayse, a rime of Robyn Hode, for as excellent a making as Troylus of Chaucer, yet shoulde they not straight waies be counted madde therefore."

[40] *Crusadoes.*—See Note 48 to *The Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 539.

Mon. My lord duke sent to you a thousand ducats,
The twelfth of August.
Vit. Cor. 'Twas to keep your cousin
From prison, I paid use for't.
Mon. I rather think,
'Twas interest for his lust.
Vit. Cor. Who says so but yourself? if you be my accuser,
Pray cease to be my judge; come from the bench;
Give in your evidence against me, and let these
Be moderators. My lord cardinal,
Were your intelligencing ears as loving
As to my thoughts; had you an honest tongue,
I would not care though you proclaim'd them all.
Mon. Go to, go to.
After your goodly and vain-glorious banquet,
I'll give you a choak-pear.
Vit. Cor. Of your own grafting?
Mon. You were born in Venice, honourably descended
From the Vittelli; 'twas my cousin's fate,
Ill may I name the hour, to marry you;
He bought you of your father.
Vit. Cor. Ha?
Mon. He spent there in six months
Twelve thousand ducats, and (to my knowledge)
Receiv'd in dowry with you not one [41] julio.
'Twas a hard penny-worth, the ware being so light.
I yet but draw the curtain; now to your picture:
You came from thence a most notorious strumpet,
And so you have continued.
Vit. Cor. My lord!
Mon. Nay, hear me,
You shall have time to prate. My lord Brachiano—
Alas! I make but repetition,
Of what is ordinary, and Ryalto talk,
And balleted, and would be plaid o'th' stage,
But that vice many times finds such loud friends,
That preachers are charm'd silent.
You gentlemen, Flamineo and Marcello,
The court hath nothing now to charge you with,
Only you must remain upon your sureties
For your appearance.
F. de Med. I stand for Marcello.
Flam. And my lord duke for me.
Mon. For you, Vittoria, your publick fault,
Join'd to th' condition of the present time,
Takes from you all the fruits of noble pity,
Such a corrupted trial have you made
Both of your life and beauty, and been styl'd
No less an ominous fate, than blazing stars
To Princes. Hear your sentence; you are confin'd
Unto a house of converts, and your baud—
Flam. Who, I?
Mon. The Moor.
Flam. O, I am a sound man again.
Vit. Cor. A house of converts! what's that?
Mon. A house of penitent whores.
Vit. Cor. Do the noblemen in Rome
Erect it for their wives, that I am sent
To lodge there?
F. de Med. You must have patience.
Vit. Cor. I must first have vengeance.
I fain would know if you have your salvation
By patent, that you proceed thus.
Mon. Away with her,
Take her hence.
Vit. Cor. A rape! a rape!
Mon. How?
Vit. Cor. Yes, you have ravish'd justice;
Forc'd her to do your pleasure.
Mon. Fie, she's mad!
Vit. Cor. Die with those pills in your most cursed maw,
Should bring you health! or while you sit o'th' bench,
Let your own spittle choak you!
Mon. She's turn'd fury.
Vit. Cor. That the last day of judgment may so find you,
And leave you the same devil you were before!
Instruct me, some good horse-leach, to speak treason;
For since you cannot take my life for deeds,
Take it for words: O woman's poor revenge!
Which dwells but in the tongue. I will not weep.
No; I do scorn to call up one poor tear
To fawn on your injustice: bear me hence
Unto this house of—what's your mitigating title?
Mon. Of converts.
Vit. Cor. It shall not be a house of converts;
My mind shall make it honester to me
Than the Pope's palace, and more peaceable
Than my soul. Though thou art a cardinal,
Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spight,
Through darkness diamonds spread their richest light. [*Exit* VITTORIA COROMBONA.

Enter BRACHIANO.

Brach. Now you and I are friends, sir, we'll shake hands
In a friend's grave together; a fit place,
Being the emblem of soft peace, [42] t'atone our hatred.
F. de Med. Sir, what's the matter?
Brach. I will not chase more blood from that lov'd cheek;
You have lost too much already; fare you well.
[*Exit.*

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[41] *Julio.*—A coin of about six-pence value. Morysou, in the Table prefixed to his *Itinerary*, calls it a *Giulio* or *Paolo*.

[42] *T'atone*—i. e. reconcile. See Note on *Cymbeline*, Shakspeare, Vol. IX. p. 191. edit. 1778. S.

F. de Med. How strange these words sound! what's the interpretation?

Flam. Good; this is a preface to the discovery of the dutchess's death: he carries it well; because now I cannot counterfeit a whining passion for the death of my lady, I will feign a mad humour for the disgrace of my sister; and that will keep off idle questions. Treason's tongue hath a villainous palsy in't; I will talk to any man, hear no man, and for a time appear a politic madman. [*Exit.*

Enter GIOVANNI *and Count* LODOVICO.

F. de Med. How now, my noble cousin? what in black!

Gio. Yes, uncle, I was taught to imitate you
In virtue, and you must imitate me
In colors of your garments. My sweet mother
Is——

F. de Med. How? where?

Gio. Is there; no, yonder: indeed, sir, I'll not tell you,
For I shall make you weep.

F. de Med. Is dead?

Gio. Do not blame me now,
I did not tell you so.

Lod. She's dead, my lord.

F. de Med. Dead!

Mon. Blessed lady!
Thou art now above thy woes.
Wilt please your lordships to withdraw a little?

Gio. What do the dead do, uncle? do they eat,
Hear musick, go a hunting, and be merry,
As we that live?

F. de Med. No, cuz; they sleep.

Gio. Lord, lord, that I were dead;
I have not slept these six nights. When do they wake?

F. de Med. When God shall please.

Gio. Good God, let her sleep ever!
For I have known her wake an hundred nights,
When all the pillow where she laid her head
Was brine-wet with her tears. I am to complain to you, sir;
I'll tell you how they have used her now she's dead;
They wrapp'd her in a cruel fold of lead,
And would not let me kiss her.

F. de Med. Thou did'st love her.

Gio. I have often heard her say she gave me suck,
And it should seem by that she dearly lov'd me,
Since princes seldom do it.

F. de Med. O, all of my poor sister that remains!
Take him away for God's sake! [*Exit* GIOVAN.

Mon. How now, my lord?

F. de Med. Believe me, I am nothing but her grave;
And I shall keep her blessed memory
Longer than thousand epitaphs.

Enter FLAMINEO *as distracted.*

Flam. We endure the strokes like anvils or hard steel,
Till pain itself make us no pain to feel.
Who shall do me right now? is this the end of service? I'd rather go weed garlick; travel through France, and be mine own ostler; wear sheep-skin linings, or shoes that stink of blacking, be enter'd into the list of the forty thousand pedlars of Poland.

Enter Savoy.

Would I had rotted in some surgeon's house in Venice, built upon the pox as well as on piles, ere I had serv'd Brachiano.

Sav. You must have comfort.

Flam. Your comfortable words are like honey. They relish in your mouth that's whole; but in mine that's wounded, they go down as if the sting of the bee were in them. Oh, they have wrought their purpose cunningly, as if they would not seem to do it of malice. In this a politician imitates the devil, as the devil imitates a cannon. Wheresoe'er he comes to do mischief, he comes with his backside towards you.

Enter the French.

Fr. The proofs are evident.

Flam. Proof! 'twas corruption. O gold! what a god art thou! and O man, what a devil art thou to be tempted by that cursed mineral! You diversivolent lawyer, mark him; knaves turn informers, as maggots turn to flies, you may catch gudgeons with either. A cardinal! I would he would hear me, there's nothing so holy but money will corrupt and putrify it, like victuals [43] under the line. You are happy in England, my lord; here they sell justice with those weights they press men to death with. O horrible salary!

Eng. Fy, fy, Flamineo.

Flam. Bells ne'er ring well, till they are at their full pitch; and I hope yon cardinal shall never have the grace to pray well, till he come to the scaffold. If they were rack'd now to know the confederacy; but your noblemen are privileg'd from the rack; and well may, for a little thing would pull some of them o'pieces afore they came to their arraignment. Religion, oh how it is [44] commedled with policy. The

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[43] *Under the line*—i. e. the equinoctial line. S.

[44] *Commedled with policy*—i. e. *co-mingled*. To meddle antiently signified *to mix*, or *mingle*. See Note on *The Tempest*, Shakspeare, Vol. I. p. 10. edit. 1778. S.

So, in *The Persones Tale*, Tyrwhitt's edition of Chaucer, Vol. III. p. 146: "For sothly, ther is nothing that savoureth so sote to a child, as the milke of his norice, ne nothing is to him more abhominable than that milke, when it is *medled* with other mete."

first blood shed in the world happen'd about religion. Would I were a Jew!

Mar. O, there are too many.

Flam. You are deceiv'd; there are not Jews enough, priests enough, nor gentlemen enough.

Mar. How?

Flam. I'll prove it; for if there be Jews enough, so many Christians would not turn usurers; if priests enough, one should not have six benefices; and if gentlemen enough, so many early mushrooms, whose best growth sprang from a dunghill, should not aspire to gentility. Farewel, let others live by begging, be thou one of them: practise[45] the art of Wolnor in England, to swallow all's given thee; and yet let one purgation make thee as hungry again as fellows that work in a saw-pit. I'll go hear the screech-owl. [*Exit.*

Lod. This was Brachiano's pander; and 'tis strange
That in such open, and apparent guilt
Of his adulterous sister, he dare utter
So scandalous a passion. I must wind him.

Enter FLAMINEO.

Flam. How dares this banish'd count return to Rome,
His pardon not yet purchas'd? I have heard
The deceased dutchess gave him pension,
And that he came along from Padua
I'th' train of the young prince. There's somewhat in't.
Physicians, that cure poisons, still do work
With counter-poisons.

Mar. Mark this strange encounter.

Flam. The god of melancholy turn thy gall to poison,
And let the[46] stigmatick wrinkles in thy face,
Like to the boist'rous waves in a rough tide,
One still overtake another.

Lod. I do thank thee,
And I do wish ingeniously for thy sake,
The dog-days all year long.

Flam. How croaks the raven?
Is our good dutchess dead?

Lod. Dead.

Flam. O fate!
Misfortune comes like the coroner's business,
Huddle upon huddle.

Lod. Shall thou and I join house-keeping?

Flam. Yes, content.
Let's be unsociably sociable.

Lod. Sit some three days together, and discourse?

Flam. Only with making faces;
Lie in our cloaths.

Lod. With faggots for our pillows.

Flam. And be lousy.

Lod. In taffeta linings, that's genteel melancholy.
Sleep all day.

Flam. Yes; and[47] like your melancholy hare
Feed after midnight.
We are observ'd: see how yon couple grieve.

Lod. What a strange creature is a laughing fool!
As if man were created to no use
But only to shew his teeth.

Flam. I'll tell thee what,
It would do well instead of looking-glasses,
To set one's face each morning by a saucer
Of a witch's congeal'd blood.

Lod. Precious rogue!
We'll never part.

Flam. Never, till the beggary of courtiers,
The discontent of churchmen, want of soldiers,
And all the creatures that hang manacl'd,
Worse than strappado'd, on the lowest felly
Of fortune's wheel, be taught, in our two lives,
To scorn that world which life of means deprives.

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[45] *The art of* Wolnor *in England.*—The exploits of this glutton, and the manner of his death, are mentioned by Dr Moffet, who wrote in Queen Elizabeth's time. See his Treatise, entitled "*Health's Improvement*: or, *Rules comprizing and discovering the nature, method, and manner of preparing all sorts of foods used in this nation.*" Republished by Oldys and Dr James, 12mo. 1746. "Neither was our country always void of a *Woolmar*, who living in my memory in the court seemed like another Pandareus, of whom Antonius Liberalis writeth thus much, that he had obtained this gift of the Goddess Ceres, to eat iron, glass, oyster-shells, raw fish, raw flesh, raw fruit, and whatsoever else he would put into his stomach, without offence." P. 376. "Other fish being eaten raw, is harder of digestion than raw beef; for Diogenes died with eating of raw fish; and *Wolmer* (our English Pandareus) digesting iron, glass, and oyster-shells, by eating a raw eel was over-mastered." P. 125. He is also mentioned by Taylor the Water Poet, in his account of *The Great Eater of Kent*, p. 145. "Milo the Crotonian could hardly be his equall: and *Woolner* of Windsor was not worthy to bee his foot-man."

[46] *Stigmatick*—i. e. marked as with a brand of infamy. S.

[47] ——*like your melancholy hare*
Feed after midnight.—Dr Johnson observes (Note to *First Part of King Henry IV.* A. 1. S. 2), that "a *hare* may be considered as melancholy, because she is upon her form always solitary, and, according to the physic of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy."

In *Paynell's* translation of *Regimen Sanitatis Salerni*, 1575, p. 22, it is said, "The eyght thinge is *hare* fleshe, whiche likewise engendreth melancholy bloudde, as *Rasis* sayeth in the place afore alegate: this fleshe engendreth more melancholy than any other, as Galen saythe. And of this Isaac, *in Dietis Universalibus*, saythe, that hares fleshe shoulde not bee eaten as meate, but onely used in medicenes."

Enter ANTONELLI.

Ant. My lord, I bring good news. The pope, on's death-bed,
At the earnest suit of the great duke of Florence,
Hath sign'd your pardon, and restor'd unto you——
Lod. I thank you for your news. Look up again,
Flamineo see my pardon.
Flam. Why do you laugh?
There was no such condition in our covenant.
Lod. Why?
Flam. You shall not seem a happier man than I,
You know our vow, sir, if you will be merry,
Do it i'th' like posture, as if some great man
Sate while his enemy were executed;
Tho' it be very leachery unto thee,
Do't, with a crabbed politician's face.
Lod. Your sister is a damnable whore.
Flam. Ha?
Lod. Look you, I spake that laughing.
Flam. Dost ever think to speak again?
Lod. Do you hear?
Will'st sell me forty ounces of her blood,
To water a mandrake?
Flam. Poor lord, you did vow
To live a lousy creature.
Lod. Yes.
Flam. Like one
That had for ever forfeited the day-light,
By being in debt.
Lod. Ha, ha!
Flam. I do not greatly wonder you do break,
Your lordship learn'd it long since. But I'll tell you,
Lod. What?
Flam. And't shall stick by you.
Lod. I long for it.
Flam. This laughter scurvily becomes your face:
If you will not be melancholy, be angry.
[*Strikes him.*
See now I laugh too.
Mar. You are to blame, I'll force you hence.
Lod. Unhand me.
[*Exeunt* MARCELLO *and* FLAMINEO.
That e'er I should be forc'd to right myself,
Upon a pander!
Ant. My lord.
Lod. He had as good met with his fist a thunderbolt.
Gas. How this shews!
Lod. Uds'death! how did my sword miss him?
These rogues that are most weary of their lives
Still 'scape the greatest dangers.
A pox upon him! all his reputation,
Nay, all the goodness of his family,
Is not worth half this earthquake;
I learn'd it of no fencer to shake thus;
Come, I'll forget him, and go drink some wine.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter FRANCISCO *and* MONTICELSO.

Mon. Come, come, my lord, [48] untie your folded thoughts,
And let them dangle loose, as a bride's hair.
Your sister's poison'd.
F. de Med. Far be it from my thoughts
To seek revenge.
Mon. What, are you turn'd all marble?
F. de Med. Shall I defy him, and impose a war
Most burthensome on my poor subjects' necks,
Which at my will I have not power to end?
You know, for all the murders, rapes, and thefts,
Committed in the horrid lust of war,
He that unjustly caus'd it first proceed,
Shall find it in his grave, and in his seed.
Mon. That's not the course I'd wish you; pray observe me.
We see that undermining more prevails
Than doth the cannon. Bear your wrongs conceal'd,
And, patient as the tortoise, let this camel
Stalk o'er your back unbruis'd: sleep with the lion,
And let this brood of secure foolish mice
Play with your nostrils, till the time be ripe
For th' bloody audit, and the fatal gripe:
Aim like a cunning fowler, close one eye,
That you the better may your game espy.
F. de Med. Free me, my innocence, from treacherous acts!
I know there's thunder yonder: and I'll stand,
Like a safe valley, which low bends the knee
To some aspiring mountain: since I know
Treason, like spiders, weaving nets for flies,
By her foul work is found, and in it dies.
To pass away these thoughts, my honour'd lord,
It is reported you possess a book,

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[48] *—untie your folded thoughts,*
And let them dangle loose, as a bride's hair.—Brides formerly walked to church with their hair hanging loose behind. Anne Bullen's was thus dishevelled when she went to the altar with King Henry the Eighth.
Tate has inserted these lines in his *Cruel Husband.* I was led to them by a quotation of Fielding's in his Notes on *Tom Thumb.* S.

Wherein you have[49] quoted, by intelligence,
The names of all notorious offenders
Lurking about the city.
Mon. Sir, I do;
And some there are which call it my black-book:
Well may the title hold; for tho' it teach not
The art of conjuring, yet in it lurk
The names of many devils.
F. de Med. Pray let's see it.
Mon. I'll fetch it to your lordship.
[*Exit* MONTICELSO.
F. de Med. Monticelso,
I will not trust thee, but in all my plots
I'll rest as jealous as a town besieg'd.
Thou canst not reach what I intend to act,
Your flax soon kindles, soon is out again:
But gold slow heats, and long will hot remain.

Enter MONTICELSO, *presents* FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS *with a book.*

Mon. 'Tis here, my lord.
F. de. Med. First, your intelligencers, pray let's see;
Their number rises strangely.
Mon. And some of them
You'd take for honest men. The next are panders;
These are your pirates; and these following leaves,
For base rogues,[50] that undo young gentlemen,
By taking up commodities; for politick bankrupts;
For fellows that are bawds to their own wives;
Only to put off horses, and slight jewels,
Clocks, defac'd plate, and such commodities,
At birth of their first children.
F. de Med. Are there such?
Mon. These are for impudent bawds,
That go in men's apparel; for usurers [age;
That share with scriveners for their good report-
For lawyers that will antedate their deeds;
And some divines you might find folded there,
But that I slip them o'er for conscience sake.
Here is a general catalogue of knaves:
A man might study all the prisons o'er,
Yet never attain this knowledge.
F. de Med. Murderers?
Fold down the leaf, I pray; [trine.
Good, my lord, let me borrow this strange doc-
Mon. Pray use't, my lord.
F. de Med. I do assure your lordship,
You are a worthy member of the state,
And have done infinite good in your discovery
Of these offenders.
Mon. Somewhat, sir.
F. de Med. O God!
[51] Better than tribute of wolves paid in England;
'Twill hang their skins o'the hedge.

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[49] *Quoted*—i. e. noted. So, in Ben Jonson's *Fox*, A. 2. S. 1:

"——to observe,
To *quote*, to learn the language, and so forth."

A. 4. S. 1:

"——Sir, I do slip
No action of my life thus, but I *quote* it."

See also Mr Steevens's Note on *Hamlet*, A. 2. S. 1.

[50] —— *that undo young gentlemen,*
By taking up commodities.—It was the practice of usurers formerly, and has been continued by their successors even to the present times, to defraud the necessitous who borrow money by furnishing them with goods and wares, to be converted into cash at a great loss to the borrower. This was done to avoid the penal Statutes against Usury. It was called *taking up commodities*, and is often noticed in our ancient writers. See several instances in the Notes of Mr Steevens and Dr Farmer to *Measure for Measure*, A. 4. S. 4.

Again, Wilson's *Discourse upon Usury*, 1572, p. 99. "I have neede of money, and deale wyth a broaker, hee aunswereth me that hee cannot helpe me with moneye, but yf I list to have wares I shall speede. Well! my necessitte is great, he bryngeth mee *blotting paper*, pak-threed, fustians, chamlets, hanks, bels, and hoodes, or I wote not what: I desire hym to make sale for mine advantage, askyng what he thinketh will be my losse, he aunswereth not past twelve pounde in the hundred. When I come to receive, I do finde that I lose more than twentye in the hundred."

Dekkar's *Seaven deadly Sinnes of London*, 1606, p. 35,—"these are Usurers, who for a little money and a greate deale of trash (as fire-shovels, *browne paper*, motley cloake bags, &c.) bring yong Novices into a Foole's Paradice till they have sealed the morgage of their landes, and then like pedlers goe they (or some familiar spirit for them raizde by the Usurer) up and downe to cry *Commodities*, which scarce yeeld the third part of the sum for which they *take them up.*"

[51] *Better than tribute*, &c.—This tribute was imposed on the Welsh by King Edgar, in order that the nation might be freed from these ravenous and destructive beasts. Drayton, in *Poly-olbion*, Song 9th, says:

"Thrice famous Saxon King, on whom time ne'er shall prey,
O Edgar! who compeldst our Ludwal hence to pay

Mon. I must make bold
To leave your lordship.
F. de Med. Dear sir, I thank you,
If any ask for me at court, report
You have left me in the company of knaves.
[*Exit* MONTICELSO.
I gather now by this, some cunning fellow
That's my lord's officer, one that lately skipp'd
From a clerk's desk up to a justice's chair,
Hath made this knavish summons, and intends,
As the Irish rebels were wont to sell heads,
So to make prize of these. And thus it happens:
Your poor rogues pay for't which have not means
To present bribes in fist; the rest o'the band
Are raz'd out of the knaves record; or else
My lord he winks at them with easy will,
His man grows rich, the knaves are the knaves still.
But to the use I'll make of it; it shall serve
To point me out a list of murderers,
Agents for any villainy. Did I want
Ten [52] leash of courtezans, it would furnish me;
Nay laundress three armies. That in so little paper
Should lie the undoing of so many men!
'Tis not so big as twenty declarations.
See the corrupted use some make of books:
Divinity, wrested by some factious blood,
Draws swords, swells battles, and o'erthrows all good:
To fashion my revenge more seriously,
Let me remember my dead sister's face:
Call for her picture? no, I'll close mine eyes,
And in a melancholy thought I'll frame

Enter ISABELLA'S *ghost.*

Her figure 'fore me. Now I have it—how strong
Imagination works! how she can frame [me,
Things which are not! methinks she stands afore
And by the quick idea of my mind,
Were my skill pregnant, I could draw her picture.
Thought, as a subtle juggler, makes us deem
Things supernatural, which yet have cause,
Common as sickness. 'Tis my melancholy.
How cam'st thou by thy death?—how idle am I
To question my own idleness!—did ever
Man dream awake till now?—remove this object:
Out of my brain with't: what have I to do
With tombs, or death-beds, funerals, or tears,
That have to meditate upon revenge?
So, now 'tis ended, like an old wife's story:
Statesmen think often they see stranger sights
Than madmen. Come, to this weighty business:
My tragedy must have some idle mirth in't.
Else it will never pass. I am in love,
In love with Corombona; and my suit
Thus halts to her in verse.—
I have done it rarely: O the fate of princes!
I am so used to frequent flattery, [*He writes.*
That, being alone, I now flatter myself!
But it will serve.—'Tis seal'd; bear this

Enter Servant.

To the house of converts, and watch your leisure
To give it to the hands of Corombona,
Or to the matron, when some followers
Of Brachiano may be by: Away. [*Exit Servant.*
He that deals all by strength, his wit is shallow:
When a man's head goes thro', each limb will follow.
The engine for my business, bold Count Lodowick;
'Tis gold must such an instrument procure,
With empty fist no men do falcous lure.
Brachiano, I am now fit for thy encounter:
Like the wild Irish, I'll ne'er think thee dead
Till I can play at football with thy head.
[53] *Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.*
[*Exit* MONTICELSO.

ACT IV.

Enter the Matron, and FLAMINEO.

Mat. Should it be known the duke hath such recourse
To your imprison'd sister, I were like
To incur much damage by it.
Flam. Not a scruple.
The pope lies on his death-bed, and their heads
Are troubled now with other business
Than guarding of a lady.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Yonder's Flamineo in conference
With the matron.—Let me speak with you;
I would entreat you to deliver for me
This letter to the fair Vittoria.
Mat. I shall, sir,
Ser. With all care and secresy;
Hereafter you shall know me, and receive
Thanks for this courtesy. [*Exit.*

Three hundred wolves a year for tribute unto thee:
And for that tribute paid, as famous may'st thou be,
O conquer'd British king, by whom was first destroy'd
The multitude of wolves, that long this land annoy'd."

[52] *Ten leash.*—Ten *leash* is ten times three. S.
[53] *Flectere*, &c.—A line from Virgil.

Flam. How now? what's that?
Mat. A letter.
Flam. To my sister? I'll see it deliver'd.

Enter BRACHIANO.

Brach. What's that you read, Flamineo?
Flam. Look.
Brach. Ha! To the most unfortunate, his best respected Vittoria.
Who was the messenger?
Flam. I know not.
Brach. No! who sent it?
Flam. Uds'foot! you speak, as if a man
Should know what fowl is coffin'd in a bak'd meat
Afore you cut it up.
Brach. I'll open't, were't her heart. What's here subscrib'd! Florence!
This juggling is gross and palpable.
I have found out the conveyance. Read it, read it.
Flam. Your tears I'll turn to triumph, be but mine:
Your prop is fall'n: I pity, that a vine,
Which princes heretofore have long'd to gather,
Wanting supporters, now should fade and wither.
Wine, i'faith my lord, with lees would serve his turn.
Your sad imprisonment I'll soon uncharm,
And with a princely uncontrolled arm
Lead you to Florence, where my love and care
Shall hang your wishes in my silver hair.
A halter on his strange equivocation!
Nor for my years return me the sad willow,
Who prefer blossoms before fruit that's mellow?
Rotten, on my knowledge, with lying too long i'th' bed-straw.
And all the lines of age this line convinces:
The gods never wax old, no more do princes.
A pox on't, tear it; let's have no atheists, for God's sake.
Brach. Uds'death. I'll cut her into atoms!
And let the irregular north-wind sweep her up,
And blow her into his nostrils: where's this whore?
Flam. What? who do you call her?
Brach. Oh, I could be mad;
[54] Prevent the curs'd disease she'll bring me to,
And tear my hair off.—Where's this changeable stuff? [you,
Flam. O'er head and ears in water, I assure
She is not for your wearing.
Brach. No, you pander!
Flam. What me, my lord? am I your dog?
Brach. A blood-hound: do you brave, do you stand, me? [eases, run;
Flam. Stand you! let those that have dis-
I need no plaister.
Brach. Would you be kick'd?
Flam. Would you have your neck broke?
I tell you duke, [55] I am not in Russia;
My shins must be kept whole.
Brach. Do you know me?
Flam. O my lord! methodically.
As in this world there are degrees of evils;
So in this world there are degrees of devils.
You're a great duke, I your poor secretary.
I do look now for [56] a Spanish fig, or an Italian sallet, daily.
Brach. Pander, ply your convoy and leave your prating.
Flam. All your kindness to me is like that miserable courtesy of Polyphemus to Ulysses: you reserve me to be devour'd last; you would dig turfs out of my grave to feed your larks; that would be musick to you. Come, I'll lead you to her.

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[54] *Prevent the curs'd disease she'll bring me to,*
And tear my hair off.—Meaning the lues venerea, which makes the hair come off, and gave occasion, as commonly is thought, for the modern use of the peruke. S. P.

[55] —— *I am not in Russia;*
My shins must be kept whole.—It appears from Giles Fletcher's *Russe Commonwealth*, 1591, p. 51, that, on determining an action of debt in that country, "the partie convicted is delivered to the Serjeant, who hath a writte for his warrant out of the office, to carry him to the *Praveush*, or Righter of Justice, if presently hee pay not the monie, or content not the partie. This *Praveush*, or Righter, is a place neare to the office: where such as have sentence passed against them, and refuse to pay that which is adjudged, are beaten with great cudgels *on the shinnes*, and calves of their legges. Every forenoone from eight to eleven they are set on the *Praveush*, and beate in this sort till the monie be payd. The afternoone and night time they are kepte in chaines by the Serjeant: except they put in sufficient suerties for their appearance at the *Praveush* at the hower appointed. You shall see fortie or fiftie stand together on the *Praveush* all on a rowe, and their *shinnes* thvs becudgelled and bebasted every morning with a piteous crie. If after a yeare's standing on the Praveush, the partie will not, or lacke wherewithall to satisfie his creditour, it is lawfull for him to sell his wife and children, eyther outright, or for a certaine terme of yeares. And if the price of them doo not amount to the full payment, the cretour may take them to bee his bondslaves, for yeares or for ever, according as the value of the debt requireth."

[56] *A Spanish fig.*—Referring to the custom of giving poison'd figs to those who were the objects either of the Spanish or Italian revenge. See Mr Steevens's Note on *King Henry V.* A. 3. S. 6.

Brach. Do you face me?
Flam. O, sir, I would not go before a politick enemy with my back towards him, tho' there were behind me a whirlpool.

Enter VITTORIA COROMBONA.

Brach. Can you read, mistress? look upon that letter:
There are no characters, nor hieroglyphicks.
You need no comment, I am grown your receiver.
God's precious! you shall be a brave great lady,
A stately and advanced whore.
Vit. Cor. Say, sir?
Brach. Come, come, let's see your cabinet, discover
Your treasury of love-letters. Death and furies!
I'll see them all.
Vit. Cor. Sir, upon my soul,
I have not any. Whence was this directed?
Brach. Confusion on your politick ignorance!
[57] You are reclaim'd, are you? I'll give you
And let you fly to the devil. [the bells,
Flam. Ware hawk, my lord!
Vit. Cor. Florence! this is some treacherous plot, my lord;
To me he ne'er was lovely I protest,
So much as in my sleep.
Brach. Right! they are plots.
Your beauty! O ten thousand curses o'nt!
[58] How long have I beheld the devil in crystal?
Thou hast led me, like an heathen sacrifice,
With musick, and with fatal yokes of flowers,
To my eternal ruin. Woman to man
Is either a god, or a wolf.
Vit. Cor. My lord.
Brach. Away!
We'll be as differing as two adamants,
The one shall shun the other. What! dost weep?
Procure but ten of thy dissembling trade,
We'll furnish all the Irish funerals
With howling, past wild Irish.
Flam. Fie, my lord!
Brach. That hand, that cursed hand! which I have wearied
With doating kisses! O my sweetest dutchess!
How lovely art thou now! thy loose thoughts
Scatter like quicksilver: I was bewitch'd;
For all the world speaks ill of thee.
Vit. Cor. No matter,
I'll live so now, I'll make that world recant,
And change her speeches. You did name your dutchess.
Brach. Whose death God pardon!
Vit. Cor. Whose death God revenge
On thee, most godless duke!
Flam. Now for the whirlwinds.
Vit. Cor. What have I gain'd by thee, but infamy?
Thou hast stain'd the spotless honour of my house,
And frighted thence noble society:
Like those, which, sick o'the palsy, and retain
Ill-scenting foxes 'bout them, are still shunn'd
By those of choicer nostrils. What do you call this house?
Is this your palace? did not the judge stile it
A house of penitent whores? who sent me to it?
Who hath the honour to advance Vittoria
To this incontinent college? is't not you?
Is't not your high preferment? go, go brag
How many ladies you have undone like me.
Fare you well, sir; let me hear no more of you.
I had a limb corrupted to an ulcer,
But I have cut it off; and now I'll go
Weeping to heaven on crutches. For your gifts,
I will return them all; and I do wish
That I could make you full executor
To all my sins. O that I could toss myself
Into a grave as quickly: for all thou art worth
I'll not shed one tear more—I'll burst first.
[*She throws herself upon a bed.*
Brach. I have drunk Lethe:
Vittoria! my dearest happiness! Vittoria!
What do you ail, my love? why do you weep?
Vit. Cor. Yes, I now weep ponyards, do you see?
Brach. Are not those matchless eyes mine?
Vit. Cor. I had rather
They were not matchless.
Brach. Is not this lip mine?
Vit. Cor. Yes; thus to bite it off, rather than give it thee.
Flam. Turn to my lord, good sister.
Vit. Cor. Hence, you pander!
Flam. Pander! am I the author of your sin?
Vit. Cor. Yes: he's a base thief that a thief let's in.
Flam. We're blown up, my lord.
Brach. Wilt thou hear me?
Once to be jealous of thee, is t'express
That I will love thee everlastingly,
And never more be jealous.
Vit. Cor. O thou fool,
Whose greatness hath by much o'ergrown thy wit!
What dar'st thou do, that I not dare to suffer,
Excepting to be still thy whore? for that,
In the sea's bottom sooner thou shalt make
A bonfire.
Flam. O, no oaths, for God's sake!
Brach. Will you hear me?

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[57] *You are reclaim'd, are you? I'll give you the bells,*
And let you fly to the devil.—Alluding to the practice of fixing bells to the legs of hawks.

[58] *How long have I beheld the devil in crystal?*—The Beril, which is a kind of crystal, hath a weak tincture of red in it. Among other tricks of astrologers, the discovery of past or future events was supposed to be the consequence of looking into it. See Aubrey's *Miscellanies*, p. 165. edit. 1721.

Vit. Cor. Never.
Flam. What a damn'd imposthume is a woman's will!
Can nothing break it? fie, fie, my lord,
Women are caught as you take tortoises,
She must be turn'd on her back. Sister, by this hand
I am on your side. Come, come, you have wrong'd her.
What a strange credulous man were you, my lord,
To think the duke of Florence would love her?
Will any mercer take another's ware
When once 'tis tows'd and sullied? and yet, sister,
How scurvily this frowardness becomes you!
Young leverets stand not long, and women's anger
Should, like their flight, procure a little sport:
A full cry for a quarter of an hour,
And then be put to the dead squat.
Brach. Shall these eyes,
Which have so long time dwelt upon your face,
Be now put out?
Flam. No cruel landlady i'the world,
Which lends forth groats to broom-men, and takes use
For them, would do't.
Hand her, my lord, and kiss her: be not like
A ferret, to let go your hold with blowing.
Brach. Let us renew right hands.
Vit. Cor. Hence!
Brach. Never shall rage, or the forgetful wine,
Make me commit like fault.
Flam. Now you are i'th' way on't, follow it hard.
Brach. Be thou at peace with me; let all the world
Threaten the canon.
Flam. Mark his penitence;
Best natures do commit the grossest faults,
When they're given o'er to jealousy: as best wine,
Dying, makes strongest vinegar. I'll tell you;
The sea's more rough and raging than calm rivers,
But not so sweet, nor wholesome. A quiet woman
Is like a still water under London-bridge;
A man may [59] shoot her safely.
Vit. Cor. O ye dissembling men!
Flam. We suck'd that, sister,
From women's breasts, in our first infancy.
Vit. Cor. To add misery to misery?
Brach. Sweetest.
Vit. Cor. Am I not low enough?
Ay, ay, your good heart gathers like a snow-ball,
Now your affection's cold.
Flam. Ud'sfoot, it shall melt
To a heart again, or all the wine in Rome
Shall run o'th' lees for't.
Vit. Cor. Your dog or hawk should be rewarded better
Than I have been: I'll speak not one word more.
Flam. Stop her mouth
With a sweet kiss, my lord.
So, now the tide's turn'd, the vessel's come about.
He's a sweet armful. O we curl'd-hair'd men
Are still most kind to women This is well.
Brach. That you should chide thus!
Flam. O, sir, your little chimnies
Do ever cast most smoke. I sweat for you.
Couple together with as deep a silence,
As did the Grecians in their wooden horse.
My lord, supply your promises with deeds:
You know that painted meat no hunger feeds.
Brach. Stay, ungrateful Rome.
Flam. Rome! it deserves to be call'd Barbary, for our villainous usage.
Brach. Soft; the same project which the duke of Florence,
(Whether in love or gullery I know not)
Laid down for her escape, will I pursue.
Flam. And no time fitter than this night, my lord:
The pope being dead; and all the cardinals enter'd
The conclave, for th' electing a new pope;
The city in a great confusion;
We may attire her in a page's suit,
Lay her post-horses, take shipping, and amain
For Padua.
Brach. I'll instantly steal forth the prince Giovanni,
And make for Padua. You two with your old mother,
And young Marcello that attends on Florence,
If you can work him to it, follow me;
I will advance you all: for you, Vittoria,
Think of a dutchess title.
Flam. Lo' you, sister.
Stay, my lord; I'll tell you a tale. [60] The crocodile, which lives in the river Nilus, hath a worm breeds i'th' teeth of't, which puts it to extream anguish: a little bird, no bigger than a wren, is barber-surgeon to this crocodile; flies into the jaws of't, picks out the worm, and brings present remedy. The fish, glad of ease, but ungrateful to her that did it, that the bird may not talk largely of her abroad for non-payment, closeth her chaps, intending to swallow her, and so put her to perpetual silence. But nature, loathing such ingratitude, hath arm'd this bird

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[59] —— *still water under London-bridge;*
A man may shoot her safely.]—*To shoot the Bridge* was a term used by watermen, to signify going through London-bridge at the turning of the tide. The vessel then went with great velocity, and from thence it probably was called shooting.
[60] *The crocodile, which lives,* &c.]—See C. Plinii *Secundi Naturalis Historiæ,* lib. viii. chap. 25.

with a quill or prick on the head top, which wounds the crocodile i'th' mouth, forceth her to open her bloody prison, and away flies the pretty tooth-picker from her cruel patient.

Brach. Your application is; I have not rewarded
The service you have done me.

Flam. No, my lord.
You sister are the crocodile: you are blemish'd in your fame, my lord cures it. And though the comparison hold not in every particle; yet observe, remember, what good the bird with the prick i'th' head hath done you; and scorn ingratitude.
It may appear to some ridiculous
Thus to talk knave and madman; and sometimes
Come in with a dry'd sentence, stuft with sage.
But this allows my varying of shapes,
Knaves do grow great by being great men's apes.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, LODOVICO, GASPARO, *and Embassadors.*

F. de Med. So, my lord, I commend your diligence.
Guard well the conclave; and, as the order is,
Let none have conference with the cardinals.

Lod. I shall, my lord: room for the ambassadors.

Gas. They're wondrous [61] brave to-day: why do they wear
These several habits?

Lod. O, sir, they're knights
Of several orders.
[62] That lord i'th' black cloak, with the silver cross,
Is knight of Rhodes; the next, [63] knight of S. Michael;
[64] That, of the golden fleece; the Frenchman there,
[65] Knight of the Holy Ghost; my lord of Savoy
[66] Knight of th' annunciation; the Englishman
[67] Is knight of th' honoured garter, dedicated
Unto their saint, S. George. I could describe to you
Their several institutions, with the laws
Annexed to their orders; but that time
Permits not such discovery.

F. de Med. Where's Count Lodowick?

Lod. Here, my lord.

F. de Med. 'Tis o'th' point of dinner time;
Marshal, the cardinal's service.

Lod. Sir, I shall.

Enter Servants, with several dishes covered.

Stand, let me search your dish, who's this for?

Ser. For my lord cardinal Monticelso.

Lod. Whose this?

Ser. For my lord cardinal of Bourbon.

F. Emb. Why doth he search the dishes? to observe
What meat is drest?

E. Emb. No, sir, but to prevent
Lest any letters should be conveyed in,
To bribe or to solicit the advancement
Of any cardinal. When first they enter
'Tis lawful for the ambassadors of princes
To enter with them, and to make their suit
For any man their prince affecteth best;
But after, till a general election,
No man may speak with them.

Lod. You that attend on the lord cardinals,
Open the window, and receive their viands.

A Car. You must return the service; the lord cardinals
Are busied 'bout electing of a pope,
They have given o'er scrutiny, and are fallen
To admiration.

Lod. Away, away. [*A cardinal on the terrace.*

F. de Med. I'll lay a thousand ducats you hear news
Of a pope presently. Hark; surely he's elected:
Behold my lord of Arragon appears
On the church battlements.

Arrag. *Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum: Revcrendissimus Cardinalis Lorenzo de Monticelso electus est in sedem apostolicam, et elegit sibi nomen Paulum Quartum.*

Omnes. *Vivat sanctus pater Paulus Quartus!*

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[61] *Brave.*—Fine. See Note 27 to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 578.

[62] *That lord i'th' black cloak, with the silver cross,*
Is Knight of Rhodes.—A Knight of Rhodes was formerly called A Knight of St. John Jerusalem, and now A Knight of Malta. The Order was instituted some time before the conquest of Jerusalem by the Christians in 1099. Segar says, that "a governor, called *Gerardus*, commanded that he and all others of that house should wear *a white cross upon a black garment*, which was the originall of the Order, and ever since hath been used." *Honor Military and Civill*, fol. 1602, p. 97.

[63] *Knight of S. Michael.*—This Order was erected in 1469, by Lewis XI. King of France. See Segar *on Honor*, p. 83.

[64] *That, of the golden fleece.*—Instituted by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy and Earl of Flanders, in 1429. See *Segar*, p. 79.

[65] *Knight of the Holy Ghost.*—Instituted by Henry III. King of France and Poland, in the year 1579. See *Segar*, p. 87.

[66] *Knight of the Annunciation.*—An Order begun by Amedes Count of Savoy, surnamed Il Verde, in memory of Amedes the first Earl, who, having valorously defended the Isle of Rhodes, did win those arms now borne by the Dukes of Savoy. See *Segar*, p. 85.

[67] *Knight of the honoured Garter.*—Founded by King Edward III.

Ser. Vittoria, my lord——
F. de Med. Well: what of her?
Ser. Is fled the city.
F. de Med. Ha?
Ser. With the duke Brachiano.
F. de Med. Fled! where's the prince Giovanni?
Ser. Gone with his father.
F. de Med. Let the matrona of the convertites
Be apprehended: fled? O damnable!
How fortunate are my wishes! Why, 'twas this
I only laboured. I did send the letter
T'instruct him what to do. Thy fame, fond duke,
I first have poison'd; directed thee the way
To marry a whore; what can be worse? this follows.
The hand must act to drown the passionate tongue,
I scorn to wear a sword, and prate of wrong.

Enter MONTICELSO *in state.*

Mon. *Concedimus vobis apostolicam benedictionem, et remissionem peccatorum.*
My lord reports Vittoria Corombona
Is stol'n from forth the house of convertites
By Brachiano, and they're fled the city.
Now, though this be the first day of our state,
We cannot better please the divine power,
Than to sequester from the holy church
These cursed persons. Make it therefore known,
We do denounce excommunication
Against them both: all that are theirs in Rome
We likewise banish. Set on. [*Exeunt.*
F. de Med. Come, dear Lodovico.
You have ta'en the sacrament to prosecute
Th' intended murther.
Lod. With all constancy.
But, sir, I wonder you'll ingage yourself
In person, being a great prince.
F. de Med. Divert me not.
Most of his court are of my faction,
And some are of my council. Noble friend,
Our danger shall be like in this design.
Give leave, part of the glory may be mine.
[*Exit* FRANCISCO.

Enter MONTICELSO.

Mon. Why did the duke of Florence with such care
Labour your pardon? say.
Lod. Italian beggars will resolve you that,
Who, begging of an alms, bid those they beg of,
Do good for their own sakes; or't may be,
He spreads his bounty with a sowing hand:
Like kings, who many times give out of measure;
Not for desert so much, as for their pleasure.
Mon. I know you're cunning. Come, what devil is that
That you are raising?
Lod. Devil! my lord?
Mon. I ask you.
How doth the duke employ you, that his bonnet
Fell with such compliment upon his knee,
When he departed from you?
Lod. Why, my lord,
He told me of a resty Barbary horse
Which he would fain have brought to the career,
The 'sault, and the ring galliard. Now, my lord,
I have a rare French rider.
Mon. Take you heed,
Lest the jade break your neck. Do you put me off
With your wild horse-tricks?—Sirrah, you do lie.
O, thou'rt a foul black cloud, and thou do'st threat
A violent storm.
Lod. Storms are i'th'air, my lord;
I am too low to storm.
Mon. Wretched creature!
I know that thou art fashion'd for all ill,
Like dogs, that once get blood, they'll ever kill.
About some murther? was't not?
Lod. I'll not tell you:
And yet I care not greatly if I do;
Marry with this preparation. Holy father,
I come not to you as an intelligencer,
But as a penitent sinner. What I utter
Is in confession merely; which you know
Must never be reveal'd.
Mon. You have o'erta'en me.
Lod. Sir, I did love Brachiano's dutchess dearly,
Or rather I pursued her with hot lust,
Though she ne'er knew on't. She was poison'd;
Upon my soul she was: for which I have sworn
T'avenge her murther.
Mon. To the duke of Florence?
Lod. To him I have.
Mon. Miserable creature!
If thou persist in this, 'tis damnable.
Do'st thou imagine, thou canst slide on blood
And not be tainted with a shameful fall?
Or, like the black and melancholic yew-tree,
Do'st think to root thyself in dead men's graves,
And yet to prosper? Instruction to thee
Comes like sweet showers to over-harden'd ground:
They wet, but pierce not deep. And so I leave thee,
With all the furies hanging 'bout thy neck,
Till by thy penitence thou remove this evil,
In conjuring from thy breast that cruel devil.
Lod. I'll give it o'er. He says 'tis damnable:
[*Exit* MONTICELSO.
Besides, I did expect his suffrage,
By reason of Camillo's death.

Enter Servant and FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS.

F. de Med. Do you know that count?
Ser. Yes, my lord.
F. de Med. Bear him these thousand ducats to his lodging;
Tell him the pope hath sent them. Happily
That will confirm more than all the rest. [*Exit.*
Ser. Sir.
Lod. To me, sir?

Ser. His holiness hath sent you a thousand crowns,
And wills you, if you travel, to make him
Your patron for intelligence.
Lod. His creature ever to be commanded.
Why now 'tis come about. He rail'd upon me;
And yet these crowns were told out, and laid ready,
Before he knew my voyage. O the art,
The modest form of greatness! that do sit,
Like brides at wedding-dinners, with their looks turn'd
From the least wanton jest, their pulin stomachs
Sick of the modesty, when their thoughts are loose,
Even acting of those hot and lustful sports
Are to ensue about midnight! such his cunning!
He sounds my depth thus with a golden plummet;
I am doubly arm'd now. Now to th' act of blood:
There's but three furies found in spacious hell;
But in a great man's breast three thousand dwell.

ACT V.

A passage over the stage of BRACHIANO, FLAMINEO, MARCELLO, HORTENSIO, COROMBONA, CORNELIA, ZANCHE, *and others.*

Flam. In all the weary minutes of my life,
Day ne'er broke up till now. This marriage
Confirms me happy.
Hor. 'Tis a good assurance.
Saw you not yet the Moor that's come to court?
Flam. Yes, and conferr'd with him i'th' duke's closet;
I have not seen a goodlier personage;
Nor ever talk'd with man better experienc'd
In state-affairs, or rudiments of war.
He hath, by report, serv'd the Venetian
In Candy these twice seven years, and been chief
In many a bold design.
Hor. What are those two
That bear him company?
Flam. Two noblemen of Hungary, that, living in the emperor's service as commanders, eight years since, contrary to the expectation of all the court, enter'd into religion, into the strict order of Capuchins: but, being not well settled in their undertaking, they left their order, and return'd to court; for which, being after troubled in conscience, they vow'd their service against the enemies of Christ, went to Malta, were there knighted; and in their return back, at this great solemnity, they are resolved for ever to forsake the world, and settle themselves here in a house of Capuchins in Padua.
Hor. 'Tis strange.
Flam. One thing makes it so. They have vow'd for ever to wear, next their bare bodies, those coats of mail they served in.
Hor. Hard penance!
Is the Moor a Christian?
Flam. He is.
Hor. Why proffers he his service to our duke?
Flam. Because he understands there's like to grow
Some war between us and the duke of Florence,
In which he hopes employment.
I never saw one in a stern bold look
Wear more command, nor in a lofty phrase
Express more knowing, or more deep contempt
Of our slight airy courtiers. He talks
As if he had travel'd all the princes courts
Of Christendom; in all things strives t'express,
That all, that should dispute with him, may know
Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But, look'd too near, have neither heat nor light.
The duke.

Enter BRACHIANO, FLORENCE *disguised like* MULINASSAR, LODOVICO, ANTONELLI, GASPARO, *bearing their swords and helmets.*

Brach. Your are nobly welcome. We have heard at full
Your honourable service 'gainst the Turk.
To you, brave Mulinassar, we assign
A competent pension; and are inly sorry
The vows of those two worthy gentlemen.
Make them incapable of our proffer'd bounty.
Your wish is, you may leave your warlike swords
For monuments in our chapel. I accept it,
As a great honour done me, and must crave
Your leave to furnish out our dutchess' revels.
Only one thing, as the last vanity
You e'er shall view, deny me not to stay
To see a barriers prepar'd to-night:
You shall have private standings. It hath pleas'd
The great ambassadors of several princes,
In their return from Rome to their own countries,
To grace our marriage, and to honour me
With such a kind of sport.
F. de Med. I shall persuade them
To stay, my lord.
Set on there to the presence.
[*Exeunt* BRACHIANO, FLAMINEO, *and* MARCELLO.
Lod. My noble lord, most fortunately welcome;
[*The conspirators here embrace.*
You have our vows, seal'd with the sacrament,
To second your attempts.
Gas. And all things ready;
He could not have invented his own ruin
(Had he despair'd) with more propriety.
Lod. You would not take my way.

F. de Med. 'Tis better order'd.
Lod. T' have poison'd his prayer-book, or a pair of beads,
[68] The pummel of his saddle, his looking-glass,
Or th' handle of his racket. O that, that!
That while he had been bandying at tennis,
He might have sworn himself to hell, and [69] strook
His soul into the hazard! O, my lord,
I would have our plot be ingenious,
And have it hereafter recorded for example,
Rather than borrow example.
F. de Med. There's no way
More speeding than this thought on.
Lod. On then.
F. de Med. And yet methinks that this revenge is poor,
Because it steals upon him like a thief:
To have ta'en him by the casque in a pitch'd field,
Led him to Florence!——
Lod. It had been rare.—And there
Have crown'd him with a wreath of stinking garlick,
T' have shown the sharpness of his government,
And rankness of his lust.—But, peace;
Flamineo comes.

[*Exeunt* LODOVICO, *et* ANTONELLI.

Enter FLAMINEO, MARCELLO, *and* ZANCHE.

Mar. Why doth this devil haunt you, say?
Flam. I know not:
For (by this light) I do not conjure for her.
'Tis not so great a cunning as men think,
To raise the devil: here's one up already;
The greatest cunning were to lay him down.
Mar. She is your shame.
Flam. I pr'ythee pardon her.
In faith, you see women are like to burs,
Where their affection throws them, there they'll stick.
Zan. That is my countryman, a goodly person;
When he's at leisure I'll discourse with him
In his own language. [*Exit* ZANCHE.
Flam. I beseech you do:
How is't, brave soldier? O that I had seen
Some of your iron days! I pray relate
Some of your service to us.
F. de Med. 'Tis a ridiculous thing for a man to be his own chronicle. I never did wash my mouth with mine own praise, for fear of getting a stinking breath.
Mar. You're too stoical. The duke will expect other discourse from you.
F. de Med. I shall never flatter him: I have studied man too much to do that. What difference is between the duke and I? no more than between two bricks, all made of one clay: only't may be one is placed on the top of a turret, the other in the bottom of a well, by mere chance. If I were placed as high as the duke, I should stick as fast, make as fair a shew, and bear out weather equally.
Flam. If this soldier had a patent to beg in churches, then he would tell them stories.
Mar. I have been a soldier too.
F. de Med. How have you thriv'd?
Mar. Faith poorly.
F. de Med. That's the misery of peace. Only outsides are then respected. As ships seem very great upon the river, which shew very little upon the seas; so some men i'th' court seem Colossuses in a chamber, who, if they came into the field, would appear pitiful pigmies.
Flam. Give me a fair room yet hung with arras, and some great cardinal to lug me by th'ears, as his endear'd minion.
F. de Med. And thou may'st do the devil knows what villainy.
Flam. And safely.
F. de Med. Right: you shall see in the country, in harvest-time, pigeons, though they destroy never so much corn, the farmer dare not present the fowling-piece to them: why? because they belong to the lord of the manor; whilst your poor sparrows, that belong to the Lord of heaven, they go to pot for't.
Flam. I will now give you some politic instructions. The duke says he will give you a pension; that's but bare promise; get it under his hand. For I have known men, that have come from serving against the Turk, for three or four months they have had pension to buy them new wooden legs, and fresh plaisters; but, after, 'twas not to be had. And this miserable courtesy shews, as if a tormenter should give hot cordial drinks to one three quarters dead o'th' rack, only to fetch the miserable soul again to endure more dog-days.

Enter HORTENSIO, *a young Lord*, ZANCHE, *and two more.*

How now, gallants? what, are they ready for the barriers? [armour.
Y. Lord. Yes, the lords are putting on their

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[68] *The pummel of his saddle.*—This was one of the methods put in practice in order to destroy Queen Elizabeth. In the year 1598, Edward Squire was convicted of anointing the pummel of the Queen's saddle with poison, for which he was afterwards executed. See Camden's *Elizabeth*, p. 726. Elz. edit. 1639.

[69] ——*strook*
His soul into the hazard!—This horrid thought is found in too many of our antient tragic writers. See Notes on *Hamlet*, Shakspeare, Vol. X. p. 316. edit. 1778. S.

Hor. What's he?

Flam. A new up-start; one that swears like a falconer, and will lie in the duke's ear day by day, like a maker of almanacks. And yet I knew him, since he came to the court, smell worse of sweat than an under tennis-court-keeper.

Hor. Look you, yonder's your sweet mistress.

Flam. Thou art my sworn brother: I'll tell thee, I do love that Moor, that witch, very constrainedly. She knows some of my villainy: I do love her just as a man holds a wolf by the ears. But for fear of turning upon me, and pulling out my throat, I would let her go to the devil.

Hor. I hear she claims marriage of thee.

Flam. 'Faith, I made to her some such dark promise; and, in seeking to fly from't, I run on, like a frighted dog with a bottle at's tail, that fain would bite it off, and yet dares not look behind him. Now, my precious gipsey.

Zan. Ay, your love to me rather cools than heats.

Flam. Marry, I am the sounder lover; we have many wenches about the town heat too fast.

Hor. What do you think of these perfum'd gallants, then?

Flam. Their sattin cannot save them. I am confident
They have a certain spice of the disease;
For they that sleep with dogs, shall rise with fleas.

Zan. Believe it! a little painting and gay cloaths
Make you loath me.

Flam. How, love a lady for painting or gay apparel? I'll unkennel one example more for thee. Æsop had a foolish dog that let go the flesh to catch the shadow: I would have courtiers be better divers.

Zan. You remember your oaths?

Flam. Lovers' oaths are like mariners' prayers, uttered in extremity: but when the tempest is o'er, and that the vessel leaves tumbling, they fall from protesting to drinking. And yet, amongst gentlemen, protesting and drinking go together, and agree as well as shoe-makers and Westphalia bacon. They are both drawers on; for drink draws on protestation, and protestation draws on more drink. Is not this discourse better now than the morality of your sun-burnt gentleman?

Enter CORNELIA.

Cor. Is this your perch, you haggard? fly to the stews.

Flam. You should be clapt by th' heels now: strike i'th court?

Zan. She's good for nothing, but to make her maids
Catch cold a-nights: they dare not use a bed-staff,
For fear of her light fingers.

Mar. You're a strumpet,
An impudent one.

Flam. Why do you kick her, say?
Do you think that she's like a walnut-tree?
Must she be cudgel'd ere she bear good fruit?

Mar. She brags that you shall marry her.

Flam. What then?

Mar. I had rather she were pitch'd upon a stake,
In some new seeded garden, to affright
Her fellow crows thence.

Flam. You're a boy, a fool;
Be guardian to your hound: I am of age.

Mar. If I take her near you, I'll cut her throat.

Flam. With a fan of feathers?

Mar. And, for you, I'll whip
This folly from you.

Flam. Are you cholerick?
I'll purge it with rhubarb.

Hor. O, your brother!

Flam. Hang him,
He wrongs me most, that ought t' offend me least;
I do suspect my mother play'd foul play,
When she conceiv'd thee.

Mar. Now, by all my hopes,
Like the two slaughter'd sons of Oedipus,
The very flames of our affection
Shall turn two ways. Those words I'll make thee answer
With thy heart's blood.

Flam. Do, like the geese in the progress;
You know where you shall find me.

Mar. Very good;
An' thou be'st a noble friend, bear him my sword,
And bid him fit the length on't.

Y. Lord. Sir, I shall.

Zan. He comes. Hence petty thoughts of my disgrace;
I ne'er lov'd my complexion till now,

Enter FRANCISCO.

'Cause I may boldly say, without a blush,
I love you.

Flam. Your love is untimely sown;
There's a spring at Michaelmas, but 'tis but a faint one:
I am sunk in years, and I have vow'd never to marry.

Zan. Alas! poor maids get more lovers than husbands:
Yet you may mistake my wealth. For, as when embassadors are sent to congratulate princes, there's commonly sent along with them a rich present, so that, tho' the prince like not the ambassador's person, nor words, yet he likes well of the presentment; so I may come to you in the same manner, and be better lov'd for my dowry than my virtue.

Fran. I'll think on the motion.

Zan. Do; I'll now detain you no longer. At your better leisure
I'll tell you things shall startle your blood;

Nor blame me that this passion I reveal;
Lovers die inward that their flames conceal.
Fran. Of all intelligence this may prove the best:
Sure I shall draw strange fowl from this foul nest. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MARCELLO *and* CORNELIA.

Cor. I hear a whispering all about the court,
You are to fight: who is your opposite?
What is the quarrel?
Mar. 'Tis an idle rumour. [well
Cor. Will you dissemble? sure you do not
To fright me thus: you never look thus pale,
But when you are most angry. I do charge you,
Upon my blessing; nay I'll call the duke,
And he shall school you.
Mar. Publish not a fear,
Which would convert to laughter: 'tis not so.
Was not this crucifix my father's?
Cor. Yes:
Mar. I have heard you say, giving my brother suck,
He took the crucifix between his hands,

Enter FLAMINEO.

And broke a limb off.
Cor. Yes; but 'tis mended.
Flam. I have brought your weapon back.
[FLAMINEO *runs* MARCELLO *through.*
Cor. Ha, oh my horror!
Mar. You have brought it home, indeed.
Cor. Help, oh he's murder'd!
Flam. Do you turn your gall up? I'll to sanctuary,
And send a surgeon to you. [*Exit* FLAMINEO.

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How, o'th' ground?
Mar. O mother, now remember what I told
Of breaking off the crucifix. Farewel.
There are some sins, which heaven doth duly punish
In a whole family. This it is to rise
By all dishonest means. Let all men know,
That tree shall long time keep a steady foot,
Whose branches spread no wider than the root.
[*Dies.*
Cor. O my perpetual sorrow!
Hor. Virtuous Marcello! [shall.
He's dead. Pray leave him, lady: come, you
Cor. Alas! he is not dead; he's in a trance.
Why here's nobody shall get any thing by his death.
Let me call him again, for God's sake!
Hor. I would you were deceiv'd.
Cor. O you abuse me, you abuse me, you abuse me! how many have gone away thus, for lack of tendance? rear up's head, rear up's head: his bleeding inward will kill him.
Hor. You see he is departed.
Cor. Let me come to him; give me him as he is; if he be turn'd to earth, let me but give him one hearty kiss, and you shall put us both into one coffin. [70] Fetch a looking-glass; see if his breath will not stain it; or pull out some feathers from my pillow, and lay them to his lips; will you lose him for a little pains taking?
Hor. Your kindest office is to pray for him.
Cor. Alas! I would not pray for him yet. He may live to lay me i'th' ground, and pray for me, if you'll let me come to him.

Enter BRACHIANO *all arm'd, save the beaver, with* FLAMINEO, *and Page.*

Brach. Was this your handy-work?
Flam. It was my misfortune.
Cor. He lies, he lies; he did not kill him: these have kill'd him, that would not let him be better look'd to.
Brach. Have comfort, my griev'd mother.
Cor. O you screech-owl!
Hor. Forbear, good madam.
Cor. Let me go, let me go.
[*She runs to* FLAMINEO *with her knife drawn, and coming to him lets it fall.*
The God of heaven forgive thee! Do'st not wonder
I pray for thee? I'll tell thee what's the reason:
I have scarce breath to number twenty minutes;
I'd not spend that in cursing. Fare thee well:
Half of thyself lies there; and may'st thou live
To fill an hour-glass with his moulder'd ashes,
To tell how thou should'st spend the time to come
In blest repentance!
Brach. Mother, pray tell me [rel?
How came he by his death? what was the quar-
Cor. Indeed, my younger boy presum'd too much
Upon his manhood, gave him bitter words,
Drew his sword first; and so, I know not how,
For I was out of my wits, he fell with's head
Just in my bosom.
Page. This is not true, madam.

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[70] *Fetch a looking-glass, &c.*—So, Shakspeare in *King Lear*, A. 5. S. 3:

" ——Lend me a *looking-glass;*
If that *her breath* will *mist or stain* the stone,
Why, then she lives.
This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt."

Cor. I pr'ythee peace.
One arrow's graz'd already: it were vain
T' lose this; for that will ne'er be found again.
Brach. Go bear the body to Cornelia's lodging:
And we command that none acquaint our duchess
With this sad accident. For you, Flamineo,
Hark you, I will not grant your pardon.
Flam. No?
Brach. Only a lease of your life; and that shall last
But for one day. Thou shalt be forced each evening
To renew it, or be hang'd.
Flam. At your pleasure.

Enter LODOVICO *and* FRANCISCO.

Your will is law now, I'll not meddle with it.
[LODOVICO *sprinkles* BRACHIANO'S *beaver with a poison.*
Brach. You once did brave me in your sister's lodging;
I'll now keep you in awe for't. Where's our beaver?
F. de Med. He calls for his destruction. Noble youth,
I pity thy sad fate. Now to the barriers.
This shall his passage to the black lake further;
The last good deed he did, he pardon'd murder.
[*Exeunt.*
Charges and shouts. They [71] *fight at barriers, first single pairs, then three to three.*

Enter BRACHIANO *and* FLAMINEO, *with others.*

Brach. An armorer! ud's death, an armorer!
Flam. Armorer! where's the armorer?
Brach. Tear off my beaver.
Flam. Are you hurt, my lord?
Brach. O my brain's on fire.

Enter Armorer.

The helmet is poison'd.
Arm. My lord, upon my soul.—
Brach. Away with him to torture.
There are some great ones that have hand in this,
And near about me.

Enter VITTORIA COROMBONA.

Vit. Cor. O! my lov'd lord poison'd?
Flam. Remove the bar: here's unfortunate revels.
Call the physicians.

Enter two Physicians.

A plague upon you!
We have too much of your cunning here already:
I fear the ambassadors are likewise poison'd.
Brach. Oh! I am gone already. The infection
Flies to the brain and heart. O thou strong heart,
There's such a covenant 'tween the world and it,
They're loath to break.
Gio. O my most lov'd father!
Brach. Remove the boy away:
Where's this good woman? had I infinite worlds,
They were too little for thee. Must I leave thee?
What say you, screech-owls, is the venom mortal?
Phy. Most deadly.
Brach. Most corrupted politick hangman!
You kill without book; but your art to save
Fails you as oft as great men's needy friends.
I that have given life to offending slaves,
And wretched murderers, have I not power
To lengthen mine own a twelve-month?
Do not kiss me, for I shall poison thee.
This unction is sent from the great duke of Florence.
F. de Med. Sir, be of comfort.
Brach. [72] O thou soft natural death! that art joint-twin
To sweetest slumber!—no rough-bearded comet
Stares on thy mild departure; the dull owl
Beats not against thy casement; the hoarse wolf
Scents not thy carion. Pity winds thy corse,
Whilst horror waits on princes.
Vit. Cor. I am lost for ever!
Brach. How miserable a thing it is to die
'Mongst women howling! what are those?
Flam. Franciscans.
They have brought the extreme unction.
Brach. On pain of death let no man name death to me;
It is a word most infinitely terrible.
Withdraw into our cabinet.
[*Exeunt all but* FRANCISCO *and* FLAMINEO.
Flam. To see what solitariness is about dying princes! as heretofore they have unpeopled towns, divorc'd friends, and made great houses unhospitable; so now, O justice! where are

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[71] *Fight at barriers.*—"Barriers (from the French *Barres*) signifies with us that which the French call *jeu de Barres, (palæstram,)* a martial sport or exercise of men armed, and fighting together with short swords within certain limits or lists, whereby they are severed from the beholders."—COWEL.
"This exercise was formerly much in request in England, but now is laid aside."—BLOUNT.

[72] *O thou soft natural death! &c.*—Mr Steevens introduces this passage as somewhat parallel to the following in Shakspeare's *Cymbeline*, A. 4. S. 2:

"Why he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed:
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee."

their flatterers now? flatterers are but the shadows of princes bodies, the least thick cloud makes them invisible.

F. de Med. There's great moan made for him.

Flam. 'Faith, for some few hours, salt-water will run most plentifully in every office o'th' court. But, believe it, most of them do but weep over their step-mother's grave.

F. de Med. How mean you?

Flam. Why they dissemble, as some men do that live within compass o'th' verge.

F. de Med. Come, you have thriv'd well under him.

Flam. 'Faith, [73] like a wolf in a woman's breast: I have been fed with poultry; but for money, understand me, I had as good a will to cozen him as e'er an officer of them all: but I had not cunning enough to do it.

F. de Med. What didst thou think of him? 'faith, speak freely.

Flam. He was a kind of statesman, that would sooner have reckon'd how many cannon-bullets he had discharg'd against a town, to count his expence that way, than how many of his valiant and deserving subjects he lost before it.

F. de Med. O, speak well of the duke.

Flam. I have done.

Wilt hear some of my court-wisdom?

Enter LODOVICO.

To reprehend princes is dangerous; and to overcommend some of them is palpable lying.

F. de Med. How is it with the duke?

Lod. Most deadly ill.

He's fall'n into a strange distraction:
He talks of battles and monopolies,
Levying of taxes; and from that descends
To the most brain-sick language. His mind fastens
On twenty several objects, which confound
Deep sense with folly. Such a fearful end
May teach some men, that bear too lofty crest,
Tho' they live happiest, yet they die not best.
He hath conferr'd the whole state of the dukedom
Upon your sister, till the prince arrive
At mature age.

Flam. There's some good luck in that yet.

F. de Med. See, here he comes.

Enter BRACHIANO, *presented in a bed,* VITTORIA *and others.*

There's death in's face already.

Vit. Cor. O my good lord!

Brach. Away, you have abus'd me:
You have convey'd coin forth our territories,
Bought and sold offices, oppress'd the poor,
And I ne'er dreamt on't. Make up your accounts;
I'll now be my own steward.

F. de Med. Sir, have patience.

Brach. Indeed, I am to blame:
For did you ever hear the dusky raven
Chide blackness? or was't ever known the devil
Rail'd against cloven creatures?

Vit. Cor. O my lord!

Brach. Let me have some quails to supper.

Flam. Sir, you shall.

Brach. No, some fry'd dog-fish; your quails feed on poison.
That old dog-fox, that politician, Florence!
I'll forswear hunting, and turn dog-killer.
Rare! I'll be friends with him; for, mark you, sir, one dog
Still sets another a barking. Peace, peace,
Yonder's a fine slave come in now.

Flam. Where?

Brach. Why, there.
In a blue bonnet, and a pair of breeches
With a great cod-piece. Ha, ha, ha;
Look you, his cod-piece is stuck full of pins,
With pearls o'th' head of them. Do not you know him?

Flam. No, my lord.

Brach. Why 'tis the devil;
I know him by a great rose he wears on's shoe
To hide his cloven foot: I'll dispute with him,
He's a rare linguist.

Vit. Cor. My lord, here's nothing.

Brach. Nothing! rare! nothing? when I want money,
Our treasury is empty, there is nothing;
I'll not be used thus.

Vit. Cor. O! lie still, my lord.

Brach. See, see, Flamineo that kill'd his brother
Is dancing on the ropes there; and he carries
A money-bag in each hand, to keep him even,
For fear of breaking's neck. And there's a lawyer,
In a gown whipp'd with velvet, stares and gapes
When the money will fall. How the rogue cuts capers!
It should have been in a halter.
'Tis there; what's she?

Flam. Vittoria, my lord.

Brach. Ha, ha, ha, her hair is sprinkled with arras powder, that makes her look as if she had sinn'd in the pastry. What's he?

Flam. A divine, my lord.

[BRACHIANO *seems here near his end;* LODOVICO *and* GASPARO, *in the habit of Capuchins, present him in his bed with a crucifix and hallow'd candle.*

Brach. He will be drunk, avoid him: th' argument
Is fearful, when churchmen stagger in't.

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[73] *Like a wolf in a woman's breast.*——The extraordinary cravings of women during their pregnancy were anciently accounted for by supposing some voracious animal to be within them. S.

Look you, six grey cats that have lost their tails
Crawl up the pillow; send for a rat-catcher:
I'll do a miracle, I'll free the court
From all foul vermine. Where's Flamineo?
Flam. I do not like that he names me so often,
Especially on's death-bed; 'tis a sign
I shall not live long: see, he's near his end.
Lod. Pray give us leave; *attende, domine* Brachiano.
Flam. See, see how firmly he doth fix his eye
Upon the crucifix.
Vit. Cor. O, hold it constant.
It settles his wild spirits; and so his eyes
Melt into tears.
Lod. *Domine Brachiane, solebas in bello tutus esse tuo clypeo, nunc hunc clypeum hosti tuo opponas infernali.* [The crucifix.
Gas. *Olim hasta voluisti in bello; nunc hanc sacram hastam vibrabis contra hostem animarum.* [The hallow'd taper.
Lod. *Attende, domine Brachiane, si nunc quoque probas ea, quæ sunt inter nos, flecte caput in dextrum.*
Gas. *Esto securus, domine Brachiane: cogita, quantum habeas meritorum: denique memineris meam animam pro tua oppignoratam si quid esset periculi.*
Lod. *Si nunc quoque probas ea, quæ acta sunt inter nos, flecte caput in lævum.*
He is departing: pray stand all apart,
And let us only whisper in his ears
Some private meditations, which our order
Permits you not to hear.
[*Here the rest being departed,* LODOVICO *and* GASPARO *discover themselves.*
Gas. Brachiano.
Lod. Devil Brachiano,
Thou art damn'd.
Gas. Perpetually.
Lod. A slave condemn'd, and given up to the gallows,
Is thy great lord and master.
Gas. True; for thou
Art given up to the devil.
Lod. O, you slave!
You that were held the famous politician,
Whose art was poison.
Gas. And whose conscience murder.
Lod. That would have broke your wife's neck down the stairs,
Ere she was poison'd.
Gas. That had your villainous sallets.
Lod. And fine embroider'd bottles, and perfumes
Equally mortal with a winter plague.
Gas. Now there's mercury.
Lod. And copperass.
Gas. And quicksilver.
Lod. With other devilish apothecary stuff,
A melting in your politic brains: do'st hear?
Gas. This is Count Lodovico.
Lod. This Gasparo;
And thou shalt die like a poor rogue.
Gas. And stink
Like a dead fly-blown dog.
Lod. And be forgotten before thy funeral sermon.
Brach. Vittoria! Vittoria!
Lod. O, the cursed devil
Comes to himself again: we are undone.

Enter VITTORIA COROMBONA, FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, *and the Attendants.*

Gas. Strangle him in private. What! will you call him again
To live in treble torments? for charity,
For christian charity, avoid the chamber.
[*Exeunt.*
Lod. You would prate, sir. This is a true love-knot
Sent from the duke of Florence.
[BRACHIANO *is strangled.*
Gas. What, is it done?
Lod. The snuff is out. No woman-keeper i'the world,
Tho' she had practis'd seven years at the pest-house,
Could have don't quaintlier. My lords, he's dead. [*They return.*
Omnes. Rest to his soul!
Vit. Cor. O me! this place is hell.
[*Exit* VITTORIA COROMBONA.
F. de Med. How heavily she takes it!
Flam. O yes, yes;
Had women navigable rivers in their eyes,
They would dispend them all; surely, I wonder
Why we should wish more rivers to the city,
When they sell water so [74]good cheap. I'll tell thee,
These are but moonish shades of griefs or fears:
There's nothing sooner dry than women's tears.
Why here's an end of all my harvest; he has given me nothing.
Court promises! let wise men count them curs'd;
For while you live, he that scores best, pays worst.
F. de Med. Sure, this was Florence doing.
Flam. Very likely.
Those are found weighty strokes which come from th' hand,
But those are killing strokes which come from th' head.
O the rare tricks of a Machiavelian!
He doth not come, like a gross plodding slave,
And buffet you to death: no, my quaint knave,

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[74] *Good cheap.*—See Note 67 to *The Four P's*, Vol. I. p. 8.

He tickles you to death, makes you die laughing,
As if you had swallow'd down a pound of saffron.
You see the feat, 'tis practis'd in a trice;
To teach court-honesty, it jumps on ice.
F. de Med. Now have the people liberty to talk,
And descant on his vices.
Flam. Misery of princes,
That must of force be censur'd by their slaves!
Not only blam'd for doing things are ill,
But for not doing all that all men will:
One were better be a thresher.
Udsdeath! I should fain speak with this duke yet.
F. de Med. Now he's dead?
Flam. I cannot conjure; but if prayers or oaths
Will get to th'speech of him, tho' forty devils
Wait on him in his livery of flames,
I'll speak to him, and shake him by the hand,
Though I be blasted.
F. de Med. Excellent Lodovico!
What! did you terrify him at the last gasp?
[*Exit* FLAMINEO.
Lod. Yes, and so idly, that the duke had like
To have terrified us.
F. de Med. How?

Enter ZANCHE.

Lod. You shall hear that hereafter.
See! yon's the infernal, that would make up sport.
Now to the revelation of that secret
She promis'd when she fell in love with you.
F. de Med. You're passionately met in this sad world.
Zan. I would have you look up, sir; these court-tears
Claim not your tribute to them: let those weep,
That guiltily partake in the sad cause.
I knew last night, by a sad dream I had,
Some mischief would ensue; yet, to say truth,
My dream most concern'd you.
Lod. Shall's fall a dreaming?
F. de Med. Yes, and for fashion sake I'll dream with her.
Zan. Methought, sir, you came stealing to my bed.
F. de Med. Wilt thou believe me, sweeting? by this light,
[75] I was a-dreamt on thee too; for methought,
I saw thee naked.
Zan. Fie, sir! as I told you,
Methought you lay down by me.
F. de Med. So dreamt I;
And lest thou should'st take cold, I cover'd thee
With this Irish mantle.
Zan. Verily I *did dream*
You were somewhat bold with me: but to come to't.
Lod. How! how! I hope you will not go to't here.
F. de Med. Nay, you must hear my dream out.
Zan. Well, sir, forth.
F. de Med. When I threw the mantle o'er thee, thou didst laugh
Exceedingly, methought.
Zan. Laugh?
Flam. And cryed'st out,
The hair did tickle thee.
Zan. There was a dream indeed!
Lod. Mark her, pr'ythee, she simpers like the suds
A collier hath been wash'd in.
Zan. Come, sir, good fortune tends you; I did tell you
I would reveal a secret: Isabella,
The duke of Florence' sister, was impoison'd
By a fum'd picture; and Camillo's neck
Was broke by damn'd Flamineo; the mischance
Laid on a vaulting-horse.
F. de Med. Most strange!
Zan. Most true.
Lod. The nest of snakes is broke.
Zan. I sadly do confess, I had a hand
In the black deed.
F. de Med. Thou kept'st their counsel.
Zan. Right;
For which, urg'd with contrition, I intend
This night to rob Vittoria.
Lod. Excellent penitence!
Usurers dream on't, while they sleep at sermons.
Zan. To further our escape, I have entreated
Leave to retire me till the funeral,
Unto a friend i'the country. That excuse
Will further our escape. In coin and jewels
I shall at least make good unto your use
An hundred thousand crowns.
F. de Med. O noble wench!
Lod. Those crowns we'll share.
Zan. It is a dowry,
Methinks, should make that sun-burnt proverb false,
And wash the Æthiop white.
F. de Med. It shall away.
Zan. Be ready for our flight.
F. de Med. An hour 'fore day.
O strange discovery! why till now we knew not
The circumstance of either of their deaths.
Zan. You'll wait about midnight
In the chapel. [*Exit* ZANCHE.
F. de Med. There.
Lod. Why now our action's justified.
F. de Med. Tush, for justice!

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[75] *I was a-dreamt.*—So, in *The City Night-Cap*, postea: "Now you talk of dreams, sweet-heart, I'll tell ye a very unhappy one; I was *a dream'd* last night of Francis there."

What arms it justice? [76] we now, like the partridge,
Purge the disease with laurel; for the same
Shall crown the enterprize, and quit the shame.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter FLAMINEO *and* GASPARO, *at one door; another way,* GIOVANNI *attended.*

Gas. The young duke! did you e'er see a sweeter prince?

Flam. I have known a poor man's bastard better favour'd. This is behind him: now, to his face all comparisons are hateful; wise was the courtly peacock, that, being a great minion, and being compar'd for beauty by some dottrels that stood by, to the kingly eagle, said, the eagle was a far fairer bird than herself, not in respect of her feathers, but in respect of her long talons: his will grow out in time.——
My gracious lord.

Gio. I pray leave me, sir.

Flam. Your grace must be merry: 'tis I have cause to mourn; for wot you, what said the little boy that rode behind his father on horseback?

Gio. Why, what said he?

Flam. When you are dead, father, said he, I hope that I shall ride in the saddle. O 'tis a brave thing for a man to sit by himself, he may stretch himself in the stirrups, look about, and see the whole compass of the hemisphere. You're now, my lord, in the saddle.

Gio. Study your prayers, sir, and be penitent; 'Twere fit you'd think on what hath former been, I have heard grief nam'd the eldest child of sin.
[*Exit* GIOVANNI.

Flam. Study my prayers! he threatens me divinely!
I am falling to pieces already: I care not, tho' like Anacharsis I were pounded to death in a mortar. And yet that death were fitter for usurers, gold and themselves to be beaten together, to make a most cordial cullice for the devil.
He hath his uncle's villainous look already

Enter Courtier.

In decimo sexto —Now, sir, what are you?

Cour. It is the pleasure, sir, of the duke,
That you forbear the presence, and all rooms
That owe him reverence.

Flam. So, the wolf and the raven are very pretty fools when they are young. Is it your office, sir, to keep me out?

Cour. So the duke wills.

Flam. Verily, master courtier, extremity is not to be used in all offices: say, that a gentlewoman were taken out of her bed about midnight, and committed to Castle Angelo, to the tower yonder, with nothing about her but her smock; would it not shew a cruel part in the gentleman-porter to lay claim to her upper garment, pull it o'er her head and ears, and put her in naked?

Cour. Very good: you're merry.

Flam. Doth he make a court-ejectment of me; a flaming fire-brand casts more smoak without a chimney, than within. I'll smother some of them.

Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS.

How now? thou art sad.

F. de Med. I met even now with the most piteous sight.

Flam. Thou meet'st another here, a pitiful
Degraded courtier.

F. de Med. Your reverend mother
Is grown a very old woman in two hours.
I found them winding of Marcello's corse;
And there is such a solemn melody,
'Twixt doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies;
Such as old grandames, watching by the dead,
Were wont to outwear the nights with; that, believe me,
I had no eyes to guide me forth the room,
They were so o'er-charg'd with water.

Flam. I will see them.

Brach. 'Twere much uncharity in you: for your sight
Will add unto their tears.

Flam. I will see them,
They are behind the traverse. I'll discover
Their superstitious howling.

CORNELIA, *the Moor, and three other ladies, discover'd winding* MARCELLO'S *corse.—A song.*

Cor. This rosemary is wither'd, pray get fresh;
I would have these herbs grow up in his grave,
When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bays,
I'll tie a garland here about his head:
'Twill keep my boy from lightning. This sheet
I have kept this twenty years, and every day
Hallow'd it with my prayers; I did not think
He should have wore it.

Moor. Look you, who are yonder?

Cor. O reach me the flowers.

Moor. Her ladyship's foolish.

Wom. Alas! her grief
Hath turn'd her child again.

Cor. You're very welcome.
[77] There's rosemary for you, and rue for you.
[*To* FLAMINEO.
Hearts-ease for you. I pray make much of it,
I have left more for myself.

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[76] ——*we now, like the partridge,*
Purge the disease with laurel.—So Pliny, "Palumbes, gracculi, merulæ, *perdices lauri folio annuum fastidium purgant.*"—*Nat. Hist.* lib. viii. c. 27.

[77] *There's rosemary,* &c.—See Note on *Hamlet,* Shakspeare, Vol. X. p. 356. edit. 1778. S.

F. de Med. Lady, who's this?
Cor. You are, I take it, the grave-maker.
Flam. So.
Moor. 'Tis Flamineo.
Cor. Will you make me such a fool? [78] here's a white hand:
Can blood so soon be wash'd out? let me see,
When screech-owls croak upon the chimney-tops,
And the strange cricket i'th' oven sings and hops,
When yellow spots do on your hands appear,
Be certain then you of a corse shall hear.
Out upon't, how 'tis speckl'd! h'as handl'd a toad sure.
Cowslip water is good for the memory: pray buy me three ounces of't.
Flam. I would I were from hence.
Cor. Do you hear, sir?
I'll give you a saying which my grand-mother
Was wont, when she heard the bell, to sing o'er unto her lute.
Flam. Do and you will, do.

CORNELIA *doth this in several forms of distraction.*

Cor. Call for the robin-red-breast, and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
[79] *The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,*
To raise him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm,
But keep the wolf far thence: that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.
They would not bury him 'cause he died in a quarrel;
But I have an answer for them.
Let holy church receive him duly,
Since he paid the church-tithes truly.
His wealth is summ'd, and this is all his store,
This poor men get, and great men get no more.
Now the wives are gone, we may shut up.
Bless you all good people.
[*Exeunt* CORNELIA *and Ladies.*
Flam. I have a strange thing in me, to the which
I cannot give a name, without it be
Compassion. I pray leave me.
[*Exit* FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS.

This night I'll know the utmost of my fate,
I'll be resolv'd what my rich sister means
T'assign me for my service: I have liv'd
Riotously ill, like some that live in court.
And sometimes when my face was full of smiles,
Have felt the maze of conscience in my breast.
Oft gay and honour'd robes those tortures try,
"We think cag'd birds sing, when indeed they cry."
Ha! I can stand thee. Nearer, nearer yet.
What a mockery hath death made thee! thou look'st sad.

Enter BRACHIANO's *ghost in his leather cassock and breeches, boots; a coul; a pot of lily-flowers, with a skull in't. The ghost throws earth upon him, and shews him the skull.*

In what place art thou? in you' starry gallery?
Or in the cursed dungeon?—no? not speak?,
Pray, sir, resolve me, what religion's best
For a man to die in? or is it in your knowledge
To answer me how long I have to live?
That's the most necessary question.
Not answer? are you still, like some great men
That only walk like shadows up and down,
And to no purpose: say—
What's that? O fatal! he throws earth upon me.
A dead man's skull beneath the roots of flowers.
I pray speak, sir; our Italian church-men
Make us believe, dead men hold conference
With their familiars; and many times
Will come to bed to them, and eat with them.
[*Exit ghost.*
He's gone; and see, the skull and earth are vanish'd.
This is beyond melancholy; I do dare my fate
To do its worst. Now to my sister's lodging,
And sum up all these horrors; the disgrace
The prince threw on me, next the piteous sight
Of my dead brother; and my mother's dotage;
And last this terrible vision: all these
Shall with Vittoria's bounty turn to good,
Or I will drown this weapon in their blood.
[*Exit.*

Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, LODOVICO, *and* HORTENSIO.

Lod. My lord, upon my soul you shall no farther;
You have most ridiculously ingag'd yourself

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[78] —— *here's a white hand:*
Can blood so soon be wash'd out?—An imitation of Lady Macbeth's sleeping soliloquy, A. 5. S. 1.

[79] *The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole.*—Imitated from Shakspeare's *Cymbeline*, A. 4. S. 2:

"—— the ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, fore shaming
Those rich left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse."

Too far already. For my part, I have paid
All my debts: so, if I should chance to fall,
My creditors fall not with me; and I vow,
To quit all in this bold assembly,
To the meanest follower. My lord, leave this city,
Or I'll forswear the murder. [*Exit.*
F. de Med. Farewel, Lodovico.
If thou do'st perish in this glorious act,
I'll rear unto thy memory that fame,
Shall in thy ashes keep alive thy name. [*Exit.*
Hor. There's some black deed on foot. I'll presently
Down to the citadel, and raise some force.
These strong court-factions, that do brook no checks,
In the career oft break the riders' necks. [*Exit.*

Enter VITTORIA COROMBONA *with a book in her hand,* ZANCHE; FLAMINEO *following them.*

Flam. What? are you at your prayers? give o'er.
Vit. Cor. How, ruffian?
Flam. I come to you 'bout worldly business:
Sit down, sit down; nay, stay blouze, you may hear it;
The doors are fast enough.
Vit. Cor. Ha, are you drunk?
Flam. Yes, yes, with wormwood water; you shall taste
Some of it presently.
Vit. Cor. What intends the fury?
Flam. You are my lord's executrix; and I claim
Reward for my long service.
Vit. Cor. For your service?
Flam. Come therefore, here is pen and ink, set down
What you will give me.
Vit. Cor. There. [*She writes.*
Flam. Ha! have you done already?
'Tis a most short conveyance.
Vit. Cor. I will read it.
I give that portion to thee, and no other,
Which Cain groan'd under, having slain his brother.
Flam. A most courtly patent to beg by.
Vit. Cor. You are a villain!
Flam. Is't come to this? they say, affrights cure agues:
Thou hast a devil in thee; I will try
If I can scare him from thee. Nay, sit still:
My lord hath left me two case of jewels,
Shall make me scorn your bounty; you shall see them. [*Exit.*
Vit. Cor. Sure he's distracted.
[*He returns with two case of pistols.*
Zan. O, he's desperate!
For your own safety give him gentle language.
Flam. Look, these are better far at a dead lift,
Than all your jewel-house.
Vit. Cor. And yet, methinks,
These stones have no fair lustre, they are ill set.
Flam. I'll turn the right side toward you: you shall see how they will sparkle.
Vit. Cor. Turn this horror from me!
What do you want? what would you have me do?
Is not all mine yours? have I any children?
Flam. Pray thee, good woman, do not trouble me
With this vain worldly business; say your prayers;
I made a vow to my deceased lord,
Neither yourself nor I should outlive him
The numb'ring of four hours.
Vit. Cor. Did he enjoin it?
Flam. He did, and 'twas a deadly jealousy,
Lest any should enjoy thee after him,
That urg'd him vow me to it: for my death,
I did propound it voluntarily, knowing,
If he could not be safe in his own court,
Being a great duke, what hope then for us?
Vit. Cor. This is your melancholy, and despair.
Flam. Away:
Fool thou art, to think that politicians
Do use to kill the effects of injuries,
And let the cause live. Shall we groan in irons,
Or be a shameful and a weighty burthen
To a publick scaffold? This is my resolve:
I would not live at any man's entreaty,
Nor die at any's bidding.
Vit. Cor. Will you hear me?
Flam. My life hath done service to other men,
My death shall serve mine own turn; make you ready.
Vit. Cor. Do you mean to die, indeed?
Flam. With as much pleasure,
As e'er my father got me.
Vit. Cor. Are the doors lockt?
Zan. Yes, madam.
Vit. Cor. Are you grown an atheist? will you turn your body,
Which is the goodly palace of the soul,
To the soul's slaughter-house? O the curs'd devil,
Which doth present us with all other sins
Thrice candied o'er: despair with gall and stibium.
Yet we carouse it off; (cry out for help!)
[*To* ZANCHE.
Make us forsake that which was made for man,
The world, to sink to that was made for devils,
Eternal darkness.
Zan. Help, help!
Flam. I'll stop your throat
With winter-plumbs.
Vit. Cor. I pr'ythee yet remember,
Millions are now in graves, which at last day
Like mandrakes shall rise shrieking.
Flam. Leave your prating,
For these are but grammatical laments,
Feminine arguments; and they move me,
As some in pulpits move their auditory,
More with their exclamation, than sense
Of reason, or sound doctrine.

Zan. Gentle madam,
Seem to consent, only persuade him teach
The way to death; let him die first.
Vit. Cor. 'Tis good. I apprehend it,
To kill one's self is meat that we must take
Like pills, not chew't, but quickly swallow it;
The smart o'th' wound, or weakness of the hand,
May else bring treble torments.
Flam. I have held it
A wretched and most miserable life,
Which is not able to die.
Vit. Cor. O but frailty!
Yet I am now resolv'd; farewel, affliction:
Behold Brachiano, I, that while you liv'd
Did make a flaming altar of my heart
To sacrifice unto you, now am ready
To sacrifice heart and all. Farewel, Zanche!
Zan. How, madam? do you think that I'll outlive you;
Especially when my best half, Flamineo,
Goes the same voyage?
Flam. O most loved Moor!
Zan. Only by all my love let me entreat you;
Since it is most necessary one of us
Do violence on ourselves; let you or I
Be her sad taster, teach her how to die.
Flam. Thou dost instruct me nobly; take these pistols,
Because my hand is stain'd with blood already:
Two of these you shall level at my breast,
Th' other 'gainst your own, and so we'll die
Most equally contented: but first swear
Not to outlive me.
Vit. Cor. and Zan. Most religiously.
Flam. Then here's an end of me; farewel, day-light.
And, O contemptible physick! that do'st take
So long a study, only to preserve
So short a life; I take my leave of thee.
[*Shewing the pistols.*
These are two cupping-glasses, that shall draw
All my infected blood out.
Are you ready?
Both. Ready.
Flam. Whither shall I go now? O Lucian, to thy ridiculous purgatory? to find Alexander the Great cobbling shoes? Pompey tagging points? and Julius Cæsar making hair-buttons? Hannibal selling blacking? and Augustus crying garlick? Charlemagne selling lists by the dozen? and king Pepin crying apples in a cart drawn with one horse?
Whether I resolve to fire, earth, water, air,
Or all the elements by scruples; I know not,
Nor greatly care——Shoot, shoot,
Of all deaths, the violent death is best;
[*They shoot, and run to him, and tread upon him.*
For from ourselves it steals ourselves so fast,
The pain, once apprehended, is quite past.
Vit. Cor. What are you dropt?
Flam. I am mix'd with earth already: as you are noble,
Perform your vows: and bravely follow me.
Vit. Cor. Whither? to hell?
Zan. To most assured damnation?
Vit. Cor. O thou most cursed devil!
Zan. Thou art caught——
Vit. Cor. In thine own engine. I tread the fire out
That would have been my ruin.
Flam. Will you be perjur'd? what a religious oath was Styx, that the gods never durst swear by, and violate! O that we had such an oath to minister, and to be so well kept in our courts of justice!
Vit. Cor. Think whither thou art going.
Zan. And remember what villanies thou hast acted.
Vit. Cor. This thy death
Shall make me, like a blazing ominous star,
Look up and tremble.
Flam. Oh, I am caught with a springe!
Vit. Cor. You see the fox comes many times short home,
'Tis here prov'd true.
Flam. Kill'd with a couple of [80] braches!
Vit. Cor. No fitter offering for the infernal furies,
Than one in whom they reign'd while he was living.
Flam. O, the way's dark and horrid! I cannot see,
Shall I have no company?
Vit. Cor. O yes, thy sins
Do run before thee to fetch fire from hell,
To light thee thither.
Flam. O, I smell soot, most stinking soot; the chimney is a fire;
My liver's parboil'd, like Scotch holly-bread;
There's a plumber laying pipes in my guts, it scalds;
Wilt thou outlive me?
Zan. Yes; and drive a stake
Through thy body; for we'll give it out,
Thou didst this violence upon thyself.
Flam. O cunning devils! now I have try'd your love,
And doubled all your reaches, I am not wounded:
[FLAMINEO *riseth.*
The pistols held no bullets: 'twas a plot
To prove your kindness to me; and I live
To punish your ingratitude. I knew,
One time or other, you would find a way
To give me a strong potion. O men,
That lie upon your death-beds, and are haunted

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[80] *Braches.*—Ulitius, in his Notes on Gratius, as quoted by Dr Warburton in his Note to *Othello*, A. 2. S. 1. says, "*Racha Saxonibus canem significabat, unde Scoti hodie* Rache *pro cane fœmina habent, quod Anglis est* Brache."

With howling wives; ne'er trust them, they'll re-marry,
Ere the worm pierce your winding-sheet, ere the spider
Make a thin curtain for your epitaphs!
How cunning you were to discharge? do you practise at the artillery-yard? Trust a woman? never, never; Brachiano be my president: we lay our souls to pawn to the devil for a little pleasure, and a woman makes the bill of sale. That ever man should marry! for [81] one Hypermnestra that saved her lord and husband, forty-nine of her sisters cut their husbands' throats all in one night. There was a shoal of virtuous horse-leeches! Here are two other instruments.

Enter LODOVICO *and* GASPARO.

Vit. Cor. Help, help!
Flam. What noise is that? ha! false keys i'th' court?
Lod. We have brought you a mask.
Flam. A machine it seems by your drawn swords.
Church-men turn'd revellers!
Gas. Isabella! Isabella!
Lod. Do you know us now?
Flam. Lodovico! and Gasparo!
Lod. Yes; and that Moor the duke gave pension to
Was the great duke of Florence.
Vit. Cor. O we are lost!
Flam. You shall not take justice from forth my hands,
O let me kill her—I'll cut my safety
Through your coats of steel. Fate's a spaniel,
We cannot beat it from us. What remains now?
Let all that do ill, take this precedent:
Man may his fate foresee, but not prevent.
And of all axioms this shall win the prize,
'Tis better to be fortunate than wise.
Gas. Bind him to the pillar.
Vit. Cor. O, your gentle pity!
I have seen a black-bird that would sooner fly
To a man's bosom, than to stay the gripe
Of the fierce sparrow-hawk.
Gas. Your hope deceives you.
Vit. Cor. If Florence be i'th' Court, he would not kill me.
Gas. Fool! Princes give rewards with their own hands,
But death or punishment by the hands of others.
Lod. Sirrah, you once did strike me, I'll strike you
Unto the centre.
Flam. Thou'lt do it like a hangman; a base hangman;
Not like a noble fellow, for thou see'st
I cannot strike again.
Lod. Dost laugh?
Flam. Would'st have me die, as I was born, in whining?
Gas. Recommend yourself to heaven.
Flam. No, I will carry mine own commendations thither.
Lod. O could I kill you forty times a day,
And use 't four year together, 'twere too little:
Nought grieves but that you are too few to feed
The famine of our vengeance. What dost think on? [questions,
Flam. Nothing; of nothing: leave thy idle
I am i'th' way to study a long silence;
To prate were idle; I remember nothing,
There's nothing of so infinite vexation
As man's own thoughts.
Lod. O thou glorious strumpet!
Could I divide thy breath from this pure air
When't leaves thy body, I would suck it up,
And breathe't upon some dunghill.
Vit. Cor. You, my death's-man!
Methinks thou dost not look horrid enough,
Thou hast too good a face to be a hangman;
If thou be, do thy office in right form;
Fall down upon thy knees, and ask forgiveness.
Lod. O, thou hast been a most prodigious comet,
But I'll cut off your train: kill the Moor first.
Vit. Cor. You shall not kill her first; behold my breast,
I will be waited on in death; my servant
Shall never go before me.
Gas. Are you so brave?
Vit. Cor. Yes, I shall welcome death
As princes do some great embassadors;
I'll meet thy weapon half way.
Lod. Thou dost tremble!
Methinks, fear should dissolve thee into air.
Vit. Cor. O, thou art deceived, I am too true a woman:
Conceit can never kill me. I'll tell thee what,
I will not in my death shed one base tear;
Or if look pale, for want of blood, not fear.
Gas. Thou are my task, black fury.
Zan. I have blood
As red as either of theirs! Wilt drink some?
'Tis good for the falling-sickness: I am proud
Death cannot alter my complexion,
For I shall ne'er look pale.
Lod. Strike, strike,
With a joint motion.

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[81] *One Hypermnestra.*—Hypermnestra, one of the fifty daughters of Danaus, the son of Belus, brother of Ægyptus. Her father, being warned by an oracle, that he should be killed by one of his nephews, persuaded his daughters, who were compelled to marry the sons of their uncle, to murder them on the first night. This was executed by every one except Hypermnestra. She preserved her husband Linus, who afterwards slew Danaus.

Vit. Cor. 'Twas a manly blow;
The next thou giv'st, murther some sucking infant;
And then thou wilt be famous.
Flam. O, what blade is't?
[82] A Toledo, or an English fox?
I ever thought a cutler should distinguish
The cause of my death, rather than a doctor.
Search my wound deeper: tent it with the steel that made it.
Vit. Cor. O! my greatest sin lay in my blood;
Now my blood pays for't.
Flam. Th'art a noble sister,
I love thee now; if woman do breed man,
She ought to teach him manhood: Fare thee well.
Know, many glorious women that are fam'd
For masculine virtue, have been vicious,
Only a happier silence did betide them;
She has no faults, who hath the heart to hide them.
Vit. Cor. My soul, like to a ship in a black storm,
Is driven, I know not whither.
Flam. Then cast anchor.
" Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming clear;
But seas do laugh, shew white, when rocks are near.
We cease to grieve, cease to be Fortune's slaves,
Nay, cease to die by dying." Art thou gone?
And thou so near the bottom: false report!
Which says that women vie with the nine Muses,
For nine tough durable lives: I do not look
Who went before, nor who shall follow me;
No, at myself I will begin and end.
" While we look up to heaven, we confound
Knowledge with knowledge." O, I am in a mist!
Vit. Cor. O happy they that never saw the Court,
" Nor ever knew great men but by report."
[VITTORIA *dies.*
Flam. I recover like a spent taper, for a flash, and instantly go out. Let all that belong to great men remember th' old wives' tradition, to be like the lions i'th' Tower on Candlemas-day; to mourn if the sun shine for fear of the pitiful remainder of winter to come.
'Tis well yet, there's some goodness in my death,
My life was a black charnel: I have caught
An everlasting cold. I have lost my voice
Most irrecoverably; farewel, glorious villains;
" This busy trade of life appears most vain,
Since rest breeds rest, where all seek pain by pain."
Let no harsh flattering bells resound my knell;
Strike, thunder, and strike loud, to my farewel.
[*Dies.*

Enter Embassadors and GIOVANNI.

E. Amb. This way! this way! break open the doors! this way.
Lod. Ha! are we betray'd?
Why then let's constantly die all together;
And having finish'd this most noble deed,
Defy the worst of fate; nor fear to bleed.
E. Amb. Keep back the prince, shoot, shoot.
Lod. O, I am wounded.
I fear I shall be taken.
Gio. You bloody villains,
By what authority have you committed
This massacre?
Lod. Thine.
Gio. Mine?
Lod. Yes; thy uncle, which is part of thee, enjoin'd us to't:
Thou know'st me, I am sure; I am Count Lodowick;
And thy most noble uncle in disguise
Was last night in thy court.
Gio. Ha!
Gas. Yes, that Moor thy father chose his pensioner.
Gio. He turn'd murderer!
Away with them to prison, and to torture;
All that have hands in this shall taste our justice,
As I hope heaven!
Lod. I do glory yet,
That I can call this act mine own: For my part,
The rack, the gallows, and the torturous wheel,
Shall be but sound sleeps to me, here's my rest;
" I limn'd this night-piece, and it was my best."
Gio. Remove the bodies; see, my honoured lord,
What use you ought make of their punishment.
Let guilty men remember, their black deeds
Do lean on crutches, made of slender reeds.

Instead of an Epilogue, only this of Martial supplies me:

Hæc fuerint nobis præmia, si placui.

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[82] *A Toledo.*—*Toledo* is the capital city of Newcastile, and was formerly much famed for making of sword-blades. So, in Green's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 1592: " And you cutler, you are patron of ruffians and swashbucklers, and will sell them a blade that may be thrust into a bushell; but, if a poore man that cannot skil of it, you sell him a swoord or rapyer new overglased, and sweare the blade came either from Turkie or *Toledo*."
An English Fox.—A cant term for a sword. So, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, A. 2. S. 6: " What would you have, sister, of a fellow that knows nothing but a basket-hilt, and an *old fox* in't?"

For the action of the Play, 'twas generally well, and I dare affirm, with the joint-testimony of some of their own quality (for the true imitation of life, without striving to make nature a monster) the best that ever became them: whereof as I make a general acknowledgment, so in particular I must remember the well-approved industry of my friend Master Perkins,[83] and confess the worth of his action did crown both the beginning and end.

EDITIONS.

(1.) "The White Divel: or, The Tragedy of Paulo Giordano Ursini, Duke of Brachiano: With the Life and Death of Vittoria Corombona, the famous Venetian Curtizan. Acted by the Queenes Majesties Servants. Written by JOHN WEBSTER. *Non inferiora secutus.* London. Printed by N. O. for Thomas Archer, and are to be sold at his shop in Pope's Head Pallace neere the Royall Exchange. 1612. 4to."

(2.) "The White Devil: or, The Tragedy of Paulo Giordano Ursini, Duke of Brachiano: With the Life and Death of Vittoria Corombona, the famous Venetian Curtizan. As it hath bin divers times acted by the Queens Majesties Servants at the Phœnix in Drury-Lane. Written by *John Webster. Non inferiora secutus.* London. Printed by J. N. for Hugh Perry, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Harrow in Brittaine-burse. 1631. 4to."

[83] See Note ‡ to *The Jew of Malta*, Vol. I. p. 251. A Copy of Verses, by Mr Perkins, is prefixed to Heywood's *Apology for Actors.*

THE

HOG HATH LOST HIS PEARL.

BY

ROBERT TAILOR.

ROBERT TAILOR, *the Author of this Play, is entirely unknown. The Title-page of it says it was divers times publickly acted by certain London Prentices; and Sir Henry Wotton,*[1] *in a Letter to Sir Edmund Bacon, dated* 1612-13, *gives the following account of its first performance:* "*On Sunday last at night, and no longer, some sixteen Apprentices (of what sort you shall guess by the rest of the story) having secretly learnt a new play without book, intitled,* The Hog hath lost his Pearl; *took up the White Fryers for their Theater: and having invited thither (as it should seem) rather their mistresses than their masters; who were all to enter per bulctini for a note of distinction from ordinary comedians. Towards the end of the play, the sheriffs (who by chance had heard of it) came in (as they say) and carried some six or seven of them to perform the last act at Bridewel; the rest are fled. Now it is strange to hear how sharp-witted the City is, for they will needs have Sir John Swinnerton the Lord Mayor be meant by the* Pearl."

PROLOGUE.

Our long-time-rumour'd Hog, so often crost
By unexpected accidents, and tost
From one house to another; still deceiving
Many m[illegible]'s expectations, and bequeathing
To some lost labour; is at length got loose,
Leaving his servile yoke-stick to the goose;
Hath a knight's licence, and may range at pleasure,
Spight of all those that envy our Hog's treasure,
And thus much let me tell you, that our Swine
Is not, as divers criticks did divine,
Grunting at state-affairs, or invecting
Much at our city's vices; no, nor detecting
The pride or fraud in't; but, were it now
He had his first birth, wit should teach him how
To tax these times abuses, and tell some
How ill they did in running oft from home;
For to prevent (O men more hard than flint!)
A matter, that shall laugh at them in print.
Once to proceed in this play we were mindless,
Thinking we liv'd 'mongst Jews, that lov'd no Swine's flesh:
But, now that trouble's past, if it deserve a hiss
(As questionless it will, through our amiss),
Let it be favour'd by your gentle sufferance;
Wise men are still indu'd with patience:
We are not half so skill'd as strolling players,
Who could not please here, as at country-fairs:
We may be pelted off, for aught we know,
With apples, eggs, or stones, from thence below;
In which we'll crave your friendship, if we may,
And you shall have a dance worth all the play:
And, if it prove so happy as to please,
We'll say [2] 'tis fortunate, like Pericles.

[1] See *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 4th edition, 1685, p. 402.

[2] ——*'tis fortunate, like Pericles*—i. e. the play of that name attributed to Shakspeare. Perhaps a sneer was designed. To say that a dramatic piece was *fortunate*, is not to say that it was *deserving:* and why of all the pieces supposed to be written by our great Author was this particularized? S.

THE

HOG HATH LOST HIS PEARL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Old Lord WEALTHY.
Young Lord, his Son.
MARIA, *his Daughter.*
CARRACUS, } *two Gentlemen, near Friends.*
ALBERT, }
LIGHTFOOT, *a Country Gentleman.*
HADDIT, *a youthful Gallant.*
HOG, *an Usurer.*
REBECCA, *his Daughter.*
PETER SERVITUDE, *his Man.*
ATLAS, *a Porter.*
A Priest.
A Player.
A Serving-man.
A Nurse.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

Enter LIGHTFOOT, *a country gentleman, passing over the stage, and knocks at the other door.*

Light. Ho, who's within here?

Enter ATLAS, *a porter.*

Atlas. Ha' ye any money to pay, you knock with such authority, sir?

Light. What if I have not, may not a man knock without money, sir?

Atlas. Seldom; women and servants will not put it up so, sir.

Light. How say you by that sir? but I pr'ythee, is not this one Atlas's house, a porter?

Atlas. I am the rent-payer thereof.

Light. In good time, sir.

Atlas. Not in good time neither, sir, for I am behind with my landlord a year and three quarters at least.

Light. Now if a man would give but observance to this fellow's prating, he would weary his ears sooner than a barber. Do y'hear, sir? lies there not one Haddit a gentleman, at this house?

Atlas. Here lies such a gentleman, sir, whose cloaths (were they not greasy) would bespeak him so.

Light. Then I pray, sir, when your leisure shall permit, that you would vouchsafe to help me to the speech of him.

Atlas. We must first crave your oath, sir, that you come not with intent to molest, perturb, or endanger him; for he is a gentleman whom it hath pleased fortune to make her tennis-ball of, and therefore subject to be struck by every fool into hazard.

Light. In that I commend thy care of him, for which friendship here's a slight reward: tell him a countryman of his, one Lightfoot, is here, and he will not any way despair of his safety.

Atlas. With all respect, sir; pray command my house. [*Exit* ATLAS.

Light. So, now I shall have a sight of my cousin gallant: he that hath consumed eight hundred pounds a year in as few years as he hath ears on his head: he that was wont never to be found without three or four pair of red breeches running before his horse, or coach: he that at a meal hath had more several kinds, than I think the ark contain'd: he that was

[3] admir'd by niters, for his robes of gallantry, and was indeed all that an elder brother might be, prodigal; yet he, whose unthriftiness kept many a house, is now glad to keep house in a house that keeps him, the poor tenant of a porter. And see his appearance! I'll seem strange to him.

Enter HADDIT *in poor array.*

Had. Cousin Lightfoot, how do'st? welcome to the city.

Light. Who calls me cousin? Where's my cousin Haddit? he's surely putting on some rich apparel, for me to see him in. I ha' been thinking all the way I came up, how much his company will credit me.

Had. My name is Haddit, sir, and your kinsman, if parents may be trusted; and therefore you may please to know me better, when you see me next.

Light. I pr'ythee, fellow, stay; is it possible thou should'st be he? why he was the generous spark of men's admiration.

Had. I am that spark, sir, tho' now rak'd up in ashes;
Yet when it pleaseth fortune's chops to blow
Some gentler gale upon me, I may then
From forth of embers rise and shine again.

Light. O, by your versifying I know you now, sir; how do'st? I knew thee not at first, thou'rt very much alter'd.

Had. Faith, and so I am, exceeding much since you saw me last; about 800*l.* a year; but let it pass, [4] for passage carried away the most part of it, a plague of fortune.

Light. Thou'st more need to pray to fortune than curse her, she may be kind to thee when thou art penitent, but that I fear will be never.

Had. O no, if she be a woman, she'll ever love those that hate her. But, cousin, thou art thy father's first-born; help me but to some means, and I'll redeem my mortgag'd lands with a wench to boot.

Light. As how, I pray thee?

Had. Marry thus; Hog the usurer hath one only daughter.

Light. Is his name Hog? it fits him exceeding well: for as a hog in his life-time is always devouring, and never commodious in aught till his death; even so is he, whose goods at that time may be put to many good uses.

Had. And so I hope they shall before his death. This daughter of his did, and I think doth, love me; but I then thinking myself worthy of an empress, gave but slight respect unto her favour, for that her parentage seem'd not to equal my high thoughts, puff'd up——

Light. With tobacco surely.

Had. No, but with as bad a weed, vain-glory.

Light. And you could now be content to put your lofty spirits into the lowest pit of her favour. Why what means will serve, man? 'Sfoot, if all I have will repair thy fortunes, it shall fly at thy command.

Had. Thanks, good cuz, the means shall not be great, only that I may first be clad in a generous outside, for that is the chief attraction that draws female affection. Good parts, without habiliments of gallantry, are no more set by in these times, than a good leg in a woollen stocking. No, 'tis a glistering presence and audacity brings women into fool's felicity.

Light. You've a good confidence, cuz, but what do ye think your brave outside shall effect?

Had. That being had, we'll to the usurer, where you shall offer some slight piece of land to mortgage, and, if you do it to bring ourselves into cash, it shall be ne'er the farther from you, for here's a project will not be frustrate of this purpose.

Light. That shall be shortly try'd. I'll instantly go seek for a habit for thee, and that of the richest too; that which shall not be subject to the scoff of any gallant, tho' to the accomplishing thereof all my means go. Alas! what's a man unless he wear good cloaths?

[*Exit* LIGHTFOOT.

Had. Good speed attend my suit! Here's a never-seen nephew, kind in distress; this gives me more cause of admiration than the loss of thirty-five settings together at Passage. Ay, when 'tis perform'd—but words and deeds are now more different than puritans and players.

Enter ATLAS.

Atlas. Here's the Player would speak with you.

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[3] ——*admir'd by* niters, *for his robes of gallantry.*—If this be not a corrupted, it must be an affected, word, coined from the Latin word *nitco*, to shine, or be splendid. He was admir'd by those who *shone* most in the article of dress. S.

So, in Marston's *Satires*, printed with *Pygmalion*, 1598:

" O dapper, rare, compleat, sweet *nittie* youth!
Jesu Maria! How his clothes appeare
Crost and recrost with lace, &c."

[4] *For passage carried away, &c.*—" Passage is a game at dice to be play'd at but by two, and it is performed with three dice. The caster throws continually till he hath thrown dubblets under ten, and then he is out and loseth; or dubblets above ten, and then he *passeth* and wins.—*Compleat Gamester*, 1680, p. 119.

Had. About [5] the jig I promised him.—My pen and ink! I pr'ythee let him in, there may be some cash rhim'd out of him.

Enter Player.

Play. The muses assist you, sir: what, at your study so early?

Had. O chiefly now, sir; for *Aurora Musis amica.*

Play. Indeed I understand not Latin, sir.

Had. You must then pardon me, good Mr Change-coat; for I protest unto you, it is so much my often converse, that if there be none but women in my company, yet cannot I forbear it.

Play. That shews your more learning, sir; but, I pray you, is that small matter done I entreated for?

Had. A small matter! you'll find it worth Meg of Westminster, altho' it be but a bare jig.

Play. O lord, sir, I would it had but half the taste of garlick.

Had. Garlick stinks to this; if it prove that you have not more whores to see this than e'er garlick had, say I am a boaster of my own works; disgrace me on the open stage, and bob me off with ne'er a penny.

Play. O lord, sir, far be it from us to debar any worthy writer of his merit: but I pray you, sir, what is the title you bestow upon it?

Had. Marry, that which is full as forcible as garlick, the name of it is, Who buys my four ropes of hard onions? by which four ropes is meant, four several kind of livers; by the onions, hangers-on; as at some convenient time I will more particularly inform you in so rare a hidden and obscure mystery.

Play. I pray let me see the beginning of it. I hope you have made no dark sentence in't; for, I'll assure you, our audience commonly are very simple, idle-headed people, and, if they should hear what they understand not, they would quite forsake our house.

Had. O ne'er fear it, for what I have writ is both witty to the wise, and pleasing to the ignorant; for you shall have those laugh at it far more heartily that understand it not, than those that do.

Play. Methinks the end of this stave is a foot too long.

Had. O no, sing it but in tune, and I dare warrant you.

Play. Why hear ye. [*He sings.*

And you that delight in trulls and minions,
Come buy my four ropes of hard Sir Thomas's onions.

Look ye there, *Sir Thomas* might very well have been left out; besides, *hard* should have come next the *onions.*

Had. Fie, no; the dismembering of a rhime to bring in reason shews the more efficacy in the writer.

Play. Well, as you please; I pray you, sir, what will the gratuity be? I would content you as near hand as I could.

Had. So I believe. [*Aside.*
Why, Mr Change-coat, I do not suppose we shall differ many pounds; pray make your offer, if you give me too much, I will, most doctor of physick like, restore.

Play. You say well; look you, sir, there's a brace of angels, besides much drink of free-cost, if it be lik'd.

Had. How, Mr Change-coat! a brace of angels, besides much drink of free-cost if it be lik'd! I fear you have learn'd it by heart; if you have powder'd up my plot in your sconce, you may home, sir, and instruct your poet over a pot of ale the whole method on't. But if you do so juggle, look to't. Shrove-Tuesday [6] is at hand, and I have some acquaintance with bricklayers and plaisterers.

Play. Nay, I pray, sir, be not angry; for as I am a true stagetrotter, I mean honestly; and look ye, more for your love than otherwise, I give you a brace more.

Had. Well, good words do much; I cannot now be angry with you, but see henceforward you do like him that would please a new-married wife, shew your most at first, lest some other come between you and your desires; for I protest, had you not suddenly shewn your good-nature, another should have had it, though it had been for nothing.

Play. Troth I'm sorry I gave you such cause of impatiency; but you shall see hereafter, if your invention take, I will not stand off for a brace more or less, desiring I may see your works before another.

Had. Nay, before all others; and shortly expect a notable piece of matter, such a jig whose tune, with the natural whistle of a carman, shall be more ravishing to the ears of shopkeepers than a whole concert of barbers at midnight.

Play. I am your man for't; I pray you command all the kindness belongs to my function, as a box for your friend at a new play, although I procure the hate of all my company.

Had. No, I'll pay for it rather; that may breed a mutiny in your whole house.

Play. I care not, I ha' play'd a king's part any

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[5] *The jig.*—See Note 35 to *Edward II.* Vol. I. p. 172.

[6] *Shrove-Tuesday is at hand.*—Shrove-Tuesday was a holiday for apprentices and working people, as appears by several contemporary writers. So, in Dekkar's *Seven deadly Sinnes of London*, 1606, p. 35: "they presently (like prentises upon *Shrove-Tuesday*) take the lawe into their owne handes, and doe what they list."

time these ten years; and if I cannot command such a matter, 'twere poor, 'faith.

Had. Well, master Change-coat, you shall now leave me, for I'll to my study; the morning hours are precious, and my Muse meditates most upon an empty stomach.

Play. I pray, sir, when this new invention is produced, let me not be forgotten.

Had. I'll sooner forget to be a jig-maker. [*Exit Player.*

So, here's four angels I little dreamt of. Nay, and there be money to be gotten by foolery, I hope fortune will not see me want. Atlas, Atlas.

Enter ATLAS.

What, was my country cuz here since?

Atlas. Why, did he promise to come again, seeing how the case stood w'ye?

Had. Yea, and to advance my down-fallen fortunes, Atlas.

Atlas. But ye are not sure he meant it you, when he spake it.

Had. No, nor is it in man to conjecture rightly the thought by the tongue.

Atlas. Why then, I'll believe it when I see it. If you had been in prosperity when he had promised you this kindness——

Had. I had not needed it.

Atlas. But being now you do, I fear you must go without it.

Had. If I do, Atlas, be it so; I'll e'en go write this rhime over my bed's head:

Undone by folly; fortune, lend me more.
Canst thou, and wilt not? pox on such a whore.

[7] and so I'll set up my rest. But see, Atlas, here's a little of that that damns lawyers; take it in part of a farther recompence.

Atlas. No, pray keep it; I am conceited of your better fortunes, and therefore will stay out that expectation.

Had. Why, if you will, you may; but the surmounting of my fortunes is as much to be doubted, as he, whose estate lies in the lottery, desperate.

Atlas. But ne'er despair. 'Sfoot, why should not you live as well as a thousand others, that wear change of taffety, whose means were never any thing?

Had. Yes, cheating, theft, and pandarising, or may be flattery. I have maintained some of them myself. But come, hast aught to breakfast?

Atlas. Yes, there's the fag-end of a leg of mutton.

Had. There cannot be a sweeter dish; it has cost money the dressing.

Atlas. At the barber's, you mean. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ALBERT, *solus.*

Alb. This is the green, and this the chamber-window;
And see, the appointed light stands in the casement,
The ladder of ropes set orderly; yet he
That should ascend, slow in his haste, is not
As yet come hither.
Wer't any friend that lives, but Carracus,
I'd try the bliss which this fine time presents.
Appoint to carry hence so rare an heir,
And be so slack! 'sfoot, it doth move my patience.
Would any man that is not void of sense,
Not have watcht night by night for such a prize?
Her beauty's so attractive, that by heav'n,
My heart half grants to do my friend a wrong.
Forego these thoughts; Albert, be not a slave
To thy affection; do not falsify
Thy faith to him, whose only friendship's worth
A world of women. He is such a one,
Thou canst not live without his good,
He is and was ever as thine own heart's blood.
[MARIA *beckons him in the window.*
'Sfoot, see she beckons me, for Carracus:
Shall my base purity, cause me neglect
This present happiness? I will obtain it,
Spite of my timorous conscience. I am in person,
Habit, and all, so like to Carracus, [*son,*
It may be acted, and ne'er call'd in question.
Mar. calls. Hist! Carracus, ascend:
All is as clear as in our hearts we wish'd.
Alb. Nay, if I go not now, I might be gelded, i'faith!
[ALBERT *ascends; and, being on the top of the ladder, puts out the candle.*
Mar. O love, why do you so?
Alb. I heard the steps of some coming this way;
Did you not hear Albert pass by as yet?
Mar. Not any creature pass this way this hour.
Alb. Then he intends, just at the break of day,
To lend his trusty help to our departure.
'Tis yet two hours time thither, till when, let's rest,
For that our speedy flight will not yield any.
Mar. But I fear,
We possessing of each other's presence,
Shall oversleep the time. Will your friend call?
Alb. Just at the instant, fear not of his care.
Mar. Come then, dear Carracus, thou now shalt rest
Upon that bed, where fancy oft hath thought thee;
Which kindness until now I ne'er did grant thee,
Nor would I now, but that thy loyal faith

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[7] *And so I'll set up my rest.*—See Note 24 to *The Jovial Crew*, postea.

I have so often try'd; even now,
Seeing thee come to that most honour'd end,
Through all the dangers, which black night presents,
For to convey me hence and marry me.
Alb. If I do not do so, then hate me ever.
Mar. I do believe thee, and will hate thee never. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CARRACUS.

Car. How pleasing are the steps we lovers make,
When in the paths of our content we pace,
To meet our longings! What happiness it is
For man to love! But oh, what greater bliss
To love, and be belov'd! O what one virtue
E'er reign'd in me, that I should be inrich'd
With all earth's good at once! I have a friend,
Selected by the heavens as a gift
To make me happy, whilst I live on earth;
A man so rare of goodness, firm of faith,
That earth's content must vanish in his death.
Then for my love, and mistress of my soul,
A maid of rich endowments, [8] beautify'd
With all the virtues nature could bestow
Upon mortality, who this happy night
Will make me gainer of her heav'nly self.
And see how suddenly I have attain'd
To the abode of my desired wishes!
This is the green; how dark the night appears!
I cannot hear the tread of my true friend.
Albert! hist, Albert!—he's not come as yet,
Nor is th' appointed light set in the window.
What if I call Maria? it may be
She fear'd to set a light, and only heark'neth
To hear my steps; and yet I dare not call,
Lest I betray myself, and that my voice,
Thinking to enter in the ears of her,
Be of some other heard: no, I will stay
Until the coming of my dear friend Albert.
But now think, Carracus, what the end will be
Of this thou dost determine: thou art come
Hither to rob a father of that wealth
That solely lengthens his now drooping years,
His virtuous daughter, and all of that sex left,
To make him happy in his aged days:
The loss of her may cause him to despair,
Transport his near-decaying sense to frenzy,
Or to some such abhorred inconveniency,
Whereto frail age is subject. I do too ill in this,
And must not think but that a father's plaint
Will move the heavens to pour forth misery
Upon the head of disobediency.
Yet reason tells us, parents are o'erseen,
When with too strict a rein they do hold in
Their child's affections, and controul that love,
Which the high powers divine inspire them with,
When in their shallowest judgments they may know,
Affection crost brings misery and woe.
But whilst I run contemplating on this,
I softly pace to my desired bliss.
I'll go into the next field, where my friend
Told me the horses were in readiness. [*Exit.*

ALBERT *descending from* MARIA.

Mar. But do not stay. What, if you find not Albert?
Alb. I'll then return alone to fetch you hence.
Mar. If you should now deceive me, having gain'd
What you men seek for—
Alb. Sooner I'll deceive my soul—and so I fear I have. [*Aside.*
Mar. At your first call I will descend.
Alb. Till when, this touch of lips be the true pledge
Of Carracus' constant true devoted love.
Mar. Be sure you stay not long; farewel;
I cannot lend an ear to hear you part.
[*Exit* MARIA.
Alb. But you did lend a hand unto my entrance. [*He descends.*
How have I wrong'd my friend, my faithful friend!
Robb'd him of what's more precious than his blood,
His earthly heaven, the unspotted honour
Of his soul-joying mistress! the fruition of whose bed
I yet am warm of; whilst dear Carracus
Wanders this cold night through th'unshelt'ring field,
Seeking me, treacherous man; yet no man neither,
Though in an outward shew of such appearance,
But am a devil indeed, for so this deed
Of wronged love and friendship rightly makes me.
I may compare my friend to one that's sick,
Who, lying on his death-bed, calls to him
His dearest-thought friend, and bids him go
To some rare gifted man, that can restore
His former health: this his friend sadly hears,
And vows with protestations to fulfill
His wish'd desires, with his best performance;
But then no sooner seeing that the death
Of his sick friend would add to him some gain,
Goes not to seek a remedy to save,
But like a wretch hides him to dig his grave;
As I have done for virtuous Carracus.
Yet, Albert, be not reasonless, to indanger
What thou may'st yet secure; who can detect
The crime of thy licentious appetite?—
I hear one's pace, 'tis surely Carracus.

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[8] *Beautify'd.*—So *Hamlet*, A. 2. S. 2: "To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most *beautified* Ophelia." See the Notes of Mr Theobald, Dr Johnson, and Mr Steevens, thereon.

Enter CARRACUS.

Car. Not find my friend! sure some malignant planet
Rules o'er this night, and, envying the content
Which I in thought possess, debars me thus
From what is more than happy, the lov'd presence
Of a dear friend and love.

Alb. 'Tis wronged Carracus, by Albert's baseness:
I have no power now to reveal myself.

Car. The horses stand at the appointed place,
And night's dark coverture makes firm our safety.
My friend is surely fall'n into a slumber
On some bank hereabouts; I will call him.
Friend, Albert, Albert.

Alb. Whate'er you are that call, you know my name.

Car. Ay, and thy heart, dear friend.

Alb. O Carracus, you are a slow-pac'd lover!
Your credit had been touch'd, had I not been.

Car. As how, I pr'ythee, Albert?

Alb. Why, I excus'd you to the fair Maria;
Who would have thought you else a slack performer.
For coming first under her chamber window,
She heard me tread, and call'd upon your name;
To which I answer'd, with a tongue like yours;
And told her, I would go to seek for Albert,
And straight return.

Car. Whom I have found, thanks to thy faith, and heav'n.
But had not she a light when you came first?

Alb. Yes, but hearing of some company,
She at my warning was forc'd to put it out.
And had I been so too, you and I too
Had still been happy. [*Aside.*

Car. See, we are now come to the chamber window.

Alb. Then you must call, for so I said I would.

Car. Maria.

Mar. My Carracus, are you so soon return'd?
I see you'll keep your promise.

Car. Who would not do so, having past it thee,
Cannot be fram'd of aught but treachery:
Fairest, descend, that, by our hence departing,
We may make firm the bliss of our content.

Mar. Is your friend Albert with you?

Alb. Yes, and your servant, honoured lady.

Mar. Hold me from falling, Carracus. [*She descends.*

Car. I will do now so; but not at other times.

Mar. You are merry, sir:
But what d' y' intend with this your scaling ladder,
To leave it thus, or put it forth of sight?

Car. Faith, 'tis no great matter which:
Yet we will take it hence, that it may breed
Many confus'd opinions in the house
Of your escape. Here, Albert, you shall bear it:
It may be you may chance to practise that way;
Which when you do, may your attempts so prove
As mine have done, most fortunate in love.

Alb. May you continue ever so!
But it's time now to make some haste to horse;
Night soon will vanish.—O that it had power
For ever to exclude day from our eyes,
For my looks then will shew my villainy. [*Aside.*

Car. Come, fair Maria, the troubles of this night
Are as forerunners to ensuing pleasures,
And, noble friend, although now Carracus
Seems, in the gaining of this beauteous prize,
To keep from you so much of his lov'd treasure,
Which ought not to be mixed; yet his heart
Shall so far strive in your wish'd happiness,
That if the loss and ruin of itself
Can but avail your good.—

Alb. O friend, no more; come, you are slow in haste;
Friendship ought never be discuss'd in words,
Till all her deeds be finish'd: who, looking in a book,
And reads but some part of it only, cannot judge
What praise the whole deserves, because his knowledge
Is grounded but on part—As thine, friend, is [*Aside.*
Ignorant of that black mischief I have done thee.

Mar. Carracus, I am weary, are the horses far?

Car. No, fairest, we are now even at them:
Come, do you follow, Albert?

Alb. Yes, I do follow; would I had done so ever,
And ne'er had gone before. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Enter HOG *the Usurer; with* PETER SERVITUDE, *trussing his points.*

Hog. What, hath not my young Lord Wealthy been here this morning?

P. Serv. No, in very deed, sir; he is a towardly young gentleman; shall he have my young mistress, your daughter, I pray you, sir?

Hog. Ay, that he shall, Peter; she cannot be matched to greater honour and riches in all this country: yet the peevish girl makes coy of it, she had rather affect a prodigal: as there was Haddit, one that by this time cannot be otherwise than hang'd, or in some worse estate; yet she would have had him: but I praise my stars she went without him, though I did not

without his lands; 'twas a rare mortgage, Peter.

P. Serv. As e'er came in parchment; but see, here comes my young lord.

Enter Young Lord WEALTHY.

Weal. jun. 'Morrow, father Hog; I am come to tell you strange news; my sister is stol'n away to night, 'tis thought by nigromancy. What nigromancy is, I leave to the readers of the [9] Seven Champions of Christendom

Hog. But is it possible your sister should be stolen? sure some of the household servants were confederates in't.

Weal. jun. Faith, I think they would have confest, then; for I am sure, my lord and father hath put them all to the bastinado twice this morning already; not a waiting-woman, but has been stowed, i'faith.

P. Serv. Trust me, he says well for the most part.

Hog. Then, my lord, your father is far impatient.

Weal. jun. Impatient! I ha' seen the picture of Hector,[10] in a haberdasher's shop, not look half so furious; he appears more terrible than wild-fire at a play. But, father Hog, when is the time your daughter and I shall to this wedlock-drudgery?

Hog. Troth, my lord, when you please: she's at your disposure, and I rest much thankful that your lordship will so highly honour me. She shall have a good portion, my lord, though nothing in respect of your large revenues. Call her in, Peter; tell her, my most respected Lord Wealthy is here, to whose presence I will now commit her; [*Exit* Peter;] and I pray you, my lord, prosecute the gain of her affection with the best affecting words you may, and so I bid good-morrow to your lordship. [*Exit* HOG.

Weal. jun. Morrow, father Hog. To prosecute the gain of her affection with the best affecting words; as I am a lord, a most rare phrase! well, I perceive age is not altogether ignorant, though many an old justice is so.

Enter PETER SERVITUDE.

How now, Peter, is thy young mistress up yet?

P. Serv. Yes, indeed, she's an early stirrer; and I doubt not hereafter, but that your lordship may say, she's abroad before you can rise.

Weal. jun. Faith, and so she may, for 'tis long ere I can get up when I go fox'd to bed. But, Peter, has she no other suitors besides myself?

P. Serv. No, and it like your lordship: nor is it fit she should.

Weal. jun. Not fit she should: I tell thee, Peter, I would give away as much as some knights are worth, and that's not much, only to wipe the noses of some dozen or two of gallants, and to see how pityfully those parcels of men's flesh would look when I had caught the bird, which they had beaten the bush for.

P. Serv. Indeed, your lordship's conquest would have seem'd the greater.

Weal. jun. 'Foot, as I am a lord, it angers me to the guts, that nobody hath been about her.

P. Serv. For any thing I know, your lordship may go without her.

Weal. jun. An' I could have enjoy'd her to some pale-faced lover's distraction, or been envied for my happiness, it had been somewhat.

Enter REBECCA.

But see where she comes! I knew she had not power enough to stay another sending for. O lords! what are we? our names enforce beauty to fly, being sent for. [*Aside.*

Morrow, pretty Beck: how dost?

Reb. I rather should enquire your lordship's health, seeing you up at such an early hour. Was it the tooth-ach, or else fleas disturb'd you?

Weal. jun. Do you think I am subject to such common infirmities? Nay, were I diseas'd, I'd scorn but to be diseas'd like a lord, i'faith. But I can tell you news, your fellow [11] virgin-hole player, my sister, is stolen away to-night.

Reb. In truth, I am glad on't; she is now free from the jealous eye of a father. Do not ye suspect, my lord, who it should be that has carried her away?

Weal. jun. No, nor care not; as she brews, so let her bake; so say'd the antient proverb. But lady mine, that shall be, your father hath [12] wish'd me to appoint the day with you.

Reb. What day, my lord?

Weal. jun. Why, of marriage? or as the [13] learned historiographer writes, Hymen's holidays, or nuptial ceremonious rites.

Reb. Why, when would you appoint that, my lord?

Weal. jun. Why, let me see, I think the taylor may dispatch all our vestures in a week: therefore, it shall be directly this day se'ennight.

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[9] *Seven Champions of Christendom.*—A very popular book, which is still often reprinted.

[10] An allusion possibly, though it must be confessed an obscure one, to the Sign called *The Saracen's Head.* N.

[11] *Virgin-hole player.*—A designed play on the word *virginal*, a spinnet. S.

[12] *Wish'd me.*—Desired or recommended. See Note 47 to *The Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 538.

[13] *The learned historiographer.*—This was Samuel Daniel, who was an historian as well as a poet. The work above alluded to is probably *Hymen's Triumph;* a Pastoral Tragi-comedy, acted at the Queen's Court in the Strand, at the nuptials of Lord Roxborough.

P. Serv. God give you joy!

Reb. Of what, I pray, you impudence? This fellow will go near to take his oath that he hath seen us plight faiths together; my father keeps him for no other cause, than to outswear the truth. My lord, not to hold you any longer in a fool's paradise, nor to blind you with the hopes I never intend to accomplish, know, I neither do, can, or will love you.

Weal. jun. How! not love a lord? O indiscreet young woman! Indeed your father told me how unripe I should find you: but all's one, unripe fruit will ask more shaking before they fall, than those that are, and my conquest will seem the greater still.

P. Serv. Afore God, he is a most unanswerable lord, and holds her to't, i'faith.

Weal. jun. Nay, you could not have pleas'd me better, than seeing you so invincible, and of such difficult attaining to. I would not give a pin for the society of a female that should seem willing; but give me a wench that hath disdainful looks;

For 'tis denial whets an appetite,
When proffer'd service doth allay delight.

Reb. The fool's well read in vice.—My lord, I hope you hereafter will no farther insinuate in the course of your affections; and, for the better withdrawing from them, you may please to know, I have irrevocably decreed never to marry.

Weal. jun. Never to marry! Peter, I pray bear witness of her words, that, when I have attain'd her, it may add to my fame and conquest.

Reb. Yes indeed, an't like your lordship.

Weal. jun. Nay, ye must think, Beck, I know how to wooe; ye shall find no bashful university-man of me.

Reb. Indeed, I think y'ad ne'er that bringing up. Did you ever study, my lord?

Weal. jun. Yes faith, that I have, and, the last week too, three days and a night together.

Reb. About what, I pray?

Weal. jun. Only to find out, why a woman going on the right side of her husband in the day-time should lie on his left side at night; and, as I am a lord, I never knew the meaning on't till yesterday. Mallapert, my father's butler, being a witty jackanapes, told me why it was.

Reb. By'r lady, my lord, 'twas a shrewd study, and I fear hath altered the property of your good parts; for, I'll assure you, I lov'd you a fortnight ago far better.

Weal. jun. Nay, 'tis all one whether you do or no, 'tis but a little more trouble to bring you about again; and no question but a man may do't, I am he. 'Tis true, as your father said, the black ox hath not trod upon that foot of yours.

Reb. No, but the white calf hath; and so I leave your lordship. [*Exit* REBECCA.

Weal. jun. Well, go thy ways, th'art as witty a marmalade-eater as ever I conversed with. Now, as I am a lord, I love her better and better; I'll home and poetise upon her good parts presently. Peter, here's a preparative to my farther applications; and Peter, be circumspect in giving me diligent notice what suitors seem to be peeping.

P. Serv. I'll warrant you, my lord, she's your own; for I'll give out to all that come near her, that she is betrothed to you; and if the worst come to the worst, I'll swear it.

Weal. jun. Why, godamercy; and if ever I do gain my request,
Thou shalt in braver clothes be shortly drest.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Old Lord WEALTHY, *solus.*

Weal. sen. Have the fates then conspir'd, and quite bereft
My drooping years of all the blest content
That age partakes of, by the sweet aspect
Of their well-nurtur'd issue; whose obedience,
Discreet and duteous 'haviour, only lengthens
The thread of age; when on the contrary,
By rude demeanour and their headstrong wills,
That thread's soon ravel'd out. O why, Maria,
Couldst thou abandon me now at this time,
When my gray head's declining to the grave?
Could any masculine flatterer on earth
So far bewitch thee, to forget thyself, [me,
As now to leave me? did nature solely give thee
As my chief inestimable treasure,
Whereby my age might pass in quiet to rest;
And art thou prov'd to be the only curse,
Which heav'n could throw upon mortality?
Yet I'll not curse thee, though I fear the fates
Will on thy head inflict some punishment,
Which I will daily pray they may with-hold.
Although thy disobediency deserves
Extreamest rigour, yet I wish to thee
Content in love, full of tranquillity.

Enter Young Lord WEALTHY.

But see where stands my shame, whose indiscretion
Doth seem to bury all the living honours
Of all our ancestors; but 'tis the fates' decree,
That men might know their weak mortality.

Weal. jun. Sir, I cannot find my sister.

Weal. sen. I know thou canst not, 'twere too rare to see
Wisdom found out by ignorance.

Weal. jun. How, father! is it not possible that wisdom should be found out by ignorance? I pray, then, how do many magnificoes come by it?

Weal. sen. They buy it, son, as you had need to do.
Yet wealth without that may live more content,
Than wit's enjoyers can, debarr'd of wealth.
All pray for wealth, but I ne'er heard yet
Of any but one, that e'er pray'd for wit.
He's counted wise enough in these vain times,
That hath but means enough to wear gay cloaths,
And be an outside of humanity. What matters it a pin,

How indiscreet soe'er a natural be,
So that his wealth be great? that's it doth cause
Wisdom in these days to give fools applause.
And when gay folly speaks, how vain soe'er,
Wisdom must silent sit, and speech forbear.

Weal. jun. Then wisdom must sit as mute as learning among many courtiers. But, father, I partly suspect that Carracus hath got my sister.

Weal. sen. With child, I fear, ere this.

Weal. jun. By'r lady, and that may be true. But, whether he has or no, it's all one: if you please, I'll take her from under his nose, in spite on's teeth, and ask him no leave.

Weal. sen. That were too headstrong, son;
We'll rather leave them to the will of heaven,
To fall or prosper; and tho' young Carracus
Be but a gentleman of small revenues,
Yet he deserves my daughter for his virtues:
And, had I thought she could not be withdrawn
From th' affecting of him, I had, ere this,
Made them both happy by my free consent;
Which now I wish I had granted, and still pray,
If any have her, it may be Carracus.

Weal. jun. Troth and I wish so too; for, in my mind, he's a gentleman of a good house, and speaks true Latin.

Weal. sen. To-morrow, son, you shall ride to his house,
And there inquire of your sister's being.
But, as you tender me and your own good,
Use no rough language savouring of distaste,
Or any uncivil terms.

Weal. jun. Why, do you take me for a midwife?

Weal. sen. But tell young Carracus these words from me,
That if he hath, with safeguard of her honour,
Espous'd my daughter, that I then forgive
His rash offence, and will accept of him
In all the fatherly love I owe a child.

Weal. jun. I am sure my sister will be glad to hear it, and I cannot blame her; for she'll then enjoy that with quietness, which many a wench, in these days, does scratch for.

Weal. sen. Come, son, I'll write to Carracus, that my own hand may witness how much I stand affected to his worth. [*Exeunt.*

Enter HADDIT, *in his gay apparel, making him ready, and with him* LIGHTFOOT.

Had. By this light, cuz, this suit does rarely! the taylor that made it may hap to be saved, an't be but for his good works: I think I shall be proud of 'em, and so I was never yet of any cloaths.

Light. How! not of your cloaths! why, then, you were never proud of any thing, for therein chiefly consisteth pride; for you never saw pride pictured but in gay attire.

Had. True; but, in my opinion, pride might as well be portraied in any other shape, as to seem to be an affector of gallantry, being the causes thereof are so several and diverse. As some are proud of their strength, altho' that pride cost them the loss of a limb or two, by over-daring: likewise some are proud of their humour, altho' in that humour they be often knock'd for being so: some are proud of their drink, altho' that liquid operation cause them to wear a night-cap three weeks after: some are proud of their good parts, altho' they never put them to better uses than the enjoying of a common strumpet's company, and are only made proud by the favour of a waiting-woman: others are proud—

Light. Nay, I pr'ythee cuz, enough of pride; but when do you intend to go yonder to Covetousness the usurer, that we may see how near your plot will take, for the releasing of your mortgaged lands?

Had. Why now; presently; and, if I do not accomplish my projects to a wish'd end, I wish my fortunes may be like some scraping tradesman, that never embraceth true pleasure till he be threescore and ten.

Light. But say, Hog's daughter, on whom all your hopes depend, by this be betroth'd to some other.

Had. Why, say she were; nay more, married to another, I would be ne'er the farther from effecting of my intents. No, cuz, I partly know her inward disposition; and, did I but only know her to be womankind, I think it were sufficient.

Light. Sufficient, for what?

Had. Why to obtain a grant of the best thing she had, chastity. Man, 'tis not here as 'tis with you in the country, not to be had without father's and mother's good-will; no, the city is a place of more traffick, where each one learns, by example of their elders, to make the most of their own, either for profit or pleasure.

Light. 'Tis but your misbelieving thoughts makes you surmise so: if women were so kind, how haps you had not, by their favours, kept yourself out of the claws of poverty?

Had. O but cuz, can a ship sail without water? had I had but such a suit as this, to set myself afloat, I would not have fear'd sinking. But, come, no more of need; now to the usurer:
And, tho' all hopes do fail, a man can want no living,
So long as sweet desire reigns in women.

Light. But then yourself must able be in giving. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ALBERT, *solus.*

Alb. Conscience, thou horror unto wicked men,
When wilt thou cease thy all-afflicting wrath,
And set my soul free from the labyrinth
Of thy tormenting terror? O, but it fits not!
Should I desire redress, or wish for comfort,
That have committed an act so inhuman,
Able to fill shame's spacious chronicle?
Who, but a damn'd one, could have done like me?
Robb'd my dear friend, in a short moment's time,

Of his love's high-priz'd gem of chastity:
That which so many years himself hath staid for?
How often hath he, as he lay in bed,
Sweetly discours'd to me of his Maria?
And with what pleasing passions did he suffer
Love's gentle war-siege? Then he would relate
How he first came unto her fair eyes view;
How long it was ere she could brook affection;
And then how constant she did still abide.
I then, at this, would joy, as if my breast
Had sympathiz'd in equal happiness [be,
With my true friend: but now, when joy should
Who, but a damn'd one, would have done like me?
He hath been married now, at least, a month;
In all which time I have not once beheld him.
This is his house;
I'll call to know his health, but will not see him,
My looks would then betray me; for, should he ask
My cause of seeming sadness, or the like,
I could not but reveal, and so pour on
Worse until ill, which breeds confusion.
[*He knocks.*

Enter Serving-man.

Serv. man. To what intent d'ye knock, sir?

Alb. Because I would be heard, sir; is the master of this house within?

Serv. man. Yes, marry is he, sir: would you speak with him?

Alb. My business is not so troublesome:
Is he in health with his late espoused wife?

Serv. man. Both are exceeding well, sir.

Alb. I'm truly glad on't: farewel, good friend.

Serv. man. I pray you, let's crave your name, sir; I may else have anger.

Alb. You may say, one Albert, riding by this way, only inquir'd their health.

Serv. man. I will acquaint so much.
[*Exit Serving-man.*

Alb. How like a poisonous doctor have I come,
To inquire their welfare, knowing that myself
Have given the potion of their ne'er recovery;
For which I will afflict myself with torture ever.
And, since the earth yields not a remedy
Able to salve the sores my lust hath made,
I'll now take farewel of society,
And th' abode of men, to entertain a life
Fitting my fellowship, in desert woods,
Where beasts like me consort; there may I live,
Far off from wronging virtuous Carracus.
There's no Maria, that shall satisfy
My hateful lust: the trees shall shelter
This wretched trunk of mine, upon whose barks
I will engrave the story of my sin.
And there this short breath of mortality
I'll finish up in that repentant state,
Where not th' allurements of earth's vanities
Can e'er o'ertake me: there's no baits for lust,
No friend to ruin; I shall then be free
From practising the art of treachery:
Thither then, steps, where such content abides,
Where penitency not disturb'd may grieve,
Where on each tree, and springing plant, I'll carve
This heavy motto of my misery,
Who but a damn'd one could have done like me?
Carracus, farewel, if e'er thou seest me more,
Shalt find me curing of a soul-sick sore. [*Exit.*

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Enter CARRACUS, *driving his man before him.*

Car. Why, thou base villain! was my dearest friend here, and could'st not make him stay?

Serv. 'Sloot, sir, I could not force him against his will, an' he had been a woman.

Car. Hence, thou untutor'd slave!
[*Exit Servant.*
But could'st thou, Albert, come so near my door,
And not vouchsafe the comfort of thy presence?
Hath my good fortune caus'd thee to repine?
And, seeing my state so full replete with good,
Canst thou withdraw thy love, to lessen it?
What could so move thee? was't because I married?
Did'st thou imagine I infring'd my faith,
For that a woman did participate
In equal share with thee? cannot my friendship
Be firm to thee, because 'tis dear to her?
Yet no more dear to her than firm to thee.
Believe me, Albert, thou do'st little think
How much thy absence gives cause of discontent.
But I'll impute it only to neglect:
It is neglect, indeed, when friends neglect
The sight of friends, and say 'tis troublesome.
Only ask how they do, and so farewel;
Shewing an outward kind of seeming duty,
Which in the rules of manhood is observ'd,
And think full well they have perform'd their task,
When of their friend's health they do only ask;
Not caring how they are, or how distrest,
It is enough they have their loves exprest
In bare inquiry; and, in these times too,
Friendship's so cold, that few so much will do.
And am not I beholden then to Albert?
He, after knowledge of our being well,
Said he was truly glad on't: O rare friend!
If he be unkind, how many more may mend?
But whether am I carried by unkindness?
Why should not I as well set light by friendship,
Since I have seen a man, whom I late thought
Had been compos'd of nothing but of faith,
Prove so regardless of his friend's content?

Enter MARIA.

Mar. Come, Carracus, I have sought you all about:
Your servant told me you were much disquieted.
Pr'ythee, love, be not so; come, walk in;
I'll charm thee with my lute from forth disturbance.
Car. I am not angry, sweet; tho', if I were,
Thy bright aspect would soon allay my rage.
But, my Maria, it doth something move me,
That our friend Albert so forgets himself.
Mar. It may be, 'tis nothing else; and there's no doubt
He'll soon remember his accustom'd friendship.
He thinks, as yet, peradventure, that his presence
Will but offend, for that our marriage rites
Are but so newly past.
Car. I will surmise so too, and only think
Some serious business hinders Albert's presence.
But what ring's that, Maria, on your finger?
Mar. 'Tis one you lost, love, when I did bestow
A jewel of far greater worth on you.
Car. At what time, fairest?
Mar. As if you knew not; why d'ye make't so strange?
Car. You are dispos'd to riddle; pray let's see't.
I partly know it: where was't you found it?
Mar. Why in my chamber, that most gladsome night
When you enrich'd your love by my escape.
Car. How! in your chamber?
Mar. Sure, Carracus, I will be angry with you,
If you seem so forgetful. I took it up
Then when you left my lodge, and went away,
Glad of your conquest, for to seek your friend.
Why stand you so amaz'd, sir? I hope that kindness,
Which then you reap'd, doth not prevail
So in your thoughts, as that you think me light.
Car. O think thyself, Maria, what thou art!
This is the ring of Albert, treacherous man!
He that enjoy'd thy virgin chastity.
I never did ascend into thy chamber,
But all that cold night, thro' the frozen field,
Went seeking of that wretch, who ne'er sought me;
But found what his lust sought for, dearest thee.
Mar. I have heard enough, my Carracus, to bereave me of this little breath.
[*She swoons.*
Car. All breath be first extinguish'd:—within there, ho!

Enter Nurse and Servants.

O nurse! see here, Maria says she'll die.
Nurse. Marry, God forbid! oh mistress, mistress, mistress! she has breath yet; she's but in a trance: good sir, take comfort, she'll recover by-and-by.
Car. No, no, she'll die, nurse, for she said she would; an' she had not said so, 'thad been another matter; but you know, nurse, she ne'er told a lie: I will believe her, for she speaks all truth.
Nurse. His memory begins to fail him. Come, let's bear
This heavy spectacle from forth his presence;
The heavens will lend a hand, I hope, of comfort. [*Exeunt.*

CARRACUS *manet.*

Car. See how they steal away my fair Maria!
But I will follow after her, as far
As Orpheus did to gain his soul's delight;
And Pluto's self shall know, altho' I am not
Skilful in musick, yet I can be mad,
And force my love's enjoyment, in despight
Of hell's black fury. But stay, stay, Carracus,
Where is thy knowledge, and that rational sense,
Which heaven's great architect endued thee with?
All sunk beneath the weight of lumpish nature?
Are our diviner parts no noblier free,
Than to be tortur'd by the weak assailments
Of earth-sprung griefs? Why is man, then, accounted
The head commander of this universe,
Next the Creator, when a little storm
Of nature's fury strait o'erwhelms his judgment?
But mine's no little storm, it is a tempest
So full of raging self-consuming woe,
That nought but ruin follows expectation.
Oh, my Maria, what unheard of sin
Have any of thine ancestors enacted,
That all their shame should be pour'd thus on thee?
Or what incestuous spirit, cruel Albert,
Left hell's vast womb for to enter thee,
And do a mischief of such treachery?

Enter Nurse, weeping.

Oh, nurse, how is it with Maria?
If e'er thy tongue did utter pleasing words,
Let it now do so, or hereafter e'er
Be dumb in sorrow.
Nurse. Good sir, take comfort; I am forced to speak
What will not please: your chaste wife, sir, is dead.
Car. 'Tis dead, indeed; how did you know 'twas so, nurse?
Nurse. What, sir?
Car. That my heart was dead: sure thou hast serv'd
Dame nature's self, and know'st the inward secrets
Of all our hidden powers: I'll love thee for't;
And, if thou will't teach me that unknown skill,
Shalt see what wonders Carracus will do:
I'll dive into the breast of hateful Albert,
And see how his black soul is round encompast
By fearful fiends. Oh, I would do strange things!
I'd know to whose cause lawyers will incline,

When they had fees on both sides; view the thoughts
Of forlorn widows, when their knights have left them;
Search thro' the guts of greatness, and behold
What several sin best pleas'd them: thence I'd descend
Into the bowels of some pocky sir,
And tell to lechers all the pains he felt,
That they thereby might warned be from lust.
Troth, 'twill be rare! I'll study it presently.

Nurse. Alas! he is distracted! what a sin
Am I partaker of, by telling him
So curst an untruth? But 'twas my mistress' will,
Who is recover'd; tho' her griefs never
Can be recover'd. She hath vow'd, with tears,
Her own perpetual banishment; therefore to him
Death were not more displeasing, than if I
Had told her lasting absence.

Car. I find my brain's too shallow far for study.
What need I care for being a 'rithmetician?
Let citizens' sons stand, an' they will, for cyphers:
Why should I teach them, and go beat my brains
To instruct unapt and unconceiving dolts;
And, when all's done, my art, that should be fam'd,
Will by gross imitation be but sham'd?
Your judgment, madam.

Nurse. Good sir, walk in; we'll send for learned men
That can allay your frenzy.

Car. But can Maria so forget herself,
As to debar us thus of her attendance?

Nurse. She's within, sir, pray you, will you walk to her?

Car. Oh, is she so! come then let's softly steal
Into her chamber, if she be asleep
I'll laugh shalt see enough, and thou shalt weep.
Softly, good Long coat, softly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MARIA *in a page's apparel.*

Mar. Cease now thy steps, Maria, and look back
Upon that place, where distress'd Carracus
Hath his sad being; from whose virtuous bosom
Shame hath constrain'd me fly, ne'er to return.
I will go seek some unfrequented path,
Either in desert woods or wilderness,
There to bewail my innocent mishaps,
Which heaven hath justly poured down on me,
In punishing my disobediency.

Enter Young Lord WEALTHY.

Oh, see my brother! [*Exit* MARIA.

Weal. jun. Ho, you! three foot and a half! why page, I say! 'sfoot he is vanish'd as suddenly as [14] a dumb shew. If a lord had lost his way now, so he had been serv'd. But let me see, as I take it, this is the house of Carracus; a very fair building, but it looks as if 'twere dead, I can see no breath come out of the chimnies. But I shall know the state on't by-and-by, by the looks of some serving-man. What ho, within here!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Good sir, you have your arms at liberty? wilt please you to withdraw your action of battery?

Weal. jun. Yes, indeed, now you have made your appearance. Is thy living giver within, sir?

Serv. You mean my master, sir?

Weal. jun. You have hit it, sir, praised be your understanding. I am to have conference with him; would you admit my presence?

Serv. Indeed, sir, he is at this time not in health, and may not be disturb'd.

Weal. jun. Sir, if he were in the pangs of child-bed, I'd speak with him.

Enter CARRACUS.

Car. Upon what cause, gay man?

Weal. jun. 'Sfoot, I think he be disturb'd indeed, he speaks more commanding than a constable at midnight. Sir, my lord and father, by me a lord, hath sent these lines inclos'd, which shew his whole intent.

Car. Let me peruse them; if they do portend
To the State's good, your answer shall be sudden,
Your entertainment friendly; but if otherwise,
Our meanest subject shall divide thy greatness.
You'd best look to't, embassador.

Weal. jun. Is your master a statesman, friend?

Serv. Alas! no, sir; he understands not what he speaks.

Weal. jun. Ay, but when my father dies, I am to be called in for one myself, and I hope to bear the place as gravely as my successors have done before me.

Car. Embassador, I find your master's will
Treats to the good of somewhat, what it is——
You have your answer, and may now depart.

Weal. jun. I will relate as much, sir, fare ye well.

Car. But stay, I had forgotten quite our chief'st affairs:
Your master farther writes, some three lines lower,
Of one Maria that is wife to me,
That she and I should travel now with you
Unto his presence.

Weal. jun. Why now I understand you, sir: that Maria is my sister, by whose conjunction you are created brother to me, a lord.

Car. But, brother lord, we cannot go this journey.

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[14] *A dumb shew*—i. e. one of those *inexplicable dumb shews* ridiculed by *Hamlet*. See edition of Shakspeare 1778, Vol. X. p. 284. S.

Weal. jun. Alas! no, sir, we mean to ride it; my sister shall ride upon my nag.

Car. Come then, we'll in, and strive to wooe your sister.

I have not seen her, sir, at least these three days. They keep her in a chamber, and tell me She's fast asleep still: you and I'll go see.

Weal. jun. Content, sir.

Serv. Madmen and fools agree. [*Exeunt.*

Enter HADDIT *and* REBECCA.

Reb. When you have got this prize, you mean to lose me.

Had. Nay, pr'ythee, do not think so; if I do not marry thee this instant night, may I never enjoy breath a minute after! by heaven I respect not his pelf, thus much, but only that I may have wherewith to maintain thee.

Reb. O, but to rob my father tho' he be bad, the world will think ill of me.

Had. Think ill of thee! can the world pity him, that ne'er pity'd any? besides, since there is no end of his goods, nor beginning of his goodness, had not we as good share his dross in his life-time, as let controversy and lawyers devour it at his death?

Reb. You have prevail'd; at what hour is't you intend to have entrance into his chamber?

Had. Why, just at mid-night; for then our apparition will seem most fearful. You'll make a way that we may ascend up like spirits?

Reb. I will; but how many have you made instruments herein?

Had. Faith none, but my cousin Lightfoot and a player.

Reb. But may you trust the player?

Had. Oh, exceeding well; we'll give him a speech he understands not. But, now I think on't, what's to be done with your father's man, Peter?

Reb. Why the least quantity of drink will lay him dead asleep.—But hark, I hear my father coming; soon in the evening I'll convey you in.

Had. Till when, let this outward ceremony be a true pledge of our inward affections.

[*Exit* REBECCA.

So, this goes better forward than the plantation in [15] Virginia: but see, here comes half the West-Indies, whose rich mines this night I mean to be ransacking.

Enter HOG, LIGHTFOOT, *and* PETER.

Hog. Then you'll seal for this small lordship, you say? To-morrow your money shall be rightly told up for you to a penny.

Light. I pray let it, and that your man may set contents upon every bag.

Had. Indeed by that we may know what we steal without labour, for the telling on't over.—How now, gentlemen, are ye agreed upon the price of this earth and clay?

Hog. Yes faith, Mr Haddit, the gentleman your friend here makes me pay sweetly for't; but let it go, I hope to inherit heaven, if it be but for doing gentlemen pleasure.

Hog. Peter!

P. Serv. Anon, sir.

Hog. I wonder how Haddit came by that gay suit of cloaths, all his means were consum'd long since.

P. Serv. Why, sir, being undone himself, he lives by the undoing or (by lady) it may be by the doing of others? or peradventure both; a decay'd gallant may live by any thing, if he keep one thing safe.

Hog. Gentlemen, I'll to the scrivener's, to cause these writings to be drawn.

Light. Pray do, sir, we'll now leave you till the morning.

Hog. Nay, you shall stay dinner, I'll return presently; Peter, some beer here for these worshipful gentlemen. [*Exeunt* HOG *and* PETER.

Had. We shall be bold no doubt; and that, old penny-father, you'll confess by to-morrow morning.

Light. Then his daughter is certainly thine, and condescends to all thy wishes?

Had. And yet you would not once believe it; as if a female's favour could not be obtain'd by any, but he that wears the cap of maintenance;

When 'tis nothing but acquaintance, and a bold spirit,
That may the chiefest prize 'mongst all of them inherit.

Light. Well, thou hast got one deserves the bringing home with trumpets, and falls to thee as miraculously as the one thousand pound did to the taylor. Thank your good fortune. But must Hog's man be made drunk?

Had. By all means; and thus it shall be effected: when he comes in with beer, do you upon some slight occasion fall out with him, and if you give him a cuff or two, it will give him cause to know you are the more angry; then will I slip in and take up the matter, and striving to make you two friends, we'll make him drunk.

Light. It's done in conceit already—see where he comes.

Enter PETER.

P. Serv. Wilt please you to taste a cup of September beer, gentlemen?

Light. Pray begin, we'll pledge you, sir.

P. Serv. It's out, sir.

Light. Then my hand is in, sir.

[LIGHTFOOT *cuffs him.*

Why goodman Hobby-horse, if we out of our

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[15] *Virginia.*—See Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. VI. p. 44, Note 20, edit. 1780.

gentility offer'd you to begin, must you out of your rascality needs take it?

Had. Why, how now, sirs, what's the matter?

P. Serv. The gentleman here falls out with me, upon nothing in the world but mere courtesy.

Had. By this light, but he shall not; why, cousin Lightfoot!

P. Serv. Is his name Lightfoot? a plague on him, he has a heavy hand.

Enter Young Lord WEALTHY.

Weal. jun. Peace be here; for I came late enough from a madman.

Had. My young lord, God save you.

Weal. jun. And you also: I could speak it in Latin, but [16] the phrase is common.

Had. True, my lord, and what's common ought not much to be dealt withal; but I must desire your help, my lord, to end a controversy here, between this gentleman my friend, and honest Peter, who I dare be sworn is as ignorant as your lordship.

Weal. jun. That I will; but, my masters, thus much I'll say unto you, if so be this quarrel may be taken up peaceably, without the endangering of my own person, well and good, otherwise I will not meddle therewith, for I have been vex'd late enough already.

Had. Why then, my lord, if it please you, let me, being your inferior, decree the cause between them.

Weal. jun. I do give leave, or permit.

Had. Then thus I will propound a reasonable motion; how many cuffs, Peter, did this gentleman out of his fury make thee partake of?

P. Serv. Three at the least, sir.

Had. All which were bestow'd upon you for beginning first, Peter.

P. Serv. Yes, indeed, sir.

Had. Why then hear the sentence of your suffering. You shall both down into master Hog's cellar, Peter; and whereas you began first to him, so shall he there to you; and as he gave you three cuffs, so shall you retort off, in defiance of him, three black jacks, which if he deny to pledge, then the glory is thine, and he accounted by the wise discretion of my lord here a flincher.

Omnes. A very reasonable motion.

Weal. jun. Why so; this is better than being among madmen yet.

Had. Were you so lately with any, my lord?

Weal. jun. Yes faith; I'll tell you all in the cellar, how I was taken for an embassador; and being no sooner in the house, but the madman carries me up into the garret for a spy, and very roundly bade me untruss; and, had not a courteous serving-man convey'd me away whilst he went to fetch whips, I think in my conscience, not respecting my honour, he would have [17] breech'd me.

Had. By lady, and 'twas to be fear'd; but come, my lord, we'll hear the rest in the cellar. And honest Peter, thou that hast been griev'd, My lord and I will see thee well reliev'd.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Enter ALBERT *in the woods.*

Alb. How full of sweet content had this life been,
If it had been embraced but before
My burthenous conscience was so fraught with sin!
But now my griefs o'ersway that happiness.
O, that some fetcher, or accurs'd betrayer
Of sacred friendship, might but here arrive,
And read the lines repentant on each tree,
That I have carv'd t'express my misery!
My admonitions now would sure convert
The sinfull'st creature; I could tell them now,
How idly vain those humans spend their lives,
That daily grieve, not for offences past,
But to enjoy some wanton's company;
Which when obtain'd, what is it, but a blot,
Which their whole life's repentance scarce can clear?
I could now tell to friend-betraying man,
How black a sin is hateful treachery,
How heavy on their wretched souls 'twill sit,
When fearful death doth plant his siege but near them.
How heavy and affrightful will their end
Seem to approach them, as if then they knew
The full beginning of their endless woe
Were then appointed; which astonishment,
O blest repentance, keep me Albert from!
And suffer not despair to overwhelm,
And make a shipwreck of my heavy soul.

Enter MARIA *like a page.*

Who's here, a page? what black disastrous fate
Can be so cruel to his pleasing youth?

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[16] *The phrase is common.*—Alluding to the use of it in Cooke's *City Gallant*, commonly called Green's *Tu Quoque*. See Vol. II. p. 538.

[17] *Breech'd me*—i. e. whipp'd me. See Note 48 to *Edward II.* Vol. I. p. 188.

Mar. So now, Maria, here thou must forego
What nature lent thee to re-pay to death;
Famine, I thank thee, I have found thee kindest,
Thou sett'st a period to my misery.
Alb It is Maria, that fair innocent,
Whom my abhorred lust hath brought to this;
I'll go for sustenance: and, O ye powers!
If ever true repentance won acceptance,
O shew it Albert now, and let him save
[18] This wronged beauty from untimely grave.
[*Exit* ALBERT.
Mar. Sure something spake, or else my feebled sense
Hath lost the use of its due property;
Which is more likely, than that in this place
The voice of human creature should be heard.
This is far distant from the paths of men;
Nothing breathes here but wild and ravening beasts, [seem
With airy monsters, whose shadowing wings do
To cast a vail of death in wicked livers;
Which I live dreadless of, and every hour
Strive to meet death, who still unkind avoids me:
But that now gentle famine doth begin
For to give end to my calamities.
See, here is carv'd upon this tree's smooth bark,
Lines knit in verse, a chance far unexpected;
Assist me, breath, a little, to unfold
What they include.

The writing.

I that have writ these lines am one, whose sin
Is more than grievous; for know, that I have been
A breaker of my faith, with one whose breast
Was all compos'd of truth: but I digress'd,
And fled th' embrace of his dear friendship's love,
Clasping to falsehood, did a villain prove;
As thus shall be express'd: my worthy friend
Lov'd a fair beauty, who did condescend
In dearest affection to his virtuous will;
He then a night appointed to fulfil
Hymen's bless'd rites, and to convey away
His love's fair person, to which peerless prey
I was acquainted made, and when the hour
Of her escape drew on, then lust did pour
Inraged appetite thro' all my veins,
And base desires in me let loose the reins
To my licentious will: and that black night,
When my friend should have had his chaste delight,
I feign'd his presence, and, by her thought him,
Robb'd that fair virgin of her honour's gem:
For which most heinous crime, upon each tree
I write this story, that men's eyes may see,
None but a damn'd one would have done like me.

Is Albert then become so penitent,
As in these deserts to deplore his facts,
Which his unfeign'd repentance seems to clear?
How good man is, when he laments his ill!
Who would not pardon now that man's misdeeds,
Whose griefs bewail them thus? could I now live,
I would remit thy fault with Carracus:
But death no longer will afford reprieve
Of my abundant woes: wrong'd Carracus, farewel;
Live, and forgive thy wrongs, for the repentance
Of him that caused them so deserves from thee;
And since my eyes do witness Albert's grief,
I pardon Albert, in my wrongs the chief.

Enter ALBERT *like a hermit.*

Alb. How! pardon me! O sound angelical!
But see, she faints. O heavens, now shew your power,
That these distilled waters, made in grief,
May add some comfort to affliction:
Look up, fair youth, and see a remedy.
Mar. O, who disturbs me? I was hand in hand,
Walking with death unto the house of rest.
Alb. Let death walk by himself; if he want company,
There's many thousands, boy, whose aged years
Have ta'en a surfeit of earth's vanities:
They will go with him, when he please to call.
Do drink, my boy, thy pleasing tender youth
Cannot deserve to die; no, it is for us,
Whose years are laden by our often sins,
Singing the last part of our blest repentance,
Are fit for death; and none but such as we,
Death ought to claim; for when he snatcheth youth,
It shews him but a tyrant; but when age,
Then is he just, and not compos'd of rage.
How fares my lad?
Mar. Like one embracing death with all his parts,
Reaching at life but with one little finger;
His mind so firmly knit unto the first,
That unto him the latter seems to be
What may be pointed at, but not possess'd.
Alb. O, but thou shalt possess it.
If thou didst fear thy death but as I do,
Thou wouldst take pity, tho' not of thyself,
Yet of my aged years. Trust me, my boy,
Thou'st struck such deep compassion in my breast,
That all the moisture which prolongs my life
Will from my eyes gush forth, if now thou leav'st me.
Mar. But can we live here in this desert wood?
If not, I'll die, for other places seem
Like tortures to my griefs. May I live here?

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[17] *This.*—The Quarto reads *His.*

Alb. Ay, thou shalt live with me, and I will tell thee
Such strange occurrents of my fore-past life,
That all thy young-sprung griefs shall seem but sparks
To the great fire of my calamities.
Mar. Then I'll live only with you for to hear
If any human woes can be like mine.
Yet since my being in this darksome desert,
I have read on trees most lamentable stories.
Alb. 'Tis true indeed, there's one within these woods
Whose name is Albert; a man so full of sorrow,
That on each tree he passeth by he carves
Such doleful lines for his rash follies past,
That whoso reads them, and not drown'd in tears,
Must have a heart fram'd forth of adamant.
Mar. And can you help me to the sight of him?
Alb. Ay, when thou wilt, he'll often come to me,
And at my cave sit a whole winter's night,
Recounting of his stories. I tell thee, boy,
Had he offended more than did that man,
Who stole the fire from heaven, his contrition
Would appease all the gods, and quite revert
Their wrath to mercy. But come, my pretty boy,
We'll to my cave, and after some repose
Relate the sequel of each other's woes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CARRACUS.

Car. What a way have I come, yet I know not whither.
The air's so cold this winter season,
I'm sure a fool. Would any but an ass
Leave a warm matted chamber and a bed,
To run thus in the cold? and which is more,
To seek a woman, a slight thing called woman?
Creatures, which curious nature fram'd as I suppose,
For rent-receivers to her treasury.
And why I think so now, I'll give you instance:
Most men do know that nature's self hath made them
Most profitable members; then if so,
By often trading in the common-wealth
They needs must be enrich'd; why very good.
To whom ought beauty then repay this gain
Which she by nature's gift hath profited,
But unto nature? why all this I grant.
Why then they shall no more be called women,
For I will stile them thus, scorning their leave,
Those that for nature do much rent receive.
This is a wood sure, and as I have read,
In woods are echos which will answer men,
To every question which they do propound.
[19] Echo.
Echo. Echo.
Car. O, are you there? have at ye then i'faith.
Echo, canst tell me whether men or women
Are for the most part damn'd?
Echo. Most part damn'd.
Car. Of both indeed; how true this echo speaks!
Echo, now tell me if amongst a thousand women
There be one chaste, or none?
Echo. None.
Car. Why so I think; better and better still.
Now farther: Echo, in a world of men,
Is there one faithful to his friend, or no?
Echo. No.
Car. Thou speak'st most true, for I have found it so.
Who said thou wast a woman, Echo, lies;
Thou could'st not then answer so much of truth.
Once more, good Echo;
Was my Maria false by her own desire,
Or was't against her will?
Echo. Against her will.
Car. Troth it may be so; but canst thou tell,
Whether she be dead or not?
Echo. Not.
Car. Not dead!
Echo. Not dead.
Car. Then without question she doth surely live.
But I do trouble thee too much, therefore
Good speak-truth, farewel.
Echo. Farewel. [lors
Car. How quick it answers! O that counsel-
Would thus resolve men's doubts without a fee!
How many country clients then might rest
Free from undoing! no plodding pleader then
Would purchase great possessions with his tongue.
Were I some demy-god, or had that power,
I wou'd straight make this Echo here a judge;
He'd spend his judgment in the open court
As now to me, without being once sollicited
In his private chamber; 'tis not bribes could win
Him to o'ersway men's right, nor could he be
Led to damnation for a little pelf;
He would not harbour malice in his heart,
Or envious hatred, base despight or grudge,
But be an upright, just, and equal judge.
But now imagine that I should confront
Treacherous Albert, who hath rais'd my front!
But I fear this idle prate hath
Made me quite forget my [20] *cinque pace.*
[*He danceth.*

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[19] *Echo.*—The idea of these answers from an Echo seems to have been taken from Lord Sterling's *Aurora*, 4to. 1604, Sign. K 4. One of the triumvirate, Pope, Gay, or Arbuthnot, but which of them is not known, in a piece printed in Swift's Miscellanies, may have been indebted for the same thought to either Lord Sterling or the present Writer.

[20] *Cinque-pace.*—A dance.

Enter ALBERT.

Alb. I heard the Echo answer unto one,
That by his speech cannot be far remote
From off this ground; and see I have descry'd him:
Oh heavens! it's Carracus, whose reason's seat
Is now usurp'd by madness and distraction;
Which I, the author of confusion,
Have planted here by my accursed deeds.

Car. O, are you come, sir? I was sending the tavern-boy for you; I have been practising here, and can do none of my lofty tricks.

Alb. Good sir, if any spark do yet remain
Of your consumed reason, let me strive—

Car. To blow it out? troth I most kindly thank you,
Here's friendship to the life. But, father whey-beard,
Why should you think me void of reason's fire,
My youthful days being in the height of knowledge?
I must confess your old years gain experience;
But that so much o'er-ruled by dotage,
That what you think experience shall effect,
Short memory destroys. What say you now, sir?
Am I mad now, that can answer thus
To all interrogatories?

Alb. But tho' your words do favour, sir, of judgment,
Yet when they derogate from the due observance
Of fitting times, they ought to be respected
No more, than if a man should tell a tale
Of feigned mirth in midst of extreme sorrows.

Car. How did you know
My sorrows, sir? what tho' I have lost a wife,
Must I be therefore griev'd? am I not happy
To be so freed of a continual trouble?
Had many a man such fortune as I,
In what a heaven would they think themselves,
Being released of all those threat'ning clouds,
Which in the angry skies, call'd women's brows,
Sit ever menacing tempestuous storms?
But yet I needs must tell you, old December,
My wife was clear of this; within her brow,
She had not a wrinkle, nor a storming frown;
But like a smooth well-polish'd ivory,
It seem'd so pleasant to the looker-on,
She was so kind, of nature so gentle, [for't:
That if she'd done a fault, she'd straight go die
Was not she then a rare one?
What, weep'st thou, aged Nestor?
Take comfort, man, Troy was ordain'd by fate
To yield to us, which we will ruinate.

Alb. Good, sir, walk with me but where you see
The shadowing elms, within whose circling round
There is a holy spring, about encompassed
By dandling sycamores and violets,
Whose waters cure all human maladies.
Few drops thereof, being sprinkl'd on your temples,
Revives your fading memory, and restores
Your senses lost unto their perfect being.

Car. Is it clear water, sir, and very fresh?
For I am thirsty? gives it a better relish
Than a cup of dead wine with flies in't?

Alb. Most pleasant to the taste; pray, will you go?

Car. Faster than you, I believe, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MARIA.

Mar. I am walk'd forth from my preserver's cave,
To search about these woods, only to see
The penitent Albert, whose repentant mind
Each tree expresseth. O, that some power di-
Would hither send my virtuous Carracus! [vine
Not for my own content, but that he might
See how his distress'd friend repents the wrong,
Which his rash folly, most unfortunate,
Acted 'gainst him and me; which I forgive
A hundred times a day, for that more often
My eyes are witness to his sad complaints;
How the good hermit seems to share his moans,
Which in the day-time he deplores 'mongst trees,
And in the night his cave is fill'd with sighs;
No other bed doth his weak limbs support
Than the cold earth; no other harmony
To rock his cares asleep, but blustering winds,
Or some swift current, headlong rushing down
From a high mountain's top, pouring his force
Into the ocean's gulf, where being swallow'd,
Seems to bewail his fall with hideous words:
No other sustenation to suffice
What nature claims, but raw unsavoury roots,
With troubled waters, where untamed beasts
Do bathe themselves.

Enter Satyrs, dance et exeunt.

Ah me! what things are these!
What pretty harmless things they seem to be!
As if delight had no where made abode,
But in their nimble sport.

Enter ALBERT *and* CARRACUS.

Yonder's the courteous hermit, and with him
Albert *it* seems. O see, 'tis Carracus!
Joy, do not now confound me!

Car. Thanks unto heavens and thee, thou holy man,
I have attain'd what doth adorn man's being,
That precious gem of reason, by which solely
We are discern'd from rude and brutish beasts,
No other difference being 'twixt us and them.
How to repay this more than earthly kindness
Lies not within my power, but in his
That hath indu'd thee with celestial gifts,
To whom I'll pray, he may bestow on thee
What thou deserv'st, blest immortality.

Alb. Which unto you befall, thereof most worthy.
But, virtuous sir, what I will now request
From your true generous nature, is, that you would
Be pleas'd to pardon that repentant wight
Whose sinful story upon yon tree's bark

Yourself did read, for that you say, to you
Those wrongs were done.
Car. Indeed they were, and to a dear wife lost:
Yet I forgive him, as I wish the heavens
May pardon me.
Mar. So doth Maria too.
[*She discovers herself.*
Car. Lives my Maria then? what gracious planet
Gave thee safe conduct to these desert woods?
Mar. My late mishap (repented now by all,
And therefore pardon'd) compell'd me to fly,
Where I had perished for want of food,
Had not this courteous man awak'd my sense,
In which death's self had partly interest.
Car. Alas, Maria! I am so far indebted
To him already, for the late recovery of
My own weakness, that 'tis impossible
For us to attribute sufficient thanks
For such abundant good.
Alb. I rather ought to thank the heaven's creator,
That he vouchsaf'd me such especial grace,
In doing so small a good! which could I hourly
Bestow on all, yet could I not assuage
The swelling rancor of my fore-past crimes.
Car. O, sir, despair not; for your course of life
(Were your sins far more odious than they be)
Doth move compassion and pure clemency
In the all-ruling judge, whose powerful mercy
O'ersways his justice, and extends itself
To all repentant minds. He's happier far
That sins, and can repent him of his sin,
Than the self-justifier, who doth surmise
By his own works to gain salvation;
Seeming to reach at heaven, he clasps damnation.
You then are happy, and our penitent friend,
To whose wish'd presence please you now to bring us,
That in our gladsome arms we may infold
His much-esteemed person, and forgive
The injuries of his rash follies past.
Alb. Then see false Albert prostrate at your feet, [*He discovers himself.*
Desiring justice for his heinous ill.
Car. Is it you? Albert's self, that hath preserv'd us?
O blest bewailer of thy misery!
Mar. And woefull'st liver in calamity!
Car. From which, right worthy friend, 'tis now high time
You be releas'd; come then, you shall with us.
Our first and chiefest welcome, my Maria,
We shall receive at your good father's house;
Who, as I do remember, in my frenzy
Sent a kind letter, which desir'd our presence.
Alb. So please you, virtuous pair, Albert will stay,
And spend the remnant of this wearisome life
In these dark woods.
Car. Then you neglect the comforts heav'n doth send
To your abode on earth. If you stay here,
Your life may end in torture, by the cruelty
Of some wild ravenous beasts; but if 'mongst men,
When you depart, the faithful prayers of many
Will much avail, to crown your soul with bliss.
Alb. Lov'd Carracus, I have found in thy converse
Comfort so blest, that nothing now but death
Shall cause a separation in our being.
Mar. Which heaven confirm!
Car. Thus by the breach of faith, our friendship's knit
In stronger bonds of love.
Alb. Heaven so continue it! [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Enter HOG *in his chamber, with* REBECCA *laying down his bed, and, seeming to put the keys under his bolster, conveyeth them into her pocket.*

Hog. So, have you laid the keys of the outward doors
Under my bolster?
Reb. Yes, forsooth.
Hog. Go your way to bed then.
[*Exit* REBECCA.
I wonder who did at the first invent
These beds, the breeders of disease and sloth;
He was no soldier sure, nor no scholar,
And yet he might be very well a courtier;
For no good husband would have been so idle,
No usurer neither; yet here the bed affords
[*Disc. his gold.*
Store of sweet golden slumbers unto him.
Here sleeps command in war; Cæsar by this
Obtain'd his triumphs; this will fight man's cause,
When fathers, brethren, and the near'st of friends,
Leave to assist him; all content to this
Is merely vain; the lovers whose affections
Do sympathize together in full pleasure,
Debarr'd of this, their summer sudden ends;
And care, the winter to their former joys,
Breathes such a cold blast on their turtles bills;
Having not this, to shrowd him forth his storms,
They straight are forc'd to make a separation,
And so live under those that rule o'er this.
The gallant, whose illustrious outside draws
The eyes of wantons to behold with wonder
His rare-shap'd parts, for so he thinks they be,

Deck'd in the robes of glistering gallantry;
Having not this attendant on his person,
Walks with a cloudy brow, and seems to all
A great contemner of society;
Not for the hate he bears to company,
But for the want of this ability.
O silver! thou that art the basest captive,
Kept in this prison; how many pale offenders
For thee have suffer'd ruin? But, O my gold!
Thy sight's more pleasing than the seemly locks
Of yellow-hair'd Apollo; and thy touch
More smooth and dainty, than the down-soft white
Of lady's tempting breast: thy bright aspect
Dims the greatest lustre of heaven's waggoner.
But why go I about to extol thy worth,
Knowing that poets cannot compass it?
But now give place, my gold, for here's a power
Of greater glory and supremacy
Obscures thy being; here sits enthroniz'd
The sparkling diamond, whose bright reflexion
Casts such a splendor on these other gems,
'Mongst which he so majestical appears,
As if——now my good angels guard me!

A flash of fire, and LIGHTFOOT *ascends like a spirit.*

Light. *Melior vigilantia somno.*
Stand not amaz'd, good man, for what appears
Shall add to thy content; be void of fears;
I am the shadow of rich kingly Crœsus,
Sent by his greatness from the lower world
To make thee mighty, and to sway on earth
By thy abundant store, as he himself doth
In Elysium; how he reigneth there,
His shadow will unfold; give thou then ear,
In under-air, where fair Elysium stands,
Beyond the river stiled Acheron,
He hath a castle built of adamant;
Not fram'd by vain enchantment, but there fix'd
By the all-burning hands of warlike spirits,
Whose windows are compos'd of purest crystal,
And deck'd within with oriental pearls:
There the great spirit of Crœsus' royal self
Keeps his abode in joyous happiness.
He is not tortur'd there, as poets feign,
With molten gold and sulphry flames of fire,
Or any such molesting perturbation;
But there reputed as a demi-god,
Feasting with Pluto and his Proserpine,
Night after night with all delicious cates,
With greater glory than seven kingdoms states.
Now farther know the cause of my appearance;
The kingly Crœsus having by fame's trump
Heard, that thy lov'd desires stand affected
To the obtaining of abundant wealth,
Sends me, his shade, thus much to signify,
That if thou wilt become famous on earth,
He'll give to thee even more than infinite;
And after death with him thou shalt partake
The rare delights beyond the Stygian lake.

Hog. Great Crœsus' shadow may dispose of me
To what he pleaseth.

Light. So speaks obediency.
For which I'll raise thy lowly thoughts as high,
As Crœsus's were in his mortality.
Stand then undaunted, whilst I raise those spirits,
By whose laborious task and industry
Thy treasure shall abound and multiply.

Ascend Ascarion, thou that art
A powerful spirit, and dost convert
Silver to gold; I say ascend,
And on me, Crœsus' shade, attend,
To work the pleasure of his will.

The Player appears.

Play. What would then Crœsus list to fill
Some mortal's coffers up with gold,
Changing the silver it doth hold?
By that pure metal, if't be so,
By the infernal gates I swear,
Where Rhadamanth doth domineer;
By Crœsus' name and by his castle,
Where winter nights he keepeth [21] wassail;
By Demogorgon and the fates,
And by all these low country states;
That, after knowledge of thy mind,
Ascarion, like the swift-pac'd wind,
Will fly to finish thy command.

Light. Take then this silver out of hand,
And bear it to the river Tagus,
Beyond th'abode of Archi-Magus;
Whose golden sands upon it cast,
Transform it into gold at last:

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[21] *Wassail.*—Verstigan, in his *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, 1634, p. 126, gives the following account of the origin of this term: "As this Lady (i. e. Rowena) was very beautifull, so was she of a very comely deportment, and Hingistus, having invited King Vortiger to a supper, at his new-builded castle, caused that after supper she came foorth of her chamber into the King's presence, with a cup of gold filled with wine in her hand, and making in very seemely manner a low reverence unto the King, sayd, with a pleasing grace and countenance in our ancient language, *Waes heal hlaford Cyning*, which is, being rightly expounded according to our present speech, *be of health Lord King*, for as *was* is our verbe of the preterimperfect tense, or preterperfect tense, signifying *have bin*, so *was* being the same verb in the imperative mood, and now pronounced *wax*, is as much as to say *grow*, *be*, or *become*: and *waes-heal*, by corruption of pronounciation, afterwards became to be *wassaile*. The king not understanding what shee said, demaunded it of his chamberlaine, who was his interpreter, and when he knew what it was, he asked him how he might againe answer her, in her owne language, whereof being informed he sayd unto her *Drinc heal*, that is to say, Drink health." See also Note 79 to *The Ordinary*, postea.

Which being effected straight return,
And sudden too, or I will spurn
This trunk of thine into the pit,
Where all the hellish furies sit,
Scratching their eyes out. Quick! begone!
Play. Swifter in course than doth the sun.
[*Exit Player.*
Light. How far'st thou, mortal? be not terrify'd
At these infernal motions; know that shortly
Great Crœsus' ghost shall, in the love he bears thee,
Give thee sufficient power by thy own worth
To raise such spirits.
Hog Crœsus is much too liberal in his favour
To one so far desertless as poor Hog.
Light. Poor Hog! O speak not that word poor again,
Lest the whole apple-tree of Crœsus' bounty,
Crack'd into shivers, overthrow thy fortunes!
For he abhors the name of poverty,
And will grow sick to hear it spoke by those,
Whom he intends to raise.—But see, the twilight,
Posting before the chariot of the sun,
Brings word of his approach;
We must be sudden, and with speed raise up
The spirit Bazan, that can straight transform
Gold into pearl; be still and circumspect.
Bazan, ascend up from the treasure
Of Pluto, where thou didst at pleasure
Metamorphose all his gold
Into pearl, which 'bove a thousand fold
Exceeds the value; quickly rise
To Crœsus' shade, who hath a prize
To be performed by thy strength.

HADDIT *ascends.*

Had. I am no fencer, yet at length
From Pluto's presence and the hall,
Where Proserpine keeps festival,
I'm hither come; and now I see,
To what intent I'm rais'd by thee:
It is to make that mortal rich,
That at his fame men's ears may itch,
When they do hear but of his store,
He hath one daughter, and no more,
Which all the lower powers decree,
She to one Wealthy wedded be;
By which conjunction there shall spring,
Young heirs to Hog, whereon to fling
His mass of treasure when he dies;
Thus Bazan truly prophesies.
But come, my task? I long to rear
His fame above the hemisphere.
Light. Take then the gold which here doth lie,
And quick return it by-and-by
All in choice pearl. Whither to go,
I need not tell you, for you know.
Had. Indeed I do, and Hog shall find it so.
[*Aside.*
[*Exit* HADDIT.

Light. Now, mortal, there is nothing doth remain,
'Twixt thee and thine abundance, only this;
Turn thy eyes eastward, for from thence appears
Ascarion with thy gold, which having brought,
And at thy foot surrender'd, make obeysance;
Then turn about and fix thy tapers westward,
From whence great Bazan brings thy orient pearl.
Who'll lay it at thy feet much like the former.
Hog. Then I must make to him obeysance thus.
Light. Who so; in mean time Crœsus' shade will rest
Upon thy bed; but above all take heed,
You suffer not your eyes to stray aside
From the direct point I have set thee at:
For though the spirit do delay the time,
And not return your treasure speedily——
Hog. Let the loss light on me, if I neglect
Or overslip what Crœsus' shade commands.
Light. [*Aside.*] So, now practise standing, though it be nothing agreeable to your Hog's age. Let me see, among these writings is my nephew Haddit's mortgage; but in taking that it may breed suspect on us; wherefore this box of jewels will stand far better, and let that alone. It is now break of day, and near by this the marriage is confirm'd betwixt my cousin and great Crœsus's friend's daughter here, whom I will now leave to his most weighty cogitations. So, gentle sir, adieu; time not permits
To hear those passions, and those frantick fits
You're subject to, when you shall find how true
Great Crœsus' shade hath made an ass of you.
[*Exit.*

Hog. Let me now ruminate to myself, why, Crœsus should be so great a favourer to me.—And yet to what end should I desire to know? I think it is sufficient it is so; and I would he had been so sooner, for he and his spirits would have sav'd me much labour in the purchasing of wealth; but then, indeed, it would have been the confusion of two or three scriveners, which, by my means, have been properly rais'd.—But now imagine this only a trick, whereby I may be gull'd; but how can that be? are not my doors lock'd? have I not seen, with my own eyes, the ascending of the spirits? have I not heard, with my own ears, the invocations wherewith they were rais'd? could any but spirits appear through so firm a floor as this is? 'tis impossible.—But, hark, I hear the spirit Ascarion coming with my gold. O bountiful Crœsus! I'll build a temple to thy mightiness!

Enter Young Lord WEALTHY *and* PETER SERVITUDE.

Weal. jun. O Peter, how long have we slept upon the hogshead?
P. Serv. I think a dozen hours, my lord, and

'tis nothing: I'll undertake to sleep sixteen, upon the receipt of two cups of muskadine.[22]

Weal. jun. I marvel what's become of Haddit and Lightfoot!

P. Serv. Hang'em, flinchers; they slunk away as soon as they had drank as much as they were able to carry, which no generous spirit would ha' done, indeed.

Weal. jun. Yet I believe Haddit had his part; for, to my thinking, the cellar went round with him when he left us. But are we come to a bed yet? I must needs sleep.

P. Serv. Come softly, by any means; for we are now upon the threshold of my master's chamber, through which I'll bring you to mistress Rebecca's lodging: give me your hand, and come very nicely. [PETER *falls into the hole.*

Weal. jun. Where art, Peter?

P. Serv. O ho!

Weal. jun. Where's this noise, Peter, canst tell?

Hog. I hear the voice of my adopted son-in-law.

Weal. jun. Why, Peter, wilt not answer me?

P. Serv. O, my lord, above, stand still; I'm fall'n down at least thirty fathom deep; if you stand not still till I recover, and have lighten a candle, you're but a dead man.

Hog. I am robb'd, I am undone, I am deluded: who's in my chamber?

Weal. jun. 'Tis I, the lord your son that shall be: upon my honour I came not to rob you.

Hog. I shall run mad! I shall run mad!

Weal. jun. Why, then, 'tis my fortune to be terrified with madmen.

Enter PETER SERVITUDE *with a candle.*

P. Serv. Where are you, my lord?

Hog. Here, my lady: where are you, rogue, when thieves break into my house?

P. Serv. Breaking my neck in your service, a plague on't.

Weal. jun. But are you robb'd, indeed, father Hog? of how much, I pray?

Hog. Of all, of all; see here, they have left me nothing but two or three rolls of parchment; here they came up like spirits, and took my silver, gold, and jewels. Where's my daughter?

P. Serv. She's not in the house, sir: the street doors are wide open.

Weal. jun. Nay, 'tis no matter where she is now: she'll scarce be worth a thousand pound, and that's but a taylor's prize.

Hog. Then you'll not have her, sir?

Weal. jun. No, as I hope to live in peace.

Hog. Why be't so, be't so; confusion cannot come in a fitter time on all of us. O bountiful Crœsus! how fine thy shadow hath devour'd my substance!

P. Serv. Good, my lord, promise him to marry his daughter, or he will be mad presently, tho' you never intend to have her.

Weal. jun. Well, father Hog, tho' you are undone, your daughter shall not be, so long as a lord can stand her in any stead. Come, you shall with me to my lord and father, whose warrants we will have for the apprehending of all suspicious livers; and, tho' the labour be infinite, you must consider your loss is so.

Hog. Come, I'll do any thing to gain my gold.

P. Serv. Till which be had, my fare will be but cold. [*Exeunt.*

Enter HADDIT, REBECCA, LIGHTFOOT, *and Priest.*

Had. Now, Mr parson, we will no farther trouble you; and, for the tying of our true love-knot, here's a small amends.

Priest. 'Tis more than due, sir; yet I'll take it all,
Should kindness be despis'd, good-will would fall
Unto a lower ebb, should we detest
The grateful giver's gift, *verissimo est.*

Had. It's true, indeed; good-morrow, honest parson.

Priest. Yet, if you please, Sir John will back surrender
The overplus of what you now did tender.

Had. O, by no means, I pr'ythee; friend, good-morrow.

Light. Why, if you please, Sir John, to me restore
The overplus, I'll give it to the poor.

Priest. O pardon, sir; for, by your worship's leave,
We ought to give from whence we do receive.

Had. Why then to me, Sir John.

Priest. To all a kind good-morrow. [*Exit Priest.*

Had. A most fine vicar; there was no other means to be rid of him. But why are you so sad, Rebecca?

Reb. To think in what estate my father is,
When he beholds that he is merely gull'd.

Had. Nay, be not grieved for that which should rather give you cause of content; for 'twill be a means to make him abandon his avarice, and save a soul almost incurable. But now to our own affairs: this marriage of ours must not yet be known, lest it breed suspicion. We will bring you, Rebecca, unto Atlas's house, whilst we two go unto the old Lord Wealthy's, having some acquaintance with his son-in-law Carracus, who I understand is there; where no question but we shall find your father proclaiming his loss: thither you shall come somewhat after us, as it were to seek him; where I doubt

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[22] *Muskadine*—or muscadel. A kind of wine so called, because for sweetness and smell it resembles musk. It comes from the Isle of Crete.

not but so to order the matter, that I will receive you as my wife from his own hands.

Reb. May it so happy prove!

Light. Amen, say I; for, should our last trick be known, great
Crœsus' shade would have a conjur'd time on't.

Had. 'Tis true, his castle of adamant would scarce hold him: but come, this will be good cause for laughter hereafter.
Then we'll relate how this great bird was pull'd
Of his rich feathers, and most finely gull'd.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Old Lord WEALTHY, *with* CARRACUS, MARIA, *and* ALBERT.

Weal. sen. More welcome, Carracus, than friendly truce
To a besieged city all distrest:
How early this glad morning are you come
To make me happy? for pardon of your offence,
I've given a blessing, which may heaven confirm
In treble manner on your virtuous lives!

Car. And may our lives and duty daily strive
To be found worthy of that loving favour,
Which, from your reverend age, we now receive,
Without desert or merit!

Enter Young Lord WEALTHY, HOG, *and* PETER.

Weal. jun. Room for a desirer of justice! what, my sister
Maria! who thought to have met you here?

Mar. You may see, brother, unlook'd-for guests prove often troublesome.

Weal. jun. Well, but is your husband there any quieter than he was?

Car. Sir, I must desire you to forget all injuries, if, in not being myself, I offer'd you any.

Alb. I'll see that peace concluded.

Weal. jun. Which I agree to; for patience is a virtue, father Hog.

Weal. sen. Was it you, son, that cried so loud for justice?

Weal. jun. Yes, marry was it, and this the party to whom it appertains.

Hog. O, my most honour'd lord! I am undone, robb'd, this black night, of all the wealth and treasure which these many years I have hourly labour'd for.

Weal. sen. And who are those have done this outrage to you?

Hog. O knew I that, I then, my lord, were happy.

Weal. sen. Come you for justice then, not knowing 'gainst whom the course of justice should extend itself? Nor yet suspect you none?

Hog. None but the devil.

Weal. jun. I thought he was a cheater, e'er since I heard two or three [23] Templers swear at dice, the last Christmas, that the devil had got all.

Enter HADDIT *and* LIGHTFOOT.

Had. My kind acquaintance, joy to thy good success.

Car. Noble and freeborn Haddit, welcome.

Light. Mr Hog, good-day.

Hog. For I have had a bad night on't.

Light. Sickness is incident to age: what, be the writings ready to be seal'd we intreated last day?

Hog. Yes, I think they are; would the scrivener were paid for the making them.

Light. He shall be so, though I do't myself. Is the money put up, as I appointed?

Hog. Yes, 'tis put up: confusion seize the receivers!

Light. Heaven bless us all! what mean you, sir?

Hog. O, sir, I was robb'd this night of all I had;
My daughter too is lost, and I undone.

Light. Marry, God forbid! after what manner, I pray?

Hog. O, to recount, sir, will breed more ruth
Than did the tale of that high [24] Trojan duke
To the sad fated Carthaginian queen.

Had. What exclamation's that?

Light. What you will grieve at, cuz;
Your worshipful friend, Mr Hog, is robb'd.

Had. Robb'd! by whom, or how?

Light. O, there's the grief: he knows not whom to suspect.

Had. The fear of hell o'ertake them, whoso-e'er they be. But where's your daughter? I hope she is safe.

Enter REBECCA.

Hog. Thank heaven, I see she's now so. Where hast thou been, my *girl?*

Reb. Alas, sir, carried by amazement I know not where; pursued by the robbers, forced to fly amazed, affrighted, through the city streets, to seek redress; but that lay fast asleep in all men's houses, nor would lend an ear to the distress'd.

Had. O heavy accident! but see, you grieve too much,
Being your daughter's found; for th' other loss,
Since 'tis the will of heaven *to give* and take,
Value it as nothing: you have yet sufficient
To live in blest content, had you no more
But my small mortgage for your daughter here,
Whom I have ever lov'd in dear'st affection.
If so you please so much to favour me,
I will accept her, spite of poverty,
And make her jointure of some store of land,

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[23] *Templers—Christmas.*—See Note 18 to *The Match at Midnight*, Vol. II. p. 464.
[24] *Trojan duke.*—See Note to *Fuimus Troes*, Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. VII. edit. 1780.

Which, by the loss of a good aged friend,
Late fell to me: what, is't a match or no?
Hog. It is.
Had. Then I'll have witness on't: my lord, and gentlemen,
Please you draw near, to be here witnesses
To a wish'd contract 'twixt this maid and I.
Omnes. We all are willing.
Hog. Then, in the presence of you all, I give my daughter freely to this gentleman as wife; and, to shew how much I stand affected to him, for dowry with her, I do back restore his mortgaged lands; and, for their loves, I vow ever hereafter to detest, renounce, loath, and abhor all slavish avarice:
Which doth ascend from hell, sent by the devil,
To be, 'mongst men, the actor of all evil.
Omnes. A blest conversion.
Weal. sen. A good, far unexpected. And now, gentlemen,
I do invite you all to feast with me
This happy day, that we may all together
Applaud his good success: and let this day be spent
In sports and shews, with gladsome merriment.
Come, blest converted man, we'll lead the way,
As unto heaven I hope we shall.
Hog. Heaven grant we may!
Car. Come, my Maria, and repentant friend,
We three have tasted worst of misery,
Which now adds joy to our felicity.
Had. We three are happy we have gain'd much wealth,
And tho' we have done it by a trick of stealth,
Yet all, I trust, are pleas'd; and will our ill acquit,
Since it hath sav'd a soul was hell's by right.
Weal. jun. To follow after, then, our lot doth fall;
Now rhime it, Peter.
P. Serv. A good-night to all. [*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

Now expectation hath at full receiv'd
What we late promised; if in aught we've pleas'd,
'Tis all we sought t' accomplish, and much more
Than our weak merit dares to attribute
Unto itself, till you vouchsafe to deign,
In your kind censure, so to gratify
Our trivial labours.——
If it hath pleased the judicial ear,
We have our author's wish; and, void of fear,
Dare ignorant men to shew their worst of hate,
It not detracts, but adds unto that state
Where desert flourisheth.
We'll rest applauded in their derogation,
Tho' with an hiss they crown that confirmation:
For this, our author saith, if't prove distasteful,
He only grieves you spent two hours so wasteful;
But, if it's lik'd, and you affect his pen,
You may command it when you please again.

EDITION.

" The Hogge hath lost his Pearle: A Comedy. Divers times publikely acted by certaine London Prentices. By *Robert Tailor.* London, Printed for Richard Redmer, and are to be solde at the West-dore of Paules, at the signe of the Starre. 1614. 4to.

THE

FOURE PRENTISES OF LONDON.

WITH

THE CONQUEST OF JERUSALEM.

AS IT HAS BENE DIVERSE TIMES ACTED AT THE RED BULL BY THE QUEENES MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

WRITTEN BY

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

TO THE HONEST AND

HIGH SPIRITED PRENTICES, THE READERS.

None but to you (as whom this play most especially concerns) I thought good to dedicate this labour; which though written many years since, in my infancy of judgment, in this kind of poetry, and my first practice; yet understanding (by what means I know not) it was in these more exquisite and refined times, to come to the press in a such a forwardness ere it came to my knowledge, that it was past prevention, and then knowing withal, that it comes short of that accurateness both in plot and stile, that these more censorious days with greater curiosity acquire, I must thus excuse. That as plays were then some fifteen or sixteen years ago it was in the fashion. Nor could it have found a more seasonable and fit publication than at this time, when to the glory of our nation, the security of the kingdom, and the honour of this renown'd city, they have begun again the commendable practice of long forgotten arms, the continuance of which I wish, the discipline approve, and the encouragement thereof even with my soul applaud. In which great and hoped good they deserve not the least attribute of approbation, who, in the dull and sleepy time of peace, first wakened the remembrance of these arms in the Artillery Garden, which, begun out of their voluntary affections, prosecuted by their private industries, and continued at their own proper cost and charge, deserves, in my opinion, not only respect and regard, but recompence and reward. But to return again to you, my brave spirited Prentices, upon whom I have freely bestowed these *Four*, I wish you all, that have their courages and forwardness, their noble fates and fortunes.

Yours,

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

PROLOGUE.

Enter [1] *three in black cloaks, at three doors.*

1. What mean you, my masters, to appear thus before your times? Do you not know that I am the Prologue? Do you not see this long black velvet cloak upon my back? Have you not sounded thrice? Do I not look pale as fearing to be out in my speech? Nay, have I not all the signs of a Prologue about me? Then, to what end come you to interrupt me?

2. I have a Prologue to speak too.

3. And I another.

1. O superfluous, and more than ever I heard of! three Prologues to one play!

2. Have you not seen three ropes to toll one bell? three doors to one house? three ways to one town?

1. I grant you: but I never heard of any that had three heads to one body, but Cerberus. But what doth your Prologue mean?

2. I come to excuse the name of the Play?

3. I the errors in the Play.

1. And I the Author that made the Play. Touching the name, why is it called, *True and Strange;* or, *The Four Prentices of London?* A gentleman that heard the subject discoursed, said it was not possible to be true; and none here are bound to believe it.

2. It is true, that Alexander, at thirty-two years of age, conquered the whole world; but strange he should do so. If we should not believe things recorded in former ages, we were not worthy that succeeding times should believe things done in these our times.

1. But what authority have you for your History? I am one of those that will believe nothing that is not in the Chronicle.

2. Our authority is a Manuscript, a book writ in parchment, which not being publick, nor general in the world, we rather thought fit to exemplify to the public censure things concealed and obscured, such as are not common with every one, than such Historical Tales as every one can tell by the fire in winter. Had not ye rather, for novelties sake, see Jerusalem ye never saw, than London that ye see hourly? So much touching the name of our History.

1. You have satisfied me; and, I hope, all that hear me. Now what have you to speak concerning the errors in the Play?

3. We acknowledge none: for the errors we could find, we would willingly amend; but if these clear-sighted gentlemen, with the eyes of their judgments, looking exactly into us, find any imperfections which are hid from ourselves, our request is, you would rather look over them than through them, not with a troubled eye, that makes one object to seem two, but with a favourable eye, which hath power in itself to make many to seem none at all.

1. Oh now I understand you. Three Prologues to our Play! pardon me, y'ave need of three hundred, methinks, and all little enough. But to end our beginning in a word. Thus much by the patience of these gentlemen.

Spectators, should you oppose your judgments against us: where we are three, which some would think too many; were we three thousand, we think ourselves too few. Our Author submits his labour to you as the Authors of all the content he hath within this circumference:

But for your sakes, this only we dare say,
We promis'd you, and we'll perform a play.

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[1] *Three in black cloaks.*—From this description, it appears, that it was the custom formerly for the Speaker of a prologue to be dressed in a black cloak; and thence seems to have been derived the practice of delivering those introductory parts of our Dramatick Entertainments in a suit of the same colour. See also the Introduction to *Cynthia's Revels,* and the Prologue to *The Woman Hater.*

THE

FOURE PRENTISES OF LONDON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Old Earl of BOLOIGN.
GODFREY, GUY, CHARLES, EUSTACE, *his four Sons.*
BELLA FRANCA, *his Daughter.*
An English Captain.
ROBERT *of Normandy.*
The French King's Daughter.
TANCRED, *a Prince of Italy.*
The Souldan of Babylon.
The Sophy of Persia.
Turnus.
Moretes.
A Chorus, or Presentor.
Mutes.
The French King.
The Boloignoies.
Bandetti.
Irishmen.
Ambushes of Pagans.
The Clown.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

Enter the Old Earl of BOLOIGN, *and his daughter* BELLA FRANCA.

O. E. Bol. Daughter, thou seest how Fortune turns her wheel.
We tha but late were mounted up aloft,
Lull'd i.. the skirt of that inconstant Dame,
Are now thrown head-long by her ruthless hand,
To kiss that earth whereon our feet should stand.
What censuring eye, that sees me thus deject,
Would take this shape to be that famous Duke,
Which hath made Boloign thro' the world renown'd,
And all our race with fame and honour crown'd?
B. Fran. But, father, how can you endure a slave
To triumph in your fortunes? and here stand
In soul deject, and banish'd from your land?
O. E. Bol. I'll tell thee, girl. The French King, and myself,
Upon some terms grew in a strange debate,
And taking careful vantage of the time,
Whilst I with all my powers, in aid of William
The Norman Duke, now English conqueror,
Was busily employ'd; he seiz'd my right,
Planting another, and supplanting me.
This is the ground of my extremity.
B. Fran. If for King William's sake now conqueror,
You lost your birth-right and inheritance;
How comes it that he sees you in this state,
And lifts not up your fortunes ruinate?
O. E. Bol. A conquered kingdom is not easily kept;
He hath so much ado to guard his own,
That mine is buried in oblivion;
And I am forc'd to lose the name of Earl,
And live in London like a citizen.
My four sons are bound prentice to four trades.
Godfrey my eldest boy I have made a Mercer;
Guy my next son, enroll'd in Goldsmiths trade;
My third son Charles bound to an Haberdasher;
Young Eustace is a Grocer: all high born,
Yet of the city-trades they have no scorn.
Thus bare necessity hath made me seek
Some refuge to sustain our poverty.
And having plac'd my sons in such a sort:
The little wealth I have left, I leave to thee.
Myself will travel to the Holy Land;
And ere I lie within the earth's vast womb,
Pay my devout vows at my Saviour's tomb.

B. Fran. Was that the cause you sent for my four brothers?

O. E. Bol. Their wished sight will chear my aged heart:
And I will bless them all before I part.

Enter GODFREY, GUY, CHARLES, *and* EUSTACE, *like Apprentices.*

God. I wonder, brothers, why my father hath sent for us thus early: that, all business set apart, we must meet together this morning.

Guy. I know not the reason. I had much ado to get leave of my master to be spared from my attendance in the shop, and serving of customers.

Char. 'Faith as soon as I heard but the messenger say, my father must speak with me: I left [2] my tankard to guard the conduit; and away came I.

Eus I beshrew him, I should have been at breakfast with two or three good boys this morning: but that match is disappointed by this meeting.

B. Fran. See where my brothers are already come.

O. E. Bol. Godfrey, Guy, Charles, young Eustace, all at once,
Divide a father's blessing in four parts,
And share my prayers amongst you equally.
First, Godfrey, tell me how thou lik'st thy trade?
And knowing in thy thoughts what thou hast been,
How canst thou brook to be as thou art now?

God. Bound must obey: since I have undertook
To serve my master truly for seven years,
My duty shall both answer that desire,
And my old master's profit every way.
I praise that city which made princes tradesmen,
Where that man, noble or ignoble born,
That would not practise some mechanic skill,
Which might support his state in penury,
Should [3] die the death; not suffer'd like a drone,
To suck the honey from the public hive.
I hold it no disparage to my birth,
Though I be born an Earl, to have the skill
And the full knowledge of the Mercers trade.
An I, were now to be create anew,
It should not grieve me to have spent my time
The secrets of so rich a trade to know,
By which advantage and great profits grow.

O. E. Bol. Well hast thou done to overcome thy fate,
Making thy mind conformed to thy state.
How likes my Guy the Goldsmiths faculty?

Guy. As a good refuge in extremity.
Say I be born a prince, and be cast down
By some sinister chance, or fortune's frown;
Say I be banish'd: when I have a trade,
And in myself a means to purchase wealth,
Though my state waste, and tow'ring honours fall,
That still stays with me in the extream'st of all.

O. E. Bol. What says my third son Charles?

Char. If I should say I would not brook those bonds,
Which God, and fate, and you, have tied me in,
You would be preaching disobedience;
Or, should I say, the city-trades are base
For such a great man's sons to take on them,
Your fatherly regard would straight advise me
To chastise my rebellious thoughts; and say,
Son, you by this may live another day.
Therefore, as my two brothers, I reply;
You ask me if I like it; [4] I say I.

O. E. Bol. What says my youngest boy?

Eus. Father, I say, hawking is a pretty sport,
And hunting is a princely exercise;
To ride a great horse, oh 'tis admirable!

O. E. Bol. Eustace, I know it is: but to my question.
How canst thou brook to be a prentice, boy?

Eus. Methinks I could endure it for seven years,
Did not my master keep me in too much.
I cannot go to breakfast in a morning
With my kind mates and fellow-prentices,
But he cries Eustace, one bid Eustace come:
And my name Eustace is in every room.
If I might once a week but see a tilting,
Six days I would fall unto my business close,
And ere the week's end win that idle day.
He will not let me see a mustering,
[5] Nor in a May-day morning fetch in May.
I am no sooner got into the fencing-school,

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[2] *My tankard to guard the conduit.*—Charles, the speaker, was bound to a haberdasher; but he here alludes to the office of *a water-bearer.* See the character of *Cob,* in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour.* S.

It might be the duty of apprentices formerly to fetch water from the conduits for the use of those families in which they lived, in the same manner as it even yet is part of their employment to perform offices as servile as that mentioned in the text.

[3] *Die the death.*—See Note to *God's Promises,* Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. I. p. 13, edit. 1780.

[4] *I say I*—i. e. *Ay.*

[5] *Nor in a May-day morning fetch in May.*—Stow says, that "in the month of May, namely on May-day in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the noise (i. e. concert) of birds, praising God in their kind." Again, "I find, also, that in the month of May, the citizens of London (of all estates) lightly in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes join-

To play a [6] venie with some friend I bring;
But Eustace, Eustace, all the street must ring.
He will allow me not one hour for sport.
I must not strike a foot-ball in the street,
But he will frown: not view the dancing-school,
But he will miss me straight: not suffer me
So much as take up cudgels in the street,
But he will chide: I must not go to buffets;
No, though I be provoked; that's the hell,
Were't not for this, I could endure it well.

O. E. Bol. Sons, ye must all forget your birth and honours,
And look into the times necessity.
I know ye are persuaded: think not, sons,
The names of Prentice can disparage you.
For howsoever of you esteem'd they be,
Even kings themselves have of these trades been free.
I made a vow to see the Holy Land,
And in the same my Saviour's sepulchre.
Having so well dispos'd you; I will now
First bless you, boys, and then prefer my vow.

God. With much ado, do I contain my spirit,
Within these bands, that have inclos'd me round.
Though now this case the noble sun doth shroud;
Time shall behold that sun break through this cloud.

Guy. My Genius bids my soul have patience,
And says I shall not be a prentice long.
I scorn it not: but yet my spirits aim,
To have this hand catch at the Crown of Fame.

Char. An Haberdasher is the trade I use:
But the soft wool feels in my hand like steel:
And I could wish each hat comes through my hand
Were turn'd into an helmet; and each helmet
Upon a soldier's head, for me to lead.
War is the walk which I desire to tread.

Eus. I am a Grocer: yet had rather see
A fair gilt sword hung in a velvet sheath,
Than the best Barbary sugar in the world,
Were it a freight of price inestimable.
I have a kind of prompting in my brain,
That says; though I be bound to a sweet trade,
I must forego it, I keep too much in.
I would fast from meat and drink a summer's day,
To see swords clash, or view a desperate fray.

O. E. Bol. Bridle these humours, sons, expel them clean,
And your high spirits within your breasts contain;
Whilst I my tedious pilgrimage prepare,
To spend my age in poverty and prayer.
My first-born, first farewel; my second next:
Charles, Eustace, Daughter: here my blessings stay,
Your wishes bear me on my sacred way. [*Exit.*

God. Even to the place you travel, there to ascend [mend.
With those devout prayers you to heaven com-
Brothers, since we are now as strangers here,
Yet by our father's provident care so plac'd,
That we may live secure from penury:
So let us please our masters by our care,
That we our ruin'd fortunes may repair.

Guy. Brother, if I knew where to go to war,
I would not stay in London one hour longer.

Char. An hour! By heaven, I would not stay a minute.

Eus. A minute! not a moment. Would you put a moment
Into a thousand parts, that thousandth part
Would not I linger, might I go to war.
Why, I would presently run from my master,
Did I but hear where were a drum to follow.

B. Fran. Would you so, brother?

Eus. Aye, good faith, sweet sister,
I would shew him as fine a pair of heels, as light and nimble, as any the neatest cork-shoe in all the town turns up: I would i'faith.

B. Fran. And leave me hear alone?

Guy. Alone? why, sister,
Can you be left alone 'mongst multitudes?
London is full of people every where.

God. Well, leave this jesting: we forget ourselves.
Sister, we'll have you to our father's house,
T'enjoy the small possessions left you there:
Return we to our masters and our charge,
Lest seeking this our loitering to excuse,
With forg'd inventions we their ears abuse.
[*Sound a drum within softly.*
I hear a drum. I have as much power to sit,
Sort out my wares, and scribble on a shop-board,
When I but hear the musick of a drum,
As to abstain from meat when I am hungry.
I'll know what news before I stir a foot.

Char. By heaven, I am enamoured of this tune,
'Tis the best musick in the world to me.

Eus. My legs are marching straight when I but hear it.
Ran, tan, tan: oh, I could lead a drum
With a good grace, if I but saw behind me
An hundred soldiers follow in even ranks.
Had I but here a band of men to lead,
Methinks I could do wonders: oh, 'tis brave
To be a captain, and command to have.

Enter, after a drum, a Captain with a Proclamation.

Cap. All commanders, captains, lieutenants,

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ing together, had their several Mayings, and did fetch in May-poles, with divers warlike shews, with good archers, morrice-dancers, and other devices for pastime all the day long; and towards the evening, they had stage-plays and bonefires in the streets." See also Brand's *Observations on Popular Antiquities*, 8vo. 1777, p. 255.

[6] *Venie*—i. e. a bout.

gentlemen of companies, serjeants, corporals, or common soldiers whatsoever, that will accompany to the holy wars at Jerusalem Robert Duke of Normandy, the King's son; they shall have pay and place, according to their deserts. And so God save King William, surnamed the Conqueror. [*Exeunt drum and Captain.*

Eus. *Ran, tan, tan.* Now by S. George, he tells us gallant news:
I'll home no more; I'll run away to-night.
Guy. If I cast bowl, or spoon, or salt again,
Before I have beheld Jerusalem,
Let me turn Pagan.
Char. Hats and caps adieu:
For I must leave you, if the drum say true.
God. Nay, then, have with you brothers; for my spirit
With as much vigour hath burst forth as thine,
And can as hardly be restrain'd as yours.
Give me your hands, I will consort you too:
Let's try what London Prentices can do.
Eus. For my trade's sake, if good success I have,
The Grocers Arms shall in mine ensign wave.
Guy. And if my valour bring me to command,
The Goldsmiths Arms shall in my colours stand.
God. So of us all: then let us in one [7] fleet
Launch all together: and as we are brothers,
So let us enter zealous amity,
And still prevail by our united strength.
I know our hearts are one; sister, farewel.
Trust me, in vain you should persuade our stay;
For we are bent, consort us with your prayers.
All. Farewel.
B. Fran. Farewel.
God. God!
Guy. Heaven!
Char. Fate!
Eus. Fortune!
God. Make us happy men, to win.
Guy. Wear.
Char. Vanquish.
Eus. Overcome. [*Exeunt.*
B. Fran. Amen!
Have you all left me midst a world of strangers,
Here only to myself: not to protect me,
Or to defend me from apparent wrong?
Since it is so, I'll follow after you;
In some disguise I will pursue their steps,
And unto [8] heaven and fortune yield myself.
Toward sea they are gone; and unto sea must I,
A virgin's unexpected fate to try. [*Exit.*

Enter marching ROBERT *of Normandy, the Captain, the four Brethren, drum, and Soldiers.*

Enter the PRESENTER.

Pre. Thus have you seen these brothers ship-p'd to sea,
Bound on their voyage to the Holy Land;
All bent to try their fortunes in one bark.
Now, to avoid all dilatory news,
Which might withhold you from the stories pith,
And substance of the matter we intend;
I must intreat your patience to forbear,
Whilst we do feast your eye, and starve your ear.
For in dumb shews, which, were they writ at large,
Would ask a long and tedious circumstance,
Their infant fortunes I will soon express,
And from the truth in no one point digress.
Ye have seen the father of these four fair sons,
Already gone his weary'd pilgrimage;
Godfrey, Guy, Charles, and Eustace, [9] prest to sea
To follow Robert duke of Normandy.
Imagine now ye see the air made thick
With stormy tempests, that disturb the sea;
And the four winds at war among themselves;
And the weak barks wherein the brothers sail
Split on strange rocks, and they enforc'd to swim,
To save their desperate lives; where what befel them,
Dispersed to several corners of the world,
We will make bold to explain it in dumb show;
For from their fortunes all our scene must grow.

Enter with a drum on one side certain Spaniards; on the other side certain Citizens of Boloign: the Spaniards insult upon them, and make them do homage; to the Citizens enter GODFREY, *as newly landed and half-naked, confers with the Citizens, and by his instigation they set upon the Spaniards, and beat them away; they come to honour him, and he discloseth himself unto them; which done, they crown him, and accept him for their Prince; and so exeunt.*

Those Citizens you see were Bolonoys,
Kept under bondage of that tyrannous earl,
To whom the French king gave that ancient seat,
Which to the wronged Pilgrim did belong.
But in the height of his ambition,
Godfrey, by shipwreck thrown upon that coast,
Stirs up th' oppressed City to revolt;
And by his valour was th' usurper slain;
The City from base bondage free'd again.
The men of Boloign, wond'ring what strong hand
Had been the means of their deliverance,
Besought him to make known his birth and state;
Which Godfrey did. The people glad to see
Their natural prince procure their liberty,
Homage to him, create him Earl of Boloign;
And repossess him in his father's seat.
Where we will leave him, having honour won,
And now return unto the second son.

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7 *Fleet.*—The first edition reads *ship.*
8 *Heaven.*—God; first edition.
9 *Prest to sea.*—Ready to go to sea. See Note 104 on *The Four P's.* Vol. I. p. 11.

Enter the King of France, and his daughter, walking; to them GUY *all wet. The Lady entreateth her father for his entertainment; which is granted; and rich cloaths are put about him: et sic exeunt.*

As the French king did with his daughter walk
By the sea-side; from far they might espy
One on a rafter float upon the waves,
Who, as he drew more near unto the shore,
They might discern a man, though basely clad,
Yet sparks of honour kindled in his eyes.
Him at first sight the beauteous lady loves;
And prays her father to receive him home:
To which the king accords; and in his court
Makes him a great and special officer.
There leave we Guy a gallant courtier prov'd,
And of the beauteous lady well belov'd.

Enter Banditos, with the Earl prisoner. Exeunt some of them with him to prison. Enter CHARLES *all wet with his sword; fights with the rest, and kills their Captain. They yield, and offer to make him their Captain, to which he agrees; et sic exeunt omnes.*

Charles the third son is by the winds and waves
Born on a plank as far as Italy,
And lands just at a lofty mountain's foot;
Upon whose top a many out-law'd thieves,
Bandetti, Bravoes, such as keep in caves,
Made their abode. This crew assails young Charles;
Who in the bickering strikes their Captain dead.
They wond'ring at his valour, and being now
Without a leader, humbly seek to him
To be their chieftain, and command their strength:
Which at their earnest suit he undertakes.
We leave him there, thinking his brothers drown'd,
Nor knowing yet his father there lies bound.

Enter a coarse, after it Irishmen mourning, in a dead march; to them enters EUSTACE, *and talks with the chief mourner, who makes signs of consent, after burial of the coarse; and so exeunt.*

Eustace, the youngest of the four, was cast
Upon the coast of Ireland; and from thence
He comes to travel to Jerusalem;
Supposing his three brethren drown'd by sea.
Thus have you seen these four, that were but now
All in one fleet, a many thousand leagues
Sever'd from one another: Guy in France,
Godfrey in Boloign, Charles in Italy,
Eustace in Ireland 'mongst the [10] Irish kerns.
Yet, gentlemen, the self-same wind and fortune
That parted them, may bring them [11] altogether.
Their sister follows them with zealous love:
Be patient, ye will wonder when they meet.
Four London Prentices will, ere they die,
Advance their towring fame above the sky;
And win such glorious praise as never fades,
Unto themselves and honour of their trades.
Grant them your wonted patience to proceed,
And their keen swords shall make the Pagans bleed. [*Exit.*

Enter GUY, *and the Lady of France.*

Lady. Fie, stranger, can a skin so white and soft
Cover an heart obdurate, hard as flint?
Since I first saw thee floating on the waves,
The fire of love flew from your radiant eye,
Which like a sun-beam pierc'd unto my heart.
Guy. Sweet lady, all my powers I owe to you:
For by your favour I ascend this height,
Which seats me in the favour of a prince;
A prince, that did he know me, in the stead
[*Private to himself.*
Of doing me honour, would cut off my head.
He did exile my father; cast me down;
And, spurr'd with envious hate, distress'd us all.
Since fortune then, and the devouring seas,
Have robb'd me of my brothers, and none left
Of all my father's sons alive but I;
Take this advantage, and be secret, Guy.
Meet this occasion; and conclude with fate,
To raise again thy father's ruin'd state.
Lady. Fie, niggard, can you spend such precious breath,
Speak to yourself so many words apart;
And keep their sound from my attentive ear,
Which, save your words, no musick loves to hear?
Guy. What would you have me say?
Lady. Would I might teach thee!
Oh that I had the guidance of thy tongue!
[*Private.*
But what would that avail thee, foolish girl?
Small hope in those instructions I should find,
To rule your tongue, if not to guide your mind.
Guy. My tongue, my thoughts, my heart, my hand, my sword,
Are all your servants; who hath done you wrong?
Lady. I doubt not of your valour. But resolve me,
And tell me one thing truly I shall ask you.
Guy. Be't not my birth, no question I'll deny.
Doubt not my truth, for honour scorns to lye.
Lady. I do believe you: fair knight, do you love?
Guy. To ride a horse as well as any man;
To make him mount, curvet, to leap, and spring:
To chide the bit, to gallop, trot the ring.

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[10] *Irish kerns.*—See Note 31 to *Edward II.* Vol. I. p. 170.
[11] *Altogether.*—Once to meet; second edition.

Lady. I did not ask you if you love to ride.
Something I mean; which though my tongue deny,
Look on me, you may read it in mine eye.
But do you love?
Guy. To march, to plant a battle, lead an host,
To be a soldier, and to go to war,
To talk of flanks, of wings, of [12] sconces, holds,
To see a sally, or to give a charge,
To lead a [13] vaward, rereword, or main host;
By heaven, I love it as mine own dear life.
Lady. I know all this; your words are but delays.
Could you not love a lady that loves you?
'Tis hard when women are enforc'd to wooe.
[*Private.*
Guy. Where is my man to bring me certain news,
The king's commission sends me to the wars:
The villain loiters in my business.
Lady. All this is from the matter, gentle knight;
The king's commission may be sign'd at leisure.
What say you to my question?
Guy. You would have me tell you true?
Lady. Either speak true, or do not speak at all.
Guy. Then as I am true knight I honour you,
And to your service will espouse my sword.
I wish you as I wish the glorious sun,
That it may ever shine; without whose lustre
Perpetual darkness should o'ershade the earth.
But tell me, lady, what you mean by love.
Lady. To love a lady, is with heart entire
To make her mistress of his whole desire;
To sigh for her, and for her love to weep;
As his own heart her precious favours keep:
Never be from her, in her bosom dwell,
To make her presence heaven, her absence hell.
Write sonnets in her praise, admire her beauty;
Attend her, serve her, count his service duty,
Make her the sole commandress of his powers,
And in the search of love, lose all his hours.
Guy. 'Tis pretty for some fool that could endure it:
How near am I unto this love, sweet lady?
I love to mount a steed, whose heavy trot
Cracks all my sinews, makes my armour crash:
I love to march up to the neck in snow,
To make my pillow of a cake of ice,
That in the morning, when I stretch my limbs,
My hair hangs thick with dropping isicles,
And my bright arms be frozen to the earth.
I love to see my face besmear'd in blood,
To have a gaping wound upon my flesh,
Whose very mouth would make a lady swoon.
I love no chamber-musick; but a drum,
To give me [14] hunts-up. Could your grace endure
To lie all night within a sheet of mail,
By a drawn sword that parts not from my side,
Embrace a body full of wounds and scars,
And hear no language but of blood and wars?
Such is my life; such may my honour prove:
Make war a lady, I that lady love.
Lady. Fie, fie, you run quite from the bias clean,
To love that dearly, which we hate so deadly,
If love and I be one, you hate us both.
Guy. Then can I love no lady by my troth.
Madam, farewel; for under my command
The king your father sends ten thousand men,
To win the holy town Jerusalem.
Thither must I; esteeming your high honour
Like a bright comet and unmatched star;
But love no woman in the world, save war.
[*Exit.*
Lady. Go, flint; strike fire upon thy enemies steel,
Whilst I descend one step from fortune's wheel.
Thou goest before, love bids me follow after:
By thee, the king thy lord must lose his daughter.
[*Exit.*

Enter CHARLES *like an out-law, with Bandettos and Thieves, and with the Clown.*

Char. Thieves, and good fellows, speak, what should I call you?
There's not a rogue among you that fears [15] heaven,
Nor one that hath a touch of honesty.
Robbers, and knaves, and rascals all together,
Sweet consort of vile villains list to me.
Am not I well prefer'd to become captain

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[12] *Sconces.*—Block-houses, or fortifications in war. Minshieu says, that a *sconce* is also taken for the head, because a *sconce*, or block-house, is made round in the fashion of a head, whereupon comes the term in Oxford to *sconce* one, *Mulctare pecunia*, i. e. to set up so much in the Buttery-book upon his *head*, to pay for his punishment for his offence committed.

[13] *Vaward.*—The foremost part of the army in battle.

[14] *Hunts-up.*—The *hunts-up* was the name of a tune anciently played to wake the hunters, and collect them together. So, in Massinger's *Duke of Milan*, A. 2. S. 1:

"———I was never yet
At such a *hunts-up*, nor was so rewarded."

See also Mr Steevens's Note to *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 3. S. 5.

[15] *Heaven.*—God; first edition.

Unto a crew of such pernicious slaves?
I shall have such a coil to make you christians,
And bring you to some shape of honesty,
That ere I do it, I shall make your bodies
Nothing but scare-crows, to hang round these trees.

Clown. Brave captain Courageous whom death cannot daunt; we have been all gentlemen and house-holders; but I was banish'd for nothing but getting of bastards; but this fellow fled from Venice, for killing a man cowardly on the Rialto; some for one villainy, and some for another. Our captain that you killed, and now supply his place, poison'd a worthy merchant in the city with rats-bane; and flying hither, for his valour we made him our general. But now, brave Cavallero, to thee alone we sing Honononero.

Char. Well, I must have you now turn honest thieves.
He that commits a rape, shall sure be hang'd:
He that commits a murder, shall be murdered
With the same weapon that did act the deed.
He that robs pilgrims, or poor travellers,
That for devotion's sake do pass these mountains,
He shall be naked tied to arms of trees,
And in the days heat stung with wasps and bees.
Ye slaves, I'll teach you some civility.

Clown. Captain, what shall he be done withal, that lies with a wench with her will, if he be hung that lies with one against her will?

Char. I'll have him whipt.

Clown. See, see, I think the captain hath been a cook in his time, he can fit sweet meat with sour sauce. But what a fool is our captain, to prescribe laws to out-laws? if we would have kept the laws before in the city, we needed not to have been driven now to lead our lives in the country. But, captain, since your are our captain, we will resign unto you all our treasures and prisoners, and our spoils. Take possession of them [16] in God's name, that came to us in the devil's name.

Char. Your prisoners, spoils, and treasure, all bring forth,
That I may seize them as mine own by right;
As heir to him whom I have slain in fight.

Enter the Thieves, bringing in the Old Earl bound.

O. E. Bol. Villains, I know you drag me to my death:
And ye shall do me an exceeding [17] grace,

Char. I am deceiv'd, but I have seen that face.

Vil. Come, come you old grey-beard, you must before our captain: if he say *vive*, then live; if not, thou diest if thou were his father.

Char. Villain, thou liest if thou wert my brother:
He shall not die. Upon your low knees fall,
And ask him pardon, or I'll hang you all.

O. E. Bol. 'Tween joy and fear amaz'd in heart I stand:
Doth my son Charles lead this unruly band?

Char. Your only son, and all the sons you have,
And born his father's desperate life to save.

O. E. Bol. How cam'st thou here? why dost thou call thyself
My only son? having three brothers more,
Which unto me thy beauteous mother bore.

Char. Once we were four, all fellow-prentices;
And after fellow-soldiers, prest to serve
The good duke Robert in his holy wars.
But in a storm, our ships so bravely mann'd,
Were wreck'd; and, save myself, none swam to land.
They perish'd there: I by the waves and winds
Was driven upon this coast of Italy,
Where landing naked, save my trusty sword,
This crew of bold banditos set upon me:
But in the dangerous fight, by chance I slew
The luckless captain of this damned crew:
Who since have made me captain, here to stay,
Till fortune grant me a more prosperous way.

O. E. Bol. Mine eyes have vow'd to die the self same death
My sons have done: son, let me weep awhile,
To bring the like destruction to my eyne;
These in salt tears; they in a sea of brine.

Clown. Is this our captain's father? what villains were we to use him so roughly!

Vil. If the old fornicator had but told us so much, we should have had the grace, either to have set him free, or fortune to have us'd him more gently.

Char. Since, father, we have met this happy day,
Secure with me amongst these out-laws stay.

O. E. Bol. Not for the world; since I have lost my sons,
All outward joys are from my heart remov'd:
Vain pleasures I abhor, all things [18] defy,
That teach not to despair, or how to die.
Yet ere I leave the world I vow to see
His holy blessed tomb that died for me.

Char. Then take along with you this bag of gold
To bear your charge in every inn you come:
Deny it not, relief is comfortable.

O. E. Bol. Thanks, my dear son, expence it will defray,
And serve to deal to poor men by the way.
And now farewel, sweet Charles, thou all my sons,
For now the last sand in my hour-glass runs.

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[16] *In God's name.*—The 2d edition reads *in Jove's name.*
[17] *Grace.*—The 2d edition reads *pleasure.*
[18] *Defy*—i. e. refuse or deny. See Mr Steevens's Note on *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 5. S. 3.

Char. Ye two conduct him safe beyond the mountains.
Vil. Shall I be one?
Clown. And I another?
Char. Ye know the passages, be it your charge.
Vil. I am glad the silly man is weak and old:
By heaven my fingers tickle at his gold.
Clown. Old man, is your purse afloat?
I have vow'd to cut his throat,
But to have it every groat. [*Exeunt.*
Char. And now return we to survey our cave,
Peruse our treasure got by rape and spoil,
Though won by others, yet possest by us;
Yet henceforth shall be us'd no violence.
I'll make these villains work in several trades,
And in these forests make a common-wealth.
When them to civil nurture I can bring,
They shall proclaim me of these mountains king.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter EUSTACE *and his Irishman.*

Eus. I think these upright craggy mountain tops
Are (if the truth were known) high way to heaven.
For it is streight, and narrow, and some places
Are for the steepness inaccessible.
Fair fall a rafter, and a gale of wind,
Or I had gone to heaven a way by water
Nearer than this by land; that way they found,
Who in the salt remorseless seas were drown'd,
My brothers, whom I dream on when I sleep;
And my eyes waking at their fortunes weep.
Forgetting them; the friendly Irish coast
Gave me safe harbour; thence I have travel'd hither,
Even to these lofty hills of Italy,
After prince Robert duke of Normandy.
'Tis safer sitting in my master's shop,
Crying what lack you, than 'tis here to stay,
To wolves and wild beasts to be made a prey.
Irish. Master, so Christ save me, I shall wait on thee; wake for thee when thou sleepest, run for thee when thou biddest, and fly a thy errands, like an arrow from a bow, when thou wantest wine, or meat, to drink or eat, or any other necessary provision.
Now I have left my best friend in the grave,
My friendship and my service you shall have.
Eus. Well, fortune hath preserv'd me to some end.
It is for something; that I did not sink,
When the salt waves my mouth and ears did drink.
I might have fed the haddocks; but some power
Is my good master, and preserves me still.
Well, sword, in all my troubles stand me bye,
Thou art bound to win me somewhat ere I die.

Enter the Clown and the Villain, dragging the Old Earl violently, and rifling him.

Clown. Give us the gold my captain gave you, you old anatomy.
Vil. Grey-beard deliver, or you are but dead.
O. E. Bol. Take it, my friends; full little needs this strife.
First take the gold, and after take my life.
Clown. Nay, you old [19] Jack a lent, six weeks and upwards: though you be our captain's father, you cannot stay there, and for surety that you shall not go back, and tell him what we have done to you, we'll kill you, and fling you into some coal-pit.
Vil. Content; and when we have done, we will return him word we have conducted thee past all danger of the mountains: and now prepare thee for the fatal stroke.
O. E. Bol. Thou dost me a great kindness, let it come;
God take my soul, now when thou wilt strike home.
Eus. He strikes his own soul down to Erebus,
That lifts a sword that shall but touch his hair.
Irish. And by S. Patrick I'll make him garter his hose with his guts, that strikes any stroke here.
Clown. Whom have we here? a gentleman and his water-spaniel? let's rob them too, and after kill the Grey-beard.
Vil. Content, content. Sirrah, stand.
Eus. Yes, I will stand, base wretch, when thou shalt fall;
And strike thee dead, and trampling on thy [20] bulk
By stamping with my foot crush out thy soul.
Take that, you slave, for bidding Eustace stand.
[*He beats them both away.*
Now, father, go in peace.
O. E. Bol. Thanks, my fair son,
By whose stout valour I have freedom won.
I can bestow upon you nought but thanks,
Unless you will divide this gold with me.
Eus. No, father, keep it; thou art old and poor:
But when I want, my sword shall purchase more.
[*Apart to himself.*
O. E. Bol. By viewing him my former griefs abound,
Even such a one was Eustace that was drown'd:
Which had he liv'd, his stature, years, and all,
Would have resembled his, so streight, so tall,
So fair, so strong, of such a worthy spirit;
But his blest soul, by this, doth heaven inherit.
Grief for his death so near my heart doth dwell,
That for my life I cannot say farewel. [*Exit.*

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19 *Jack a lent.*—See Note on Green's *Tu Quoque*, Vol. II.
20 *Bulk*—i. e. body. See Note 3 to *The First Part of Jeronimo*, Vol. I. p. 461.

Eus. The captain's father, whom the slaves had kill'd
Had not our coming intervented them,
Resembles mine in gesture, face, and look.
But the old earl my father is by this
Within the walls of fair Jerusalem,
Else had I surely took this aged man
T'have ask'd him blessing. But what next ensues?
I find these mountains will be full of news.

Enter CHARLES, *Clown, Villain, and the Crew.*

Clown. Captain, a prize! we two were assailed by two hundred, and of them two hundred we kill'd all but these two. These are the remainder of them that are left alive.

Char. Go two or three of you, and fetch them in:
If they resist you, take their weapons from them.

Clown. I had rather somebody else should attempt them than I now: but since there is no other remedy, give me three or four of the stoutest of our crew, and then God and S. Anthony.

Eus. More thieves and villains have begirt us round.
Now, Eustace, for the honour of thy name,
Return them to their captain back with shame.
[*He sets upon them all, and beats them.*

Char. Now by mine honour, the best piece of flesh
That ever in these woods held out-law play.
Even such a spirit had Eustace when he liv'd:
We must not lose this gallant; if we can,
We'll strive to make him our companion.

Eus. Ye slaves, I'll beat you all into a mouse-hole:
And like a baited lion at a stake,
Kill all the curs that come but near to bark.
Ye guls, have ye no better men amongst you?
Defy your captain from me: here I stand,
To dare him to a combat hand to hand.

Char. I were a bastard, not my father's son,
Should I refuse it.

Eus. By all the land I have left me in the world,
That's but my grave: captain, thou honourest me.

Char. By all the wealth I brought into these woods,
That's but my sword, thou dost the like to me.
Thou shalt have fair play, gallant, by mine honour.

Eus. False was my mother to my father's bed,
If I should ask more odds of Hercules.

Char. He dies upon my sword, disturbs our fray;
Or in the fight dares disadvantage thee.

Eus. Were I the world-commanding Alexander,
I would make thee my Ephestion for that word.
I love thee for thy valour, captain thief.

Char. 'Tis that preserves thee from our violence,
An honour'd mind lies in this out-law's shape.
So much I reckon of thy chivalry,
That were thou master of an Indian mine,
Thou should'st not be diminish'd one denier.
Securely fight, thy purse is sanctuary'd,
And in this place shall [21] beard the proudest thief.

Eus. An honour'd minded villain, by my sword,
A right good fellow, and an honest thief.
If I should have thee prostrate at my mercy,
I will not kill thee for thy liberal offer.
Yet win it, lad, and take it without fail:
I scorn to have my purse go under bail.

Char. He goes beyond me in heroick thoughts:
To thine I stake down this: stand all apart.
He that steps in, be subject to our curses:
And now the better man take both the purses.

Eus. It is a match, I'll seize them to thy grief.
Now, [22] True-man, try, if thou canst rob a thief.

They fight: as they are fighting, enter BELLA FRANCA, *pursued by an Out-law; she runs betwixt them and parts them.*

B. Fran. If ye were born of women, aid a woman.

Char. Why, what's the matter?

B. Fran. Oh, turn the edges of your swords 'gainst him,
That in the forest would have ravish'd me.

Char. Cease thy pursuit; and, stranger, pause awhile,
To hear the tenour of this lady's plaint.

Eus. Why then kings truce. But let the purses lie:
They'll fall to my advantage by and by.

Char. Now tell me, lady, what's your suit to me?

B. Fran. To save my life from foul inchastity.
For passing by these countries on my way,
To pay my zealous vows in Golgotha,
Attended only by a little page;
This villain, with a crew of ruffian thieves,
Seiz'd what we had first, haled my page from me,
And after would have wrack'd my chastity.
But, being swift of foot, fear lent me wings
Hither (I hope in happy time) to flie,
Either to save mine honour, or to die.

Char. Thy honour and thy life are both secur'd:
And, for a lady's sake you much resemble,
Command my sword, my subjects, and my cave,

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[21] *Beard the proudest thief.*—See Note 39 to *Edward II.* Vol. I. p. 174.
[22] *True-man.*—See Note 88 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Vol. I. p. 125.

Where succour, all offenceless, you shall have.
Sirrah, go you and scour about the hill.
Clown. I go. [*Exit.*
B. Fran. How like is he to Charles by ship-wreck dead!
And he to Eustace perish'd in the waves!
But they are both immortal saints in heaven:
Yet I am glad because these shapes are theirs.
My happy coming hath ta'en up their strife,
Preserving mine own honour and my life.
Eus. So blush'd my sister: and this out-law thief
Hath a resemblance to my brother Charles:
But she in London lives a virgin pure;
He in some huge whale's belly too too sure.
Char. A pretty wench i'faith; I'll marry her,
And make her queen of all this out-law crew.
Eus. I am half in love already, at first sight:
How will this raging flame increase by night!
Char. Fair beauteous maid, resign your love to me;
Mistress of all these forests you shall be.
Eus. Love me, I'll kiss away these tears of grief;
Sweet wench, embrace a true-man, scorn a thief.
Char. How now, sir sauce! you are as bold, methinks,
As if you were a free-man of our trade;
None but myself plead interest in this maid.
Eus. My interest is as much; in this 'tis greater,
Because that of the two I love her better.
Char. Proud passenger, I'll make thee eat that word.
Eus. If I eat air, thou shalt digest my sword.
Char. Revive this quarrel, let the former die;
Fight we for her, and let the purses lie.
Eus. Out-law, I rather love to fight than brawl;
I'll win from thee thy wench, thy purse, and all.
B. Fran. Stay, gentlemen. [*She steps between them.*
Eus. By heaven, I scorn to stay,
Till both the purses I have ta'en away.
Char. My sword for me, my mistress, and my gold.
My resolution shall my claim uphold.

Enter the Clown, running betwixt them.

Clown. What do you mean, gentlemen, to fight among yourselves, that should be friends, and had more need to take one another's part to fight against your enemies? We shall all be slain, killed, murdered, massacred. For my own part, if I had nine lives, like a cat, they were all sure to die one dog's death.
Char. Why? what's the matter, fellow?
Clown. Oh, noble captain, we shall all be slain. Tancred, a prince of Italy, with an army, hath beset the foot of the mountains, and hath vow'd to make venison of all us poor out-laws, and kill us like deer. God be with you: I'll go shift for one. [*Exit.*
Char. [23] Dear we will be to him, before he do it,
And dearly fell our desperate carcases.
Kind stranger, wilt thou take a truce with me,
Thou shalt divide with me my dignity:
We two will jointly o'er these mountains reign,
And by our valours our estates maintain.
Eus. Because I hear thy life in jeopardy,
And thou hast dealt with me so honourably,
Receive my hand; now I am wholly thine.
And, ye mad rogues, I am half your captain now.
Look when ye see me nod, ye crouch and kneel,
Make legs, and [24] curt'sies, and keep bare your crowns.
Clown. 'Tis hard to teach them manners that are clowns.
But for my own part, here's a leg, here's a cap, here's a knee;
All these, sweet half-captain, I reserve for thee.
Eus. Speak, do you all accept me?
All. We do, we do.
Eus. Then, brother thief, I am turn'd out-law too.
But, to do no man wrong, I make that law,
Only to pass this tedious summer here,
Till we our down-cast fortunes may up-rear.
Char. You share with me in [25] love, in mind, in all. [*Soft march.*
But, heark! I hear our enemies' drums do brawl.
Eus. Their voice is welcome: oh, that I had with me
As many good lads, honest prentices, [*Apart.*
From Eastcheap, Canwick-street, and London stone,
To end this battle, as could wish themselves
Under my conduct if they knew me here!
The doubtful day's success we need not fear.
Char. Oh, for some Cheapside boys for Charles to lead! [*Apart.*

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[23] *Dear we will be to him*, &c.—This species of quibbling is very common in our early writers. So Shakspeare in *The First Part of Henry IV.* A. 5. S. 4.

"Death hath not struck so fat *a deer* to day,
Though many *dearer* in this bloody fray."

See also other instances in Mr Steevens's Note on the last passage.
[24] *Curt'sies.*—The first edition reads *cringes.*
[25] *Love.*—The first edition reads *end.*

They would stick to it, when these out-laws fail.
Wishes are wind, let's think ourselves well
mann'd;
We'll sooner die than fly, so make a stand.

Enter TANCRED, *with Drum and Soldiers.*

Tan. Are these the out-laws that disturb our
peace?
Think they these mountain-tops can shelter them
From our revenge, and just-assembled arms?
Char. Come, come, let us prepare to answer
them.
Tan. Which be the chief of these confounded
troops?
Char. Prince, I am one of them.
Eus. And I another.
Char. I am his friend.
Eus. And I his out-law-brother.
Tan. How dare you stand contemptuous
'gainst your liege?
Captains, ye are our men.
Char. That we deny:
I am a stranger, Tancred.
Eus. So am I.
Tan. Such valour is reported to appear
[*Apart to his own people.*
In the brave deeds of these rude foresters,
That we could rather wish they were our friends,
To dwell in cities, than keep out in caves,
Considering now what wars we have in hand,
Their martial spirits might much advantage us,
Would they but keep within some honoured
bounds.
We'll work them if we can to our alliance,
And rather motion love, than proud defiance.
Char. Why comes the County Palatine in
arms,
To fight against unarmed foresters?
If thou wilt win renown, bend thy brave forces
'Gainst Pagans that besiege Jerusalem.
Small fame and honour canst thou win thee
here;
Besides, our cheap lives thou shalt purchase
dear.
Eus. We have reform'd these villains since we
came,
And taught them manners and civility:
All rape and murder we repay with death;
Amongst us doth not live a ravisher.
Tan. I have heard no less but that you weed
out such
As pass the bounds of Christian honesty;
Which makes me rather offer peace than war.
But what bright virgin stands, so discontent?
Char. My life.
Eus. My love.
Tan. The word had been well spent,
If I had said mine too: for I protest,
Of all this number I affect her best.
Char. Believe me, fellow-partner in my rule,
You offer wrong to impart in this my love.
Eus. Half of all's mine, I claim it as my due;
In which, bright virgin, I except not you.
Tan. I do contain my love with much ado,
For her (methinks) I could turn out-law too.
Eus. What, do you think to have a double
share?
Half of her's mine; I will not bate an hair.
Char. By thine own words thou gav'st me
half at least.
Eus. But I'll have all, my title is increas'd.
Tan. Stay, captains, for our annual crown's
revenues,
We would not lose the weakest of you both,
So much do we affect your chivalries.
Let me take up this mutual enmity:
Your quarrel is for her; both would enjoy her.
You claim her as your right. [*To* CHARLES.
Char. 'Tis true I do.
Tan. And, captain, you say she belongs to
you.
Eus. True (valiant prince), my hopes shall
his destroy;
Thou art mine own, sweet wench. [26] Heaven
give us joy!
Tan. Then till this strict contention ended be,
Deliver this bright virgin unto me.
Here shall our former hate and discord cease;
This lady shall be hostage of your peace.
Unto thy charge we give ten thousand men.
[*To* CHARLES.
As many soldiers we resign to thee.
[*To* EUSTACE.
Make me her keeper till these wars be done:
Ye have the price, I my content have won.
Char. Honour hath taught the Palatine to
speak.
Eus. Since what we both desire, one can but
have,
Take charge of her. Let me receive the charge
Of a great army, and commanding power;
Before I marry, I must win my dower.
Char. So say I too; and, out-law life, adieu.
Tan. And welcome, love, which I must keep
for you.
Their drums shall scold, mine shall have time
to cease,
And whilst they war, with her I'll make my peace.
Are you content, sweet lady?
B. Fran. I must do
That which amongst you all best pleaseth you.
I am a prisoner; prisoners must obey;
You say I shall, and I must not say nay.
Char. Do so, sweet love.
Eus. Till these wars ended be,
I pr'ythee, sweet love, keep thy heart to me.
Tan. Come, captain, we bequeath you to
your charge,

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[26] *Heaven.*—The first edition reads *God.*

To march with speed towards the holy wars.
This lady, as our life we will esteem,
And place her in the honour of a queen.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ROBERT *of Normandy*, GODFREY *of Boloign, and* GUY *of Lessingham, with Drum and Soldiers.*

God. What art thou with thy brow confrontest me?
Guy. One that thinks scorn to give least place to thee.
God. Thou know'st me not, to set my name so light.
Guy. I [27] reck thee not, nay frown, thou canst not fright.
We are no babe; or if we were, yet know
Thy proud face cannot like a bug-bear show.
God. Thou hast struck fire upon a flinty spirit.
Think'st thou, because thou lead'st the French king's troops,
And art commander of a few bold French,
That we will yield the upper hand to thee?
I let thee know thou hast dishonoured me.
Guy. I let thee know thou hast done as much by me.
Think'st thou, thou canst outface me? proud man, no:
Know I esteem thee as too weak a foe.
God. Now by my knight-hood I'll revenge this wrong;
And for that word thy heart shall curse thy tongue.
Rob. What mean these [28] Christian princes thus to jar,
And bend their swords against their mutual breasts,
Whose edge were sharpen'd for their enemies crests?
God. He shall not march before me.
Guy. But I will.
God. [29] Zounds! but thou shalt not, by this blessed day,
I'll pitch thee like a bar out of my way.
Guy. Thy arms want strength, thou canst not toss me so.
God. No, can they not? by heaven I'll try a throw.
Rob. Princes, I charge you by the honoured zeal,
And love to him for whom ye come to fight,
To cease this envy and abortive jar.
The fields are broad enough for both to march,
And neither have the vantage of the ground.
Guy. Robert, mine arm shall act a wondrous thing,
I'll hurl him like a stone out of a sling.
Not have the way? I'll fling thee on the earth,
And then march over thee with all my troops.
God. Robert of Normandy, by all the honour
Thou hop'st t' atchieve thee in these holy wars,
Stand from betwixt us, let's but try one fall,
I'll cast his cork-like trunk by wondrous skill,
As Hercules threw Lycas from an hill.
Rob. For God's sake and our Saviour's, in whose book
Ye now are entered as his soldiers prest,
In whose camp royal if ye mutiny,
Ye are found guilty by his martial law,
And worthy death: I charge you, princes both,
T'abandon this injurious enmity.
Stand you betwixt the soldiers, lest this sting
Of blind sedition reign in this our army,
And feed upon our bodies like a plague.
Princes, I charge you, by your Saviour's blood
Shed for your sins, ye shed none at this time.
God. Well, let him march before, I will resign:
Robert prevails; Frenchman, the right is thine.
Guy. I will not march first; but in courtesy
I will resign that honoured place to thee;
But what a king should say, I should not do,
With violent rage that would I run into.
Go on, [30] by heaven you shall, I yield it you;
By heaven you shall, the place I freely grant.
Friendship can more with me, than rude constraint.
God. Thy honoured love with honour I return,
What thou would'st give me, I resign thee back;
This kind reply to me stands like a charm,
[31] Then royally let's march on arm in arm.
Rob. Such just proportion princes still should keep.
Brave Lord of Boloign, join your troops with ours,
That are by birth approved Englishmen:
And Lord of France, that under your conduct
Have ready arm'd ten thousand fighting men,
To fight with us for fair Jerusalem,
Distrest by misbelieving infidels,
Let us unite a friendly christian league.
We have entered, valiant lords, upon our way

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[27] *Reck.*—See Note 33 to *Tancred and Gismunda*, Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. II. p. 203. edit. 1780.
[28] *Christian.*—The first edition reads *hasty*.
[29] *Zounds.*—The first edition reads *Ey*.
[30] *By heaven.*—The second edition reads *indeed*.
[31] *Then royally lets march on arm in arm.*—This play, though not mentioned in the key to *The Rehearsal*, seems to have been one of those ridiculed in that witty performance. The above line is not unlikely to have been burlesqued in the following:

"Then, spite of fate, we'll thus combined stand,
And, like true brothers, walk still hand in hand."

Even to the midst of fertile Lombardy,
By writers term'd the garden of the world.
Half of our way we have overcome already:
Then let us here incamp upon these downs.
But stay, what threat'ning voice of warfare sounds?

Enter, after a Trumpet, Eustace.

God. Had not young Eustace in the seas been drown'd,
I should have said, he treads upon this ground.
And but none scap'd the dangerous seas save I,
This Frenchman I should think my brother Guy.
Eus. Princes, my master, County Palatine,
Wondering what bold foot durst presume to tread
Upon his confines without asking leave,
Sends me to know the cause of your arrive:
Or why the arm'd hoofs of your fiery steeds
Dare wound the forehead of his peaceful land.
God. Dare! sends thy lord in that ambitious key?
Guy. Or hath the pride of thy refined tongue
Gilded thy message with these words of scorn?
Rob. Add'st thou unto thy message, knight, or no?
Eus. The naked tenour of my master's mind
Thus I unfold; rash, saucy, insolent,
That by audacious boldness have not fear'd
To break into my sovereign's royal pale;
I charge you to return the way you came,
And step by step tell every tedious stride,
That you have measured rashly in his land;
Or by the honour of his name he swears,
To chace you from the margent of his coast,
With an unnumber'd army and huge host.
God. March back again! Oh scandal to our names!
Have we deserv'd to be so censur'd on?
Though not one man upon my part would stand,
Alone I'll pierce the bowels of his land.
Guy. Basely retire, and thirty thousand strong!
Were the whole world's power ambush'd in our way,
Yet would we on. Return dishonourably!
Forward I'll march, though every step I tread
Plunge me in blood thus high above my head.
Rob. Princes, have patience, let me answer him.
Knight, I condemn not thee for speaking boldly
The proud defiance that thy master sends:
But mildly we return our pleasures thus.
We do confess it was some over-sight
To march so far, without some notice given
Unto the lord and prince that [32] owes the land:
And we could wish that we had crav'd his leave.
But since 'tis thus, that we have march'd thus far,
And basely to retire is infamous,
(If not with leave) we forward mean to go:
Despight of king or emperor shall say no.
Eus. I will inform the prince my sovereign so. [*Exit.*
Guy. That young knight's face, methinks, I well should know.
God. I see the swords, were sharp'd 'gainst infidels,
Must be employ'd to lavish Christian blood.
Upon his soul lie all the heinous guilt,
Who, being a Christian prince, forbids and bars
Our quiet passage to these Pagan wars.
Guy. This bickering will but keep our arms in [33] ure,
The holy battles better to endure.
Rob. Well, God for us, for our intent is good;
Charg'd be their souls with all this Christian blood.

Enter Tancred, Charles, Eustace, *Drum, Colours, and Soldiers, marching.*

Tan. What art thou brav'st the County Palatine?
Rob. My name is Robert duke of Normandy.
Tan. Speak, will ye all retire the way ye came?
Rob. God keep duke Robert from so foul a shame!
God. Basely retire when we have march'd thus far!
First we'll unpeople this thy land by war.
Char. Then will we drive you back by our main force,
And seize upon your troops of foot and horse.
Guy. So say you: but, should you attempt to do't,
We straight should overthrow you horse and foot.
Eus. So said, so done, brave lord, were gallant play;
But you would at the first push shrink away.
Rob. No, proud Italians, all our spirits are fire,
Which burns not downward, but is made t'aspire.
Prince, we confess we did forget ourselves,
Presuming on that ancient privilege
Which every Christian brother prince should claim
One in the interest of another's name;
An error we confess, though not a fault.
But basely with dishonour back to fly,
And to be held as cowards, we [34] deny.
Tan. And nothing else can satisfy mine ire,
But whence ye came the same way to retire.
Rob. And that I'll never do.
God. Nor I.
Guy. Nor I.

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[32] *Owes.*—See Note 27 to *Cornelia*, Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. II. p. 284. edit. 1780.
[33] *Ure*—i. e. in practice, use. See Note 12 to *Ferrex and Porrex*, Vol. I. p. 26.
[34] *Deny.*—See Note 18, p. 79.

Char. Then shall ye on these Lumbard champains die.
To arms, brave soldiers!
Eus. Strike up, warlike drum;
Prepare you, Christian princes, now we come.
God. Stay, brave prince Tancred, stay, great Norman duke.
Out of my zeal to God and Christendom,
To staunch the blood which should be broach'd this day,
Unto the grief of all that honour Christ,
And joy to such as love idolatry:
I make this challenge general through the host
Of him that interrupts us on our way.
If any proud Italian dare take up
The honour'd gage which I have here thrown down,
And fight a single combat for our passage;
These shall be made our strict conditions:
If him I conquer, all our host shall march
Without least let and contradiction:
If I be vanquish'd by thy champion's hand,
Our army shall march back out of thy land.
Char. A princely motion to save Christian blood.
Great prince of Italy, upon my knee
I humbly beg I may thy champion be.
Tan. Thou hast thy suit; thy valour hath been try'd:
With a rough brow see thou confront his pride.
Rob. Then what ten thousand Christian lives should right,
These two brave lords will end in single fight.
Tan. It is agreed.
Eus. Stand to't, brave outlaw-brother,
Would I were one of them.
Guy. And I the other.
Char. What weapon wilt thou use?
God. That which next comes.
Give me this partizan; now strike up, drums.
Char. Give me this soldier's; trumpet, sound a charge:
I'll stop the passage which he seeks t' enlarge.
God. Princes, stand off, my warlike arm this day,
For all your troops, shall win a prosperous way.
Char. Thou canst not enter, though the way stood ope;
My heart, and this, thy passage vows to stop.
God. Yet will I through.
Char. Thou shalt not, this says nay.
God. Oh, but behold! I have this to hew my way.

They fight, and are parted by ROBERT *and* TANCRED.

Tan. I would not lose my champion for the world.
Rob. Nor I this prince: for were these spirits [spent,
All Christen dom their fortunes might lament.
Part them on equal odds, and equal terms:
Both alike valiant, both have honour won,
More valorous live not underneath the sun.
Tan. We will reserve their haughty chivalries,
To exercise against God's enemies.
Eus. They have won honour, I have idly stood:
By my good stars I'll have a challenge too,
If any in their camp dares answer me.
Give me thy pike, a pike a prince may trail,
And at that weapon will I challenge all.
Great prince, these fiery princes that came hither
To brave our forces, had a champion
To challenge us: are we as valiant,
And shall we fail to do the like to them?
Give me but leave, my lord, to send one boast
T' affright them, like a devil, through their host.
Tan. It pleaseth us; then when thou wilt begin.
Rob. What champion shall we have to answer him?
Guy. I should esteem him my immortal foe,
That should attempt to take away the honour
Of such a strong encounter from my hand.
Champion, appear betwixt our royal hosts,
Let's see thy strength make good thy haughty boasts.
Eus. I am here; stand thou forth on the adverse part.
Survey me well, brave Hector I resemble,
Whose very brow did make the Greeks to tremble.
Guy. But I, Achilles, proud ambitious boy,
Will drag thy coarse about the walls of Troy.
Give me thy pike, I'll toss it like a reed,
And with this bull-rush make mine enemy bleed.
Rapier and pike! is that thy honoured play?
Look down, ye gods, this combat to survey.
Eus. Rapier and pike this combat shall decide;
Gods, angels, men, shall see me tame thy pride.
Guy. Thou do'st thyself wrong to o'er-charge thine arm
With such a weapon as thou canst not wield.
I'll teach thee; thou shalt like my zany be,
And feign to do my cunning after me.
Eus. Thou would'st instruct thy master at this play.
Think'st thou this rye-straw can o'er-rule my arm?
Thus do I bear him when I use to march;
Thus can I fling him up, and catch him thus:
[*They toss their pikes.*
Then thus, to try the sinews of my arm.
Guy. But thou should'st charge him thus, advance him thus,
Thus should'st thou take him, when thou seest from far
The violent horses run to break our ranks.
Eus. All that is nothing, I can toss him thus.
Guy. I thus: 'tis easier sport than the [35] baloon.

[35] *Baloon.*—i. e. foot-ball. *Balon*, Fr. S.

Eus. We trifle time, this shall thy rage withstand.
Guy. With this, our host shall pierce thy sovereign's land.

They fight; ROBERT *and the Palatine cast their* [36] *warders between them, and part them.*

Rob. That host should lose ten thousand Pagans lives
With the rich honour of their overthrow,
That should but lose his champion in this combat.
If both should perish, our brave Christian army
Should be more weak by thousands than it was.
Yan. Their matchless valour have prevail'd with us;
Freely enjoy the pleasures of our land;
Our army here we do conjoin with yours,
To lead them to the fair Jerusalem.
Rob. We pawn our faith to this perpetual league:
And now we shew ourselves that Christian host,
In which true peace should flourish and abound;
Unto this peace let drums and trumpets sound.
Champions, embrace; and all your stern debate
[*Flourish.*
Pour in abundance on the Pagans' heads.
Princes and lords, let our united bands
Win back Judea from the Pagans' hands.
[*Exeunt marching.*

Manet the French Lady.

Lady. Thus have I mask'd my bashful modesty
Under the habit of a trusty page,
And now my servant's servant am I made.
Love, that transform'd the gods to sundry shapes,
Hath wrought in me this metamorphosis.
My love and lord, that honoured me a woman,
Loves me a youth, employs me every where;
I serve him, wait upon him; and he swears
He favours both my truth and diligence:
And now I have learnt to be a perfect page,
He will have none to truss his points but me,
At board to wait upon his cup but me,
To bear his target in the field but me.
Nay, many a thing, which makes me blush to speak;
He will have none to lie with him but me;
I dream and dream, and things come in my mind:
Only I hide my eyes; but my poor heart
Is barr'd and kept from love's [37] society.
Like Tantalus, such is my poor repast,
I see the apples that I cannot taste.
I'll stay my time, and hope yet, ere I die,
My heart shall feast as richly as my eye.
[*Exit. Flourish.*

Enter the Old SOULDAN, *the Young* SOPHY, *tables and forms; and* MORETES, TURNUS, *with Drum and Soldiers.*

Soul. Counsel, brave lords; the Christian army marcheth
Even to our gates with paces undisturb'd;
The hollow earth resounds with weight of arms,
And shrinks to bear so huge a multitude.
They make a valley as they march along,
And raising hills encompass either side.
Counsel, brave lords, these terrors to decide.
Sophy. Jove's great vicegerent over all the world:
Let us confront their pride, and with our powers
Disperse the strength of their assembled troops.
Soul. Sion is ours by conquest; all Judæa
Is the rich honour of our conquering swords.
Shall we not guard it then, and make our breasts
The walls that shall defend Jerusalem?
Sophy. They shall march over us, that march this way:
Before the Christians shall attain these walls
With dead men's faces we will pave the earth.
Soul. I cannot judge the Christians are so mad
To come in way of battle, but of peace.
Sophy. They rather travel in devotion,
To pay their vows at their Messiah's tomb,
And so, as pilgrims, not as soldiers come.
Soul. Your own power blinds you, and hath skreen'd your eyes,
My hairs do wear experience livery:
But yours, the badge of youth and idleness.
Their army stands upon a mountain top,
Like a huge forest; their tall pikes, like pines,
In height do over-peer the lower trees;
Their horsemen ride like Centaurs in the meads,
And scout abroad for pillage and for prey:
Courage is their good captain.
Sophy. Courage! no.
Pale fear, and black destruction, lead the foe.
Soul. I say again, the Christian princes lead
An army, for their power invincible.
Victorious hope sits hovering on their plumes;
Their gilded armour shines against the sun,
Dazzling our eyes from top of yonder hill,
Like the bright streaks that flow from paradise.
Sophy. Oh, conquest worthy the brave Persian swords!
Let us descend from forth the town and meet them.

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[36] *Warders.*—Warders appear to have been a kind of truncheons carried by the person who presided at these single combats. On its being thrown down, both the parties were obliged to cease fighting. So, in the account given by Hall of the duel between the Duke of Norfolk and Duke of Hereford, it is said, "The Duke of Norffolke was not full set forwarde when the Kynge cast doune his *warder*, and the heraultes cried ho, ho. Then the Kyng caused their speres to be taken from them, &c." *Introduction to the History of Henry IV.* fol. 3. See also Mr Steevens's Note on *King Richard II.* A. 1. S. 3.

[37] *Society.*—The first edition reads *saticty.*

Soul. No.
Sophy. Yes.
Soul. [38] Should Jove himself in thunder answer I,
When we say no; we'd pull him from the sky.
Sophy. Should Souldan, Sophy, priest, or presbyter,
Or gods, or devils, or men, gainsay our will,
Him, them, or thee, would the brave Persian kill.
Mor. Quench your hot spleens with drops of sweet advice,
Temper your rage with counsel, mighty kings.
Soul. I say we will make peace with Christendom.
Sophy. I say the Persian scorns to be colleague,
Or to have part with them of Christendom.
Soul. Yet hear my age.
Sophy. Yet hearken to my youth. [age.
Mor. My tongue give place unto the Souldan's
Tur. But I applaud the Persian's youthful rage.
Soul. Stay, lords, our grave experience doth foresee
The mischiefs that attend on this debate.
We tread the path of our destruction,
By our dissentions grow the Christians strong,
Whom our united hearts may easily quell.
Brave Persian Sophy, we commend your hate
To them that have abhorr'd our Pagan gods;
Yet temper it with wisdom, valiant prince.
'Tis our security I would increase,
When with my words I mention gentle peace.
Mor. Experience doth instruct the Souldan's tongue,
Hearken to him, he speaks judicially.
Sophy. My tongue a while gives licence to mine ear;
The depth of your grave wisdom let us hear.
Soul. Then thus, let's send unto the Christians' host,
To know what cause hath brought them thus far arm'd.
If peaceably they come to visit here
The ancient reliques of their Saviour's tomb;
Peace shall conduct them in, and guard them out.
But if they come to conquer Sion's hill,
And make irruption through our triple walls;
Death and despair shall ambush in their way,
And we will seize the ensigns they display.
Sophy. My youth yields willingly to your grave years:
Let it be so. But whom shall we elect
To be created lords embassadors?
Soul. Moretes shall be one; for I am sure
He will employ his tongue, peace to procure.
Sophy. Turnus another; he that all things dares,
Will with defiance stir them up to wars.
Soul. Moretes and brave Turnus, speed you straight
Unto the Christian host; say, if they come
Like pilgrims, to behold the sepulchre,
Our gates stand open to receive them in;
And be you painful to persuade a peace.
But if they stand upon their hostile ground,
Say that our breasts are arm'd, our swords are keen,
Bold are our hearts, and fiery is our spleen.
And so be gone.
Mor. I to persuade a peace. [*Exit.*
Tur. I go the furious rage of war t' encrease. [*Exit.*
Soul. We will mean time conduct our royal hosts,
(One half is mine, the other you shall lead)
To intercept them ere they win the sight
Of these invincible and high-built walls.
Brave Persians, we will both in ambush lie,
Sure now the Christians are all come to die.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter TANCRED *with* BELLA FRANCA, *richly attired: she somewhat affecting him, though she makes no shew of it;* ROBERT *of Normandy, the four Brethren, and the French Lady like a Page.*

Tan. Behold, brave Christian princes, all the glory
That Tancred can inherit in this world.
Eus. Part of it's mine.
Char. And part belongs to me.
God. An heavenly mixture now beshrew my heart,
But Godfrey with the rest could cry half part.
Guy. I am all hers.
Rob. That lady seems to me
The fairest creature ever eye did see.
B. Fran. Tancred, of all, thy face best pleaseth me. [*In private.*
Tan. Fair lady.
Eus. Madam.
Char. Mistress.
God. Beauteous love.
Guy. Bright goddess.
Rob. Nymph.
F. Lady. Love whom ye will say I:
So ye affect not my beloved Guy.
Tan. Lords, she is mine.
Eus. When did my interest cease?
Char. When I am here, you brother out-law, peace.

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[38] *Should Jove himself*, &c.—The Souldan here is as violent as Prince Prettyman in *The Rehearsal*, A. 4. S. 2.:

"Durst any God be so uncivil,
I'd make that God subscribe himself a devil."

God. Why should not I enjoy her?
Rob. Why not I?
Guy. She can have none but me.
Eus. and Char. That we deny.
B. Fran. Princes, what means this frenzy in your hearts?
Or hath some necromantic conjurer
Rais'd by his art some fury in my shape,
To work sedition in the Christian camp?
You have confirm'd by general parliament
A statute, that must stand inviolate;
Namely, that mutiny in prince or peasant
Is death, a kingdom cannot save his life.
Then whence proceed these strange contentions?
Char. I seiz'd her first.
Eus. I first her thoughts did prove.
Tan. I plead the composition for my love.
Rob. If wealth will win the thoughts of that chaste lady,
I'll bid as fair as any for her love.
God. If valour may atchieve her, I 'mongst many
Will bid more warlike blows for her than any.
Guy. Nay, if you go to scrambling, this for me. [*Draws.*
F. Lady. Speed they that list, so you repulsed be.
B. Fran. Yet hear me, princes.
Eus. Hence with frivolous words.
God. Stand we to prate, when others draw their swords?
Char. Speak thou my cause. [*Draws.*
Tan. This shall my pleader be. [*Draws.*
Eus. Thou art for us. [*Draws.*
Rob. And, sword, speak thou for me.
B. Fran. He that best loves me, pierce me with his sword,
Lest I become your general overthrow.
I do conjure you, by the love you bear me,
Either to banish this hostility,
Or all at once to act my tragedy.
A blow is death proclaim'd by parliament:
Can ye make laws, and be the first that break them?
Knew I that this my beauty bred this strife,
With some black poison I would stain my cheeks,
Till I look'd fouler than an Æthiop.
Still do ye brandish your contentious swords?
This night shall end my beauty, and to-morrow
Look to behold my crystal eyes scratch'd out,
My visage martyr'd, and my hair torn off:
He that best loves it, ransom it with peace,
I will preserve it, if your fury cease.
But if ye still persist, the heavens I call
As my vow's witness, I will hate ye all.
Tan. To shew my love, my sword shall sleep in rest.
God. I'll keep mine sharp for the brave Souldan's crest.
Guy. Peace, sword.
Rob. The Norman Robert keeps his keen,
T' abate the fury of the Souldan's spleen.
Char. My sword cries truce.
Eus. Blade, when thou next art seen,
Thou mak'st thy lord a king, his love a queen.
B. Fran. You have redeem'd my beauty, your last jar
Had made perfection with my face at war.
Eus. Lady, the virtuous motions of your heart
Add to th' abundant graces of your fame.
It was your beauty that did blind our souls,
And in our close breast plac'd oblivion.
'Tis true, we have ordain'd a strict decree,
That whosoever in our Christian host
Strikes with a sword in hostile enmity,
Forfeits his life; then break off this debate,
And keep our own decrees inviolate.

Enter, with [39] *a Tucket before them,* TURNUS *and* MORETES.

Mor. Health to the Christians from the mighty Souldan.
Tur. Death and destruction from the Persian Sophy.
Rob. That tongue brings peace, to thee will I attend.
God. That tongue brings war, thy motions we commend.
Tan. Speak peace, thy looks are smooth, we'll list to thee.
Char. Speak war, bring war, and we to war agree.
Mor. The Babylonian Souldan, mighty princes,
Sends me to know the cause of this your march
Into a land so far remote from ye.
If ye intend to see your prophet's tomb,
As holy pilgrims, peace shall guard your way.
Eus. Peace we defy; let's hear what thou canst say.
Rob. Proceed, proceed.
Guy. Do; and I'll sound my drum,
To drown his voice that doth for parleance come.
Eus. Why, I am born to nothing in this world
But what my sword can conquer. Should we yield
Our fortunes to base composition,
I have no hopes mine honour to increase:
Curst be his base ear that attends to peace!
Mor. Let me conclude my message.
God. Pagan, no;
War's friend speak thou; I am to peace a foe.
Tur. The Persian Sophy thus instructs my tongue:
That prince amongst you whose heroic breast
Dares shew itself to his triumphant spear,
(Excepting but the name of Christian)
Like to the Persian gods he honours him.
But should he know a heart in these proud troops,

[39] *A tucket.*—See Note 16 to *The First Part of Jeronimo*, Vol. I. p. 469.

And know that heart to be addict to peace,
He'd hate him like a man that should blaspheme.
In Sion towers hangs his victorious flag,
Blowing defiance this way; and it shows
Like a red meteor in the troubled air;
Or like a blazing comet, that foretells
The fall of princes.
Char. Thine own prince's fall.
Tur. Then, in one word, destruction to you all!
God. I had not thought such spirits had remain'd
Within the warlike breasts of Infidels.
Eus. Dares the majestic spirit of thy king
Answer a challenge? dares he pawn his crown
Against the hazard of ten thousand lives?
Guy. And who should fight against him?
Eus. I.
Guy. Thou!
Eus. I, 'gainst him, and thee, and all the world,
That interdicts my honour.
Guy. Me!
Eus. Thee. [*A blow changed.*
Guy. Fire, rage, and fury, all my veins do swell;
Be mute, my tongue; bright sword, my fury tell.
Eus. Fire mount 'gainst his mad fury, check his rage,
Burn out then flame, his blood thy heat shall 'suage. [*They fight, and are parted.*
God. What have ye done? injustice stains our crests,
If for this act ye have not lost [40] your lives.
Rob. I will not bear the badge of Christendom
In such a Bedlam mad society.
Char. Cease to determine of their hair-brain rage,
Till ye have sent the Pagans from our tents.
Tan. 'Tis well advis'd. Soldiers, take charge of them,
Till we determine of our embassy.
Mor. I fear me, Turnus, had you known before
The spirits of these haughty Christians,
T' have been so full of envious chivalry,
You would have temper'd some part of your rage.
You see they strive, and fight amongst themselves,
To practise hate against they meet with us.
Tur. Moretes, no; we scorn all abject fears,
And they shall know our hearts as great as theirs.
God. It shall be so. Attend me, Pagan lords;
We come not with grey gowns, and pilgrim's staves,
Beads at our sides, and sandals on our feet,
Fear in our hearts, entreaty in our tongues,
To beg a passage to our prophet's grave;
But our soft beaver fells we have turn'd to iron,
Our gowns to armour, and [41] our shells to plumes,
Our walking staves we have chang'd to scymitars;
And so with pilgrims hearts, not pilgrims habits,
We come to hew our way through your main armies,
And offer at the tomb our contrite hearts
Made purple with as many Pagans bloods,
As we have in our breasts religious thoughts.
And so be gone, no words in trifling waste,
Death follows after you with wings of haste.
Tur. That prince speaks musick, which doth chear my heart.
Mor. Princes adieu, with terror I depart. [*Exeunt.*
Char. Now to these other captain-mutineers.
What shall be done with them?
Eus. Even what you please.
We have liv'd with pain, and we can die with ease.
Guy. What God hath made, a God's name do you mar?
Death is the least I fear: now to the bar.
Rob. Lords, give me leave to temper our decree.
The law is death, but such is our regard
Of Christian blood, we moderate it thus.
Because we know your worths, your lives are sav'd:
Yet that the world shall see we prize our laws,
And are not partial should we sit on kings;
We doom you everlasting banishment
From out the Christian army.
Eus. Banishment!
This was your doing; well, I'll be reveng'd:
By all the hopes that I have lost, I will.
Princes, your dooms are upright, I obey them,
And voluntarily exile myself.
(Against my furious spirit) I could weep
To leave this royal army, and to lose
The honour promis'd in the Pagans' deaths.
Farewel to all, with tears of grief I go.
Ye are all my friends, thou only art my foe. [*Exit.*
Guy. Hold me so still; where'er I next shall meet thee,
This sword, like thunder, on thy crest shall greet thee.
Banish'd the camp I go, but not so far,
But I will make one in this Christian war:
Like an unknown knight I will bear a shield,
In it engraven the trade I did profess,
When once I was a Goldsmith in Cheapside:
And if I prosper, to these arms I'll add

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[40] *Your.*—The first edition reads *their.*

[41] *Our shells to plumes.*—Dr Warburton observes (Note to *Hamlet*, A. 4. S. 5), "that the chief places of devotion being beyond sea, or on the coasts, the pilgrims were accustomed to put cockle-shells upon their hats, to denote the intention or performance of their devotion." See also Mr Steevens on the same passage.

Some honour, and the scutcheon I shall bear
Shall to the Pagans bring pale death and fear.
Adieu, brave Christian lords; for I must stray,
A banish'd man can never miss his way. [*Exit.*
God. Why do you look so sad upon their griefs?
Char. Ah, pardon me. My heart begot a thought
At their departure, which had been of force
T'have strain'd a tear or two from my moist eye.
How like was he to Eustace! he to Guy!
God. A leaden weight of grief lies at my heart,
And I could wish myself were banish'd too,
To bear them in their sorrows company.
Rob. These, for example's sake, must be remov'd,
And though their absence will much weaken us,
Yet we had rather put us in God's guard,
Lessening our own strength, than to bear with that
Which might in time lead to our overthrow.
March forward, lords; our love we will defer.
Prince Tancred, till our wars chief heat be spent,
Keep still this beauteous lady in your tent.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

Manent French Lady and BELLA FRANCA.

F. Lady. My lord is banish'd, what shall [42] poor I do?
There is no way, but I must after too.
But ere I go some cunning I must use,
To make this lady my lord's love refuse.
B. Fran. Fair youth, why have you singled me alone?
Is it to share joy, or partake my moan?
F. Lady. Whether you please. Invention, help me now, [*Apart.*
To bring her out of love with my sweet lord;
For should she love him I were quite undone.
Madam, in faith, how many suiters have you?
B. Fran. More than I wish I had; first, the French general.
F. Lady. Oh God, I fear: I think I am accurst.
She loves him best, because she names him first.
B. Fran. The English Robert, County Palatine;
Two gentlemen that took me in the woods;
One is now banish'd, but the other still
Stays in the army; then, the Boloign duke.
F. Lady. And which of all these is the properest man?
B. Fran. 'Faith, let me hear thy judgment.
F. Lady. Prince Robert is a gallant gentleman:
But the French lord uncomely, and unshap'd.
Tancred's a proper man, but the French lord,
He hath no making, no good shape at all.
I could not love a man of his complexion:
I would not have him if I were a lady,
Had he more crowns than Cæsar conquered.
B. Fran. I see no such defects in that French lord.
F. Lady. Ay, ay, 'tis so. Upon my life, she loves him!
I must devise some plot, or they will use
Some means to meet, and marry out of hand.
Lady, he was my master; but, believe me,
He is the most insatiate man for women,
That ever breath'd; nay, madam, which is more,
He loves variety, and delights in change.
And I heard him say, should he be married,
He'd make his wife a cuck-quean.
B. Fran. Why though he do; 'tis virtue in a woman,
If she can bear his imperfections.
F. Lady. Upon my life, they are made sure already,
She's pleas'd with any imperfections.
What should I do?
B. Fran. Now, fair youth, list to me,
I will acquaint the with a secrecy.
These lords so trouble me with their vain suits,
That I am tir'd and wearied, and resolve
To steal away in secret from the camp.
F. Lady. My Guy is gone, and she would follow him;
I must prevent it, or else lose my love.
B. Fran. Wilt thou consort me, bear me company,
And share with me in joy and misery?
F. Lady. Madam, I will. She loves him, and no wonder.
I'll go, be't but to keep them still asunder.
B. Fran. Then from their tents this night we'll steal away,
And through the wide woods and the forests stray.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

Enter SOULDAN, SOPHY, TURNUS, MORETES, *Drums, Ensigns, and Soldiers.*

Soul. Then your reports sound nought but death and war.
Mor. The Christians would not lend an ear to peace.
Sophy. Since they demean themselves so honourably,
This earth shall give them honourable graves.
Tur. By pride herself are their proud ensigns born:
War in their tongues sits; in their faces scorn.
Soul. Our resolutions shall control base fears.
We are proud as they; our swords shall answer theirs.

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[42] *Poor I.*—This expression is ridiculed in *The Rehearsal*, A. 3. S. 5:

"Pray let us two this single boon obtain,
That you will here, with *poor us*, still remain."

Sophy. Didst thou deliver our strict embassy?
Tur. I did, my lord.
Soul. Did they not quake to hear it?
Tur. No more than rocks shake with a puff of breath;
They come resolv'd, and not in fear of death.
Sophy. Look'd they not pale?
Tur. With fury, not with fear.
They were mad, because your forces were not there.
Soul. Did you not dash their spirits? fell not their eyes
Down to the earth, when thou didst speak of us?
Went not a fearful murmur through their host,
When thou did'st number our unnumbered power?
Did not their faint swords tremble in their hands
At that name Souldan?
Sophy. Or when thou nam'dst me,
My power, my strength, my matchless chivalry;
Fell they not flat upon the earth with fear?
Tur. No, but their proud hearts bounded in their breasts,
Their plumes flew bravely on their golden crests:
And they were ready to have fallen at jar,
Which of them first should with the Persian war.
Mor. There was no tongue but breath'd defiance forth:
I could not see a face but menac'd death:
No hand, but brandish'd a victorious sword.
They all cry battle, battle; peace defy;
And not a heart but promis'd victory.
Soul. There's not an heart shall scape our tyranny,
Since they provoke our indignation:
Like the vast ocean shall our courage rise,
To drown their pride, and all their powers surprize.
Sophy. My scymitar is like the bolt of Jove,
That never toucheth but it strikes with death.
Oh how I long till we, with spears in rests,
Strike out the lightning from their high-plum'd crests.
Soul. I would burn off this beard in such a flame,
As I could kindle with my puissant blows:
Yet the least hair I value at more worth
Than all the Christian empire.
Sophy. Speak, brave Souldan,
[43] Shall our bar'd horses climb yond' mountain tops,
And bid them battle where they pitch their tents?
Soul. [44] Courage cries, on; but good advice saith, stay.
Experience bids us fight another way.
Why should we tire our troops in search of them,
That with audacious boldness seek out us?
Let us stand to receive them when they come,
And with a grove of pikes growing on this earth,
Where now no tree appears, toss up their bodies,
Whose coarses by your strong arms kept aloof
May hang like bloody pendants on your staves.
Sophy. Oh sight best pleasing to the Persian gods!
Tur. In the skies forehead shall the bright sun stand
Amaz'd to view that glorious spectacle,
And with the pleasing sight forget his way,
To grace our trophy with perpetual day.
Mor. But how shall we receive their armed troops?
What special order will your grace assign
To them that shall command your companies?
Soul. It shall be thus. This way the Christians march;
The body of our Host shall stay behind,
To be a strength to fair Jerusalem.
But we with certain soldiers secretly
Will lie in ambush: the great Persian Sophy,
With Turnus, and a chief command of men,
Shall guard that way: myself, and thou Moretes,
Will keep this passage with a troop select,
To seize on their fore-runners, scouts, and spies.
Assist us, Fate; ere long the world shall know
Our glories by the Christians' overthrow.
This is my quarter: these my men shall be.
Sophy. Moretes, thou and these shall follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ROBERT *of Normandy.*

Rob. Oh, whither will blind love conduct my steps?
Prince Tancred's dear, and English Robert's joy,
Is fled in secret, and hath left our tents.
Thus, like an errant and adventurous knight,
I have left the host to follow her fair search,
And durst not trust the air with my intent.
This way, they say, she went; the camp's secure.
This way, unknown, in secret I pursue her.

Enter CHARLES.

Char. This way my love went like a shooting star,
Whose blazing train doth gild the firmament.

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[43] *Shall our bar'd horses,* &c.—The bar'd horses are the barbed horses, i. e. horses adorned with trappings. So in *The Miracles of Moses*, by Drayton:

"There floats the bar'd steed with his rider drown'd."

See Note on *King Richard III.* Shakspeare, Vol. VII. p. 4. edit. 1778. S.

[44] *Courage cries,* &c.—So, in *The Rehearsal*, A. 3. S. 5:

"Shall I to honour, or to love give way?
Go on, cries honour; tender love says, nay."

Such glorious beauty adds she to the way,
Making the dark night-paths shine bright as day.
Ye honoured arms farewel, and camp adieu,
I do forsake myself her to pursue.
Rob. Behold a traveller! I will enquire
If chance hath cast his eye upon my love.
Char. I was about to ask of yonder man,
Whether her beauty had enrich'd his sight:
But 'tis my rival Robert; Charles, obscure thee;
For should he see thee, he would quickly judge
What adamant had drawn me to these woods.
One case I see hath made us errants both.
To be found wandering thus I should be loth.
Rob. Love that drew me hath drawn that knight along,
Being but a child, a giant's not so strong.

Enter SOULDAN, MORETES, *and Soldiers.*

Soul. Stand, Christians; by your crosses on your breasts
Ye're mark'd for death, and base destruction.
Rob. What are ye, that, like cowards, with such odds
Assault us thus unfurnish'd for the wars.
Soul. I am the Souldan; these my men at arms,
That lie to intercept you, and prepare
For your accursed lives this fatal snare.
Char. The Souldan, the grand enemy to Christ,
The devil's lieutenant, viceroy under him!
Brave English Robert, since our frowning stars
Have brought us to this narrow exigent,
And train'd us hither with a chain of love
To perish by the swords of infidels,
Stand foot to foot.
Rob. Tush, I am Pagans' swords proof; and my stars
Have mark'd me for a conqueror in these wars.
Soul. Upon them, soldiers; pity they despise,
Scarce can the world afford a richer prize.
[*Alarum.*

They fight, and are both taken.

Char. Thou glorious eye of heaven, be ever blind;
Mask thy bright face in clouds eternally;
Dark vapours and thick mists thy front embrace;
And never shine to look on my disgrace.
Rob. A prisoner, Robert! this my comfort be:
He makes me bound that best can set me free.
Soul. Take them to guard, this entrance to our wars
Is full of spirit, and begets much hope.
We will not yet examine what ye are,
Till tortures wring it from your slavish tongues.
That done, your bloods these champions shall embrue; [crew.
Mean time we'll wait for more of your loose

Enter GUY *with his shield, and a Page brings his sword and target: in each of his hands a pole-axe.*

Guy. I am turn'd wild man since I us'd these forests;
And I have won more weapons in these woods,
From out-laws, whom my sword hath vanquished,
Than I can carry on my back with ease.
I have swords, targets, pikes, and partisans,
Pole-axes, maces, clubs, and horsemen's staves,
Darts, halberds, long swords, pistols, petronels,
All which I have conquered. At this mountain ridge
Two villains with these weapons set upon me:
But with my sword I made them turn their heels,
And leave these trophies which I thus support,
And bear upon my shoulders conqueror-like.
What! do I see an ambush? by their arms
They should be Pagans: Robert prisoner!
With him a Christian leader! Oh, my God!
Thou hast either brought me to revive my name
By rescuing these, or here to die with shame.
Come life, come death; a banish'd man will try
To live with honour, or with honour die.
Robert, break from thy guard, make them dismay'd,
Receive these weapons, God hath sent thee aid.
Rob. [45] God, and Saint George.
Char. Now by the Souldan's crown,
If I can wield this weapon, he shall down.
Guy. The Christian's God for us.
Soul. What, are they free?
Alarum drums, the heathen powers for me.
[*They fight; the Pagans are beaten off,* GUY *departs suddenly.*
Rob. Some angel, in the habit of a knight,
Hath rescued us: such heavy downright blows
Could never come from any mortal arm.
For every blow he reach'd was certain death.
Char. What is that power, if heavenly power he be,
That we may laud and praise his deity?
Rob. Departed on a sudden ere we know,
To whom our freedoms and our lives we owe!
Char. By that inscription graven on his shield,
We may perhaps descry him in the camp;
Cease admiration then: let these events
Hasten our steps back to survey our tents.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter severally GODFREY *and* TANCRED.

Tan. Godfrey!
God. Tancred!
Tan. Well met, my lords, in these unpeopled paths:
What hath your love made you to leave the field?

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[45] *God, and Saint George.*—See Note 9 to the *Pinner of Wakefield*, Vol. I. p. 446.

God. Godfrey ne'er dreamt to have met with Tancred here:
The lady that hath fled from our chaste love
(Whom Tancred I do more affectionate,
Because she much resembles my fair sister)
Hath caused me so much to forget myself,
And play the wanderer in these unknown woods— [*Soft march.*
But soft, that drum should speak the Pagan's tongue:
I fear we are betray'd; ay, ay, 'tis so:
Tancred, we are round compast by the foe.

SOULDAN, SOPHY, *and Soldiers, encompass the Christian Princes: Enter* EUSTACE, *and set them free.*

Eus. Thank me for this; for, next th' Almighty powers, [lives.
I have been the means to save your desperate
Now, Christian Princes, I am quit with you
For all the grace you have done me in the camp;
And now you owe me for my banishment.
And though you have exil'd me from your tents,
You have not power to keep from the wars.
Upon this shield I bear the Grocers' arms,
Unto which trade I was enrol'd and bound:
And, like a strange knight, I will aid the Christians:
Thou trade, which did'st sustain my poverty,
Did'st, helpless, help me; though I left thee then,
Yet that the world shall see I am not ingrate,
Or scorning that, which gave my fortunes breath,
I will enlarge these arms, and make their name
The original and life of all my fame.
But I am tir'd with travel, shield lie there:
Oh that I could but see that lustly spirit,
My arch-foe, rival in my banishment,
To be reveng'd, and end my hostile hate!
I'll dream I fight with him to ease my spleen,
And in that thought I lay me on this green.
[*Sleeps.*

Enter GUY *with a Paper and his Shield.*

Guy. Arms, ye are full of hope and sweet success,
The famous art, whose honoured badge ye are,
First, when I liv'd 'mongst London-prentices,
Gave me an honest and a pleasant life,
Now in these woods have won me fame and honour:
And I have rescued princes with this shield:
And princes are indebted to these arms.
And if I live, in memory of this,
Within their fair hall shall this scutcheon hang
Till some smooth pen historify my name.
What object's that? a knight asleep or dead?
Oh, 'tis the bass and ground of all my hate;
I'll kill the villain: oh dishonoured thought!
Art thou not son unto the Boloign duke,
And canst thou hatch dishonour? Arch-foe, live,
I scorn advantage, should I fight with Mars.
He bears this shield I will exchange with his,
And leave a motto written in mine own
Shall make him quake to read. Be swift my pen,
T'affright his sense when he shall wake again.
'Tis done. Then go with me; and mine stay here,
Which in despight of thee, base knight, I wear.
[*Exit.*

Eus. The hours have over-run me with swift pace,
And time hath fastened to him swallows' wings.
Come sword, come shield; but soft, thou art a stranger,
And pardon me good shield, I know thee not.
What have we here?

Ask not who that shield doth owe,
For he is thy mortal foe:
And where'er he sees that shield,
City, borough, grove, or field,
He that bears it, bears his bane,
By his hand he must be slain.
Thine, in spite of thee, he'll bear,
(If thou dar'st) his scutcheon wear.
He writ this, that thy shield will keep,
And might have slain thee being asleep.

'Tis a fine fellow; by this light, he is
An honest rogue, and hath a good conceit.
Wear it? I'll wear it. If I do not! well,
He needed not to have put in the [46] word;
For I dare; dare I? he shall see I dare.
Belike he fears I dare not challenge mine.
Were't fastened to the arm of Belzebub,
I would fight with him with firebrands for my shield.
But dares he wear mine? on my life he dares:
I love him like my brother for this act:
And I will bear this shield with as much pride,
As sate I in a chariot by Jove's side.
Shine bright, my stars, to do me some fair grace,
Bring us to meet in some auspicious place.
[*Exit.*

Enter BELLA FRANCA *and the French Lady flying, pursued by the Clown.*

Clown. Nay, you cowardly lady, that run away from the camp, and dare not stand to it, I am glad I have light on you; choose your weapon, choose your weapon; I am a soldier, and a martial man, and I will offer you the right of arms: if you vanquish me, I'll be your captive; if you be cast down, I'll carry you back prisoner.

F. Lady. I wear a weapon that I dare not draw!
Fie on this womanish fear; what shall I do?

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46 *Word*—i. e. *dare;* which is put in the margin of both the quartos as part of the text.

B. Fran. Some of my father's spirit revives in me;
Give me thy weapon, boy, and thou shalt see,
I for us both will win sweet liberty.
Clown. I was never so over-reach'd; and, but for shame, and that I am a man at arms, I would run away, and take me to my legs. Have at thee, sweet lady.

As they fight, EUSTACE *comes in.*

Eus. Base villain, dar'st thou offer violence
Unto a lady; stay, maintain thy challenge.
Clown. You think you have a fool in hand; no, by my faith, not I. If you have any business to the camp, farewel; I am running thither as fast as I can. [*Exit.*
Eus. Mount up, my soul, unto the height of joy!
Saving my foe, whose honoured shield I bear,
None living did I more desire to meet.
B. Fran. Saving those Christian lords that seek my love,
None living did I more desire to shun.
Eus. Well met, brave Saint, in these unpeopled paths,
Fear no rude force, for I am civil born,
Descended from a princely parentage,
And though an exile from the Christian's camp,
Yet in my heart I wear the cross of Christ,
Even in as deep a crimson as the best.
Love me, though I am landless, and remote
From the fair clime where first I breath'd this air;
Yet know I bear a kingdom in this sword,
And, ere I die, look to behold this front
Empal'd and circled with a royal crown.
B. Fran. I never mark'd this gallant half so much:
He hath my brother's eye, my father's brow,
And he is Eustace all from top to toe.
Eus. I had a sister, lady, with that red
That gives a crimson tincture to your cheek;
With such a hand hid in a glove of snow,
That spake all musick, like your heavenly tongue;
And for her sake, fair saint, I honour you.
B. Fran. I had a brother, had not the rude seas
Depriv'd me of him, with that manly look,
That grace, that courage, I behold in you.
A prince, whom had the rude seas never seen,
Even such another had young Eustace been.
Eus. Eustace! even such an accent gave her tongue,
So did my name sound in my sister's mouth.
Oh, Bella Franca, were't thou not obscur'd
Within a cloud and mask of poverty;
Such fame ere this had thy rare virtues won,
Thus had thy beauty check'd th' all-seeing sun.
B. Fran. It is my brother Eustace.
Eus. View her well.
Imagine her but thus attir'd, and she
Would Bella Franca and my sister be.
B. Fran. But strip my brother from his prentice coat,
His cap, his common soldier's base disguise;
Even such a gallant as this seems to me,
Such would my brother, my sweet Eustace, be.
Eus. Sister!
B. Fran. Brother!
Eus. Make me immortal then; by heaven I vow,
I am richer than the Persian Sophy now.
B. Fran. All Asia flows not with more plenteous treasure,
Than I, to embrace my brother, my heart's pleasure.
How did you scape the waves?
Eus. How have you past
The perilous land, and crost the seas so vast?
B. Fran. Where are my brothers, Eustace?
Eus. Oh, those words
Pierce to my heart like darts and pointed swords;
Omit these passions, sister, they are dead.
But to forget these griefs, what youth is this?
F. Lady. Page to the Prince of France.
Eus. 'Tis he I hate,
As chief occasion of my banishment.
B. Fran. Yet, my sweet brother, do not blame the youth,
Full well he hath demean'd himself with me.
He never, since we entred in these woods,
Left me in my distress; when we alone
Sit in these desarts, never by rude force
Did do me the least shame, or violence.
F. Lady. A good cause why I lead so chaste a life,
A jealous man may trust me with his wife.
Eus. Well, sirrah, for your truth and honesty
I pardon thee, though I detest thy lord.
F. Lady. Then let me change my habit, gentle sir,
Lest in this shape I chance to meet my master.
Then, if you please, I'll cloath me like a lady,
And wait upon your sister in your tent.
Eus. Nay, if it please thee, I am well content.
F. Lady. My plot is good; well, howsoe'er it prove,
'Twill either end my life, or win my love. [go
Eus. Come, best part of myself, we now will
To wail our fortunes, and discourse our woe.
I will disguis'd unto the famous siege,
And in these arms make known my valour's proof:
You shall in secret in my tent abide.
I to atchieve fame will my spirits employ,
After this grief my heart divines much joy.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ROBERT *and* TANCRED, GODFREY *and* CHARLES, *with their Shields and Scutcheons, Drum and Soldiers;* GODFREY'S *Shield, having a Maidenhead with a Crown in it;* CHARLES'S *Shield the Haberdashers' Arms.*

Rob. Behold the high walls of Jerusalem,
Which Titus and Vespasian once brake down:
From off these turrets have the ancient Jews

Seen worlds of people mustering on these plains.
Oh, princes, which of all your eyes are dry,
To look upon this temple, now destroy'd?
Yonder did stand the great Jehovah's house,
In midst of all his people, there he dwelt:
Vessels of gold did serve his sacrifice,
And with him for the people spake the priests.
There was the ark, the shewbread, Aaron's rod,
Sanctum sanctorum, and the Cherubins.
Now in that holy place, where God himself
Was personally present, Pagans dwell;
False gods are rear'd, each temple idols bears.
Oh, who can see this, and abstain from tears?
God. This way, this sacred path our Saviour trod,
When he came riding to Jerusalem,
Whilst the religious people spread his way
With flowers and garments, and Hosanna cry'd.
Yonder did stand the great church, where he taught,
Confuting all the Scribes and Pharisees.
This place did witness all his miracles:
Within this place did stand the judgment seat,
Where Pontius Pilate with the elders sate,
Where they condemn'd him to be whipp'd and crown'd,
To be derided, mock'd, and crucified,
His hands bor'd through with nails, his side with spears.
Oh, who can see this place, and keep his tears?
Char. On yond' side of the town he died for us:
At whose departure all these walls did shake,
And the destroy'd temples veil did rend:
The groves are to be seen, from which ghosts rose:
There stood the cross, there stands the sepulchre:
The place still bears the name of *Dead men's bones.*
And still the tomb our Saviour's livery wears.
What eye can see it, and not melt in tears?
Tan. No soldier but shall look with reverence
Upon these fair and glorious monuments.
To swear, or speak prophanely, shall be death.
I cast my heart as low as to this earth,
And wish that I could march upon my knees,
In true submission, and right holy zeal.
Oh, since our wars are [47] God's, abandon fears,
But, in contrition weep repentant tears.
Rob. Sound a parlee; I see your hearts are fir'd,
Your souls with victory from heaven inspir'd.

Sound a parlee. Enter, upon the walls, SOULDAN, SOPHY, TURNUS, MORETES. *Soldiers. Flourish.*

Soul. Why swarm these Christians to our city walls?
Look (foreigners), do not the lofty spires,
And these cloud-kissing turrets that you see,
Strike deadly terror in your wounded souls?
Go, Persian, flourish my vermillion flag,
Advance my standard high, the sight whereof
Will drive these stragglers in disordered ranks,
And in a burly burly throng them hence.
P. Sophy. See how they quake, to view our martial looks!
As when a sturdy Cyclops rears aloft
A boisterous truncheon 'mongst a troop of dwarfs.
God. Souldan and Sophy, ye damn'd hell-hounds both,
So quakes the eagle to behold a gnat,
The lion to behold a marmoset.
I'll beard and brave you in your own belief,
As when the heathen god, whom you call Jove,
Warr'd with the giant, great Enceladus,
And flung him from Olympus two-topp'd mount,
The swains stood trembling to behold his fall,
That with his weight did make the earth to groan.
So, Souldan, look, when I have scal'd these walls,
And won the place where now thou stand'st secure,
To be hurl'd head-long from the proudest tower,
In scorn of thee, thy false gods, and their power.
Char. We will assail you like rebounding rocks,
Bandied against the battlements of heaven:
We'll turn thy city into desart plains:
And thy proud spires that seem to kiss the clouds
Shall with their gilt tops pave the miry streets,
As all too base for us to march upon.
Seest thou this shield? however this device
Seems not to rank with emperors; Souldan, know
This shield shall give thy fatal overthrow.
Soul. Such peals of thunder did I never hear,
I think that very words these walls will tear.
God. This shield you see includes two mysteries,
A virgin crown'd, it is the Mercers Arms,
Withal the picture of my love that's fled.
Both these I'll grace, and add to them thy head.
Sophy. Methinks I see pale death fly from their words:
Their speech so strong; how powerful are their swords!
Char. Since first I bore this shield, I quartered it,
With this red lion, whom I singly once
Slew in the forest; thus much have I already
Added unto the Haberdashers Arms.
But ere I leave these fair Judæan bounds,
Unto this lion I'll add all your crowns.
Tur. Send for some prisoners; martyr, torture them
Even in the face of all the Christian host.
Soul. It shall be so, Moretes, bring them forth.
Rob. No drop of blood falls from a Christian heart,
But thy heart's blood shall ransom.

Enter some bringing forth Old Earl of BOLOIGN, *and other Prisoners bound.*

Soul. Bring them forth,

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[47] *God's.*—The second edition reads *His.*

Devise new tortures: oh, for some rare artist,
That could invent a death more terrible
Than are the everlasting pangs of hell!
O. E. Bol. Oh, brethren, let not me move you to ruth:
Happy is he that suffers for the truth.
The joys to come exceed the present grief;
Secure yourselves, for Christ is my relief.
God. Why shrinks the warm blood from my troubled heart?
Char. Why starts my hair up at this heavy sight?
God. Say, father, are not you the Boloign earl?
O. E. Bol. Fair son, I was the happy Boloign earl:
But now my son ——
Char. Call no man son but me.
Father, my sword shall win you liberty. [be:
God. Peace, forged bastard, whatsoe'er thou
My reverend father, call none son but me,
For in this sword doth rest thy liberty.
Char. Such mercy, as my sword affords to Pagans,
He finds that calls me bastard; I am Charles,
Father, you know me since I rescued you,
I am your only son, the rest are dead.
O. E. Bol. I know thee, Charles.
God. But, father, I am Godfrey;
That by my valour have regain'd your right;
Have got your dukedom from th'insulting French,
And am myself invested Boloign's Duke.
O. E. Bol. I know thee, Godfrey.
Char. Godfrey!
God. Brother Charles!
The confident assurance of thy death
Made me to give the lye to my own thoughts.
Char. The self-same strong opinion blinded
Else for my brother I had challeng'd thee. [me,
Brother, you might have known me by the arms
Which I have born in honour of my trade.
God. Ah, but [48] the resolution of thy death
Made me to lose such thought.
Rob. Let us rejoice,
And to your plausive fortunes give our voice.
God. Prince Robert, did the time afford us leave,
We would discourse the sum of our escapes:
But to our father's rescue.
Char. Yield him, slaves.
Soul. Tush, we will keep him spight of all your braves.
God. Be that our quarrel.
Char. With courage, courage strives,
We fight for Christ, our father, and our lives.
Sophy. Here stands my ensign, and by it a crown,
That you shall know the Persian honourable,
[*Sets up his standard and crown.*
He that can fetch this ensign from the walls,
(Which I myself will guard,) and leave some token
Behind him, that his sword hath conquered it,
He shall enjoy them both.
Soul. And here stands mine,
[*Sets up his standard and crown.*
The Babylonian emperor's royal standard.
By it I plant the rich Sicilian crown,
Guarded by me and my all-conquering troops.
He that but leaves a note he hath been here,
And scapes unslain, although he win them not,
That Christian will I honour.
Rob. Drums, alarum.
Soul. As loud and proud defiance our drum sounds.
God. For Christ, my father, conquest, and two crowns. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*

The Christians are repulsed. Enter, at two several doors, Guy *and* Eustace, *climb up the walls, and beat the Pagans, take away the crowns on their heads, and in the stead hang up the contrary shields, and bring away the ensigns, flourishing them several ways.*

Enter Souldan, Sophy, Moretes, Turnus, *with Soldiers.*

Soul. Now the first wall is won, the ensigns seiz'd,
The crowns surpriz'd, the Christians have the day:
What, shall we leave the town?
All. Aye, leave the town.
Sophy. 'Tis best, 'tis best to take us to the field.
Tur. I think 'tis best that we make good the breach,
And have no thought of marching towards the field:
We leave a place of much security.
All. Why then make good the breach.
Soul. It shall be so.
Gather our forces to make good the breach.
Sophy. Tush, why should we be pent up in a town?
Let's ope the gates and boldly issue out,
Leaving some few pikes to make good the breach.
What say you, lords?
Lords. Then let us issue out.
All. Set ope the gates, and let us issue out.
Soul. And so expose us to the general spoil.
Keep the gates shut, defend them manfully.
These Christians fight like devils; keep fast the gates,
And once again let us make good the wall.
All. Make good the walls, make good the walls. [*Exeunt.*

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[48] *The resolution*—i. e. the conviction, the being assured. See Note 23 to *Tancred and Gismunda*, Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. II. p. 132. edit. 1780.

Enter at one door ROBERT *and* CHARLES, *they meet* EUSTACE *with his Trophy: enter at another door* GODFREY, TANCRED; *they meet* GUY *with his Trophy.*

Rob. Triumphant honour hovers o'er our arms:
What gallant spirit bravely hath born hence
The emperor's standard, slaughtered his proud guard,
And in the stead thereof hung up his shield?
Eus. Witness this royal crown upon my head,
I seiz'd the ensign, I hung up that shield.
God. What puissant arm snatch'd hence the Sophy's standard?
Guy. This crown upon my head says it was I.
Char. Forgetful Charles, brave Robert see the knight,
Whose valour freed us from the Souldan's hands.
Rob. Renowned Christian, ever honoured be,
It was thy sword procur'd us liberty.
Eus. By heaven not I, I never came in place,
Where Robert, or that gallant, were distress'd:
But there are others thankless, whom I freed,
And now too proud forget that honoured deed.
God. 'Twas he releas'd us; honoured stranger, thanks;
But they are idle offerings from true hearts.
Prince Tancred and myself owe thee our lives.
Guy. You mock me, princes, never did my sword
Drink drop of Pagans' blood to set you free:
But Robert and that prince unthankful be.
Char. Whose shield is that?
Eus. Mine.
Char. Then to you we owe
Thanks for our lives, the Pagans' overthrow.
Eus. The shield I challenge, but the act deny,
I never gave you life or liberty.
God. Whose shield is that?
Guy. Mine.
God. Then by thee we live,
Thou didst our desperate lives and freedom give.
Guy. What mean you, princes, to deride a stranger?
These eyes did never see you two in danger.
Eus. Who owes that shield?
Guy. I: and who owes that?
Eus. I.
Guy. Thou know'st me then.
Eus. Thanks fortune, that I do.
Guy. Have at thee, slave.
Eus. Brave foe, have at thee too.
[*Fight, and are parted by the Prince.*
God. Whate'er your quarrel be, contend no more,
He draws his sword 'gainst me that fights again:
For I am foe to all dissension.
Char. So are we all, then end these wars in words,
The Pagans have employment for your swords.
Eus. For one blow more, take here my crown amongst you,
Now that my spleen is up, it will not down,
I'll give you all I have for one bout more.
Guy. Lords, take mine too: by heaven I'll pawn my life
Against the Souldan's head, to bring it you,
So you will let us try this mastery.
Rob. Kingdoms nor crowns can hire it at our hands,
It shall not be, we say it shall not be.
What, are you lords? we charge you by his honour,
Whom in your outward habit you profess,
To tell us both what and from whence ye are.
Guy. You charge us deeply. I a banish'd man,
Whom you for mutiny expulst the camp,
Yet was I leader of ten thousand French,
But thought by you unworthy of these wars.
Since my exile (prince Robert view me well)
I freed you two from base captivity.
'Twas I that brought you weapons in the woods,
And then you term'd me some celestial power;
But being now in safety, you forget
Your dangers past, and cancel that great debt.
Eus. Nay, I am sure you long to know me too.
I am your out-law brother, one of your leaders,
Banish'd with him: that from the Persian's rage
Freed Tancred, and that valiant man at arms;
However now they can forget my prowess.
What need you more, I am he that won this crown,
And from these high walls pluck'd that ensign down.
Rob. You have redeem'd all your offences past,
Deserving best in this society:
But when you freed me, you did bear that shield?
Guy. I did, but since exchang'd it with my foe.
God. And you did bear that shield?
Eus. True, I did so.
Ah, had I been awake, thou know'st my mind,
Thou hadst writ thy ruin in blood.
Guy. Thy words are mine.
Char. Leave brother Godfrey, and the Boloign duke.
Eus. How!
Guy. What!
Char. Do you not know these faces?
God. Brother Charles.
Eus. Brother!
Guy. Charles!
God. I'll question with them, for may it not be
They might escape the seas as well as we?
I had a brother, sir, resembled you.
Eus. I had a brother too resembled you.
Char. The Boloign duke, if ever you have heard
Of such a man, had once a son like you.
Guy. Aye, and another son as much like you.
God. My brother's name was Eustace.

Eus. Godfrey mine.
Guy. That duke call'd his son Charles.
Char. Mine call'd his Guy.
God. My brother Eustace!
Eus. Godfrey!
Char. Guy!
Guy. And Charles!
All. Brothers!
Rob. This accident breeds wonders in my thoughts.
God. Oh, let me curse that head that envied thee.
Guy. Nay curse my heart that emulated thee.
Eus. My brother out-law, and my own true brother?
Char. For ever thus let us embrace each other.
God. When I was cast upon the Boloign strand,
I thought none had escap'd the seas but I.
Guy. When I was thrown upon the French king's coast,
I thought none had escap'd the seas but I.
Char. I thought the seas had favour'd none but me,
When I attain'd the shores of Italy.
Eus. Ireland took me, and there I first touch'd ground,
Presuming that my brothers all were drown'd.
Rob. Were ye the four young London Prentices,
That in the ships were wreck'd on Goodwin's sands?
Were said to have perish'd, then of no repute?
Now come the least of you to lead an host,
And to be found the sons to a great duke?
God. Witness my shield the trade I have profest.
Guy. Witness my shield I am one among the rest.
Char. Witness thou mine.
Eus. And witness thou for me.
Rob. We witness all your martial chivalry.
Eus. And now, my foe, turn'd brother, end our hate,
And praise that power divine who guides our state.
Guy. Divide we hands and hearts: what hatred rests,
Pour out in thunder on the Pagans' crests.
Eus. Our joys are not at full, they shall not yet
Know where my sister and their love remains,
Until these wars have end. Oh, had our God
Not laid our fortunes open, but a brother
Been brought in triumph to a sister's bed,
Clouds of despair had mask'd our sun of joy.
Yet will I keep her secret, and the rather,
To crown our haps when we have freed our father.

Enter TURNUS.

Tur. Christians, once more defiance in my tongue
Sounds dismal terror in your fearful ears.
The princes whom I serve grieve they have mur'd
Such an huge army in a wall of stone,
And they are thus resolv'd;
To leave all place of scorn'd advantages,
And in a pitch'd field end this glorious war.
Say, will ye meet them?
Rob. Though he trust his strength,
Yet will we meet his forces face to face,
When the dry earth shall quaff your bloods apace.
Guy. And tell the Souldan from a Christian prince,
That won from him these colours, and this crown,
In that pitch'd field my head this crown shall bear,
And scarf-like these athwart my breast I'll wear.
Eus. This for the Persian's sake I'll wear in sight,
And under his own ensign this day fight.
Char. Go tell the Souldan that he wears my crown.
Fortune hath given it me, it is mine own.
God. If thou hast more to say concerning war,
Omit thy braves and trifling circumstance:
We'll meet you sooner than you can desire.
Be gone, be gone, our hearts are all on fire.
Tur. Brave lords, our conquests will be honourable,
Because we have to deal with honoured foes:
Our pikes stand to receive you like a wood,
We'll [49] fleck our white steeds in your Christian blood.
Tur. Prepare to meet them, and appoint our powers,
This day the city and themselves are ours.
Rob. Thou under whom we fight, this day defend us,
For unto thy protection we commend us.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter at one door, with Drum and Colours, SOULDAN, SOPHY, MORETES, TURNUS, *and Soldiers.*

Soul. Great monarchs, kings, and princes of the east,
Ye come t' encounter with a valiant foe;
Such as have swam huge rivers, climb'd the Alps;
That can endure sharp hunger; such as shrink not

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[49] *Fleck*—i. e. dapple, spot. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 2. S. 3:

"And *flecked* darkness like a drunkard reels."

See Note thereon in Shakspeare, Vol. X. p. 62. edit 1778. S.

To have their bloods sod with the dog-days heat,
Nor to be curdled with cold Saturn's rod.
What honour were it for an host of giants,
To combat with a pigmy nation?
No, lords, the foe we must encounter with,
Is full of spirit and majestick spleen,
Strong, hardy, and their hearts invincible.
Destroy these, and you win yourselves a name,
And all the nations of the earth shall fear you.
Sophy. The more renown'd the foe is, the more famous
Shall be our conquest, the more great their fall.
Come, lords, divide we our battalions.
Soul. Be yours the vaward.
Sophy. I will give the charge. [battle;
Soul. Turnus, have you the rere-ward, I the Moretes, thou this day shalt lead the horse;
Take thou the cornet, Turnus, thou the archers,
Be thine the [50] guidon, I the men at arms,
Be mine this ensign.
Sophy. Then mount our cannons, let our flanking pieces
Rail on the Christian army with wide mouths,
For I this day will lead the forlorn hope:
[51] The camisado shall be given by me.
Tur. Already they have plac'd their battery,
Their ordinance stand fit beat to the flanks.
Soul. My cannoneers need no instruction.
Come, let us line our pikes with musketeers,
And so attend the Christian's fatal charge.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter marching, ROBERT, TANCRED, GODFREY, GUY, CHARLES, EUSTACE, *Drum and Soldiers.*

Rob. Princes, this day we are espous'd to death:
A better place to die in, than this vale,
In which our Saviour's sepulchre remains,
What man in all our army could desire?
Speak, how have you dispos'd our officers?
God. Your grace is captain general of the army.
Guy. And, Godfrey, you high marshal, and master of the camp;
And as assistants you have under you
The serjeant-major, quarter-master, provost,
And [52] captain of the spions.
God. My brother Guy, chief general of the horse,
To serve him his lieutenant colonel
Captains and [53] scout-masters.
Eus. My brother Charles, general of the artillery; [tions,
Under him his lieutenant commissaries of munitGentlemen of the artillery, colonel of pioneers,
[54] Trench-masters, and [55] carriage-masters.
Char. My brother Eustace, treasurer of the camp;
And under him the auditors, muster-masters, and commissaries.
Eus. Prince Tancred is our royal secretary,
Without whom nothing is concluded on.
Thus are the special offices dispos'd.
Tan. Princes, what order take you for the assault?
Rob. One half maintain the battery, beat the walls,
Whilst the other keeps them play in the open fields.
God. We shall not need to block the breach with forts,
Victuals and forage are at pleasure ours.
[56] Stockadoes, [57] palizadoes, stop their waters.
Bulwarks and [58] curtains all are batter'd down,
And we are safe intrench'd by pioneers.
Our [59] casemates, [60] cavaliers and [61] counterscarfs

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[50] *Guidon.*—A standard, ensign, or banner, under which a troop of men of arms serve.

[51] *The Camisado.*—From the Spanish *Cameisa,* a shirt: a sudden assaulting, or surprisal of the enemy; so termed, because the soldiers who execute it most commonly wear *shirts* over their armour, or take their enemies in their shirts. See Cotgrave.

[52] *Captain of the spions.*—*Espions,* Fr. spies, troops of observation.

[53] *Scout-masters.*—It was the duty of these officers to attend to the scouts, and to place the watch at night. See a particular account of it in Digges's *Arithmeticall Treatise, named Stratioticos,* 4to. 1590. p. 116.

[54] *Trench-masters.*—The trench-master "hath commaundement over all the pioners, and is to give direction particularly for all earth workes (whether they be trenches for inclosing the camp, or sconces to be made against the enemy, or defences for the artillerie)."——Digges's *Stratioticos,* 1590. p. 113.

[55] *Carriage-masters.*—The office of the carriage-master "is chiefely to see good order observed both in the marching and lodging of the carriages, that they clog not up the wayes, nor one hinder another in marching."——Digges's *Stratioticos,* 1590. p. 111.

[56] *Stockadoes.*—In a pamphlet published in the last century, I find a list of requisites to be carried into the field, with a train of artillery. Among other articles are 400 stockadoes.

[57] *Palizadoes.*—"A defence, or wall of pales, or stakes, or the pointed stakes in a fortification, which hinder the enemy from scaling the work. A term in war: it is also taken for great posts set up in the entry to a camp for a defence against great shot."——BLOUNT.

[58] *Curtains.*—That part of the wall or rampart that lies between two bastions.

[59] *Casemates.*—A casemate, from the Fr. *chasmate,* "a loop-hole in a fortified wall to shoot out at; or, in fortification, a place in a ditch out of which to plague the assailants."——BLOUNT.

[60] *Cavaliers.*—Cavaliers in fortification are heaps or masses of earth, raised in a fortress to lodge the cannon for scouring the field, or opposing a commanding work. These cavaliers are sometimes

Are well survey'd by all our engineers,
Fortifications, ramparts, [62] parapets;
That we at pleasure may assault the way,
Which leads unto the gate Antiochia.
Guy. Whilst you [63] intend the walls, shall my [64] bard horse
Give a brave onset, shivering all their pikes,
Arm'd with their [65] greaves and [66] maces, and broad swords,
Proof [67] cuirasses, and [68] open burganets.
Char. Yet let us look our battle be well mann'd
With shot, bills, halberds, and proof targetteers.
Eus. No man but knows his charge. Brothers and friends,
See where they stand for us; this night shall hide
All their bright glory which now swells with pride.
Soul. Christians!
Eus. Pagans!
Soul. Behold our camp.
Rob. Souldan, survey ours too.
Soul. From Ganges to the bay of Calecut,
From Turkey and the threefold Araby;
From Sauxin eastward unto Nubia's bounds,
From Lybia and the land of Mauritans,
And from the Red Sea to the Wilderness,
Have we unpeopled kingdoms for these wars,
To be reveng'd on you base Christians.
Rob. From England, the best brood of martial spirits,
Whose walls the ocean washeth white as snow,
For which you strangers call it Albion;
From France, a nation both renown'd and fear'd;
From Scotland, Wales, even to the Irish coast;
Beyond the pillars great Alcides rear'd;
At Gades in Spain unto the Pyrene hills;
Have we assembled men of dauntless spirits,
To scourge you hence, ye damned infidels.
Sophy. Within our troops are sturdy bands of Moors,
Of Babylonians, Persians, Bactrians,
Of Grecians, Russians, of Tartarians, Turks,
Even from the floods that grow from Paradise
Unto this place where the brook Kedron runs.
Guy. Within our troops are English, French, Scotch, Dutch,
Italians of prince Tancred's regiment,
Even from the seas that wall in Albion,
As far as any river or brook runs,
That Christian drinks on, have we people here,
Tur. To make our streets red with your Christian blood.
Char. To drown you slaves in a vermillion flood.
Mor. To burn your bodies o'er your prophet's grave.
Eus. To lead your emperor captive like a slave.
Soul. To make your guide trot by my chariot-wheel.
Tan. To lash your armour with these rods o steel.
Sophy. Then to extirp you all, ye Persian [powers,
Assist our courage, make the conquest ours.
Rob. God match thy might with theirs, protect us too;
To let this people know what thou canst do.
Soul. A charge! a charge! rail drums, and cannons roar;

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of a round, sometimes of a square figure, the top being bordered with a parapet to cover the cannon therein mounted. A *cavalier* is sometimes called a double bastion.

[61] *Counterscarfs.*—A *counterscarf*, or *contramure*, is "an out-wall compassing the walls of the city, and placed before them for the more safe-guard."——BLOUNT.

[62] *Parapets.*—A parapet is "a wall or defence breast high, on the upper part of a rampire, to defend from the enemies shot."——BLOUNT.

[63] *Intend*—i. e. pay attention to. So, in Massinger's *Emperor of the East*, A. 1. S. 1:

"When you please,
You may *intend* those royal exercises
Suiting your birth and greatness."

Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, A. 1. S. 2:—"Send Janus home his back-face again, and look only forward to the law, *intend* that."

Marston's *What You Will*, A. 3. S. 1:

"Now is my fury mounted, fixe your eyes,
Intend your senses, bend your listning up,
For I'll make greatnesse quake."

[64] *Bard.*—See Note 43, p. 92.

[65] *Greaves*—i. e. armour for the legs.—MINSHIEU. See also Mr Steevens's Note on *Second Part of King Henry IV.* A. 4. S. 1.

[66] *Maces.*—Trunchions.

[67] *Cuirasses*—or corslets. "Armour for the breast and back. *Cuirace a cuir*, i. e. leather, because in times past they were made of leather, or for that they are now of metal, and tied on with leather."——MINSHIEU.

[68] *Open burganets.*—Helmets. See Mr. Steevens's Note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 1. S. 5.

Christians, at home your friends abroad deplore.
God. Christians at home abroad our conquest's fame:
Thou God of hosts, this day make known thy name.

Alarum. Join battle: the Christians are beaten off. The SOULDAN *victoriously leads off his Soldiers marching.*

Enter CHARLES *and* GODFREY *with pistols.*

Char. Oh, [69] heaven, that multitude should more than manhood,
That we should thus be born down with a press,
Be throng'd and shouldered from the place we keep!
God. For every man we lead, the foe hath ten,
Their weapons' tops appear above their heads
In as thick number as the spikes of grain
Upon a well-till'd land: they have more lives
Than all our tired arms could send to death,
If they should yield their bare breasts to our swords.
Char. What should we do? we are encompass'd round,
Girded with thousand thousands in a ring:
And like a man left on a dangerous rock,
That waits the climbing tide rise to destroy him,
What way soe'er he looks, sees nought but death:
So we; the bloody tide grows up apace,
Whose waves will swallow us and all our race.
Where's Guy and Eustace?
God. Gone to scale a tower
In which our father lies: oh, I did see them
Cut down a wood of men upon the sudden.
Their swords cut lances, as a scythe cuts grass:
Their valour seems to me miraculous.
Thou Saviour of the world, whose cross we bear,
Infuse our hearts with courage, theirs with fear.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter SOULDAN, SOPHY, *and Soldiers. Alarum. Enter* GUY *and* EUSTACE *with their Father.*

Eus. A Sion, a Sion.
Guy. A Jerusalem.
Eus. A father, and in him a crown of joy.
Guy. A Sion, a Jerusalem, a father.
Eus. Through their decurians, centurions, and legions,
Captains of thousands, and ten thousands guards,
We have ventured even upon the cannons mouth,
And scal'd the bulwarks where their ordnance play'd.
The strength of armies triumphs in those arms,
We have surpriz'd the fortress and the hold:
My shield I have had cut piece-meal from mine arm.
But now you would have taken me for an archer,
So many arrows were struck here and there,
The Pagans thought to make a quiver of me.

Alarum; enter Pagans.

See, brother, how the foe fresh forces gather!
A Sion, a Jerusalem, a father.
[*Every one by turn takes up their Father, and carries him. Enter the two Brothers, they aid and second them, and with a shout carry him away.*

Alarum; enter SOULDAN, SOPHY.

Soul. An engineer, call forth an engineer.
Sophy. Why, what to do, my lord?
Soul. I'll make these turrets dance among the clouds,
Before the Christians shall inhabit them.
Sophy. Yet there is hope of conquest; fight, brave Souldan.
Soul. These Christians rage, like spirits conjur'd up,
Their thundering ordnance spit huge clouds of fire,
They run against the walls like iron rams,
And bear them down afore them with their breasts.
Sophy. Fortune, thou art too envious of our glory,
Behold the two great'st emperors of the earth,
The Babylonian Souldan, and great Sophy;
Unveil thine eyes, and look upon our falls.
Soul. Fortune and fate, and death, the devil and all,
Oppose themselves against us.

Enter MORETES *and* TURNUS.

Now what news?
Mor. Death.
Sophy. What news bring'st thou?
Tur. Confusion.
Soul. That death was once my slave, but now my lord.
Sophy. Confusion was once page unto my sword.
Is the day lost?
Tur. Lost.
Soul. Must we needs despair?
Mor. Despair.
Soul. We will not, we will die resolvedly,
The palace we will make a slaughter-house,
The streets a shambles, kennels shall run blood.
Down from Mount Sion, with such hideous noise
As when great showers of water fall from hills.
Sophy. Through which way did they make irruption first?
Tur. Through the gate, call'd Antiochia.
The self-same breach that Roman Titus made,
When he destroy'd this city, they burst ope.

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[69] *Heaven.*—God; first edition.

Soul. There is some virtue in the cross they wear,
It makes them strong as lions, swift as roes.
Their resolutions make them conquerors.
They have ta'en our royal standard from the walls,
In place whereof they have advanc'd their cross.
Sophy. I will not, I survive so foul a shame,
Once more unite our powers, (I mean ourselves,
For all powers else have fail'd us); bravely fight,
That our declining sun may make their night!

Enter the four Brethren.

Soul. Christians, base Christians, hear us when we call,
Eternal darkness shall confound you all.

Alarum.—The four Brethren each of them kill a Pagan King, take off their Crowns, and exeunt, two one way, and two another. Retreat.

Enter ROBERT, TANCRED, GODFREY, GUY, CHARLES, EUSTACE, *Old Earl, Drum, Colours, and Soldiers.*

Rob. Now smooth again the wrinkles of your brows,
And wash the blood from off your hands in milk:
With penitential praises laud our God,
Ascribe all glory to the heavenly powers,
Since Sion and Jerusalem are ours.
Tan. We do abhor a heart puff'd-up with pride,
That attributes these conquests to our strength;
'Twas God that strengthened us and weakened them,
And gave us Sion and Jerusalem.
God. Thou that doth muster angels in the sky,
That in thyself hast power of victory,
Make thy name shine bright as the noon-tide sun,
Since Sion and Jerusalem are won.
O. E. Bol. My former want hath now sufficient store,
For, having seen this, I desire no more.
How fair and smooth my stream of pleasure runs,
To look at once on Sion and my sons!
Guy. Showers of abundance rain into our lips,
To make repentance grow within our hearts.
What greater earthly bliss could heaven pour down,
Than Sion, our dear father, and this town?
Char. Then, to confirm these conquests God hath given us,
Seal'd with the blood of kings and emperors,
Let us elect a king, that may maintain
Our honours with the deaths of monarchs slain.
Eus. Call forth the patriarch of Jerusalem,
His right hand must bequeath that dignity.
God. With tears I speak it, lagging in the train
Of the distressed Souldan he was slain.
Rob. Prais'd be our God, we have reveng'd his death!
Great potentates consort him to his grave.
Char. What man, for gravity and sanctity,
May we think worthy of this honoured place?
Rob. Whose years, devotion, and most sacred life,
Better can fit that holy place, than his
Whose worthy sons have brought to end these wars?
Princes join hands, invest him all at once.
[*Flourish.*
O. E. Bol. My fervent zeal bids I should not deny:
It brings my soul to heaven before I die.
Eus. But, princes, whom will ye elect the king,
To guard this city from succeeding peril?
God. Robert of Normandy.
Rob. Oh, chuse prince Tancred rather.
Tan. Too weak is my desert, and I refuse it.
Eus. Then put it to most voices.
All. Robert of Normandy.
Rob. Princes, we much commend you for your loves:
But letters from England tell me William's dead,
And by succession left the crown to me.
I say prince Godfrey hath deserv'd it best.
Tan. So Tancred says.
All. And so say all the rest.
God. Princes, ye press me down with too much honours,
And load a soul that cannot bear them up.
Dissuade me not, no counsel I will hear.
Behold a crown which Godfrey means to wear!
[*A crown of thorns.*
This made the blood run from our Saviour's brow,
No crown but this can Godfrey's heart allow.
Prayers are my pride, devotion draws my sword,
No pomp but this can Boloign's soul afford.
My vow's irrevocable, state I refuse;
No other crown but this will Godfrey chuse.
Tan. If he refuse the place, elect prince Guy;
Most voices; shall he have the scepter?
All. I.
Rob. Then crown him straight, and henceforth let his name
Be through the world call'd Guy of Lessingham.
All these desire it, I consent with them;
Long live prince Guy, king of Jerusalem.
[*Flourish.*
Guy. The crown is burst, and parted from my head;
I fear the heavens are angry with your choice.
O. E. Bol. Son Guy, they are not. By divine instinct
The heavens have lent me a prophetic spirit.
This shews thy troublous reign; mutinies from far
Shall fright thy towns and provinces with war.
Guy. If it be nothing else, crown me again,
We have a heart our kingdom to maintain.
What honours do my brothers' heads await?
Rob. Prince Eustace, you shall wear this crown of state,
Be king of Sicil, and command that isle.

Lord Charles, the crown of Cyprus longs to you,
That in the fight the king of Cyprus slew.
One general voice at once proclaim them kings.
[*Flourish.*

Char. In memory of this solemnity,
Here will I leave this scutcheon born by me;
That in what coast soe'er my bones be laid,
This shield may be an honour to my trade.

Eus. Mine shall hang there, a trophy of my fame,
My trade is famous by king Eustace name.

Guy. In memory a king hath born this shield,
I add these challices to this argent field.

God. In honour of my first profession,
That shield in all these wars by Godfrey born,
I crown this maid's head with a wreath of thorn.

O. E. Bol. Oh, were my daughter here this joy to see;
How light her soul! how glad would my heart be!

Tan. Would I had now my love!

Guy. Or I that dame,
That adds to beauty's sun a brighter flame.

Rob. Were the fair virgin here, I would renown
Her glorious beauty with the English crown.

Eus. Princes, I'll fit you all, lady come forth.

Enter BELLA FRANCA.

B. Fran. The lovely princes.

Tan. Fair Mistress!

Char. Lady!

God. Madam!

Guy. Honoured Saint!

B. Fran. Nay, pardon me, love comes not by constraint.
But princes, will you grant me patience,
Before I part, I mean to please you all.
First, holy Patriarch, tell me of all others
Whom in the world you most desire to see.

O. E. Bol. My daughter.

B. Fran. Prince Godfrey, Charles, and Eustace, whom say you?

All. Next yourself our sister.

B. Fran. And whom you?

Tan. My love.

B. Fran. Who's that?

Tan. Your honoured self, fair maid.

B. Fran. Nay, I'll make good the words that I have said.
Father, I give a daughter to your hand:
Brothers, behold, here doth your sister stand.
Tancred, behold the lady you once seiz'd,
Only I leave prince Robert here displeas'd.

O. E. Bol. My daughter Bella Franca!

Brother. Sister!

Tan. Love!

O. E. Bol. I am too happy, and too full of joy.
Heaven pours on me more good than I can bear:
I that before was starv'd, now surfeit here.

Rob. Princes, and lady, nothing can displease us,
For we partake in all this glad content,
And with applause rejoice this accident.
Tancred, rejoice your love, and you your friends,
Where you begin with marriage, our love ends.
Kings, and kings' peers, to heaven ascribe the glory,
Whilst we to chronicles report this story.

Guy. Make love unto my sister! 'tis most strange:
Now, Guy, I would thou hadst thy French love here;
My heart should grant her what I then refus'd.
Now having got this state of dignity,
I grieve that I have so obdurate been,
But for amends would make her Sion's queen.

Eus. And well remembred, brother, I must now
Entreat you for a pretty boy your page,
That hath on some occasion stray'd from you.

Guy. Oh, brother, where's the villain?

Eus. Pardon him, and I will tell you.

Guy. Great were th' offence, I would not clear for you.

Eus. The poor boy, brother, stays within my tent,
But so disguis'd you cannot know him now,
For he's turn'd wench; and, but I know the wag
To be a boy, to see him thus transform'd
I should have sworn he had been a wench indeed.

Guy. Pray let me see him, brother, in that habit,
I would not lose the villain for more gold
Than Sion would be sold for; he will blush
To be ta'en tardy in his maid's attire.

Eus. You have pardoned him?

Guy. I have.

Eus. Then, Jack, appear.

Enter the French Lady.

Nay, blush not to be in your woman's geer.

Guy. Leap heart, dance spirit, be merry jocund soul,
'Tis she undoubtedly.

F. Lady. You know me then!

Guy. I do; 'twas that disguise,
That all this while hath blinded my clear eyes.

Eus. Fie, are you not asham'd to kiss a boy,
And in your arms to grasp him with such joy?

Guy. She is no boy, you do mistake her quite.

Eus. A boy, a page, a wagtail by this light.
What say you, sister?

B. Fran. Sure he told me so,
For if he be a maid, I made him one.

Eus. Do not mistake the sex, man, for he's none.
It is a rogue, a wag, his name is Jack,
A notable dissembling lad, a [70] crack.

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[70] *A crack.*—Mr Tyrwhitt says, "this is an old Islandic word, signifying a *boy* or *child*. One of the fabulous kings and heroes of Denmark, called *Hrolf*, was surnamed *Krake*." See the story in *Edda, Fable* 63, Note to *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* A. 3. S. 2.

Guy. Brother, 'tis you that are deceiv'd in her,
Beshrew her, she hath been my bedfellow
A year and more, yet I had not the grace—
Brothers, receive a sister; reverend father,
Accept a daughter, whilst I take a wife,
And of a great king's daughter make a queen.
This is the beauteous virgin, the French lady,
To whom my fortune still remains in debt.
Eus. A lady! then I cry you mercy, brother;
A gallant bride! would I had such another!
F. Lady. A wondrous change! she that your page hath been
Is now at length transform'd to be your queen.
Pardon me, Guy, my love drew me along,
No shameless lust.
Guy. Fair saint, I did you wrong.
If fortune had not been your friend in this,
You had not lain thus long without a kiss.
Father, embrace her; brothers, sister, all.
O. E. Bol. This fortune makes our joys mere comical.
The fame of our success all Europe rings:
The father, patriarch, sees his sons all kings.
Rob. The heavens are full of bounty; then, brave princes,
First in the Temple hang these trophies up,
As a remembrance of your fortunes past.
You good old father, wear your patriarch's robes;
Prince Godfrey, walk you with your crown of thorns;
Guy with his lady; Tancred with his wife;
Charles with his crown of Cyprus; and young Eustace
Crown'd with the rich Sicilian diadem;
I with the honour of the Pagans' deaths.
So in procession walk we to Christ's tomb,
With humble hearts to pay our pilgrim's vows.
Repair we to our countries, that once done,
For Sion and Jerusalem are won.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

This Play, as Mr Warton observes, is burlesqued in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle.* It is a mixture of the droll and serious, and was evidently intended to ridicule the reigning fashion of reading Romances. Note to *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* A. 3. S. 2.

EDITIONS.

(1.) "The Foure Prentises of London. With the Conquest of Jerusalem. As it has bene diverse times acted at the Red Bull, by the Queenes Majesties Servants. Written by Thomas Heywood. Printed at London for J .W. 1615. 4to."

(2.) "The Foure Prentises of London. With the Conquest of Jerusalem. As it hath beene divers times acted at the Red Bull, by the Queenes Majesties Servants, with good applause. Written and newly revised by Thomas Heywood. Printed at London by Nicholas Okes. 1632. 4to."

The word is often used in ancient writers. So, in Ben Jonson's *Devil is an Ass,* A. 2. S. 8:

"If we could get a witty boy now Engine,
That were an excellent *crack,* I could instruct him
To the true height."

Massinger's *Unnatural Combat,* A. 1. S. 1:

"Here's a *crack!*
I think they suck this knowledge in their milk."

THE ANTIQUARY.

BY

SHAKERLEY MARMION.

SHAKERLEY MARMION *was born at Aynho, near Brackley, in the county of Northampton, where his father was lord of the manor, and in possession of a considerable estate. He received the early part of his education at the free school at Thame in the county of Oxford, under the care of Richard Boucher, commonly called Butcher, the master thereof. In the year* 1617, *he became a gentleman commoner of Wadham College in Oxford, and in* 1624 [1] *took the degree of master of arts. Anthony Wood* [2] *says, that he was "a goodly proper gentleman, and had once in his possession seven hundred pounds* per annum *at least." The whole of this ample fortune he dissipated; after which he went into the Low Countries; but not meeting with promotion according to his expectation, he returned to England, and was admitted one of the troop raised by Sir John Suckling for the use of King Charles the First, in his expedition against the Scots, in the year* 1639; *but falling sick at York, he returned to London, where he died in the same year.*[3] *Besides several poems, scattered about in different publications, he wrote three plays, viz.*

(1.) "*Hollands Leaguer, an excellent comedy, as it hath bin lately and often acted with great applause by the high and mighty Prince Charles his servants, at the private house in Salisbury-court.*" 1632. 4to.

To the Dramatis Personæ of this play, the names of the several performers are added.

Oldys, in his MS. Notes on Langbaine, says, there is a tract in prose called Hollands Leaguer, or an Historical Discourse of the Life and Actions of Donna Britannica, the Arch Mistress of the wicked Women of Eutopia; wherein is detected the notorious Sin of Pandarism, and the execrable Life of the luxurious Impudent. 4to. 1632.

(2.) "*A Fine Companion, acted before the King and Queene at White-hall, and sundrie times, with great applause, at the private house in Salisbury-court, by the Prince his servants.*" 1633. 4to.

(3.) "*The Antiquary, a comedy, acted by her Majesties servants, at the Cockpit.*" 1641. 4to.

He also published "Cupid and Psiche; or an epick poem of Cupid and his Mistress, as it was lately presented to the Prince Elector."

Prefixed to this are complimentary verses, by Richard Brome, Francis Tuckyr, Thomas Nabbes, and Thomas Heywood.

Wood says, he left some things in MS. ready for the press, which were either lost or in obscure hands.

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[1] Langbaine, p. 345.

[2] *Athenæ Oxoniensis*, Vol. II. p. 19. Oldys, in his MS. Notes on Langbaine, says, it was our author's father who squandered away his fortune; but as he quotes no authority for this assertion, I have followed Wood's account.

[3] Oldys' MS. Notes to Langbaine.

THE ANTIQUARY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Duke of PISA.*
LEONARDO, } *two Courtiers.*
DONATO, }
VETERANO, *the Antiquary.*
GASPARO, *a Magnifico of Pisa.*
LORENZO, *an old Gentleman.*
MOCINIGO, *an old Gentleman that would appear young.*
LIONEL, *Nephew to the Antiquary.*
PETRUCIO, *a foolish Gentleman, Son to* GASPARO.
AURELIO, *a young Gentleman.*
AURELIO's *Father, in the Disguise of a Bravo.*
His Boy.
PETRO, *the Antiquary's Boy.*

ÆMILIA, *Wife to* LORENZO.
LUCRETIA, *Daughter to* LORENZO.
ANGELIA, *Sister to* LIONEL, *in the Disguise of a Page.*
JULIA, } *two Waiting-women.*
BACCHA, }
A Cook.
Two Servants.

SCENE—PISA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter LIONEL *and* PETRUCIO.

Lion. Now, sir, let me bid you welcome to your country, and the longing expectation of those friends, that have almost languish'd for the sight of you. I must flatter him, and stroke him too, he will give no milk else. [*Aside.*

Pet. I have calculated, by all the rules of reason and art, that I shall be a great man; for what singular quality concurs to perfection and advancement, that is defective in me? Take my feature and proportion, have they not a kind of sweetness and harmony, to attract the eyes of the beholders? the confirmation of which, many authentical judgments of ladies have seal'd and subscrib'd to.

Lion. How do you, sir? are you not well?

Pet. Next, my behaviour and discourse, according to the court-garb, ceremonious enough, more promising than substantial, able to keep pace with the best hunting wit of them all; besides, nature has bless'd me with boldness sufficient, and fortune with means; what then should hinder me? nothing but destiny, villainous destiny, that chains virtue to darkness and obscurity. Well, I will insinuate myself into the court, and presence of the Duke, and if he have not the grace to distinguish of worth, his ignorance upon him.

Lion. What, in a muse, sir?

Pet. Cannot a gentleman ruminate over his good parts, but you must be troubling of him?

Lion. Wise men and fools are alike ambi-

* The scene however seems to be laid at Venice. The Rialto is mentioned in *Act First*, and Venice is again spoken of in *Act Third*, as where the transactions of the play are carried on. S. P.

tious; this travelling [4] motion has been abroad in quest of strange fashions, where his spungy brain has suck'd the dregs of all the folly he could possibly meet with, and is indeed more ass than he went forth. Had I an interest in his disgrace, I'd rail at him, and perhaps beat him for it; but he is as strange to me, as to himself, therefore let him continue in his belov'd simplicity. [*Aside.*

Pet. Next, when he shall be instructed of my worth, and eminent sufficiencies, he cannot dignify me with less employment than the dignity of an embassador: How bravely shall I behave myself in that service! and what an ornament unto my country may I arrive to be, and to my kindred! But I will play the gentleman, and neglect them; that's the first thing I'll study.

Lion. Shall I be bold to interrupt you, sir?

Pet. Presently I'll be at leisure to talk with you: 'tis no small point in state policy, still to pretend only to be thought a man of action, and rather than want a colour, be busied with a man's own self.

Lion. Who does this ass speak to? surely to himself: and 'tis impossible he should ever be wise, that has always such a foolish auditory. [*Aside.*

Pet. Then, with what emulous courtship will they strive to entertain me in foreign parts! And what a spectacle of admiration shall I be made amongst those who have formerly known me! How dost thou like my carriage?

Lion. Most exquisite! believe me.

Pet. But is it adorn'd with that even mixture of fluency and grace, as are requir'd [5] both in a statist and a courtier?

Lion. So far as the divine prospect of my understanding guides me, 'tis without parallel, most excellent; but I am no profess'd critick in the mystery.

Pet. Well, thou hast Linceus' eyes for observation, or could'st ne'er have made such a cunning discovery of my practice. But will the ladies, think you, have that apprehension, to discern and approve of me?

Lion. Without question; they cannot be so dull or stony-hearted, as not to be infinitely taken with your worth: Why, in a while, you shall have them so enamour'd, that they'll watch every opportunity to purchase your acquaintance; then again revive it with often banquetting and visits: nay, and perhaps invite others, by their foolish example, to do the like; and some, that despair of so great happiness, will inquire out your haunts, and walk there two or three hours together, to get but a sight of you.

Pet. Oh infinite! I am transported with the thought on't! It draws near noon, and I appointed certain gallants to meet me at the five-crown ordinary; after, we are to wait upon the like beauties you talk'd of, to the publick theatre. I feel of late, a strong and witty genius growing upon me, and I begin, I know not how, to be in love with this foolish sin of poetry.

Lion. Are you, sir? there's great hopes of you.

Pet. And the reason is, because they say, 'tis both the cause and effect of a good wit, to which I can sufficiently pretend; for nature has not play'd the step-dame with me.

Lion. In good time, sir.

Pet. And now you talk of time, what time of day is it by your watch?

Lion. I have none, sir.

Pet. How, ne'er a watch? oh monstrous! how do you consume your hours? Ne'er a watch! 'tis the greatest solecism in society that e'er I heard of: ne'er a watch!

Lion. How deeply you conceive of it!

Pet. You have not a gentleman, that's a true gentleman, without one: 'tis the main appendix

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[4] *Motion.—Motion* is a *puppet.* In Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 4. S. 5, Captain Pod, the celebrated owner of a puppet-shew, and his *motion*, are mentioned.

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, A. 2:

"If he be that *motion* that you tell me of,
And make no more noise, I shall entertain him."

The Queen of Corinth, by the same, A. 1. S. 3:

"Good friends, for half an hour remove your *motion*."

Dekkar's *Villanies discovered by lanthorne and candle-light*, 1620, ch. 4.

"This labour being taken, the master of the *motion* hearkens where such a nobleman, &c. *The motion* is presented before him."

[5] —— *Both in a statist and a courtier.*—A *statist*, is *a statesman.* So, in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, A. 2. S. 3:

"Next is your *statist's* force, a serious, solemn, and supercilious face, full of formal and square gravity."

The Magnetick Lady, by the same, A. 1. S. 7:

"—————— he
Will screw you out a secret from a *statist*."

to a plush lining: besides, it helps much to discourse; for, while others confer notes together, we confer our watches, and spend good part of the day with talking of it.

Lion. Well, sir, because I'll be no longer destitute of such a necessary implement, I have a suit to you.

Pet. A suit to me! Let it alone till I am a great man, and then I shall answer you with the greater promise, and less performance.

Lion. I hope, sir, you have that confidence, I will ask nothing to your prejudice, but what shall some way recompense the deed.

Pet. What is't? Be brief, I am in that point a courtier.

Lion. Usurp then on the proffer'd means,
Shew yourself forward in an action
May speak you noble, and make me your friend.

Pet. A friend! what's that? I know no such thing.

Lion. A faithful, not a ceremonious friend;
But one that will stick by you on occasions,
And vindicate your credit, were it sunk
Below all scorn, and interpose his life
Betwixt you and all dangers: Such a friend,
That when he sees you carried by your passions
Headlong into destruction, will so follow you,
That he will guide you from't; and with good counsel
Redeem you from ill courses: and, not flattering
Your idle humour to a vain expence,
Cares not to see you perish, so he may
Sustain himself a while, and raise a fortune,
Though mean, out of your ruins, and then laugh at you.

Pet. Why, be there any such friends as these?

Lion. A world;
They walk like spirits, not to be discern'd;
Subtile and soft like air, have oily balm
Swimming o'er their words and actions;
But below it a flood of gall.

Pet. Well, to the purpose, speak to the purpose.

Lion. If I stand link'd unto you,
The Gordian knot was less dissoluble,
A rock less firm, or center moveable.

Pet. Speak your demand.

Lion. Do it, and do it freely then; lend me a hundred duckets.

Pet. How is that? lend you a hundred duckets! Not a — I'll never have a friend while I breathe first; no, I'll stand upon my guard: I give all the world leave to whet their wits against me, work like moles to undermine me, yet I'll spurn all their deceits like a hillock: I tell thee, I'll not buy the small repentance of a friend or whore, at the rate of a livre.

Lion. What's this? I dare not
Trust my own ears, silence choak up my anger;
A friend, and whore! are they two parallels,
Or to be nam'd together? May he never
Have better friend, that knows no better how
To value them: Well, I was ever jealous
Of his baseness, and now my fears are ended.]
Pox o' these travels, they do but corrupt
A good nature; and his was bad enough before.

Enter ANGELIA.

Pet. What pretty sparkle of humanity have we here?
Whose attendant are you, my little knave?

Ang. I wait, sir, on master Lionel.

Lion. 'Tis well you are come. What says the gentleman?

Ang. I deliver'd your letter to him; he is very sorry he can furnish you no better; he has sent you twenty crowns, he says, towards the large debt he owes you.

Pet. A fine child! and delivers his tale with good method: Where, in the name of Ganymede, had'st thou this epitome of a servitor?

Lion. You'd little think of what consequence and pregnancy this imp is: you may hereafter have both cause to know, and love him.—
What gentlemen are these?

Enter GASPARO *and* LORENZO.

Pet. One is my father.

Lor. I hear, your son, sir, is return'd from travel,
Grown up a fine and stately gentleman,
Outstrips his compeers in each liberal science.

Gas. I thank my stars, he has improv'd his time
To the best use, can render an account
Of all his journey: how he has arriv'd,
Through strange discoveries and compendious ways,
To a most perfect knowledge of himself:
Can give a model of each prince's court,
And is become their fear. He has a mind
Equally pois'd, and virtue without sadness;
Hunts not for fame, through an ill path of life;
But is indeed, for all parts, so accomplish'd,
As I could wish or frame him.

Lor. These are joys,
In their relation to you, so transcendent,
As than your self I know no man more happy:
May I not see your son?

Gas. See where he stands,
Accompanied with young Lionel, the nephew
To Veterano the great antiquary.

Lion. I'll be bold, by your favour, to endear
Myself in his acquaintance. Noble Petrucio,
Darling of Venus, minion of the Graces,
Let me adopt me heir unto your love:
That is, yours by descent, and which your father,
A grave wise man, and a Magnifico,
Has not disdain'd.

Pet. I am much bound to you for it.

Lor. Is that all?

Pet. See the abundant ignorance of this age! he cites my father for a precedent: alas, he is a good old man, and no more; there he stands, be

has not been abroad, nor known the world; therefore, I hope, will not be so foolishly peremptory, to compare with me for judgment, that have travel'd, seen fashions, and been a man of intelligence.

Lor. Signior, your ear; pray let's counsel you.

Pet. Counsel me! the like trespass again; sure the old man doats! Who counsell'd me abroad, when I had none but mine own natural wisdom for my protection? Yet, I dare say, I met with more perils, more variety of allurements, more Circes, more Calipsos, and the like, than e'er were feign'd upon Ulysses.

Lor. It shew'd great wisdom, that you could avoid them.
Give o'er, and tempt your destiny no further;
'Tis time now to retire unto yourself:
Settle your mind upon some worthy beauty;
A wife will tame all wild affections:
I have a daughter, who, for youth and beauty,
Might be desir'd, were she ignobly born;
And for her dowry, that shall no way part you:
If you accept her, here, before your friends,
I will betroth her to you.

Pet. I thank you, sir, you'd have me marry your daughter; is it so?

Lor. With your good liking, not otherwise.

Pet. You nourish too great an ambition; what do you see in me, to make such a motion? No, be wise and keep her; were I married to her, I should not like her above a month at most.

Lor. How! not above a month?

Pet. I'll tell you, sir, I have made an experience that way on my nature: when I have hir'd a creature for my pleasure, as 'tis the fashion in many places, for the like time that I told you of, I have been so tired with her before 'twas out, as no horse like me, I could not spur my affection to go a jot further.

Gas. Well said, boy! thou art e'en mine own son; when I was young, 'twas just my humour.

Lion. You give yourself a plausible commends.

Pet. I can make a shift to love; but having enjoy'd, fruition kills my appetite: no, I must have several objects of beauty, to keep my thoughts always in action, or I am nobody.

Gas. Still mine own flesh and blood!

Pet. Therefore I have chose honour for my mistress, upon whose wings I will mount up to the heavens; where I will fix myself a constellation, for all this under-world of mortals to wonder at me.

Gas. Nay, he is a mad wag, I assure you, and knows how to put a price upon his desert.

Pet. I can no longer stay to dilate on these vanities; therefore, gallants, I leave you. [*Exit.*

Lor. What, is he gone? Is your son gone?

Gas. So it seems. Well, gallants, where shall I see you anon?

Lor. You shall not part with us.

Gas. You shall pardon me, I must wait upon my son. [*Exit.*

Lor. Do you hear, signior? A pretty preferment!

Lion. Oh, sir, the lustre of good clothes, or breeding,
Bestow'd upon a son, will make a rustick,
Or a mechanick father, to commit
Idolatry, and adore his own issue.

Ang. They are so well match'd, 'twere pity to part them.

Lor. Well said, little-one, I think thou art wiser than both of them.
But this same scorn I do not so well relish;
A whoreson humorous fantastic novice,
To contemn my daughter! He is not worthy
To bear up her train.

Lion. Or kiss under it.
Will you revenge this injury upon him?

Lor. Revenge! Of all the passions of my blood,
'Tis the most sweet. I should grow fat to think on't,
Could you but promise.

Lion. Will you have patience?
Be rul'd by me, and I will compass it
To your full wish. We'll set a bait afore him,
That he shall seize as sharply as Jove's eagle
Did snatch up Ganymede.

Lor. Do but cast the plot,
I'll prosecute it with as much disgrace
As hatred can suggest.

Lion. Do you see this page, then?

Lor. Ay, what of him?

Lion. That face of his shall do it.

Lor. What shall it do? Methinks he has a pretty innocent countenance.

Lion. Oh! but beware of a smooth look at all times.
Observe what I say: he is a siren above,
But below a very serpent. No female scorpion
Did ever carry such a sting, believe it.

Lor. What should I do with him?

Lion. Take him to your house,
There keep him privately, till I make all perfect.
If ever alchymist did more rejoice
In his projection, never credit me.

Lor. You shall prevail, upon my faith, beyond
My understanding: and, my dapper 'squire,
If you be such a precious wag, I'll cherish you.
Come, walk along with me. Farewel, sir.

Lion. Adieu. [*Exeunt* LORENZO *and* ANGELIA.
Now I must travel, on a new exploit,
To an old antiquary; he is my uncle,
And I his heir. Would I could raise a fortune
Out of his ruins! He is grown obsolete,
And 'tis time he were out of date. They say he sits
All day in contemplation of a statue
With ne'er a nose, and doats on the decays
With greater love than the self-lov'd Narcissus
Did on his beauty: How shall I approach him?
Could I appear but like a Sibyl's son,
Or with a face rugged as father Nilus

Is pictur'd on the hangings, there were hope
He might look on me. How to win his love
I know not. If I wist he were not precise,
I'd lay to purchase some stale interludes,
And give him them: books that have not attain'd
To the Platonic year, but wait their course,
And happy hour, to be reviv'd again:
Then would I induce him to believe they were
Some of Terence's hundred and fifty comedies
That were lost in the Adriatic sea,
When he return'd from banishment. Some such
Gullery as this might be inforced upon him.
I'll first talk with his man, and then consider.
[*Exit.*

Enter LORENZO, GASPARO, MOCINIGO, *and* ANGELIA.

Lor. How hap't you did return again so soon, sir?

Gas. I'll tell you, sir: As I follow'd my son
From the Rialto, near unto the bridge,
We were encount'red by a [6] sort of gallants,
Sons of Clarissimos, and Procurators
That knew him in his travels: whereupon
He did insinuate with his eyes, unto me,
I should depart and leave them.

Lor. 'Seems he was asham'd of your company.

Gas. Like will to like, sir.

Lor. What grave and youthful gentleman's that with you?

Gas. Do you not know him?

Lor. No.

Gas. Not Signior Mocinigo?

Lor. You jest, I am sure.

Gas. Ay, and there hangs a jest:
For, going to a courtezan this morning,
In his own proper colour, his grey beard,
He had th' ill luck to be refus'd; on which,
He went and dy'd it, and came back again,
And was again, with the same scorn, rejected;
Telling him, that she had newly deny'd his father.

Lor. Was that her answer?

Gas. It has so troubled him,
That he intends to marry. What think you, sir,
Of his resolution?

Lor. By'r lady, it shews
Great haughtiness of courage; a man of his years
That dares to venture on a wife.

Moc. A man of my years! I feel
My limbs as able as the best of them;
And in all places else, except my hair,
As green as a bay-tree: and for the whiteness
Upon my head, although it now lie hid,
What does it signify, but like a tree that blossoms
Before the fruit come forth? And, I hope, a tree
That blossoms, is neither dry nor wither'd.

Lor. But pray, what piece of beauty's that you mean
To make the object of your love?

Moc. Ay, there
You 'pose me; for I have a curious eye,
And am as choice in that point to be pleased,
As the most youthful. Here, one's beauty takes me;
And there, her parentage and good behaviour:
Another's wealth or wit: but I'd have one
Where all these graces meet, as in a center.

Gas. You are too ambitious. You'll hardly find
Woman or beast that trots sound of all four:
There will be some defect.

[7] *Moc.* Yet this I resolve on,

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[6] *A sort.*—A company. See note 4 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Vol. I. p. 102.

[7] *Moc. Yet this,* &c.—This is taken from Chaucer:

"But one thing warn I you, my frendis dere,
I woll none old wife have in no manere.
She shall not passin sixtene yere certeine,
Old fish, and yong flesh woll I have full faine."——*Merchant's Tale*, l. 930.

Which Mr Pope hath modernized in the following manner:

"One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice; This wife must not be old:
There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed."——*January and May*, l. 99.

"For sondry scholis maketh sotill clarkis,
Woman of many scholis half a clark is:
But certainly a yong thing may men gye,
Right as men may warm wax with hondis plie."——*Merchant's Tale*, l. 943.

"No crafty widows shall approach my bed;
Those are too wise for batchelors to wed.
As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
Twice-marry'd dames are mistresses o' th' trade:
But young and tender virgins, rul'd with ease,
We form like wax, and mould them as we please."
January and May, l. 106.

To have a maid tender of age and fair.
Old fish and young flesh, that's still my diet.
Lor. What think you of a widow?
Moc. By no means:
They are too politic a generation;
Prov'd so by similies. Many voyages
Make an experienc'd seaman; many offices
A crafty knave: so, many marriages,
A subtle cunning widow. No, I'll have one
That I may mould, like wax, unto my humour.
Lor. This doating ass is worth, at least, a million;
And though he cannot propagate his stock,
Will be sure to multiply. I'll offer him my daughter.
By computation of age, he cannot
Live past ten years; by that time she'll get strength
To break this rotten hedge of matrimony
And after have a fair green field to walk in,
And wanton where she please. Signior, a word;
And by this guess my love: I have a daughter,
Of beauty fresh, of her demeanour gentle,
And of a sober wisdom: you know my estate.
If you can fancy her, seek no further.
Moc. Thank you, signior; pray of what age
Is your daughter?
Lor. But sixteen, at the most.
Moc. But sixteen! Is she no more? She is too young then.
Gas. You wish'd for a young one, did you not?
Moc. Not that I would have her in years.
Gas. I warrant you!
Moc. Well, mark what I say: When I come to her,
She'll ne'er be able to endure me.
Lor. I'll trust her.
Gas. I think your choice, sir, cannot be amended,
She is so virtuous and so amiable.
Moc. Is she so fair and amiable? I'll have her.
She may grow up to what she wants; and then
I shall enjoy such pleasure and delight,
Such infinite content in her embraces,
I may contend with Love for happiness!
Yet one thing troubles me.
Gas. What's that?
Moc. I shall live [joys.
So well on earth, I ne'er shall think of any other
Gas. I wish all joy to you; but 'tis in th' power
Of fate to work a miracle upon you.
You may obtain the grace, with other men,
To repent your bargain before you have well seal'd it.
Lor. Or she may prove his purgatory, and send him
To heaven the sooner.
Gas. Such like effects as these
Are not unheard of in nature.
Moc. For all these scruples,
I am resolv'd. Bring me, that I may see her;
Young handsome ladies are like prizes at a horse-race, where
Every well-breath'd gentleman may put in for his share. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke and LEONARDO.

Leon. But are you resolv'd of this course, sir?
Duke. Yes, we'll be once mad in our days, and do an exploit for posterity to talk of. Will you join with me?
Leon. I am at your Grace's disposing.
Duke. No grace, nor no respect, I beseech you, more than ordinary friendship allows of; 'tis the only bar to hinder our designs.
Leon. Then, sir, what fashion you are pleas'd to appoint me, I will be glad to put on.
Duke. 'Tis well. For my part, I am determin'd to lay by all ensigns of my royalty for a while, and walk abroad under a mean coverture. Variety does well; and 'tis as great delight, sometimes, to shrowd one's head under a coarse roof, as a rich canopy of gold.
Leon. But what's your intent in this?
Duke. I have a longing desire to see the fashions of the vulgar; which, should I affect in mine own person, I might divert them from their humours. The face of greatness would affright them, [8] as Cato did the Floralia from the theatre.
Leon. Indeed familiarity begets boldness.
Duke. 'Tis true, indulgency and flattery take away the benefit of experience from princes; which ennobles the fortunes of private men.
Leon. But you are a duke, sir; and this descent from your honour will undervalue you.
Duke. Not a whit: I am so toil'd out with grand affairs, and dispatching of embassages, that I am ready to sink under the burden. Why may not an Atlas of state, such as myself, that bears up the weight of a commonwealth, now and then, for recreation's sake, be glad to ease his shoulders? Has not Jupiter thrown away his rays and his thunder, to walk among mortals?

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[8] *As Cato did the Floralia.*—The Floralia or feast of Flora, Goddess of Flowers, were celebrated with publick sports on the 5th of the Kalends of May. The chief part of the "solemnity was managed by a company of lewd strumpets, who ran up and down naked, sometimes dancing, sometimes fighting, or acting the mimick. However it came to pass, the wisest and gravest Romans were not for discontinuing this custom, though the most indecent imaginable: for *Portius Cato*, when he was present at these games, and saw the people ashamed to let the women strip while he was there, immediately went out of the theatre to let the ceremony have its course."
Kennet's *Roman Antiquities*, p. 297.

Does not Apollo suffer himself to be depriv'd of his quiver, that he may waken up his muse sometimes, and sing to his harp?

Leon. Nay, sir, to come to a more familiar example: I have heard of a nobleman that has been drunk with a tinker, and of a magnifico that has play'd at [9] blow-point.

Duke. Very good then, take our degrees alike, and the act's as pardonable.

Leon In a humour, sir, a man may do much. But how will you prevent their discovery of you?

Duke. Very well: the alteration of our clothes will abolish suspicion.

Leon. And how for our faces?

Duke. They shall pass without any seal of disguise. Who ne'er were thought on, will ne'er be mistrusted.

Leon. Come what will, greatness can justify any action whatsoever, and make it thought wisdom; but if we do walk undiscern'd, 'twill be the better. It tickles me to think what a mass of delight we shall possess, in being, as 'twere, the invisible spectators of their strange behaviours. I heard, sir, of an antiquary, who, if he be as good at wine as at history, he is sure an excellent companion; and of one Petrucio, who plays the eagle in the clouds: and, *indeed*, divers others, who verify the proverb, *So many men, so many humours.*

Duke. All these we'll visit in order: but how we shall comply with them, 'tis as occasion shall be offer'd; we will not now be so serious to consider.

Leon. Well, sir, I must trust to your wit to manage it. Lead on, I attend you. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter AURELIO, *and Musicians.*

Aur. This is the window: now, my noble Orpheus,
As thou affect'st the name of Rarity,
Strike with the soul of musick, that the sound
May bear my love on his bedewed wing,
To charm her ear: as when a sacrifice,
With his perfumed steam, flies up to heaven,
Into Jove's nostrils, and there throws a mist
On his enraged brow. Oh how my fancy
Labours with the success! [*Song above.*

Enter LUCRETIA.

Luc. Cease your fool's note there; I am not in tune,
To dance after your fiddle. Who are you?
What saucy groom, that dares so near intrude,
And with offensive noise, grate on my ears?

Aur. What more than earthly light breaks through that window?
Brighter than all the glittering train of nymphs
That wait on Cynthia, when she takes her progress
In pursuit of the swift enchased deer,
Over the Cretan or Athenian hills;
Or when, attended with those lesser stars,
She treads the azure circle of the heavens?

Luc. Hey-day, this is excellent! What voice is that?
Oh, is it you? I cry you mercy, sir:
I thought as much; these are your tricks still with me:
You have been sotting on't all night with wine,
And here you come to finish out your revels:
I shall be, one day, able to live private,
I shall, and not be made the epilogue
Of all your drunken meetings. For shame, away!
The rosy morning blushes at thy baseness.
Julia, go throw the musick a reward,
And set them hence.

Aur. Divine Lucretia,
Do not receive with scorn my proffer'd service:
Oh turn again, though from your arched brow,
Stung with disdain, and bent down to your eye,
You shoot me through with darts of cruelty.
Ah foolish man, to court the flame that burns him!

Luc. What would this fellow have?

Aur. Shine still, fair mistress;
And though in silence, yet still look upon me:
[10] Your eye discourses with more rhetorick
Than all the gilded tongues of orators.

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[9] *Blow-point.*—So, in *The Return from Parnassus*, A. 3. S. 1:

"—— my mistress upon good days puts on a piece of a parsonage; and we pages *play at blow-point* for a piece of a parsonage."

Donne's *Poems*, 1719, p. 119:

"—— shortly, boys shall not *play*
At span-counter, or *blow-point*, but shall pay
Toll to some courtier."

[10] *Your eye discourses*, &c.—So, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 3. S. 3:

"——You shall see sweet silent rhetorique and *dumb eloquence speaking in her eye;* but when she

Luc. Out of my pity, not my love, I'll answer;
You come to woo me, and speak fair; 'tis well:
You think to win me too: you are deceiv'd;
For when I hate a person, all his actions,
Though ne'er so good, prove but his prejudice:
For flatteries are like sweet pills; though sweet,
Yet if they work not straight, invert to poison.
Aur. Why do you hate me, lady? Was there ever
Woman so cruel, to hate him that lov'd her?
Oh, do not so degenerate from nature,
Which form'd you of a temper soft as silk!
And to the sweet composure of your body,
Took not a drop of gall, or corrupt humour;
But all your blood was clear and purified.
Then as your limbs are fair, so be your mind;
Cast not a scandal on her curious hand,
To say, she made that crooked, or uneven;
For virtue is the best, which is deriv'd
From a sweet feature. Women crown their youth
With the chaste ornaments of love and truth.
Luc. This is a language you are studied in,
And you have spoke it to a thousand.
Aur. Never, never to any; for my soul is cut so
To the proportion of what you are,
That all the other beauty in the world,
That is not found within your face, seems vile.
[11] Oh that I were a veil upon that face,
To hide it from the world; methinks I could
Envy the very sun for gazing on you!
Luc. I wonder, that a fellow of no worth,
Should talk thus liberally: be so impudent,
After so many slightings and abuses
Extorted from me, beyond modesty,
To press upon me still: Have not I told you
My mind in words, plain to be understood,
How much I hate you? Can I not enjoy
The freedom of my chamber, but you must
Stand in my prospect? If you please, I will
Resign up all, and leave you possession.
What can I suffer, or expect more grievous,
From the enforcement of an enemy?
Aur. Do not insult upon my sufferings;
I had well hop'd, I should receive some comfort
From the sweet influence of your words or looks;
But now must fly, and vanish like a cloud,
Chas'd with the wind, into the colder regions,
Where sad despair sits ever languishing;
There will I calculate my injuries.
Sum'd up with my deserts: Then shall I find
How you are wanting to all good and pity,
And that you do but juggle with our sense;
That you appear gentle and smooth as water,
When no wind breathes on it; but indeed,
Are far more hard than rocks of adamant:
That you are more inconstant than your mistress,
Fortune, that guides you: that your promises
Are all deceitful; and that wanton Love,
Whom former ages, flattering their vice,
And to procure more freedom for their sin,
Have term'd a God, laughs at your perjuries.
Luc. You will do this: why do so, ease your mind,
So I be free from you. There's no such torment,
As to be troubled with an insolent lover,
That will receive no answer: bonds and fetters,
Perpetual imprisonment, are not like it:
'Tis worse than to be seiz'd on with a fever,
A continual surfeit. For heaven's sake, leave me,
And let me here no more of you.
Aur. Is this the best reward for all my hopes,
The dear expences of youth and service,
Spent in the execution of your follies?
When not a day or hour, but witness'd with me,
With what great study, and affected care,
More than of fame or honour, I invented
New ways to fit your humour; what observance,
As if you were the arbitress of courtship,
I sought to please you with: laid out for fashions,
And bought them for you; feasted you with banquets;
Read you asleep i' th' afternoon with pamphlets;
Sent you elixirs and preservatives,
Paintings and powders, that would have restor'd
Old Niobe to youth; the beauty you pretend to,
Is all my gift. Besides, I was so simple,

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speaks herself, such an anatomy of wit, so fine wiz'd and arteriz'd, that 'tis the goodliest model of pleasure that ever was to behold."

Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 2. S. 2:

> "She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?
> *Her eye discourses*, I will answer it."

And Pope, in his translation of the *Iliad:*

> "Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
> Silence that spoke, *and eloquence of eyes.*"

[11] *Oh that I were*, &c.—Borrowed from Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 2. S. 2:

> "O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
> That I might touch that cheek."

Which, Mr Steevens observes, hath been ridiculed by Shirley, in *The School of Compliments:*

> "Oh that I were a flea upon that lip, &c."

[12] To wear your foolish colours, cry your wit up,
And judgment, when you had none, and swore to it;
Drank to your health, whole nights, in [13] Hippocras,
Upon my knees, with more religion
Than e'er I said my prayers, which Heaven forgive me.
Luc. Are these such miracles! 'Twas but your duty,
The tributary homage all men owe
Unto our sex: Should we enjoin you travel,
Or send you on an errand into France,
Only to fetch a basket of musk-melons,
It were a favour for you. Put the case
That I were Hero, and you were Leander;
If I should bid you swim the Hellespont,
Only to know my mind, methinks you might
Be proud of the employment: Were you a Puritan,
Did I command you wait me to a play,
Or to the church, though you had no religion,
You might not question it.
Aur. Pretty, very pretty!
Luc. And then, because I am familiar,
And deign, out of my nobleness and bounty,
To grace your weak endeavours with the title
Of courtesy, to wave my fan at you,
Or let you kiss my hand; must we strait marry?
I may esteem you in the rank of servants,
To cast off when I please, ne'er for a husband.
Aur. If ever devil damn'd in a woman's tongue,
'Tis in thine; I am glad yet you tell me this,
I might have else proceeded, and gone on
[14] In the lewd way of loving you, and so
Have wander'd farther from myself: But now
I'll study to be wiser, and henceforth
Hate the whole gang of you; denounce a war,
Ne'er to be reconcil'd, and rejoice in it;
And count myself bless'd for't; and wish all men
May do the like, to shun you: For my part,
If when my brains are troubled with late drinking,
(I shall have else the grace, sure, to forget you,)
Then but my labouring fancy dream of you,
I'll start, affrighted at the vision.
Luc. 'Las! how pityfully it takes it to heart!
It would be angry too, if it knew how.
Aur. Come near me, none of you; if I hear
The sound of your approach, I'll stop my ears;
Nay, I'll be angry, if I shall imagine
That any of you think of me: and, for thy sake,
If I but see the picture of a woman,
I'll hide my face, and break it. So farewel.
[*Exit* LUCRETIA.

Enter LORENZO, MOCINIGO, *and* ANGELIA.

Lor. What are you, friend, and what's your business?
Aur. Whate'er it be, now 'tis dispatch'd.
Lor. This is rudeness.
Aur. The fitter for the place and persons then.
Lor. How's that?
Aur. You are a nest of savages, the house
Is more inhospitable than the quicksands:
Your daughter sits on that enchanted bay,
A Siren like, to entice passengers;
Who viewing her, through a false perspective,
Neglect the better traffick of their life:
But yet, the more they labour to come near her,
The further she flies back; until at last,
When she has brought them to some rock or shelf,
She proudly looks down on the wreck of lovers.
Lor. Why, who has injur'd you?
Aur. No matter who:
I'll first talk with a sphinx, ere converse with you.
Lor. A word: Expound your wrongs more to the full,
If you expect a remedy.
Aur. I'll rather
Seek out diseases, choose my death, and pine,
Than stay to be cur'd by you. [*Exit.*

Enter ÆMILIA *and* LUCRETIA.

Lor. If you be so obstinate,
Take your course——Why, wife Æmilia,
Daughter Lucretia——What's the matter here
With this same fellow? do you owe him money?
Luc. Owe him money, sir! Does he look like one
That should lend money? He is a gentleman,
And they seldom credit any body.
Lor. Well, wife,
Where was your matron's wisdom, that should keep
A vigilant care upon your house and daughter,
And not have suffer'd her to be surpriz'd
With every loose aspect, and gazing eye,
That suck in hot and lustful motions?

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[12] *To wear your foolish colours.*—So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, last edit. Vol. II. p. 422:

"And *wear* his *colours* like a tumbler's hoop."

See a Note on this passage.

[13] *Hippocras.*—"A compound wine, mixed with several kinds of spices. Blount's *Glossographia.* Kneeling to drink healths was formerly the common practice of drinkers. So, in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, A. 2. S. 2:"

"He is a great proficient in all the illiberal sciences; as cheating, drinking, swaggering, whoring and such like; *never kneels but to drink healths*, nor prays but for a pipe of pudding tobacco."

[14] *In the lewd way*—i. e. idle.

You were best turn bawd, and prostitute her beauty.
Æmil. You were best turn an old ass,
And meddle with your bonds and brokage.
Lor. What was his business?
Luc. To tell you true, sir, he is one of those,
Whom love and fortune have conspir'd to fool,
And make the subject of a woman's will;
His idle brain, being void of better reason,
Is fill'd with toys and humours; and for want
Of other exercise, he takes great pains
For the expressing of his folly: Sometimes
With starts and sighs, hung head, and folded arms,
Sonnets and pitiful tunes; forgetting
All due respect unto himself, and friends,
With doating on a mistress: she again,
As little pitying him, whose every frown
Strikes him as dead as fate, and makes him walk
The living monument of his own sorrow.
Lor. I apprehend, he came a wooing to thee.
'Tis so, and thou did'st scorn him, girl: 'twas well done.
I'll ease thee of that care: see, I have brought
A husband to thy hand. Look on him well;
A worthy man, and a Clarissimo.
Luc. A husband, said you! Now Venus be propitious:
He looks more like the remedy of love,
A julep to cool it. She that could take fire
At such a dull flame, as his eyes, I should
Believe her more than touchwood!
Moc. A ravishing creature!
If her condition answer but her feature,
I am fitted. Her form answers my affection;
[15] It arrides me exceedingly. I'll speak to her.
Fair mistress, what your father has propos'd
In the fair way of contract, I stand ready
To ratify; and let me not seem less
In your esteem, because I am so easy
In my consent. Women love out of fancy;
Men from advice.
Luc. You do not mean in earnest?
Now, Cupid, deliver me!
Moc. How, not in earnest!
As I am strong and mighty in desires,
You wrong me to question it.
Luc. Good sir, consider
The infinite distance that is between us
In age and manners.
Moc. No distance at all:
My age is youthful, and your youth is aged.
Luc. But you are wise, and will you sell your freedom
Unto a female tyranny, in despair
E'er to be quit? You run a strange adventure,
Without perceiving what a certain hazard
A creature of my inclination
Is apt to draw you to.
Moc. I cannot think it.
Luc. 'Tis strange you'll not believe me, unless I lay
My imperfection open. I have a nature
Ambitious beyond thought, quite giv'n over
To entertainments and expence: no bravery
That's fashionable can escape me; and then,
Unless you are of a most settled temper,
Quite without passion, I shall make you
Horn-mad with jealousy.
Moc. Come, come, I know
Thou'rt virtuous, and speakest this but to try me:
You will not be so adverse to your fortune,
And all obedience, to contradict
What your father has set down.
Luc. These are my faults
I cannot help, if you will be so good
As to dispense with them.
Moc. With all my heart I forgive thee before thou offend'st.
Luc. Then, I am mighty stubborn and self-will'd,
And shall sometimes e'en long to abuse you;
And for my tongue, 'tis like a stone thrown down,
Of an impetuous motion, not to be still'd.
Moc. All these cannot dismay me; for considering
How they are passions proper to your sex,
In a degree they are virtues.
Luc. Oh my fate!
He will not be terrified. Then, not to feed you
With further hopes, or pump for more excuses,
Take it in brief, though I am loth to speak,
But you compel me to it; I cannot love you.
Lor. How do you speed, sir? Is she tractable?
Do you approve of her replies?
Moc. I know not,
Guess you: she said she cannot love me; and 'tis
The least thing I should have mistrusted; I durst
Have sworn, she would ne'er have made scruple on't.
Lor. Not love you! Come, she must and shall.
'Do you hear, housewife?
No more of this, as you affect my friendship.
What, shall I bring here a right worshipful prætor
Unto my house, in hope you will be rul'd,
And you prove recreant to my commands?
By my vex'd soul, thou hast done a deed were able,
In the mere questioning of what I bid,
Were not I a pious and indulgent father,
To thrust thee, as a stranger, from my blood.
Moc. Be not too rash, sir; women are not won
With force, but fair entreaty. Have I been vers'd,
Thus long i' th' school of love? know all their arts,

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[15] *It arrides me exceedingly—i. e.* pleases me: a Latin phrase. So *Cic. Att.* 13, 21: "Inhibere illud tuum quod valde *arriserat*, vehementer displicet." S.

Their practices, their ways, and subtilties,
In all my encounters still return'd a victor,
And have not left a stratagem at last
To work on her affection? Let me suffer.

Lor. Nay, and you have that confidence, I'll leave you.

Moc. Lady, a word in private with you. [*Whisper*

Æmil. Pray, sweetheart,
What pretty youth is that?

Lor. Who, this same chicken?
He is the son of a great nobleman,
And my especial friend. His father's gone
Into the country to survey his lands,
And let new leases, and left him in charge
With me till his return.

Æmil. Now, as I live,
'Tis a well-favour'd lad, and his years promise
He should have an ability to do,
And wit to conceal. When I take him single,
I'll try his disposition.

Moc. This, for your sake,
I'll undertake and execute.

Luc. For my sake!
You shall not draw me to the fellowship
Of such a sin.

Moc. I know 'tis pleasing to thee,
And therefore am resolv'd.

Luc. I may prevent you.

Lor. What, are you resolv'd?

Moc. We are e'en at a point, sir.

Lor. What's more to be done, let's in and consider. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antiquary and PETRO.

Ant. Well, sirrah! but that I have brought you up, I would cashier you for these reproofs.

Petro. Good sir, consider, 'tis no benefit to me; he is your nephew that I speak for, and 'tis charity to relieve him.

Ant. He is a young knave, and that's crime enough: and he were old in any thing, though 'twere in iniquity, there were some reverence to be had of him.

Petro. Why, sir, though he be a young knave, as you term him, yet he is your kinsman, and in distress too.

Ant. Why, sir, and you know again, that 'tis an old custom, (which thing I will no way transgress,) for a rich man not to look upon any as his kinsman, in distress.

Petro. 'Tis an ill custom, sir, and 'twere good 'twere repeal'd.

Ant. I have something else to look after: Have you dispos'd of those relics, as I bade you?

Petro. Yes, sir.

Ant. Well, thou dost not know the estimation of what thou hast in keeping. The whole Indies, seeing they are but newly discover'd, are not to be valued with them. The very dust that cleaves to one of those monuments, is more worth than the ore of twenty mines!

Petro. Yet, by your favour, sir, of what use can they be to you?

Ant. What use! Did not the Seigniory build a state-chamber for antiquities? and 'tis the best thing that e'er they did: they are the registers, the chronicles of the age they were made in, and speak the truth of history better than a hundred of your printed commentaries.

Petro. Yet few are of your belief.

Ant. There's a box of coins within, most of them brass, yet each of them a jewel, miraculously preserv'd in spight of time or envy; and are of that rarity and excellence, that saints may go a pilgrimage to them, and not be ashamed.

Petro. Yet, I stay still, What good can they do to you, more than to look on?

Ant. What good, thou brute! And thou wer't not worth a penny, the very shewing of them were able to maintain thee. Let me see now, and you were put to it, how you could advance your voice in their commendation. Begin.

Petro. All you gentlemen, that are affected with rarities, such, the world cannot produce the like, snatch'd from the jaws of time, and wonderfully collected by a studious antiquary; come near and admire.

Ant. Thou say'st right: the limbs of Hippolitus were never so dispers'd.

Petro. First, those twelve pictures that you see there, are the portraitures of the Sibyls, drawn, five hundred years since, by Titianus of Padua, an excellent painter and statuary.

Ant. Very well.

Petro. Then, here is Venus all naked, and Cupid by her, on a dolphin. *Both these were* drawn by Apelles of Greece.

Ant. Proceed.

Petro. Then here is Hercules and Antæus, and that Pallas at length, in alabaster, with her helmet and feathers; and that's Jupiter, with an eagle at his back.

Ant. Exceeding well!

Petro. Then, there's the great silver box that Nero kept his beard in.

Ant. Good again.

Petro. And after decking it with precious stones, did consecrate it to the Capitol.

Ant. That's right.

Petro. And there hangs the net that held Mars and his mistress, while the whole bench of bawdy deities stood spectators of their sport.

Ant. Admirable good!

Petro. [16] Then, here is Marius to the middle,

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[16] *Then, here is Marius to the middle——he with half a nose is Corvinus, and he with ne'er a one is Galba.*

"Et Curios jam dimidios, nasumque minorem
Corvini, et Galbam auriculis nasoque carentem?"
Juvenal. Sat. 8. edit. Ald. 1535. S.

and there Cleopatra with a veil over her face; and next to her, Marcus Antonius the Triumvir; then, he with half a nose is Corvinus, and he with ne'er a one is Galba.

Ant. Very sufficient!

Petro. Then, here is Vittellius, and there Titus and Vespasian. These three were made by Jacobus Sansovinus, the Florentine.

Ant. 'Tis enough.

Petro. Last of all, this is the urn that did contain the ashes of the emperors.

Ant. And each of these worth a king's ransom——

Enter Duke and LEONARDO.

Duke. Save you, sir!

Ant. You are welcome, gentlemen.

Duke. I come, sir, a suitor to you. I hear you are possess'd of many various and excellent antiquities; and though I am a stranger, I would intreat your gentleness a favour.

Ant. What's that, sir?

Duke. Only that you would vouchsafe me to be a spectator of their curiosity and worth; which courtesy shall engage me yours for ever.

Ant. For their worth I will not promise; 'tis as you please to esteem of them.

Leon. No doubt, sir, we shall ascribe what dignity belongs to them, and to you their preserver.

Ant. You speak nobly: and thus much let me tell you, to your edifying; the foolish doating on these present novelties, is the cause why so many rare inventions have already perish'd; and, which is pity, antiquity has not left so much as a footstep behind her, more than of her vices.

Leon. 'Tis the more pity, sir.

Ant. Then, what raises such vanities amongst us, and sets fantastical fancies a-work? What's the reason that so many fresh tricks and new inventions of fashions and diseases come daily over sea, and land upon a man that never durst adventure to taste salt water, but only the neglect of those useful instructions which antiquity has set down?

Duke. You speak oracles, sir.

Ant. Look farther, and tell me what you find better, or more honourable than age. Is not wisdom entail'd upon it? Take the prehemineence of it in every thing; in an old friend, in old wine, in an old pedigree.

Leon. All this is certain.

Ant. I confess to you, gentlemen, I must reverence and prefer the precedent times before these, which consum'd their wits in experiments; and 'twas a virtuous emulation amongst them, that nothing which should profit posterity should perish.

Leon. It argued a good fatherly providence.

Ant. It did so. There was Lysippus, that spent his whole life in the lineaments of one picture, which I will shew you anon: then was there [17] Eudoxus the philosopher, who grew old in the top of a mountain, to contemplate astronomy; whose manuscript I have also by me.

Duke. Have you so, sir?

Ant. I have that, and many more: yet see the preposterous desires of men in these days, that account better of a mass of gold, than whatever Apelles or Phidias have invented!

Duke. That is their ignorance.

Ant. Well, gentlemen, because I perceive you are ingenious, I would intreat you to walk in, where I will demonstrate all, and proceed in my admonition. [*Exeunt.*

Enter AURELIO *and* LIONEL.

Lion. 'Tis well, sir; I am glad you are so soon got free from your bondage.

Aur. Yes, I thank my stars, I am now my own man again; I have slept out my drunken fit of love, and am recovered: you that are my friends, rejoice at my liberty.

Lion. Why, was it so painful to you?

Aur. More tedious than a siege; I wonder what black leaf in the book of fate has decreed that misery upon man, to be in love; it transforms him to a worse monster than e'er Calypso's cup did: a country gentleman among courtiers, or their wives among the ladies, a clown among citizens, nay an ass among apes, is not half so ridiculous as that makes us. Oh! that I could but come by it, how I would tear it, that never such a witched passion should arise in any human breast again.

Lion. You are too violent in your hate; you should never so fall out with a friend, as to admit no hope of reconcilement.

Aur. I'll first be at peace with a serpent. Mark me, if thou hast care of thy time, thy health, thy fame, or thy wits, avoid it.

Lion. I must confess, I have been a little vain that way, yet never so transported, but when I saw a handsomer in place, I could leave the former, and cleave to the latter; I was ever constant to beauty.

Aur. Hold thee there still, and if there be a necessity at any time, that thou must be mad, let it be a short fury, and away; let not this paltry love hang too long upon the file, be not deluded with delays; for if these she-creatures have once the predominance, there shall be no way to torture thee, but they'll find it out, and

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[17] *Eudoxus the philosopher*—of Cnidus. He flourished before the coming of Christ about 368 years. Petronius *in Satyrico* writes, *cum quidem in cacumine excellissimi montis consenuisse ut astrorum cælique motus deprehenderet.*

inflict it without mercy; they'll work on thy disposition, and if thou hast any good-nature, they'll be sure to abuse thee extremely.

Lion. Speak you this in earnest?

Aur. I know not what you call earnest; but before I'll endure that life again, I'll bind myself to a carrier, look out any employment whatever, spend my hours in seeing motions and puppet-plays, rook at bowling-alleys, mould tales, and vent them at ordinaries, carry begging epistles, walk upon projects, transcribe fidlers ditties.

Lion. Oh monstrous!

Aur. But since I have tasted the sweetness of my freedom, thou dost not know what quickness and agility is infused into me, I feel not that weight was wont to clog me, where-e'er I went; I am all fire and spirit, as if I had been stript of my mortality! I hear not my thoughts whisper to me, as they were wont; Such a man is your rival; There's an affront, call him to an account, Redeem your mistress's favour, Present her with such a gift, Wait her at such a place; none of these vanities.

Lion. You are happy, sir.

Enter Duke, PETRO, *and* LEONARDO.

Petro. Come, Gentles, follow me, I'll bring you to them; look you where they are!

Duke. Signior Lionel, I have trac'd much ground, to inquire for you.

Lion. I rest engag'd to you for your last night's love, sir.

Duke. And I for your good company. Did you ever see such a blind ruinous tipling-house, as we made shift to find out?

Leon. Ay, and the people were as wretched in it; what a mist of tobacco flew amongst them!

Lion. And what a deluge of rheum!

Petro. If the house be so old as you speak of, 'twere good you brought my master into it, and then throw 't a-top of him; he would never desire to be better buried.

Duke. Well said, Petro.

Lion. Sir, if it be no trouble to you, I would intreat you know my worthy friend here.

Duke. You shall make me happy in any worthy acquaintance.

Petro. Well, Signior Lionel, you are beholden to these gentlemen for their good words unto your uncle for you; they spoke in your behalf, as earnestly as e'er did lawyer for his client.

Lion. And what was the issue?

Petro. He is hide-bound, he will part with nothing; there is an old rivel'd purse hangs at his side, has not been loos'd these twenty years, and, I think, will so continue.

Lion. Why, will his charity stretch to nothing, Petro?

Petro. Yes, he has sent you something.

Lion. What is't?

Petro. A piece of antiquity, sir; 'tis English coin; and if you will needs know, [18] 'tis an old Harry groat.

Lion. Thank him heartily.

Petro. And 'tis the first, he says, that e'er was made of them, and, in his esteem, is worth three double ducats newly stampt.

Lion. His folly may put what price he please upon it, but to me 'tis no more than the value, Petro.

Petro. He says, moreover, that it may stand you in some use and pleasure hereafter, when you grow ancient; for it is worn so thin with often handling, it may serve you for a spectacle.

Lion. Very well.

Duke. 'Twere a good deed to conspire against him; he has a humour easy to be wrought on, and if you'll undertake him, we'll assist you in the performance.

Lion. With all my heart, gentlemen, and I thank you.

Duke. Let us defer it no longer then, but instantly about it.

Lion. A match! Lead on; good wit and fortune guide us. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Bravo and Boy.

Bra. Boy, how sits my rapier?

Boy. Close, sir, like a friend that meant to stick to you.

Bra. He that will purchase honour, and the name of Bravo, must by consequence be a brave fellow, his title requires it.

Boy. But pray, sir, were you never put to the worst in your days?

Bra. Who, I worsted? no, boy; I do manage my rapier with as much readiness and facility, as an unicorn does his antler.

Boy. Sure you must needs be very strong then.

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[18] *'Tis an old Harry groat.*—The groats coined in the reign of Henry the Eighth, are distinguished by different names; as, the *old Harry groat*, the gun-hole groat, the first and second gun-stone groat, &c. The *old Harry groat* is that which has the head of the king, with a long face and long hair. See Hewit's *Treatise on Moins, Coins*, &c. 1775. p. 69.

Bra. Not so neither, 'tis courage in me; I do it by a sleight, an activity, and by that I can controll any man's point whatsoever.

Boy. Is it possible?

Bra. I tell thee, boy, [19] I do as much surpass Hercules at my rapier, as he did me in club-fighting. Have you drawn a register of those men, that have been forc'd by this weak instrument to lay down their lives? I think it has cut more lives than Atropos.

Boy. But pray, sir, were they all your own exploits?

Bra. Indeed, boy, thou may'st question it; for, and they were to perform again, they would hardly be done. What will this age come to? Where be those stirring humours, that were wont to trouble the world? Peace, I think, will o'erspread them all like a gangrene, and men will die with a lethargy: there's no malice extant, no jealousies, no employment to set wickedness a-work; 'tis never a dead time with me, but when there's nobody to kill.

Boy. That's a miserable extremity indeed, sir.

Bra. Leave me, boy, to my meditations—

[*Exit Boy.*

Enter MOCINIGO.

Well, go thy ways, old Nick Machiavel, there will never be the peer of thee, for wholesome policy and good counsel; thou took'st pains to chalk men out the dark paths and hidden plots of murther and deceit, and no man has the grace to follow thee; the age is unthankful, thy principles are quite forsaken, and worn out of memory.

Moc. There's a fellow walks melancholy, and that's commonly a passion apt to entertain any mischief; discontent and honesty seldom harbour together. How scurvily he looks, like one of the devil's factors! I'll tempt him. By your leave, sir.

Bra. Ha!

Moc. No hurt, good sir; be not so furious, I beseech you.

Bra. What are you?

Moc. I am bold to disturb you, and would fain communicate a business, if you had the patience to hear me.

Bra. Speak, what is't?

Moc. You seem a man, upon whom fortune, perhaps, has not cast so favourable an aspect as you deserve.

Bra. Can you win her to look better?

Moc. Though not her, yet, perhaps, a servant of hers, that shall be as gracious to you, and as profitable.

Bra. What's she?

Moc. It may be, you want money; there is a way to purchase it, if you have the heart.

Bra. The heart! Hast thou the heart to speak, nay to conceive, what I dare not undertake?

Moc. A fit instrument for my purpose! How luckily has fortune brought me to him? Do you hear, sir, 'tis but the slight killing of a man, or so; no more.

Bra. Is that all?

Moc. Is that nothing?

Bra. Some queasy stomach might turn, perhaps, at such a motion; but I am more resolv'd, better harden'd. What is he? For I have my several rates, salaries for blood; for a lord, so much; for a knight, so much; a gentleman, so much; a peasant, so much; a stranger, so much; and a native, so much.

Moc. Nay, he is a gentleman, and a citizen of Venice.

Bra. Let him be what he will, and we can agree: it has been a foolish ambition heretofore, [20] to save them, and men were rewarded for it with garlands; but I had rather destroy one or two of them, they multiply too fast.

Moc. Do you know one Signior Aurelio then? He is the man; he woo'd my mistress, and sought to win her from me.

Bra. A warrantable cause! shew me the man, and 'tis enough.

Moc. And what must I give you?

Bra. At a word, thirty livres, I'll not bate you a [21] betso.

Moc. I'll give you twenty.

Bra. You bid like a chapman: well, 'tis a hard time; in hope of your custom hereafter, I'll take your money.

Moc. There 'tis. Now for the means; how can you compass it? Were you not best poison him, think you?

Bra. With a bullet or stilletto; poison him? I scorn to do things so poorly; no, I'll use valour in my villainy, or I'll do nothing.

Moc. You speak honourably; and, now I think on't, what if you beat him wellfavour'dly, and spared his life?

Bra. Beat him! stay there; I'll kill him for

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[19] —— *I do as much surpass Hercules at my rapier, as he did me in club-fighting.*—Thus Armado, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, last edit. Vol. II. p. 394: "I do excel Sampson in my rapier, as much as he did me in carrying gates."

[20] —— *to save them, men were rewarded for it with garlands.*—The Romans bestowed an oaken wreath on him who had preserved the life of a citizen. The mother of *Coriolanus*, in Shakspeare, boasts that he "return'd, his brows bound with oak." S.

[21] *Betso.*—A coin of the least value of any current in Venice; it was worth no more than half a sol; that is, near a farthing. See Coryat's *Crudities*, 1611, p. 286.

this sum, but I'll not beat him for thrice the value; so he might do as much for me: no, I'll leave him impotent for all thought of revenge.

Enter LUCRETIA.

Moc. Well, sir, use your pleasure.—Look you, here's the gentlewoman for whose sake it is done.—Lady, you are come most opportunely, to be a witness of my love and zeal to you; he is the man that will do the feat.

Luc. What feat?

Moc. That you and I consulted of; kill the rascal Aurelio, take him out of the way; what should he live any longer for? I'll have no man breathe that you disgust.

Luc. Then ought you to go and hang yourself.

Moc. Who, I hang myself! for what? my good service, and respect to your quiet? If he have any mind to haunt your chamber hereafter, he shall do it as a ghost, without any substantial shape, I assure you.

Luc. I think the fool is in earnest: I must use policy, and not play away a man's life so. Nay, pr'ythee, sweetheart, be not angry, 'twas but to try thee: this kiss, and my love.

Moc. Why, here's some amends yet; now 'tis as it should be.

Luc. I am as deep and eager in this purpose
As you are, therefore grant me leave, a little,
To talk with him; I have some private counsel
To give him, for the better execution.

Moc. May I not hear?

Luc. No, as you love me, go.

Moc. Her humour must be law: we that are suitors,
Must deal with women as with towns besieg'd,
Offer them fair conditions, till you get them,
And then we'll tyrannize: yet there's a doubt
Is not resolv'd on.

Luc. Good sir, be gone.

Moc. I vanish: were I best trust this fellow with my mistress?
Temptations may arise. 'Tis all one, I am
A right Italian, and the world shall see
That my revenge is above jealousy. [*Exit.*

Bra. Now, lady, your pleasure?

Luc. I would not allow myself any conference with you, did my reason persuade me, that you were as bad as you seem to be: pray, what are you?

Bra. I am, sweet creature, a kind of lawless justicer, or usurping martialist of authority, that will kill any man with my safety.

Luc. And you purpose the death of this gentleman?

Bra. I will do any thing for hire.

Luc. Have you no conscience?

Bra. Conscience! I know not what it is: why should any man live, and I want money?

Luc. Have you no regard then of innocence?

Bra. 'Tis crime enough he has a life.

Luc. How long have you been vers'd in this trade?

Bra. 'Tis my vocation.

Luc. Leave it, 'tis damnable;
And thou the worst and basest of all villains;
It had been better for the womb that bare thee,
If it had travail'd with a pestilence:
What seed of tygers could beget thee to
Such bold and rash attempts? for a small lucre,
Which will be straight as ill spent as 'twas got,
To destroy that, whose essence is divine;
Souls, in themselves more pure than are the heavens,
Or thy ill-boding stars; more worth than all
The treasure lock'd up in the heart of earth;
And yet do this unmov'd or unprovok'd.

Bra. I have no other means, nor way of living.

Luc. 'Twere better perish, than be so supported;
There are a thousand courses to subsist by.

Bra. Ay! but a free and daring spirit scorns
To stoop to servile ways, but will choose rather
To purchase his revenue from his sword.

Luc. I see you are grown obdurate in your crimes,
Founded to vice, lost to all piety;
Without the apprehension of what wrong
You do your country, in depriving her
Of those she now enjoys, as useful members,
And killing their posterity, who, perhaps,
Might, with their art or industry, advance her.

Bra. What courteous itch, I wonder, has possest
Your virtuous ladyship to give me advice?
Best keep your wits until you get a husband,
Who may, perhaps, require your learned counsel.

Luc. 'Tis true, such as do act thy villanies,
Hate to be told, or think of them; but hear me,
Hast thou no sense, nor no remorse of soul?
No thought of any Deity, who, though
It spare thee for a while, will send, at last,
A quick return of vengeance on thy head,
And dart thee down like Phaeton?

Bra. Sweet virgin,
[22] Faces about to some other discourse,
I cannot relish this.

Luc. So I believe; but yet
Compose your thoughts for speedy penitence,
Your life for an amendment, or I vow,
To lay your actions open to the senate.

Bra. Did not your sweetheart tempt me to this deed?
And will you now betray me?

Luc. He my sweetheart!
I hate you both alike; that very word
Is enough to divorce thee from my pity,

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[22] *Faces about.*—See Note 7 to *The Parson's Wedding*, postea.

Past hope of reconcilement; for what mercy
Is to be had of two such prodigies?
Will you recant yet? speak, will you be honest?
Bra. I think you'll force me to become your patient.
Luc. It is the way to heal thee of a sore,
Whose cure is supernatural: What art?
What mirror is sufficient to demonstrate
The foulness of thy guilt, whose leprous mind
Is but one stain seas cannot cleanse? Why murder,
'Tis of all vices the most contrary
To every virtue, and humanity;
For they intend the pleasure and delight,
But this the dissolution of nature.
Bra. She does begin to move me.
Luc. Think of thy sin,
It is the heir apparent unto hell,
And has so many, and so ugly shapes,
His father Pluto, and the furies hate
To look on their own birth; yet thou dar'st act
What they fear to suggest, and sell thy soul
To quick perdition.
Bra. This has wak'd me more
Into a quicker insight of my evils,
That have impal'd me round with horrid shapes;
More various, than the sev'ral forms of dreams
That wait on Morpheus in his sleepy den.
Luc. Then 'tis a fearful sin, and always labours
With the new-birth of damn'd inventions
And horrid practices; for 'tis so fearful,
It dares not walk alone, and where it bides,
There is no rest, nor no security,
But a perpetual tempest of despair.
Bra. All this I feel by sad experience;
Where have I been, where have I liv'd a stranger,
Exil'd from all good thoughts? Never till now
Did any beam of grace, or good, shine on me.
Luc. Besides, 'tis so abhorr'd of all that's good,
That when this monster lifts his cursed head
Above the earth, and wraps it in the clouds,
The sun flies back, as loth to stain his rays
With such a foul pollution; and night,
In emulation of so black a deed,
Puts on her darkest robe to cover it.
Bra. Oh do not grate too much upon my suff'rings;
You have won upon my conscience, and I feel
A sting within me, tells my troubled soul,
That I have trod too long those bloody paths
That lead unto destruction.
Luc. Then be sorry,
And with repentance purge away thy sin.
Bra. Will all my days and hours, consum'd in prayers,
My eyes dissolv'd to tears, wash off such crimes?
Luc. If they be serious, and continued.
Bra. You are a virgin, and your vows are chaste,
Do you assist me.
Luc. So you'll do the like
For me in what I shall propose.
Bra. I will,
And joy to be employ'd; there's no thought,
Which can proceed from you, but which is virtuous:
And 'tis a comfort, and a kind of goodness,
To mix with you in any action.
Luc. Nay more, in recompense of your fair proffer,
Because you say, you are destitute of means,
I'll see that want supply'd.
Bra. Divinest lady,
Command my service.
Luc. Walk then in with me,
And then I will acquaint you with the project.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter DUKE, LIONEL, *and* LEONARDO, PETRUCIO *following.*

Duke. I see him coming; let's fall into admiration of his good parts, that he may over-hear his own praise.
Lion. I have, methinks, a longing desire to meet with Signior Petrucio.
Pet. I hear myself nam'd amongst them; 'tis no point of civility to listen what opinion the world holds of me, I shall conceive it by their discourse; a man behind his back shall be sure to have nothing but truth spoke of him.
Leon. Pray, sir, when saw you that thrice noble and accomplish'd gentleman, Petrucio?
Pet. Thrice noble and accomplish'd! there's a new style thrust upon me.
Duke. It pleas'd the indulgency of my fate, to bless me with his company this morning, where he himself was no less favourable to grace me with the perusal of a madrigal, or an essay of beauty, which he had then newly compos'd.
Lion. Well, gallants, either my understanding misinforms me, or he is one of the most rare and noble qualified pieces of gentility, that ever did inrich our climate.
Leon. Believe it, sir, 'twere a kind of prophanation, to make doubt of the contrary.
Pet. How happy am I in such acquaintance? A man shall have his due, when your meaner society has neither judgment to discern worth, nor credit to commend it.
Duke. 'Twas my happiness, th' other day, to be in the presence with certain ladies, where I heard him the most extoll'd and approv'd; one of them was not asham'd to pronounce it openly, that she would never desire more of heaven, than to enjoy such a man for her servant.
Pet. It shall be my next employment, to enquire out for that lady.
Lion. 'Tis a miracle to me, how, in so small a competency of time, he should arrive to such an absolute plenitude of perfection.
Leon. No wonder at all; a man that has travell'd, and been careful of his time.
Lion. But, by your favour, sir, 'tis not every man's happiness to make so good use on't.
Duke. I'll resolve you something: there is as

great a mystery in the acquisition of knowledge, as of wealth; Have you not a citizen will grow rich in a moment, and why not he ingenious? Besides, who knows but he might have digg'd for it, and so found out some conceal'd treasure of understanding?

Pet. Now, as I am truly noble, 'tis a wrongful imputation upon me.

Leon. Well, if he had but bounty annex'd to his other sufficiencies, he were unparallel'd.

Duke. Nay, there's no man in the earth more liberal; take it upon my word, he has not that thing in the world so dear or precious in his esteem, which he will not most willingly part with, upon the least summons of his friend.

Pet. Now must I give away some two or three hundred pounds worth of toys, to maintain this assertion.

Lion. You spoke of verses e'en now; if you have the copy, pray vouchsafe us a sight of them.

Duke. I cannot suddenly resolve you; yes, here they are.

Lion. What's this?

A Madrigal of Beauty.

If I should praise her virtue and her beauty,
as 'tis my duty;
And tell how every grace doth her become:
'tis ten to one,
But I should fail in the expression.

Leon. I'marry, sir, this sounds something like excellent.

Lion. *Then, by your leave,*
Although, I cannot write what I conceive;
'tis my desire,
That what I fail to speak, you would admire.

Leon. Why, this has some taste in't! how should he arrive to this admirable invention?

Duke. Are you so preposterous in your opinion, to think that wit and elegancy, in writing, are only confin'd to stagers and book-worms? 'Twere a solecism to imagine, that a young bravery, who lives in the perpetual sphere of humanity, where every waiting-woman speaks perfect [23] Arcadia, and the ladies lips distil with the very quintessence of conceit, should be so barren of apprehension, as not to participate of their virtues.

Leon. Now I consider, they are great helps to a man.

Duke. But when he has travell'd, and [24] delibated the French and the Spanish; can lie a-bed, and expound [25] Astræa, and digest him into compliments; and when he is up, accost his mistress with what he had read in the morning; now if such a one should rack up his imagination, and give wings to his muse, 'tis credible, he should more catch your delicate court-ear, than all your head-scratchers, thumb-biters lamp-wasters of them all.

Leon. Well, I say the iniquity of fortune appears in nothing more, than not advancing that man to some extraordinary honours.

Lion. But I never thought he had any genius that way.

Duke. What, because he has been backward to produce his good qualities? Believe it, poetry will out; it can no more be hid, than fire or love.

Pet. I'll break them off, they have e'en spoken enough in my behalf for nothing, o'conscience. Save you, Cavalieros!

Duke. My much honour'd Petrucio, you are welcome; we were now enter'd into a discourse of your worth. Whither do your occasions enforce you so fast?

Pet. Gentlemen, to tell you true, I am going upon some raptures.

Leon. Upon raptures, say you?

Pet. Yes, my employment is triparite; I have here an anagram to a lady, I made of her name this morning; with a poesy to another, that must be inserted into a ring: and here's a paper carries a secret word too, that must be given, and worn by a knight and tilter; and all my own imaginations, as I hope to be bless'd.

Lion. Is't possible? how, have you lately [26] drunk of the horsepond, or stept on the forked Parnassus, that you start out so sudden a poet?

Pet. Tut! I leave your Helicons, and your [27] pale Pirenes, to such as will look after them; for my own part, I follow the instigation of my brain, and scorn other helps.

Lion. Do you so?

Pet. I'll justify it, the multiplicity of learning does but distract a man; I am all for your modern humours, and when I list to express a passion, it flows from me with that spring of amorous conceits, that a true lover may hang his head over, and read in it the very phys'nomy of his affection.

Duke. Why this is a rare mirrour!

Leon. 'Tis so indeed, and beyond all the art of opticks.

Pet. And when my head labours with the pangs of delivery, by chance up comes a coun-

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[23] *Arcadia.*—A romance by Sir Philip Sydney.

[24] *Delibated the French*—i. e. had a taste of. *Delibo*, Lat. So, Claudian. B. Get. 351; "Contentus *delibasse* cibos." S.

[25] *Astræa.*—A French romance, much admired and read in the last century.

[26] ——*drunk of the horsepond.*—"——fonte labra prolui *Caballino.*"——PERSIUS. S.

[27] ——*pale Pirenes.*—"——pallidamque Pyrenen."——PERSIUS. S.

tess's waiting-woman, at whose sight, as at the remembrance of a mistress, my pen falls out of my hand; and then do I read to her half a dozen lines, whereat we both sit together, and melt into tears.

Leon. Pitiful-hearted creatures!

Pet. I am now about a device, that this gentleman has promis'd shall be presented before his Highness.

Duke. Yes, upon my word, sir, and yourself with it.

Pet. Shall the duke take notice of me too? Oh heavens, how you transport me with the thought on't!

Duke. I'll bring you to him, believe me, and you know not what grace he may do you.

Pet. 'Tis a happiness beyond mortals: I cannot tell, it may be my good fortune to advance you all.

Lion. We shall be glad to have dependance on you.

Pet. Gentles, I would intreat you a courtesy.

Duke. What's that, signior?

Pet. That you would be all pleas'd to grace my lodging to-morrow at a banquet: there will be ladies and gallants; and among the rest, I'll send to invite your uncle the Antiquary, and we'll be very merry, I assure you.

Leon. Well, sir, your bounty commands us not to fail you.

Pet. Bounty! there's a memorandum for me. In the mean time, pray accept these few favours at my hands, as assurances that you will not fail me; till when, I take my leave. [*Exit.*

Lion. Farewell, sir: go thy ways; thou hast as dull a piece of scalp, as ere covered the brain of any traveller.

Duke. For love's sake, Lionel, let's haste to thy uncle, before the coxcomb prevent us.

Lion. Why, sir, I stay for you.

Leon. Has Petro prepar'd him for your entrance? and is your disguise fit?

Lion. I have all in a readiness.

Duke. On then; and when you are warm in your discourse, we'll come with our device to affright him: 'twill be an excellent scene of affliction.

Leon. Be sure you mark your cue, sir, and do not fail to approach.

Duke. Trust to my care; I warrant you.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter AURELIO *and Servant.*

Aur. A gentlewoman without speak with me, say you?

Serv. Yes, sir, and will by no means be put back.

Aur. I am no lawyer, nor no secretary: what business can she have here, I wonder?

Serv. She is very importunate to enter.

Aur. I was once in the humour, never to admit any of them to come near me again, but since she is so eager, let her approach: I'll try my strength, what proof 'tis against her inchantments; if ever Ulysses were more provident, or better arm'd to sail by the Sirens, I'll perish; if she have the art to impose upon me, let her beg my wit for an anatomy, and dissect it——

Enter LUCRETIA.

Now, Lady Humour, what new emotion in the blood has turn'd the tide of your fancy, to come hither?

Luc. These words are but unkind salutes to a gentlewoman.

Aur. They are too good for you. With what face dare you approach hither, knowing how infinitely you have abus'd me? You want matter to exercise your wits on; the world's too wise for you; and ere you insnare me again, you'll have good luck.

Luc. Pray, sir, do not reiterate those things which might better be forgotten; I confess I have done ill, because I am a woman, and young, and 'twill be nobleness in you, not to remember it.

Aur. I'll sooner plow up shore and sow it, and live in expectation of a crop, before I'll think the least good from any of your sex, while I breathe, again.

Luc. I hope, sir, that time and experience will rectify your judgment to a better opinion of us.

Aur. I'll trust my ship to a storm, my substance to a broken citizen, ere I will credit any of you.

Luc. Good sir, be intreated: I come a penitent lover, with a vow'd recantation to all former practices, and malicious endeavours, that I have wrought against you.

Aur. How can I think better of you, when I consider your nature, your pride, your treachery, your covetousness, your lust; and how you commit perjury easier than speak?

Luc. Sure 'tis no desert in us, but your own misguided thoughts, that move in you this passion.

Aur. Indeed, time was, I thought you pretty foolish things to play withal; and was so blinded, as to imagine, that your hearts were golden threads, that your eyes darted forth beams, that laughter sate smiling on your lips, and the coral itself look'd pale to them; that you mov'd like a goddess, and diffus'd your pleasures wide as the air: then could I [28] prevent the rising sun

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28 *Prevent the rising sun*—i. e. go before. So, in the 119th Psalm:

"Mine eyes *prevent* the night watches." S.

to wait on you, observ'd every nod you cast forth, had the patience to hear your discourse, and admir'd you, when you talk'd of your visits, of the court, of councils, of nobility, and of your ancestors.

Luc. And were not these pleasing to you?

Aur. Nothing but a heap of tortures: but since I have learn'd the Delphick Oracle, to *know myself*, and ponder what a deal of mischief you work, I am content to live private and solitary, without any pensive thought, what you do, or what shall become of you.

Luc. Sir, if you calculate all occasions, I have not merited this neglect from you.

Aur. Yes, and more. Do you not remember what tasks you were wont to put me to, and expences? when I bestow'd on you gowns and petticoats, and you, in exchange, gave me bracelets and shoe-ties? how you fool'd me sometimes, and set me to pin pleats in your ruff, two hours together, and made a waiting frippery of me? how you rack'd my brain, to compose verses for you? a thing I could never abide: nay, in my conscience, and I had not took courage, you had brought me to spin, and beat me with your slippers.

Luc. Well, sir, I perceive you are resolv'd to hear no reason; but, before my sorrowful departure, know, she that you slight, is the preserver of your life; [29] therefore I dare be bold to call you ingrate, and in that I have spoke all that can be ill in man.

Aur. Pray stay, come back a little.

Luc. Not till you are better temper'd: what I have reveal'd, is true; and though you prove unthankful, good deeds reward themselves; the conscience of the fact shall pay my virtue. So I leave you. [*Exit.*

Aur. That I should owe my life to her! which way, I wonder? Something depends on this, I must win out; well, I will not forswear it, but the toy may take me in the head, and I may see her. [*Exit.*

Enter Antiquary and PETRO.

Ant. Has he such rare things, say you?

Petro. Yes, sir, I believe you have not seen the like of them: they are a couple of old manuscripts, found in a wall, and stor'd up with the foundation: it may be they are the writings of some prophetess.

Ant. What moves you to think so, Petro?

Petro. Because, sir, the characters are so imperfect; for time has eaten out the letters, [30] and the dust makes a parenthesis betwixt every syllable.

Ant. A shrewd convincing argument! this fellow has a notable reach with him. Go, bid him enter. A hundred to one some fool has them in possession, that knows not their value; it may be, a man may purchase them for little or nothing——

Enter LIONEL *like a Scholar with two books.*

Come near, friend, let me see what you have there. Umph, 'tis as I said, they are of the old Roman binding. What's the price of these?

Lion. I would be loth, sir, to sell them under rate, only to merit laughter for my rashness: therefore I thought good to bestow them on you, and refer myself to your wisdom and free nature for my satisfaction.

Ant. You say well; then am I bound again in conscience to deal justly with you; Will five hundred crowns content you?

Lion. I'll demand no more, sir.

Ant. Petro, see them deliver'd. Now I need not fear to tell you what they are: this is a book *de Republica*, 'tis Marcus Tullius Cicero's own hand-writing; I have some other books of his penning, give me assurance of it.

Petro. And what's the other, sir?

Ant. This other is a book of mathematicks, that was long lost in darkness, and afterwards restored by Ptolemy.

Lion. I wonder, sir, unless you were Time's secretary, how you should arrive to this intelligence.

Ant. I know it by more than inspiration: you had them out of a wall, you say?

Lion. Yes, sir.

Ant. Well then, however you came by them, they were first brought to Venice by Cardinal Girmannus, a patriarch, and were digged out of the ruins of Aquileia, after it was sack'd by Attila king of the Hunns.

Lion. This to me is wonderful.

Ant. Petro, I mean to retire, and give myself wholly to contemplation of these studies; and, because nothing shall hinder me, I mean to lease out my lands, and live confin'd; inquire me out a chapman that will take them of me.

Lion. If you please to lett them, sir, I will help you to a tenant.

Ant. Will you, sir? with all my heart, and I'll afford him the better bargain for your sake.

Petro. He may pay the rent with counters, and make him believe they are antiquities.

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[29] *Therefore I dare be bold*, &c.—Alluding to the ancient aphorism, *Ingratus si dixeris, omnia dixeris.* S. P.

[30] —— *and the dust makes a parenthesis.*—This is borrowed from the character of *an antiquary* in *Micro-cosmographie*, or *a Piece of the World discovered.* 12mo. 1628. "Printed bookes he contemnes, as a novelty of this latter age; but a manuscript he pores on everlastingly, especially if the cover be all moth-eaten, and *the dust make a parenthesis betweene every syllable.*"

Ant. What's the yearly rent of them, Petro?

Petro. They have been rack'd, sir, to three thousand crowns; but the old rent was never above fifteen hundred.

Ant. Go to, you have said enough; I'll have no more than the old rent. Name your man, and the indentures shall be drawn.

Lion. Before I propose that, sir, I thought good to acquaint you with a specialty I found among other writings; which, having a seal to it, and a name subscrib'd, does most properly belong to you.

Ant. Let me see it. What's here? Signior Jovanno Veterano, de Monte Nigro! He was my great grandfather, and this is an old debt of his that remains yet uncancell'd. You could never have pleas'd me better to my cost: this ought, in conscience, to be discharg'd, and I'll see it satisfied the first thing I do. Come along.

Petro. Will you afford your nephew no exhibition out of your estate, sir?

Ant. Not a sol; not [31] a gazet. I have articles to propose before the senate, shall disinherit him.

Lion. Have you, sir? Not justly, I hope. Pray, what are they?

Ant. One of them is, he sent me letters beyond sea, dated [32] *Stilo Novo.*

Lion. That was a great oversight.

Ant. Then you remember, Petro, he took up commodities, new-fashion'd stuffs, when he was under age too, that he might cozen his creditors.

Petro. Yes, sir.

Ant. And afterwards found out a new way to pay them too.

Lion. He serv'd them but in their kind, sir: perhaps they meant to have cheated him.

Ant. 'Tis all one; I'll have no such practices. But the worst of all; one time when I found him drunk, and chid him for his vice, he had no way to excuse himself, but to say, he would become a new man.

Lion. That was heinously spoken, indeed!

Ant. These are sufficient aggravations, to any one that shall understand my humour.

Enter Duke and LEONARDO.

Duke. Save you, sir!

Ant. These gentlemen shall be witnesses to the bonds. You are very welcome!

Duke. I hardly believe it, when you hear our message.

Ant. Why, I beseech you?

Duke. I am sorry to be made the unkind instrument to wrong you; but since 'tis a task impos'd from so great a command, I hope you will the easier be induc'd to dispense with me.

Ant. Come nearer to your aim; I understand you not.

Duke. Then thus, sir: the duke has been inform'd of your rarities; and holding them an unfit treasure for a private man to possess, he hath sent his mandamus to take them from you. See, here's his hand for the delivery.

Ant. Oh, oh!

Leon. What ails you, sir?

Ant. I am struck with a sudden sickness: some good man help to keep my soul in, that is rushing from me, and will by no means be intreated to continue!

Lion. Pray, sir, be comforted.

Ant. Comfort! no, I despise it: he has given me daggers to my heart!

Leon. Shew yourself a man, sir, and contemn the worst of fortune.

Ant. Good sir, could not you have invented a less studied way of torture to take away my life?

Duke. I hope, 'twill not work so deeply with you.

Ant. Nay, and 'twould stop there, 'twere well; but 'tis a punishment will follow me after death, and afflict me worse than a fury.

Leon. I much pity the gentleman's case.

Ant. Think what 'tis to lose a son when you have brought him up, or, after a seven years voyage, to see your ship sunk in the harbour!

Duke. 'Twere a woful spectacle indeed!

Ant. They are but tickling to this. I have been all my life a gathering what I must now lose in a moment. The sacking of a city is nothing to be compared with it.

Leon. And that's lamentable.

Ant. 'Twill but only give you a light to conceive of my misery.

Lion. Pray, sir, be not importunate to take them this time; but try rather, if by any means you can revoke the decree.

Duke. 'Twill be somewhat dangerous; but for your sake, I'll try.

Ant. Shall I hope any comfort? Then, upon my credit, gentlemen, I'll appoint you all mine heirs as soon as I am dead.

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[31] *A gazet.*—A gazet, says Coryat, p. 286, "is almost a penny; whereof ten doe make a liver, that is, nine pence."——News-papers being originally sold for that piece of money, acquired their present name of *Gazettes.* See Junius's *Etymol.* voce *Gazette.*

[32] *Stilo Novo.*—The manner of dating letters from abroad, before the alteration of the calendar, according to the reformation of it by Pope Gregory the XIIIth. In *The Woman's Prize*, or *The Tamer tam'd*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 4. S. 4. Vol. IX. p. 364. ed. 1778, Maria says to Petruchio, who had threatened to travel, in order to be rid of her,

> "I do commit your reformation;
> And so I leave you to your *stilo novo.*"

Duke. You speak nobly.
Ant. Nay, and because you shall not long gape after it, I'll die within a mouth, and set you down all joint executors.

Lion. But when you are freed from the terror of his imposition, will you not recant?
Ant. Nay, and you doubt me, walk along, and I'll confirm't upon you instantly. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter ÆMILIA *and* ANGELIA.

Æmil. Why, gentle boy, think what a happy bliss
Thou shalt enjoy, before thou know'st what 'tis!
Ang. 'Twill be a dear experiment, to waste
My prime and flower of youth, and suffer all
Those liquid sweets to be extracted from me,
By the hot influence of consuming lust,
Only to find how well you can express
What skilful arts are hid in wickedness!
Æmil. Thou dream'st, fond boy: those sweets of youth and beauty
Were lent, to be employed upon their like;
And when they both do meet, and are extinguish'd,
From their mixt heat a rich perfume shall rise,
And burn to love, a grateful sacrifice.
Ang. But I'll not be so prodigal, to lavish
Such gifts away that be irrevocable,
And yet the first that leave us.
Æmil. 'Twill be ne'er exacted
How soon you have bestow'd them, but how well.
[33] What good or profit can a hidden treasure
Do more, than feed the miser's greedy eye?
When, if 'twere well bestow'd, it might enrich
The owner and the user of it. Such
Is youth, and nature's bounty, that receive
A gain from the expence; but, were there none,
But a mere damage, yet the pleasure of it,
And the delight, would recompence the loss.
Ang. Whate'er the pleasure be, or the delight,
I am too young, not plum'd for such a flight.
Æmil. Too young! a poor excuse! alas, your will
Is weaker than your power. No one can be
Too young to learn good arts; and, for my part,
I am not taken with a boisterous sinew,
A brawny limb, or back of Hercules;
But with a soft delicious beauty; such
As people, looking on his doubtful sex,
Might think him male or female.
Ang. I cannot blame
These just Italians, to lock up their wives
That are so free and dissolute: they labour
Not with their country's heat, more than their own.
Will you be satisfied? I am too young.
Æmil. Too young! I like you the better. There is a price
Due to the early cherry. The first apples
Deserve more grace: the budding rose is set by;
But stale, and fully-blown, is left for vulgars
To rub their sweaty fingers on. Too young!
As well you may affirm the tender tree
Too young to graft upon! or you may say,
The rising sun's too young to court the day.
Ang. But there are bonds Hymen has laid upon you,
Keep us asunder.
Æmil. Those are only toys,
Shadows, mere apparitions of doubt
To affright children. Do but yield unto me,
My arms shall be thy sphere to wander in,
Circled about with spells to charm these fears;
[34] And when thou sleep'st, Cupid shall crown thy slumbers
With thousand shapes of lustful dalliance;
Then will I bathe thee in ambrosia,
And from my lips distil such nectar on thee,
Shall make thy flesh immortal.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. How now, wife, is this your exercise?
Wife, did I say? Stain of my blood and issue,
The great antipathy unto my nature,
Courting your paramour! Death to my honour!
What have I seen and heard? Curse of my fate!
Would I had first been deaf, or thou struck dumb,
Before this Gorgon, this damn'd vision,
Had numb'd my faculties.
Æmil. What have you seen
Or heard, more than a dialogue I read
This morning in a book?
Lor. Would thou and that book
Were both burnt for hereticks!—You genial powers,
Why did you send this serpent to my bosom,
To pierce me through with greater cruelty
Than Cleopatra felt from stings of adders?
Hence from my sight, thou venom to my eyes!
Would I could look thee dead, or with a frown

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[33] *What good or profit*, &c.—See the speeches of Comus, in Milton's excellent Masque, under that title. L. 739, &c.
[34] *And when thou sleep'st, Cupid shall* crown *thy slumbers.*—So, in *King Hen. IV.* p. 1:

"And on thine eye-lids *crown* the God of sleep." S.

Dissect thee into atoms, and then hurl them
About the world, to cast infection,
And blister all they light on!
Æmil. You are mad, and rave without a cause.
Lor. Oh heavens! she means
To justify her sin! Can'st thou redeem
Thy lost fame and my wrongs?
Æmil. No, sir, I'll leave you;
You are too passionate. [*Exit.*
Ang. Pray, sir, be satisfied; we meant no hurt.
Lor. What charm held back my hand, I did not let
Her foul blood out, then throw't into the air,
Whence it might mount up to the higher region,
And there convert into some fearful meteor,
To threaten all her kindred? Stay, sweet child,
For thou art virtuous:—yet go, however;
Thou putt'st me in remembrance of some ill.
[*Exit.*
Diana blush'd Actæon to a stag:
What shall lust do? Chastity made horns!
I shall be grafted with a horrid pair;
And between every branch a written scrowl
Shall speak my shame, that foot-boys shall discern it,
And sailors read it as they pass along!
If I bear this, I have no soul nor spleen.
I must invent some mischief. [35] Smallest cares
Are talkative, whilst great ones silent are.
[*Exit.*

Enter ÆMILIA.

Æmil. What have I done, that with a clue of lust
Have wrought myself in such a labyrinth,
Whence I shall ne'er get free? There is no wrong
Like to the breach of wedlock: those injuries
Are writ in marble, time shall ne'er raze out.
The hearts of such, if they be once divided,
Will ne'er grow one again: sooner you may
Call the spent day, or bid the stream return,
That long since slid beside you! I am lost;
Quite forfeited to shame; which, till I felt,
I ne'er foresaw; so was the less prepared.
But yet, they say, a woman's wit is sudden,
And quick at an excuse. I was too foolish.
Had he confounded heaven and earth with oaths,
I might have sworn him down, or wept so truly,
That he should sooner question his own eyes,
Than my false tears: This had been worth the acting.
Or else I might have stood to the defence on't;
Been angry, and took a courage from my crimes;
But I was tame and ignorant!

Enter LIONEL.

Lion. Save you, lady!
Æmil. Oh signior, Lionel, you have undone me.
Lion. Who, I! Which way?
Æmil. The boy you brought my husband.
Lor. Ay, what of him?
Æmil. He is a witch, a thief,
That has stol'n all my honours. His smooth visage
Seem'd like a sea becalm'd, or a safe harbour,
Where love might ride securely; but was found
A dangerous quicksand, wherein are perished
My hopes and fortunes, by no art or engine
To be weigh'd up again.
Lion. Instruct me how.
Æmil. Teach me the way then, that I may relate
My own ill story with as great a boldness
As I did first conceive, and after act it.
That wicked error led my wand'ring thoughts
To gaze on his false beauty, that has prov'd
The fatal minute of my mind's first ruin!
Shall I be brief?
Lion. What else?
Æmil. How can I speak,
Or plead with hope, that have so foul a cause!
Lion. You torture me too much: the fear of evil
Is worse than the event.
Æmil. Then, though my heart
Abhor the memory, I'll tell it out:—
The boy I mention'd (whatever power
Did lay on me so sad a punishment)
I did behold him with a lustful eye,
And, which is the perfection of sin,
Did woo him to my will.
Lion. Well, what of that?
You are not the first offender in that kind.
Æmil. My suit no sooner ended, but came in
My jealous husband.
Lion. That was something indeed!
Æmil. Who overheard us all.
Lion. A shrewd mischance!
Æmil. Judge with what countenance he did behold me,
Or I view him, that had so great a guilt
Hang on my brow. My looks and hot desire
Both fell together; whilst he, big with anger,
And swol'n high with revenge, hastes from my presence,
Only to study how to inflict some torture,
Which I stay to expect: and here you see
The suffering object of his cruelty.
Lion. Methinks it were an easy thing for one
That were ingenious, to retort all
On his own head, and make him ask forgiveness.
Æmil. That would be a scene indeed!
Lion. I have been fortunate
In such turns in my days.
Æmil. Could you do this,

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35 " ——————— *smallest cares*
Are talkative, whilst great ones silent are."—" Curæ leves loquuntur ingentes stupent."—SENECA. S. P.

I'd swear you had more wit than Mercury,
Or his son [36] Autolycus, that was able
To change black into white.

Lion. Do not despair;
I have a genius was ne'er false to me;
If he should fail me now in these extremes,
I would not only wonder, but renounce him.
He tells me, something may be done. Be rul'd,
And if I plot not so, to make all hit,
Then you shall take the mortgage of my wit.

Æmil. However, sir, you speak comfortably. [*Exeunt.*

Enter AURELIO *above, Duke and* LEONARDO *over the Stage.*

Aur. Good-morrow, gentlemen. What, you are for the feast, I perceive?

Duke. Master Aurelio, good-morrow to you. Whose chamber's that, I pray?

Aur. My own, sir, now; I thank ill fortune and a good wife.

Duke. What! are you married, and your friends not pre-acquainted? This will be constru'd amongst them.

Aur. A stol'n wedding, sir! I was glad to apprehend any occasion, when I found her inclining. We'll celebrate the solemnities hereafter, when there shall be nothing wanting to make our Hymen happy and flourishing.

Leon. In good time, sir. Who is your spouse, I pray?

Aur. Marry, sir, a creature, for whose sake I have endured many a heat and cold, before I could vanquish her. She has prov'd one of Hercules' labours to me; but time, that prefers all things, made my long toil and affection both successful: and in brief, 'tis mistress Lucretia; as very a [37] haggard as ever Ilas brought to fist.

Duke. Indeed! I have often heard you much complain of her coyness and disdain; what auspicious charm has now reconcil'd you together?

Aur. There is, sir, a critical minute in every man's wooing, when his mistress may be won; which, if he carelessly neglect to prosecute, he may wait long enough before he gain the like opportunity.

Leon. It seems, sir, you have lighted upon't. We wish you much joy in your fair choice.

Aur. Thank you, gentlemen; and I to either of you, no worse fortune. But that my wife is not yet risen, I would intreat you take the pains come up and visit her.

Duke. No, sir, that would be uncivil; we'll wait some fitter occasion to gratulate your rites. Good-morrow to you. [*Exeunt.*

Aur. Your servant! Nay, lie you still, and dare not so much as proffer to mutter; for if you do, I vanish. Now, if you will revolt, you may. I have laid a stain upon your honour, which you shall wash off as well as you can.

Enter LUCRETIA.

Luc. Was this done like a gentleman, or indeed like a true lover, to bring my name in question, and make me no less than your whore? Was I ever married to you? Speak.

Aur. No; but you may when you please.

Luc. Why were you then so impudent to proclaim such a falsehood, and say I was your wife, and that you had lain with me, when 'twas no such matter.

Aur. Because I meant to make you so, and no man else should do it.

Luc. 'Slight, this is a device to over-reach a woman with! He has madded me, and I would give a hundred crowns I could scold out my anger.

Aur. Come, there's no injury done to you, but what lies in my power to make whole again.

Luc. Your power to make whole! I'll have no man command me so far. What can any lawful jury judge of my honesty, upon such proofs as these, when they shall see a gentleman making himself ready so early, and saluting them out of the chamber? whither (like a false man) thou hast stol'n in by the bribery of my servant: Is this no scandal?

Aur. 'Twas done on purpose, and I am glad my inventions thrive so; therefore do not stand talking, but resolve.

Luc. What should I resolve?

Aur. To marry me, for the safe-guard of your credit, and that suddenly; for I have made a vow, that unless you will do it without delay, I'll not have you at all.

Luc. Some politician counsel me! There's no such torment to a woman, though she affect a thing ever so earnestly, yet to be forc'd to it.

Aur. What, are you agreed?

Luc. Well, you are a tyrant, lead on: what must be, must be; but if there were any other way in the earth to save my reputation, I'd never have thee.

Aur. Then I must do you a courtesy against your will. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PETRUCIO *and Cook.*

Pet. Come, honest cook, let me see how thy imagination has wrought, as well as thy fingers, and what curiosity thou hast shewn in the pre-

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[36] *Autolycus.*—Famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery.

" Non fuit Autolyci tam piccata manus."——MARTIAL.

See Mr Steevens's Note on *Winter's Tale*, A. 4. S. 2.

[37] *Haggard.*—See Note 12 to *The City Night-Cap*, postea.

paration of this banquet; for gluttoning delights to be ingenious.

Cook. I have provided you a feast, sir, of twelve dishes, whereof each of them is an emblem of one of the twelve signs in the Zodiack.

Pet. Well said! Who will now deny that cookery is a mystery?

Cook. Look you, sir, there is the list of them.

Pet. Aries, Taurus, Gemini; good:

For Aries, a dish of lamb stones and sweetbreads;
For Taurus, a sirloin of beef;
For Gemini, a brace of pheasants;
For Cancer, a butter'd crab;
For Libra, a balance; in one scale a custard, in the other a tart: that's a dish for an alderman;
For Virgo, a green sallad;
For Scorpio, a grand one;
For Sagittarius, a pasty of venison;
For Aquarius, a goose;
For Pisces, two mullets. Is that all?

Cook. Read on, sir.

Pet. And in the middle of the table, to have an artificial hen, made of puff-paste, with her wings display'd, sitting upon eggs compos'd of the same materials; where in each of them shall be inclosed a fat nightingale, well season'd with pepper and [38] ambergrease. So then will I add one invention more of my own; for I will have all these descend from the top of my roof, in a throne, as you see Cupid or Mercury in a play.

Cook. That will be rare indeed, sir! [*Exit.*

Enter Duke and LEONARDO.

Pet. See, the guests are come; go, and make all ready.
Gentles, you are welcome.

Duke. Is the antiquary arriv'd, or no; can you tell, sir?

Pet. Not yet, but I expect him each minute——

Enter Antiquary.

See, your word has charm'd him hither already!

Duke. Signior, you are happily encounter'd, and the rather, because I have good news to tell you; the duke has been so gracious as to release his demand for your antiquities.

Ant. Has he? You have fill'd me all over with spirit, with which I will mix sixteen glasses of wine, to his health, the first thing I do: would I knew his highness, or had a just occasion to present my loyalty at his feet!

Duke For that, take no thought; it shall be my care to bring you, and signior Petrucio here, both before him. I have already acquainted him with both your worths, and for aught I can gather by his speech, he intends to do you some extraordinary honours: it may be, he will make one a senator, because of his age; and on the other, bestow his daughter or niece in marriage: there's some such thing hatching, I assure you.

Pet. Very likely, I imagin'd as much: that last shall be my lot; I knew some such destiny would befall me. Shall we be jovial upon this news, and thrust all sadness out of doors?

Leon. For our parts, Vitellius was never so voluptuous; all our discourse shall run wit to the last.

Duke. Our mirth shall be the quintessence of pleasure,
And our delight flow with that harmony,
Th' ambitious spheres shall to the centre shrink,
To hear our musick; such ravishing accents,
As are from poets in their fury hurl'd,
When their outrageous raptures fill the world.

Pet. There spoke my genius!

Ant. Now you talk of musick, have you e'er

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[38] *Ambergrease.*—Ambergrease was formerly an ingredient used in heightening sauces. So, Milton's *Paradise Regain'd*, B. 2. l. 344:

"In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
Gris amber steam'd." S.

On this passage Dr Newton observes, that "ambergris, or grey amber, is esteemed the best, and used in perfumes and cordials. A curious lady communicated the following remarks upon this passage to Mr Peck, which we will here transcribe. "*Grey amber* is the amber our author here speaks of, and melts like butter. It was formerly a main ingredient in every concert for a banquet; viz. to fume the meat with, and that whether boil'd, roasted, or baked; laid often on the top of a baked pudding;——which last I have eat of at an old courtier's table. And I remember, in our old chronicle, there is much complaint of the nobilities being made sick, at Cardinal Wolsey's banquets, with rich scented cates and dishes most costly dressed with *ambergris*. I also recollect I once saw a little book writ by a gentlewoman of Queen Elizabeth's court, where ambergris is mentioned as the haut-gout of that age." So far this curious lady. And *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in *The Custom of the Country*, A. 3. S. 2:

"——— Be sure
The wines be lusty, high, and full of spirit,
And *amber'd* all."

It appears also to have been esteemed a restorative, being mentioned, with other things used for that purpose, in Marston's *Fawne*, A. 2. S. 1. See also Surphlet's Translation of Laurentius's *Discourse of Old Age*, &c. 1599. p. 194.

a one that can play us an old lesson, or sing us an old song?

Pet. An old lesson! yes, he shall play the beginning of the world; and for a song, he shall sing one that was made to the moving of the orbs, when they were first set in tune.

Ant. Such a one would I hear.

Pet. Walk in then, and it shall not be long before I satisfy your desire. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PETRO *and* JULIA, *with two bottles.*

Jul. Come, master Petro, welcome heartily; while they are drinking within, we'll be as merry as the maids; I stole these bottles from under the cupboard, on purpose, against your coming.

Petro. Courteous mistress Julia, how shall I deserve this favour from you?

Jul. There is a way, master Petro, if you could find it; but the tenderness of your youth keeps you in ignorance; 'tis a great fault, I must tell you.

Petro. I shall strive to amend it, if you please to instruct me, lady.

Jul. Alas, do not you know what maids love, all this while? You must come oftner amongst us; want of company keeps the spring of your blood backward.

Petro. It does so, but you shall see, when we are private I shall begin to practise with you better.

Enter BACHA.

Bac. Master Petro, this was kindly done of you.

Petro. What's my master a doing, can you tell?

Bac. Why, they are as jovial as twenty beggars, drink their whole cup, six glasses at a health, your master's almost tipt already.

Petro. So much the better, his business is the sooner dispatch'd.

Jul. Well, let us not stand idle, but verify the proverb, *Like master, like man;* and it shall go hard, master Petro, but we will put you in the same cue.

Petro. Let me have fair play, put nothing in my cup, and do your worst.

Bac. Unless the cup have that virtue, to retain the print of a kiss, or the glance of an eye, to enamour you; nothing else, I assure you.

Petro. For that, I shall be more thirsty of than of the liquor.

Jul. Then let's make no more words, but about it presently. Come, master Petro, will you walk in?

Petro. I attend you.

Bac. It shall go hard but I'll drink him asleep, and then work some knavery upon him.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke, LEONARDO, *and the Antiquary drunk.*

Ant. I'll drink with all Xerxes's army now, a whole river at a draught.

Duke. By'r lady, sir, that requires a large swallow.

Ant. 'Tis all one, to our noble duke's health, I can drink no less, not a drop less; and you his servants will pledge me, I am sure.

Leon. Yes, sir, if you could shew us a way, when we had done, how to build water-mills in our bellies.

Ant. Do you what you will, for my part, I will begin it again and again, till Bacchus himself shall stand amaz'd at me.

Leon. But should this quantity of drink come up, 'twere enough to breed a deluge, and drown a whole country.

Ant. No matter, they can ne'er die better than to be drown'd in the duke's health.

Duke. Well, sir, I'll acquaint him how much he is beholden to you.

Ant. Will you believe me, gentlemen, upon my credit?

Leon. Yes, sir, any thing.

Ant. Do you see these breeches then?

Leon. Ay, what of them?

Ant. These were Pompey's breeches, I assure you.

Duke. Is't possible?

Ant. He had his denomination from them; he was call'd Pompey the Great, from wearing these great breeches.

Leon. I never heard so much before.

Ant. And this was Julius Cæsar's hat, when he was kill'd in the Capitol, and I am as great as either of them at this present.

Leon. Like enough so.

Ant. And in my conceit I am as honourable.

Duke. If you are not, you deserve to be.

Ant. Where's signior Petrucio?

Enter PETRUCIO *and* GASPARO.

Pet. Nay, good father, do not trouble me now; 'tis enough now, that I have promis'd you to go to the duke with me; in the mean time let me work out matters, do not clog me in the way of my preferment; when I am a nobleman I will do by you [39] as Jupiter did by the other deities; that is, I will let down my chair of honour, and pull you up after me.

Gas. Well, you shall rule me, son. [*Exit.*

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39 ——*as Jupiter did by the other deities; that is, I will let down my chair of honour, and pull you up after me.*——See *Iliad*, lib. viii.

Σειρὴν χρυσείην ἐξ οὐρανόθεν κρεμάσαντες, &c. S.

Duke. Signior, where have you been?

Pet. I have been forcing my brain to the composition of a few verses, in the behalf of your entertainment; and I never knew them flow so dully from me before; an exorcist would have conjur'd you up half a dozen spirits in the space.

Leon. Indeed I heard you make a fearful noise, as if you had been in travail with some strange monster.

Pet. But I have brought them out at last, I thank Minerva; and without the help of a midwife.

Ant. Reach me a chair: I'll sit down, and read them for you.

Leon. You read them!

Ant. Yes, but I'll put on my opticks first; look you, these were Hannibal's spectacles.

Duke. Why, did Hannibal wear spectacles?

Ant. Yes, after he grew dim with dust in following the camp, he wore spectacles. Reach me the paper.

Leon. No, an author must recite his own works.

Ant. Then I'll sit and sleep.

Leon. Read on, signior.

Pet. They were made to shew how welcome you are to me.

Duke. Read them out.

Pet. *As welcome as the gentry's to the town,*
After a long and hard vacation:
As welcome as a toss'd ship's to a harbour,
Health to the sick, or a cast suit to a barber:
Or as a good new play is to the times,
When they have long surfeited with base rhymes:
As welcome as the spring is to the year,
So are my friends to me, when I have good cheer.

[While he reads, the antiquary falls asleep.

Duke. I'marry, sir, we are doubly beholden to you. What, is signior Veterano fall'n asleep, and at the recitation of such verses! A most inhuman disgrace, and not to be digested!

Pet. Has he wrong'd me so discourteously? I'll be reveng'd, by Phœbus.

Leon. But which way can you parallel so foul an injury?

Pet. I'll go in, and make some verses against him.

Duke. That you shall not; 'tis not requital sufficient: I have a better trick than so. Come, bear him in, and you shall see what I will invent for you. This was a wrong and a half.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ÆMILIA *and* LIONEL.

Æmil. Now, master Lionel, as you have been fortunate in the forecasting of this business, so pray be studious in the executing, that we may both come off with honour.

Lion. Observe but my directions, and say nothing.

Æmil. The whole adventure of my credit depends upon your care and evidence.

Lion. Let no former passage discourage you; be but as peremptory as cause is good.

Æmil. Nay, if I but once apprehend a just occasion to usurp over him, let me alone to talk and look scurvily——Step aside, I hear him coming.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. My wife! some angel guard me! The looks of Medusa were not so ominous. I'll haste from the infection of her sight, as from the appearance of a basilisk.

Æmil. Nay, sir, you may tarry; and if virtue has not quite forsook you, or that your ears be not altogether obdurate to good counsel, consider what I say, and be asham'd of the injuries you have wrought against me.

Lor. What unheard-of evasion has the subtilty of woman's nature suggested to her thoughts, to come off now?

Æmil. Well, sir, however you carry it, 'tis I have reason to complain; but the mildness of my disposition, and enjoined obedience, will not permit me, though indeed your wantonness and ill carriage have sufficiently provoked me.

Lor. Provok'd you! I provok'd you! As if any fault in a husband should warrant the like in his wife! No: 'twas thy lust and mightiness of desire, that is so strong within thee. Had'st thou no company, no masculine object to look upon, yet thy own fancy were able to create a creature, with whom thou might'st commit, though not an actual, yet a mental wickedness.

Æmil. What recompence can you make me for those slanderous conceits, when they shall be prov'd false to you?

Lor. Hear me, thou base woman! thou that art the abstract of all ever yet was bad; with whom mischief is so incorporate, that you are both one piece together; and but that you go still hand in hand, the devil were not sufficient to encounter with: for thou art, indeed, able to instruct him! Do not imagine, with this frontless impudence, to stand daring of me: I can be angry, and as quick in the execution of it, I can.

Æmil. Be as angry as you please; truth and honesty will be confident, in despight of you: those are virtues that will look justice itself in the face.

Lor. Ay, but where are they? Not a-near you: thou would'st blast them to behold thee: scarce, I think, in the world, especially such worlds as you women are.

Æmil. Hum! to see what an easy matter it is to let a jealous, peevish husband go on, and rebuke him at pleasure!

Lor. So lewd and stubborn, mads me. Speak briefly: What objection can you alledge against me, or for yourself?

Æmil. None, alas, against you! You are virtuous; but you think you can act the Jupiter,

to blind me with your escapes and conceal'd trulls: yet I am not so simple, but I can play the Juno, and find out your exploits.

Lor. What exploits? What conceal'd trulls?

Æmil. Why, the supposed boy you seem to be jealous of, 'tis your own leman, your own dear morsel: I have searched out the mystery. Husbands must do ill, and wives must bear the reproach! A fine inversion!

Lor. I am more in a maze, more involv'd in a labyrinth, than before.

Æmil. You were best plead innocence too, 'tis your safest refuge: but I did not think a man of your age and beard had been so lascivious, to keep a disguis'd [40] callet under my nose; a base [41] cockatrice in page's apparel, to wait upon you, and rob me of my due benevolence! There's no law nor equity to warrant this.

Lor. Why, do I any such thing?

Æmil. Pray, what else is the boy, but your own hermaphrodite? a female siren in a male outside! Alas! had I intended what you suspect, and accuse me for, I had been more wary, more private in the carriage, I assure you.

Lor. Why, is that boy otherwise than he appears to be?

Enter LIONEL.

Æmil. 'Tis a thing will quickly be search'd out. Your secret bawdery, and the murder of my good name, will not long lie hid, I warrant you.

Lion. Now is my cue to second her.

Lor. Signior Lionel, most welcome. I would intreat your advice here to the clearing of a doubt.

Lion. What's that, sir?

Lor. 'Tis concerning the boy you plac'd with me.

Lion. Ay, what of him?

Lor. Whether it were an enchantment or no, or an illusion of the sight, or if I could persuade myself it was a dream, 'twere better; but my imagination so persuaded me, that I heard my wife and him interchanging amorous discourse together. To what an extremity of passion the frailty of man's nature might induce me to!

Lion. Very good.

Lor. Not very good neither; but after the expence of so much anger and distraction, my wife comes upon me again, and affirms that he is no boy, but a disguis'd mistress of my own; and upon this, swells against me, as if she had lain all night in the heaven.

Æmil. Have not I reason?

Lor. Pray, sir, will you inform us of the verity of his sex?

Lion. Then take it upon my word, 'tis a woman.

Æmil. Now, sir, what have you to answer?

Lor. I am not yet thoroughly satisfied; but if it be a woman, I must confess my error.

Æmil. What satisfaction's that, after so great a wrong, and the taking away of my good name? You forget my deserts, and how I brought you a dowry of ten talents! besides, I find no such superfluity of courage in you, to do this neither.

Lor. Well, were he a boy or no, 'tis more than I can affirm; yet this I'll swear, I entertain'd him for no mistress, and I hope, you for no servant; therefore, good wife, be pacified.

Æmil. No, sir, I'll call my kindred and my

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[40] *Callet.*—See Note 51 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Vol. I. p. 115.

[41] *Cockatrice.*—This was one of the names by which women of ill fame were usually distinguished.

Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour:*

"His chief exercises are taking the whiff, squiring *a cockatrice*, and making privy searches for imparters."

Cynthia's Revels, A. 2. S. 4:

"——marry, to *his cockatrice, or punquetto*, half a dozen taffata gowns, or sattin kirtles, in a pair or two of months, why they are nothing."

Poetaster, A. 3. S. 4:

"—— I would fain come with my *cockatrice*, one day, and see a play, if I knew when there were a good bawdy one."

Massinger's *City Madam*, A. 2. S. 1:

"—— my fidlers playing all night
The shaking of the sheets, which I have danc'd
Again and again with *my cockatrice*."

Dekker's *Belman of London*, Sign. B.

"Shee feedes uppon gold as the estredge doth upon iron, and drinks silver faster downe her crane-like throat, than an *English cockatrice* doth Hiphocras."

See also an extract from the *Gulls Horn Book*, p. 83, in the last edition of Shakspeare.

friends together, then present a joint complaint of you to the senate; and if they right me not, I'll protest there's no justice in their court or government.

Lor. If she have this plea against me, I must make my peace; she'll undo me else. Sweet wife! I'll ask thee forgiveness upon my knees, if thou wilt have me. I rejoice more that thou art clear, than I was angry for the suppos'd offence. Be but patient, and the liberty thou enjoyedst before, shall be thought thraldom hereafter. Sweet sir, will you mediate?

Lion. Come, sweet lady, upon my request you shall be made friends: 'twas but a mistake; conceive it so, and he shall study to redeem it.

Æmil. Well, sir, upon this gentleman's intreaty, you have your pardon. You know the propensity of my disposition, and that makes you so bold with me.

Lor. Pray, master Lionel, will you acquaint my wife with the purpose of this concealment; for I am utterly ignorant, and she has not the patience to hear me.

Lion. It requires more privacy than so, neither is it yet ripe for projection; but because the community of council is the only pledge of friendship, walk in, and I'll acquaint you.

Lor. Honest, sweet wife, I thank thee with all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke, LEONARDO, *and* PETRUCIO, *bringing in the Antiquary in a Fool's coat.*

Duke. So, set him down softly; then let us slip aside, and overhear him.

Ant. Where am I? What metamorphosis am I crept into? A fool's coat! what's the emblem of this, trow? Who has thus transform'd me, I wonder? I was awake, am I not asleep still? Why Petro, you rogue, sure I have drunk of Circe's cup, and that has turn'd me to this shape of a fool: and I had drunk a little longer, I had been chang'd into an ass. Why Petro, I say, I will not rest calling, till thou com'st——

Enter PETRO *in woman's clothes.*

Heyday, what more transmigrations of forms! I think Pythagoras has been amongst us. How came you thus accoutred, sirrah?

Pet. Why, sir, the wenches made me drunk, and dress'd me, as you see.

Ant. A merry world the while! My boy and I make one hermaphrodite, and now next [42] midsummer-ale, I may serve for a fool, and he for a maid-marrion.

Enter Duke and LEONARDO.

Duke. Who is this? Signior Veterano?

Ant. The same, sir: I was not so when you left me. Do you know who has thus abus'd me?

Duke. Not I, sir.

Ant. You promis'd to do me a courtesy.

Duke. Any thing, lies in my power.

Ant. Then, pray, will you bring me immediately to the duke?

Duke. Not as you are, I hope.

Ant. Yes, as I am: he shall see how I am wrong'd amongst them. I know he loves me, and will right me. Pray, sir, forbear persuasion to the contrary, and lead on. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter LORENZO, MOCINIGO, ÆMILIA, *and* LUCRETIA.

Lor. Now, signior Mocinigo, what haste requires your presence?

Moc. Marry, sir, this. You brought me once into a paradise of pleasure, and expectation of much comfort: my request therefore is, that you would no longer defer what then you so liberally promis'd.

Lor. How do you mean?

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[42] *Midsummer-ale.*—Rustick meetings of festivity, at particular seasons, were formerly called *ales*; as Church-ale, Whitson-ale, Bride-ale, Midsummer-ale, &c. Carew, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, edition 1769, p. 68, gives the following account of the Church-ale; with which, it is most likely, the others agreed:—"For the church-ale, two young men of the parish are yerely chosen by their last foregoers, to be wardens; who, dividing the task, make collection among the parishioners, of whatsoever provision it pleaseth them voluntarily to bestow. This they imploy in brewing, baking, and other acates, against Whitsontide; upon which holydayes the neighbours meet at the church-house, and there merily feede on their owne victuals, contributing some petty portion to the stock; which, by many smalls, groweth to a meetly greatnes: for there is entertayned a kinde of emulation betweene these wardens, who by his graciousnes in gathering, and good husbandry in expending, can best advance the churches profit. Besides, the neighbour parishes at those times lovingly visit one another, and this way frankely spend their money together. The afternoones are consumed in such exercises as olde and yong folke (having leysure) doe accustomably weare out the time withall."——In the subsequent pages, Carew enters into a defence of these meetings, which in his time had become productive of riot and disorder, and were among the subjects of complaint by the more rigid puritans. For an account of *Maid Marian*, see Mr Tollet's *Dissertation*, at the end of *The First Part of Henry IV.*

Moc. Why, sir, in joining that beauteous lady your daughter, and myself, in the firm bonds of matrimony; for I am somewhat impatient of delay in this kind, and indeed the height of my blood requires it.

Luc. Are you so hot? I shall give you [43] a card to cool you, presently.

Lor. 'Tis an honest and a virtuous demand, and on all sides an action of great consequence; and, for my part, there's not a thing in the world I could wish sooner accomplished.

Moc. Thank you, sir.

Lor. There's another branch of policy, besides the coupling of you together, which springs from the fruitfulness of my brain, that I as much labour to bring to perfection as the other.

Moc. What's that, sir?

Lor. A devise upon the same occasion, but with a different respect; 'tis to be impos'd upon Petrucio. I hate to differ so much from the nature of an Italian, as not to be revengeful; and the occasion, at this time, was, he scorn'd the love of her, that you now so studiously affect; but I'll fit him in his kind.

Moc. Did he so? He deserves to have both his eyes struck as blind as Cupid's, his master, that should have taught him better manners. But how will you do it?

Lor. There's one Lionel, an ingenious witty gentleman.

Æmil. Ay, that he is, as ever breath'd, husband, upon my knowledge.

Lor. Well, he is so, and we two have cast to requite it upon him. The plot, as he informs me, is already in agitation, and afterwards, sans delay, I'll bestow her upon you.

Luc. But you may be deceiv'd.

Moc. Still you engage me more and more your debtor.

Lor. If I can bring both these to success, as they are happily intended, I may sit down, and, with the poet, cry, *Jamque opus exegi.*

Moc. Would I could say so too; I wish as much, but 'tis you must confirm it, fair mistress: one bare word of your consent, and 'tis done. The sweetness of your looks encourage me, that you will join pity with your beauty; there shall be nothing wanting in me to demerit it; and then, I hope, although I am base,

Base in respect of you, divine and pure;
Dutiful service may your love procure.

Lor. How now, signior! What, love and poetry, have they two found you out? Nay, then you must conquer. Consider this, daughter; shew thy obedience to Phœbus and God Cupid: make an humble proffer of thyself; 'twill be the more acceptable, and advance thy deserts.

Æmil. Do, chicken, speak the word, and make him happy in a minute.

Lor. Well said, wife, solicit in his behalf; 'tis well done.—I am loth to importune her too much, for fear of a repulse.

Æmil. Marry, come up, sir; you are still usurping in my company. Is this according to the articles propos'd between us, that I should bear rule, and you obey with silence? I had thought to have endeavour'd for persuasion, but because you exhort me to it, I'll desist from what I intended; I'll do nothing but of my own accord, I.

Lor. Mum, wife, I have done. This we, that are married, must be subject to.

Moc. You give an ill example, mistress Æmilia; you give an example——

Æmil. What old fellow is this that talks so? Do you know him, daughter?

Moc. Have you so soon forgot me, lady?

Æmil. Where has he had his breeding, I wonder? He is the offspring of some peasant, sure! Can he shew any pedigree?

Lor. Let her alone, there's no dealing with her. Come, daughter, let me hear your answer to this gentleman.

Luc. Truly, sir, I have endeavour'd all means possible, and in a manner enforc'd myself to love him.

Lor. Well said, girl.

Luc. But could never effect it.

Lor. How!

Luc. I have examined whatever might commend a gentleman, both for his exterior and inward abilities; yet amongst all that may speak him worthy, I could never discern one good part or quality, to invite affection.

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[43] *A card to cool you.—A cooling card* is frequently mentioned in our ancient authors; but the precise sense in which it is used, is difficult to be ascertained. In some places it seems to signify *admonition* or *advice*; in others, *censure* or *reproof*. In Lyly's *Euphues*, p. 39, "Euphues, to the intent he might bridle the overlashing affections of Philautus, conveied into his studie a certeine pamphlet, which he tearmed *A cooling card* for Philautus; yet generally to bee applyed to all lovers."

First Part Henry VI. A. 5. S. 4:

"There all is marr'd; there lies *a cooling card.*"

Marius and Sylla, 1594:

"I'll have a present *cooling card* for you."

Lor. This is it I fear'd. Now should I break out into rage, but my wife and a foolish nature withhold my passion.

Moc. I am undone, unspirited, my hopes vain, and my labours nullities.

Lor. Where be your large vaunts now, signior? What strange tricks and devices you had to win a woman!

Moc. Such assurance I conceiv'd of myself; but when they affect wilful stubbornness, lock up their ears, and will hearken to no manner of persuasion, what shall a man do?

Lor. You hear what taxes are laid upon you, daughter: these are stains to your other virtues.

Luc. Pray, sir, hear my defence. What sympathy can there be between our two ages, or agreement in our conditions? But you'll object, he has means. 'Tis confess'd; but what assurance has he to keep it? Will it continue longer than the law permits him possession? which will come like a torrent, and sweep away all! He has made a forfeiture of his whole estate.

Lor. What, are you become a [44] statist's daughter, or a prophetess? Whence have you this intelligence?

Moc. I hope, she will not betray me.

Luc. If murder can exact it, 'tis absolutely lost.

Lor. How, murder!

Lor. Yes, he conspir'd the other day with a bravo, a cut-throat, to take away the life of a noble innocent gentleman, which is since discover'd by miracle: the same that came with musick to my window.

Moc. All's out: I'm ruin'd in her confession! That man that trusts woman with a privacy, and hopes for silence, he may as well expect it [45] at the fall of a bridge! A secret with them is like a viper; 'twill make way, though it eat through the bowels of them.

Lor. Take heed how you traduce a person of his rank and eminency: a scar in a mean man becomes a wound in a greater.

Luc. There he is, question him; and if he deny it, get him examined.

Lor. Why, signior, is this true?

Æmil. His silence betrays him: 'tis so.

Moc. 'Tis so, that all women thirst man's overthrow: that's a principle as demonstrative as truth: 'tis the only end they were made for; and when they have once insinuated themselves into our counsels, and gain'd the power of our life, the fire is more merciful; it burns within them till it get forth.

Lor. I commend her for the discovery: 'twas not fit her weak thoughts should be clogg'd with so foul a matter: it had been to her like forc'd meat to a surfeited stomach, that would have bred nothing but crudities in her conscience.

Moc. Oh my cursed fate! shame and punishment attend me! they are the fruits of lust. Sir, all that I did was for her ease and liberty.

Luc. Nay, sir, he was so impudent to be an accessary: who knows but he might as privately have plotted to have sent me after him: for how should I have been secure of my life, when he made no scruple to kill another upon so small an inducement?

Æmil. Thou say'st right, daughter; thou shalt utterly disclaim him. The cast of his eye shews he was ever a knave.

Moc. How the scabs descant upon me!

Lor. What was the motive to this foul attempt?

Luc. Why, sir, because he was an affectionate lover of mine; and for no other reason in the earth.

Æmil. Oh mandrake, was that all? He thought, belike, he should not have enough Thou covetous ingrosser of venery! Why, one wife is able to content two husbands.

Moc. Sir, I am at your mercy: bid them not insult upon me. I beseech you let me go as I came.

Lor. Stay there; I know not how I shall be censured for your escape. I may be thought a party in the business.

Luc. Besides, I hear since, that the mercenary varlet that did it, though he be otherwise most desperate, and hardened in such exploits, yet, out of the apprehension of so unjust an act, and mov'd in conscience for so foul a guilt, is grown distracted, raves out of measure, confesses the deed, accuses himself and the procurer, curses both, and will by no means be quieted.

Lor. Where is that fellow?

Luc. Sir, if you please to accompany me, I will bring you to him, where your own eye and ear shall witness the certainty; and then, I hope, you will repent that ever you sought to tie me to such a monster as this, who prefer'd the heat of his desires before all laws of nature or humanity.

Lor. Yes, that I will, and gratulate the subtlety of thy wit, and goodness of fate, that protected thee from him.

Æmil. Away with him, husband; and be sure to beg his lands betimes, before your court-vultures scent his carcase.

Lor. Well said, wife; I should never have thought on this now, and thou had'st not put me in mind of it: women, I see, have the only masculine policy, and are the best solicitors and politicians of a state. But I'll first go see him

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[44] *Statist's daughter.*—See Note 5, p. 8.

[45] —— *at the* fall *of a bridge*—i. e. at the *fall* of water through a bridge. The idea seems to be taken from the noisy situation of the houses formerly standing on London Bridge. S.

my daughter tells me of, that when I am truly inform'd of all, I may the better proceed in my accusation against them. Come along, sir.

Moc. Well, if you are so violent, I am as resolute: 'tis but a hanging matter, and do your worst. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bravo and Boy.

Bra. What news, boy?

Boy. Sir, mistress Lucretia commends her to you, and desires, as ever her persuasion wrought upon you, or as you affect her good, and would add credit and belief to what she has reported, that you would now strain your utmost, to the expression of what she and you consulted of.

Bra. I apprehend her, where is she?

Boy. Hard by, sir; her father and the old fornicator Mocinigo, and I think her mother, are all coming to be spectators of your strange behaviour. [*Exit.*

Bra. Go wait them in, let me alone to personate an [46]extasy; I am near mad already, and I do not fool myself quite into't, I care not ——I'll withdraw till they come. [*Exit.*

Enter LORENZO, MOCINIGO, ÆMILIA, LUCRETIA, *and Boy.*

Lor. Is this the place?

Luc. Yes, sir. Where's your master, boy? how does he?

Boy. Oh sweet mistress, quite distemper'd, his brains turn round like the needle of a dial, six men's strength is not able to hold him; he was bound with I know not how many cords this morning, and broke them all——See where he enters!

Enter Bravo.

Bra. Why, if I kill'd him, what is that to thee?
Was I not hir'd unto it? 'twas not I,
But [47]the base gold that slew Sir Polydore:
Then damn the money.

Lor. He begins to preach.

Æmil. Will he do us no mischief, think you?

Boy. Oh no, he is the best for that in his fits, that e'er you knew, he hurts nobody.

Moc. But I am vilely afraid of him.

Boy. If you are a vile person, or have done any great wickedness, you were best look to yourself; for those he knows by instinct, and assaults them with as much violence as may be.

Moc. Then am I perish'd. Good sir, I had rather answer the law than be terrify'd with his looks.

Lor. Nay, you shall tarry, and take part with us, by your favour.

Æmil. How his eyes sparkle!

Bra. Look where the ghost appears, his wounds fresh bleeding!
He frowns, and threatens me; could the substance
Do nothing, and will shadows revenge?

Lor. 'Tis strange,
This was a fearful murder.

Bra. Do not stare so,
I can look big too; all I did unto thee,
'Twas by another's instigation:
There be some that are as deep in as myself,
Go and fright them too.

Moc. Beshrew him for his counsel!

Lor. What a just judgment's here! 'Tis an old saying,
Murder will out; and 'fore it shall lie hid,
The authors will accuse themselves.

Bra. Now he vanishes;
Dost thou steal from me, fearful spirit? See
The print of his footsteps!

Moc. That ever my lust should be the parent to so foul a sin!

Bra. He told me, that his horrid tragedy
Was acted over every night in hell,
Where sad Erinnys, with her venom'd face,
[48]Sits a spectatress, black with the curls of snakes,
That lift their speckled heads above their shoulders,

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[46] *Extasy.*—So, in *Hamlet*, A. 3. S. 4:

> "This is the very coinage of your brain;
> This bodiless creation *extasy*
> Is very cunning in."

Mr Steevens observes, that in this place, and many others, *extasy* means a temporary alienation of mind, a fit.

[47] —— *the base* gold *that slew Sir* Polydore.—Alluding to the fate of *Polydorus*, a son of King Priam. See Virgil's Æneid, lib. iii. l. 49:

> "Hunc *Polydorum auri* quondam cum pondere magno
> Infelix Priamus furtim mandarat alendum
> Threicio regi ——
> —— *Polydorum* obtruncat, et *auro*
> Vi potitur." S.

[48] *Sits*, &c.—In the first edition this line is thus:

> "Black with the curls of snakes, sits a spectatrix."

And thrusting forth their stings, hiss at their entrance;
And that serves for an applause.
Moc. How can you have the heart to look upon him? pray let me go,
I feel a looseness in my belly.
Lor. Nay, you shall hear all out first.
Moc. I confess it,
What would you have more of me?
Bra. Then fierce Enyo holds a torch, Megara
Another; I'll down and play my part amongst them,
For I can do't to th' life.
Lor. Rather to the death.
Bra. I'll trace th' infernal theatre, and view
Those squalid actors, and the tragic pomp
Of hell and night.
Moc. How ghastly his words sound! pray keep him off from me.
Lor. The guilt of conscience makes you fearful, signior!
Bra. When I come there, I'll chain up Cerberus,
Nay, I'll muzzle him; I'll pull down Æacus
And Minos by the beard; then with my foot
I'll tumble Rhadamanthus from his chair:
And for the Furies, I'll not suffer them,
I'll be myself a Fury.
Moc. To vex me, I warrant you.
Bra. Next, will I post unto the Destinies,
Shiver their wheel and distaff 'gainst the wall,
And spoil their housewifery; I'll take their spindle,
Where hang the threads of human life, like beams
Drawn from the sun, and mix them all together,
Kings with beggars.
Moc. Good sir, he comes towards me!
Bra. That I could see that old fox Mocinigo,
The villain that did tempt me to this deed!
Moc. He names me too; pray, sir, stand between us:
Ladies, do you speak to him, I have not the faith.
Æmil. What would you do with him, if you had him?
Bra. [49] I'd serve him worse than Hercules did Lychas,
When he presented him the poison'd shirt;
Which when he had put on, and felt the smart,
He snatch'd him by the heels into the air,
Swung him some once or twice about his head,
Then shot him like a stone out of an engine,
Three furlongs length into the Euboick sea.
Lor. What a huge progress is that, for an old lover to be carried!
Bra. What's he that seeks to hide himself? Come forth,
Thou mortal, thou art a traitor or a murderer:
Oh, is it you?
Moc. What will become of me? pray help me; I shall be torn in pieces else.
Bra. You and I must walk together: come into the middle; yet further.

Enter AURELIO *as an Officer, and two Servants.*

Aur. Where be these fellows here that murder men? Serjeants, apprehend them, and convey them straight before the duke.
Bra. Who are you?
Aur. We are the duke's officers.
Bra. The duke's officers must be obey'd, take heed of displeasing them; how majestically they look!
Lor. You see, wife, the charm of authority; and a man be ne'er so wild, it tames him presently.
Æmil. Ay, husband, I know what will tame a man besides authority.
Aur. Come, gentles, since you are all together, I must intreat your company along with us, to witness what you know in this behalf.

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[49] *I'd serve him*, &c.—So, in Shakspeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Let me lodge *Lichas* on the horn o' th' moon." S.

Again, Ovid's *Metam.* lib. ix. l. 215:

"———— tremit ille pavetque
Pallidus; et timide verba excusantia dicit
Dicentem, genibusque manus adhibere parantem
Corripit Alcides; et terque quaterque rotatum
Mittit in Euboicas, tormento fortius undas,
Ille per aerias pendens indurnit auras."

Gay's *Translation*:

"The youth all pale with shiv'ring fear was stung,
And vain excuses falter'd on his tongue:
Alcides snatch'd him, as with suppliant face
He strove to clasp his knees, and beg for grace:
He toss'd him o'er his head with airy course,
And hurl'd with more than with an engine's force:
Far o'er th' Eubœan main aloof he flies,
And hardens by degrees amid the skies."

Lor. Sir, you have prevented us, for we intended to have brought him ourselves before his highness.

Aur. Then I hope your resolution will make it the easier to you. What, sir, will you go willingly?

Bra. Without all contradiction; lead on.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

Enter LIONEL *as the Duke; Duke,* PETRUCIO, GASPARO, ANGELIA *as a Woman.*

Duke. Come, signior,
This is the morning must shine bright upon you,
Wherein preferment that has slept obscure,
And all this while linger'd behind your wishes,
Shall overtake you in her greatest glories:
Ambition shall be weak, to think the honours
Shall crown your worth.

Pet. Father, you hear all this?

Gas. I do with joy, son, and am ravish'd at it;
Therefore I have resign'd m'estate unto thee,
(Only reserving some few crowns to live on,)
Because I'd have thee to maintain thy port.

Pet. You did as you ought.

Gas. 'Tis enough for me,
To be the parent of so blest an issue.

Pet. Nay, if you are so apprehensive, I am satisfied.

Lion. Is this the gentleman you so commended?

Duke. It is the same, my liege, whose royal virtues
Fitting a prince's court, are the large field
For fame to triumph in.

Lion. So you inform'd me: his face and carriage do import no less.

Duke. Report abroad speaks him as liberally;
And in my thoughts, Fortune deserves but ill,
That she detain'd thus long her favours from him.

Lion. That will I make amends for.

Gas. Happy hour,
And happy me to see it! Now I perceive
He has more wit than myself.

Pet. What must I do?

Duke. What must you do? go strait and kneel before him,
And thank his highness for his love.

Pet. I can't speak,
I am so overcome with sudden gladness,
Yet I'll endeavour it: Most mighty sovereign,
Thus low I bow, in humble reverence,
To kiss the basis of your regal throne.

Lion. Rise up.

Pet. Your grace's servant.

Lion. We admit you,
Our nearest favourite in place and council.

Duke. Go to, you are made for ever.

Pet. I'll find some office
To gratulate thy pains.

Lion. What was the cause
That you presented him no sooner to us?
We might have bred him up in our affairs,
And he have learnt the fashions of our court,
Which might have render'd him more active.

Duke. Doubt not,
His ingenuity will soon instruct him.

Lion. Then, to confirm him deeper in our friendship,
We here assign our sister for his wife.
What! is he bashful?

Pet. Speaks your grace in earnest?

Lion. What else? I'll have it so.

Duke. Why do you not step and take her?

Pet. Is't not a kind of treason?

Duke. Not if he bid you.

Pet. Divinest lady, are you so content?

Ang. What my brother commands, I must obey.

Lion. Join hands together, be wise, and use
Your dignities with a due reverence.
Tiberius Cæsar joy'd not in the birth
Of great Sejanus' fortunes with that zeal
As I shall to have rais'd you, though I hope
A different fate attends you.

Duke. Go to the church,
Perform your rites there, and return again
As fast as you can.

Gas. I could e'en expire with contemplation of his happiness.

Lion. What old man's that?

Pet. This is my father, sir.

Lion. Your own father?

Gas. So please your grace.

Lion. Give him a pair
Of velvet breeches, from our grandsire's wardrobe.

Gas. Thrice noble duke. Come, son, let's to the church.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCIO, GASPARO, *and* ANGELIA.

Enter Antiquary and PETRO.

Lion. How now! what new-come pageant have we here?

Duke. This is the famous antiquary I told your grace of, a man worthy your grace; the Janus of our age, and treasurer of times past: a man worthy your bounteous favour and kind notice; that will as soon forget himself in the remembrance of your highness, as any subject you have.

Lion. How comes he so accoutred?

Duke. No miracle at all, sir; for, as you have many fools in the habit of a wise man, so have you sometimes a wise man in the habit of a fool.

Ant. Sir, I have been so grossly abus'd, as no story, record, or chronicle can parallel the like, and I come here for redress; I hear your highness loves me, and indeed you are partly interested in the cause, for I having took somewhat a large potion for your grace's health, fell asleep, when in the interim they apparell'd me as you

see, made a fool, or an [50] asinigo of me; and for my boy here, they cogg'd him out of his proper shape, into the habit of an Amazon, to wait upon me.

Lion. But who did this?

Ant. Nay, sir, that I cannot tell, but I desire it may be found out.

Duke. Well, signior, if you knew all, you have no cause to be angry.

Ant. How so?

Duke. Why, that same coat you wear, did formerly belong unto Pantolabus the Roman jester, and buffoon to Augustus Cæsar.

Ant. And I thought so, I'd ne'er put it off while I breath'd.

Lion. Stand by, we'll inquire further anon.

Enter AURELIO, LORENZO, MOCINIGO, *Bravo*, ÆMILIA, LUCRETIA, *Officers.*

Now, who are you?

Aur. Your highness's officers.

We have brought two murderers here to be censured,
Who by their own confession are found guilty,
And need no further trial.

Lion. Which be the parties?

Aur. These, and please you.

Lion. Well, what do you answer?
What can you plead to stop the course of justice?

Moc. For my part, tho' I had no conscience to act it,
I have not the heart to deny it; and therefore expect
Your sentence: for mercy, I hope none, nor favour.

Lion. What says th' accuser?

Luc. Please your princely wisdom,
He slew a man was destin'd for my husband;
Yet, since another's death cannot recall him,
Were the law satisfied, and he adjudg'd
To have his goods confiscate, for my own part,
I could rest well content.

Moc. With all my heart:
I yield possession to whomsoe'er
She shall choose for a husband; reach a paper
O rblank, I'll seal to it.

Luc. See there's a writing!

Moc. And there's my hand to it:
I care not what the conditions be.

Lion. 'Tis well; Whom will you choose in place of the other?

Luc. Then, sir, to keep his memory alive;
I'll seek no further than this officer.

Lor. How, choose a common serjeant for her husband!

Æmil. A base commendadore! I'll ne'er endure it.

Aur. No, lady, a gentleman I assure you, and
Suppos'd the slain Aurelio. [*Discovers himself.*

Moc. A plot, a plot upon me! I'll revoke it all.

Lion. Nay, that you cannot, now you have confirm'd it.

Moc. Am I then cheated? I'll go home and die,
To avoid shame, not live in infamy. [*Exit.*

Lion. What says the villain bravo for himself?

Bravo. The bravo, sir, is honest, and his father.

Aur. My father! bless me, how comes this about?

Bravo. That virtuous maid, whom I must always honour,
Acquainted me with that old leacher's drift;
I, to prevent the ruin of my son,
Conceal'd from all, proffer'd my service to him
In this disguise.

Lion. 'Twas a wise and pious deed.

Enter PETRUCIO, ANGELIA, *and* GASPARO.

Pet. Room for the duke's kindred.

Lion. What, you are married, I perceive?

Pet. I am, royal brother.

Lion. Then, for your better learning in our service,
Take these instructions: Never hereafter
Contemn a man that has more wit than yourself,
Or foolishly conceive no lady's merit
Or beauty worthy your affection.

Pet. How's this?

Lion. Truth, my most honour'd brother, you are gull'd,
So is my reverend uncle the antiquary,
So are you all; for he that you conceiv'd
The duke, is your friend and Lionel;
Look you else.

Pet. 'Tis so.

Gas. 'Tis too apparent true.

Lion. What, all drunk! Speak, uncle.

Ant. Thou art my nephew,
And thou hast wit; 'tis fit thou should'st have land too.
Tell me no more how thou hast cheated me,
I do perceive it, and forgive thee for't;
Thou shalt have all I have, and I'll be wiser.

Lion. I thank you, sir. Brother Petrucio,
This to your comfort; that is my sister,
Whom formerly you did abuse in love;
And you may be glad your lot is no worse.

Pet. I am contented: I'll give a good wit
Leave to abuse me at any time.

Lor. When he cannot help it.

Gas. This 'tis
To be so politick and ambitious, son.

Pet. Nay, father, do not you aggravate it too.

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[50] *Asinigo.*—A cant term for a foolish fellow or ideot. See Mr Steevens's Note on *Troilus and Cressida*, A. 2. S. 1.

Lor. Well, signior,
You must pardon me, if I bid joy to you;
My daughter was not good enough for you.
Pet. You are tyrannous.

Enter LEONARDO.

Leon. Save you, gallants.
Lion. You are very welcome.
Leon. I come in quest of our noble duke,
Who from his court has stol'n out privately,
And 'tis reported he is here.
Lion. No indeed, sir,
He is not here; 'slight, we shall be question'd
For counterfeiting his person.
Duke. Be not dismay'd,
I am the duke.
Leon. My lord!
Duke. The very same, sir,
That for my recreation, have descended
(And no impeach, I hope, to royalty)
To sit spectator of your mirth. And thus much
You shall gain by my presence; what is past,
I'll see it ratified as firm, as if
Myself and senate had concluded it.
And when a prince allows his subjects sport,
He that pines at it, let him perish for't.

EDITION.

The Antiquary, a Comedy; acted by her Majesty's Servants, at the Cock-pit. Written by Shackerly Mermion, Gent. London: Printed by F. K. for I. W. and F. E. and are to be sold at the Crane, in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1641. Quarto.

THE ORDINARY.

BY

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT *was, according to Lloyd,* born 16 August, 1615, though Wood† says he was born at Northway, near Tewksbury, Gloucestershire, in September, 1611, and christened on the 26th of the same month. There is as much difference between these two writers, with respect to his father, as there is concerning the time of his birth. Lloyd says, he was the son of Thomas Cartwright, of Burford in Oxfordshire; Wood asserts, that his father's name was William Cartwright, one who had dissipated a fair inheritance, and was at last reduced to keep an inn at Cirencester. These contradictory accounts are totally irreconcileable. Wood's, however, is probably the true one.‡ That author says, that Cartwright received part of his education under Mr William Top, master of the Free School at Cirencester, was from thence sent to Westminster, where he compleated his education under Mr Lambert Osbaldiston; and, in the year* 1628 ‖ *was chosen a student of Christ Church in Oxford, and placed under the care of Mr Terrent. He took his several degrees of Batchelor and Master of Arts; the latter in* 1635; *and afterwards entering into holy orders, became, as Wood* § *expresses it, "the most florid and seraphical preacher in the University." In October,* 1642, *Bishop Duppa conferred on him the place of Succentor in the church of Salisbury; and on* 12 *April,* 1643, *he was admitted junior Proctor of the University. He died* 29 *November following, of a malignant fever, universally lamented by every person who knew him, even by his sovereign, who shewed him particular marks of his respect.*¶ *He was buried at the upper end of the south isle, adjoining to the choir of the cathedral of Christ Church. "He was," says Langbaine, "extremely remarkable both for his outward and inward endowments, his body being as handsome as his soul. He was an expert linguist, understanding not only Greek and Latin, but French and Italian as perfectly as his mother tongue. He was an excellent orator, and yet an admirable poet; a quality which Cicero with all his pains could not attain to. Nor was Aristotle less known to him than Cicero and Virgil; and those who heard his metaphysical lectures, gave him the preference to all his predecessors, the present Bishop of Lincoln (Dr Barlow) excepted. His sermons were as much admired as his other composures; and one fitly applied to our author that saying of Aristotle, concerning Æschron the poet,* that he could not tell what Æschron could not do."

Ben Jonson said of him, with some passion, My son Cartwright writes all like a man; *and Dr Fell, Bishop of Oxford, gave him this character,* Cartwright was the utmost man could come to.

Besides a sermon, and some Greek and Latin poems, he was the author of four plays, one only of which, I believe, was published in his life-time; viz.

(1.) "*The Royal Slave, a tragi-comedy, presented to the king and queen by the students of Christ Church in Oxford, August* 30, 1636; *presented since to both their majesties at Hampton Court, by the king's servants.* 4*to.* 1639, 1640; 8*vo.* 1651."

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* *Memoirs*, p. 422. † *Athen. Oxon.* p. 34. ‡ Ibid.

‖ Langbaine, p. 51, says, 1631. § *Athen. Oxon.* 2. p. 35.

¶ Oldys, in his MS. Notes on Langbaine, says, that the king being asked, why he appeared in black the day Cartwright was buried? answered, that since the Muses had so much mourned, for the loss of such a son, it would be a shame for him not to appear in mourning, for the loss of such a subject.

This play, in which the celebrated Dr Busby performed a part, gave so much satisfaction to their majesties, that it was by their orders performed at Hampton Court by their own servants. Langbaine says, the preference was given to the representation by the collegians, as much superior to that of the players.

(2.) " *The Lady Errant, a tragi-comedy*, 8vo. 1651."

(3.) " *The Ordinary, a comedy*, 8vo. 1651."

(4.) " *The Siedge; or, Love's Convert, a tragi-comedy*, 8vo. 1651."

All these plays were printed with his other poems in 8vo. 1651. *Prefixed to this edition of his works, are* 54 *copies of verses in praise of the author.*

PROLOGUE.

'Twould wrong our author to bespeak your ears;
Your persons he adores, but judgment fears:
For where you please but to dislike, he shall
Be atheist thought, that worships not his fall.
Next to not marking, 'tis his hope that you,
Who can so ably judge, can pardon too.
His conversation will not yet supply
Follies enough to make a comedy;
He cannot write by th' poll; nor act we here
Scenes, which perhaps you should see liv'd elsewhere;
No guilty line traduceth any; all
We now present is but conjectural;
'Tis a mere guess: Those then will be to blame,
Who make that *person*, which he meant but *name*.
That web of manners which the stage requires,
That mass of humours which poetick fires
Take in, and boil, and purge, and try, and then
With sublimated follies cheat those men
That first did vent them, are not yet his art;
But, as drown'd islands, or the world's fifth part,
Lie undiscover'd; and he only knows
Enough to make himself ridiculous.
Think then, if here you find nought can delight,
He hath not yet seen vice enough to write.

III

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HEARSAY, *an Intelligencer*,
SLICER, *a Lieutenant*,
MEANWELL, LITTLEWORTH *disguis'd, a decay'd Knight's Son*,
} *Complices in the Ordinary.*
SHAPE, *a Cheater.*
Sir THOMAS BITEFIG, *a covetous Knight.*
SIMON CREDULOUS, *a Citizen.*
ANDREW, *his Son, Suitor to Mrs* JANE.
ROBERT MOTH, *an Antiquary.*
CASTER,
HAVE-AT-ALL,
} *Gamesters.*

RIMEWELL, *a Poet*,
BAGSHOT, *a decay'd Clerk*,
Sir CHRISTOPHER, *a Curate*,
Vicar CATCHMEY, *a Cathedral Singing-man*,
} *Clubbers at the Ordinary.*
Mrs JANE, *Daughter to Sir* THOMAS.
PRISCILLA, *her Maid.*
JOAN POTLUCK, *a Vintner's Widow.*
Shopkeeper.
Chirurgeon.
Officers.
Servants.

SCENE—LONDON.

THE ORDINARY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

HEARSAY, SLICER, SHAPE, MEANWELL.

Hear. We're made, my boys, we're made! methinks I am
Growing into a thing that will be worship'd.
Sli. I shall sleep one day in my chain and scarlet,
At Spital-sermon.
Shape. Were not my wit such,
I'd put out moneys on being Mayor.
But O this brain of mine! That's it that will
Bar me the city honour.
Hear. We're cry'd up
O' th' sudden for the sole tutors of the age.
Shape. Esteem'd discreet, sage, trainers up of youth.
Hear. Our house becomes a place of visit now.
Sli. In my poor judgment, 'tis as good my lady
Should venture to commit her eldest son
To us, as to the inns of court: He'll be
Undone here only with less ceremony.
Hear. Speak for our credit, my brave man of war.
What, Meanwell, why so lumpish?
Mean. Pray you be quiet.
Hear. Thou look'st as if thou plott'st the calling in
[1] O' th' Declaration, or th' abolishing
O' th' Common-prayers. Chear up; say something for us.
Mean. Pray vex me not.
Sli. These foolish puling sighs
Are good for nothing, but to endanger buttons.
[2] Take heart of grace, man.
Mean. Fie, y'are troublesome.
Hear. Nay, fare you well then, sir.
[*Exeunt* HEARSAY, SLICER, SHAPE.
Mean. My father still
Runs in my mind, meets all my thoughts, and doth
Mingle himself in all my cogitations.
Thus to see eager villains drag along
Him, unto whom they crouch'd! to see him bal'd,
That ne'er knew what compulsion was, but when
His virtues did incite him to good deeds,
And keep my sword dry! —— O unequal Nature!
Why was I made so patient as to view,

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[1] *O' th' Declaration, or th' abolishing*
O' th' Common-prayers.—The Declaration concerning the book of sports, set forth some time before. This was a matter very disgusting to the Puritans, who had an equal dislike to the book of Common Prayer.

[2] *Take heart of grace.*—This phrase signifies, *take courage*, or *summon up resolution*. It is at present always written in this manner; formerly it used to be, *take heart at grass;* as in Euphues, p. 18: "Rise therefore, Euphues, and *take heart at grasse*, younger thou shalt never bee: plucke up thy stomacke, if love have stong thee, it shall not stifle thee."

Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatory*, p. 4:

"——therefore *taking heart at grasse*, drawing more neere him, &c."

Ibid. p. 24:

"——seeing she would take no warning: on a day *tooke heart at grasse*, and belabour'd her well with a cudgel."

And not so strong as to redeem? Why should I
Dare to behold, and yet not dare to rescue?
Had I been destitute of weapons, yet
Arm'd with the only name of son, I might
Have out-done wonder. [3] Naked piety
Dares more than fury well-appointed: blood
Being never better sacrificed, than when
It flows to him that gave it. But, alas!
The envy of my fortune did allow
That only, which she could not take away,
Compassion: that which was not in those savage
And knowing beasts, those engines of the law,
That even kill as uncontroul'd as that.
How do I grieve, when I consider from
What hands he suffer'd! Hands that do excuse
Th' indulgent prison: shackles being here
A kind of rescue. Young man, 'tis not well
To see thy aged father thus confin'd,
Good, good old man. Alas! thou'rt dead to me,
Dead to the world, and only living to
That which is more than death, thy misery!
The grave could be a comfort: And shall I——
O would this soul of mine——But death's the wish
Of him that fears; he's lazy that would die.
I'll live, and see that thing of wealth, that worm
Bred out of splendid muck, that citizen,
Like his own sullied wares thrown by into
Some unregarded corner, and my piety
Shall be as famous as his avarice.
His son, whom we have in our tuition,
Shall be the subject of my good revenge:
I'll count myself no child, till I have done
Something that's worth that name. My brain shall be
Busy in his undoing; and I will
Plot ruin with religion: his disgrace
Shall be my zeal's contrivement; and when this
Shall stile me son again, I hope 'twill be
Counted not wrong, but duty. When that time
Shall give my actions growth, I will cast off
This brood of vipers, and will shew that I
Do hate the poison which I mean t'apply.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Mrs. POTLUCK.

Pot. Now help, good Heaven! 'Tis such an uncouth thing
To be a widow out of term-time——I
Do feel such aguish qualms, and dumps, and fits,
And shakings still an end——I lately was
A wife, I do confess; but yet I had
No husband: he, alas! was dead to me
Even when he liv'd unto the world; I was
A widow whilst he breath'd. His death did only
Make others know so much. But yet——

Enter HEARSAY.

Hear. How now? So melancholy, sweet!
Pot. How could I choose,
Being thou wert not here? The time is come,
Thou'lt be as good unto me as thy word?
Hear. Nay, hang me if I e'er recant. You'll take me
Both wind and limb at th' venture, will you no?
Pot. Ay, good chuck, every inch of thee: she were
No true woman that would not.
Hear. I must tell you one thing, and yet I'm loth.
Pot. I am thy rib,
Thou must keep nothing from thy rib, good chuck:
Thy yoke-fellow must know all thy secrets.
Hear. Why then I'll tell you, sweet.
[*He whispers her.*
Pot. Heaven defend!
Hear. 'Tis true.
Pot. Now, God forbid; and would you offer
T' undo a widow-woman so? I had
As lief the old vintner were alive again.
Hear. I was not born with it, I confess; but lying
In Turkey for intelligence, the Great Turk,
Somewhat suspicious of me, lest I might
Entice some o' th' seraglio, did command
I should be forthwith cut.
Pot. A heathen deed
It was: none but an infidel could have
The heart to do it!
Hear. Now you know the worst
That you must trust to. Come, let's to the church.
Pot. Good Mr Hearsay, nature ne'er intended
One woman should be joined to another.
The holy blessing of all wedlock was,
T' increase and multiply; as Mr Christopher
Did well observe last Sabbath. I'll not do
Any thing 'gainst God's word. I do release you
Of all your promises; and that it may not

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[3] ——— *Naked piety*
Dares more than fury well-appointed.—Well-appointed, is *completely accoutred*. So, in *The Miseries of Queen Margaret*, by Drayton:

"Ten thousand valiant *well-appointed* men."

Second Part Henry IV. A. 4. S. 1:

"What *well-appointed* leader fronts us here?"

Mr Steevens's Note on the last passage.

Be said you lost by loving me, take this.
Perhaps I may get you a contribution
O' th' women of the parish, as I did
The broken-bellied man, the other day.
Hear. Seeing you needs will cast me off, let me
Intreat this one thing of you, that you would not
Make me your table-talk at the next gossiping.
[*Exit.*
Pot. Indeed, I pity thee, poor thing; or rather,
I pity thee, poor nothing!

Enter SLICER.

Good lieutenant, how dost thou?
Thou art mindful of thy promise?
Sli. What else, my jolly wench?
Pot. Good sweet lieutenant,
Give me but leave to ask one question of you;
Art thou entire and sound in all thy limbs?
Sli. To tell the very truth, ere now I've had
A spice o' th' pox, or so; but now I am sound
As any bell (hem!) was't not shrill, my girl? ha!
Pot. I do not ask thee about these diseases:
My question is, Whether thou'st all thy parts?
Sli. Faith, I have lost a joint or two; as none
Of our profession come off whole, unless
The general, and some sneaks.
Pot. My meaning is,
Whether that something is not wanting, that
Should write thee husband?
Sli. Ne'er fear that, my wench:
Do'st think the king would send me to the wars
Without I had my weapons? Eunuchs are not
Men of employment in these days. His majesty
Hath newly put me on a piece of service;
And if I e'er come off (which I do fear
I shan't, the danger is so great), brave widow,
We'll to't, and get commanders.
Pot. If you can
Leave me, I can leave you: there are other men
That won't refuse a fortune when 'tis proffer'd.
Sli. Well, I must to his majesty; think on't;
So fare thee well. Thine, to his very death:
That is, a month or two, perhaps, D. Slicer. [*Exit.*

Enter SHAPE.

Pot. Kind master Shape, you are exceeding welcome.
Here hath been Mr Hearsay, and Lieutenant
Slicer. You may guess at their business; but
I hope you think me faithful.
Shape. I believe
The memory of your husband's ashes, which
Scarce yet are cold, extinguisheth all flames
That tend to kindling any love-fire. 'Tis
A virtue in you, which I must admire,
That only you, amongst so many, should
Be the sole turtle of the age.
Pot. I do
Bear him in memory, I confess; but when
I do remember what your promise was
When he lay sick, it doth take something from
The bitterness of sorrow. Woman was
Not made to be alone still.
Shape. Tender things
At seventeen may use that plea; but you
Are now arriv'd at matron. These young sparks
Are rak'd up, I presume, in sager embers.
Pot. Nay, don't abuse her that must be your wife:
You might have pity, and not come with your nick-names,
And call me turtle. Have I deserv'd this?
Shape. If that you once hold merits, I have done.
I'm glad I know what's your religion.
Pot. What's my religion! 'Tis well known there hath
Been no religion in my house e'er since
My husband died.

Enter SLICER, HEARSAY.

Hear. How now, sweet Shape? So close
Alone wi' your widow!
Shape. Sirs, dare you believe it?
This thing, whose prayer it hath been these ten
Years, that she may obtain a second tooth,
And the third hair, now doats on me, on me,
That do refuse all that are past sixteen.
Sli. Why, faith, this was her suit to me, just now.
Hear. I had the first o'nt then. A coachman, or
A groom, were fitter far for her.
Sli. You do
Honour her too much, to think she deserves
A thing that can lust moderately; give her
The sorrel stallion in my lord's long stable.
Shape. Or the same-colour'd brother, which is worse.
Pot. Why, gentlemen———
Hear. Foh, foh! She hath let fly.
Pot. D' you think I have no more manners than so?
Shape. Nay, faith, I can excuse her for that; but
Must confess she spoke, which is all one.
Sli. Her breath would rout an army, sooner than
That of a cannon.
Hear. It would lay a devil
Sooner than all [4]Trithemius' charms.
Shape. Hark, how
It blusters in her nostrils, like a wind
In a foul chimney.
Pot. Out, you base companions,
You stinking swabbers!
Hear. For her gait, that's such,
As if her nose did strive t' outrun her heels.

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4 *Trithemius' charms.*—See Johannis *Wolfii Opera*, Fo. Vol. II. p. 592. Halberstadii, 1672.

Shape. She's just six yards behind, when that appears:
It saves an usher, madam.
Pot. You are all
Most foul-mouth'd knaves, to use a woman thus.
Sli. Your plaister'd face doth drop against moist weather.
Shape. Fie, how you writhe it! Now it looks just like
A ruffled boot.
Sli. Or an oil'd paper-lanthorn.
Hear. Her nose the candle in the midst of it.
Shape. How bright it flames! Put out your nose, good lady;
You [5] burn day-light.
Pot. Come up, you lousy rascals.
Hear. Not upon you for a kingdom, good Joan;
The Great Turk, Joan——the Great Turk.
Sli. Kiss him, chuck;
Kiss him, chuck, open-mouth'd, and be reveng'd.
Pot. Hang you, base cheating varlet.
Sli. Don't you see
December in her face?
Shape. Sure the surveyor
Of the highways will have to do with her,
For not keeping her countenance passable.
Hear. There lies a hoar-frost on her head, and yet
A constant thaw in her nose.
Shape. She's like a piece
Of fire-wood, dropping at one end, and yet
Burning i' th' midst.
Sli. O that endeavouring face!
When will your costiveness have done, good madam?
Hear. Do you not hear her guts already squeak
Like kit-strings?
Sli. They must come to that within
This two or three years: by that time, she'll be
True perfect cat. They practise before-hand.
Pot. I can endure no longer, though I should
Throw off my womanhood.
Hear. No need, that's done
Already. Nothing left thee that may style thee
Woman, but lust and tongue: no flesh but what
The vices of the sex exact, to keep them
In heart.
Shape. Thou art so lean and out of case,
That 'twere absurd to call thee devil incarnate.
Sli. Th' art a dry devil, troubled with the lust
Of that thou hast not, flesh.
Pot. Rogue, rascal, villain!
I'll shew your cheating tricks i' faith. All shall
Be now laid open. Have I suffer'd you
Thus long i' my house, and ne'er demanded yet
One penny rent, for this? I'll have it all:
By this good blessed light, I will.
Hear. You may,
If that you please, undo yourself: You may.
I will not strive to hinder you. There is
Something contriving for you, which may be,
Perhaps, yet brought about: a match, or so:
A proper fellow: 'tis a trifle, that:
A thing you care not for, I know. Have I
Plotted to take you off from these, to match you
In better sort, and am us'd thus? As for
The rent you ask, here take it; take your money;
Fill, choak your gaping throat. But if, as yet
You are not deaf to counsel, let me tell you,
It had been better that you ne'er had took it,
It may stop some proceedings.
Pot. Mr Hearsay,
You know you may have even my heart out of
My belly (as they say) if you'll but take
The pains to reach it out. I am sometimes
Peevish, I do confess. Here, take your money.
Hear. No.
Pot. Good, sir.
Hear. No, keep it and hoard it up;
My purse is no safe place for it.
Pot. Let me
Request you, that you would be pleas'd to take it.
Hear. Alas! 'twould only trouble me. I can
As willingly go light, as be your treasurer.
Pot. Good Mr Slicer, speak to him to take it.
Sweet Mr Shape join with him.
Sli. Nay, be once
O'er-rul'd by a woman.
Shape. Come, come; you shall take it.
Pot. Nay, faith you shall. Here, put it up, good sir.
Hear. Upon intreaty, I'm content for once;
But make no custom of't. You do presume
Upon my easy foolishness: 'tis that
Makes you so bold. Were it another man,
He ne'er would have to do with you. But mark me,
If e'er I find you in this mood again,
I'll dash your hopes of marriage for ever.
[*Exeunt all but* HEARSAY.

SCENE III.

To him MEANWELL, ANDREW.

And. God save you, tutors, both!
Mean. Fie, Andrew, fie!
What, kiss your hand! You smell; not compliment.
Hear. Besides, you come too near when you salute.
Your breath may be discover'd; and you give
Advantage unto him you thus accost,
To shake you by the hand; which often doth

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[5] ——*burn day-light.*—See Note 209 on *The Spanish Tragedy*, Vol. I. p. 501.

Endanger the whole arm. Your gallant's like
The crystal glass, brittle; rude handling cracks him,
To be saluted so, were to be wounded.
His parts would fall asunder like unto
Spilt quicksilver. An ear, an eye, a nose,
Would drop, like summer-fruit from shaken trees.
Mean. For the same reason, I'd not have you dance.
Some courtiers, I confess, do use it; but
They are the sounder sort; those foolish ones
That have a care of health, which you shall not,
If you'll be rul'd by me. The hazard's great;
'Tis an adventure, an exploit, a piece
Of service for a gentleman, to caper.
Hear. A gallant's like a leg of mutton boil'd
By a Spanish cook: take him but by the one end,
And shake him, all the flesh falls from the bones,
And leaves them bare immediately.
And. I would
Not be a leg of mutton here.
Hear. I saw
In France a monsieur, only in the cutting
Of one cross caper, rise a man, and come
Down to th' amazement of the standers-by,
A true extemporary skeleton;
And was strait read on.
And. Sure this man.
Good tutor, was quite rotten!
Mean. See how you
Betray your breeding now! Quite rotten! 'Tis
Rottenness, perhaps, in footmen, or in yeomen:
'Tis tenderness in gentlemen: they are
A little over-boil'd, or so.
Hear. He is
A churl, a hind, that's wholesome; some raw thing
That never was at London: one in whom
The clown is too predominant. Refin'd
People feel Naples in their bodies; and
An ach i'th' bones at sixteen, passeth now
For high descent: it argues a great birth.
Low bloods are never worthy such infection.
And. Ay, but my father bid me I should live honest,
And say my prayers; that he did.
Hear. If that
You cannot sleep at any time, we do
Allow you to begin your prayers, that so
A slumber may seize on you.
Mean. But as for
Your living honest, 'twere to take away
A trade i' th' commonwealth: the surgeons
Benefit would go down. You may go on
In foolish chastity, eat only sallads,
Walk an unskilful thing, and be to learn
Something the first night of your wife: but that's
To marry out of fashion.
And. Here's no proofs,
No doctrines, nor no uses. Tutor, I
Would fain learn some religion.
Hear. Religion!
Yes, to become a martyr, and be pictur'd
With a long label out o' your mouth, like those
[6] In Fox's book; just like a juggler drawing
Ribband out of his throat.
And. I must be gone.
Mean. Obedience is the first step unto science:
Stay, and be wise.
And. Indeed, I dare not stay;
The clyster works you sent to purge gross humours. [*Exit.*
Mean. Being you will not take your lecture out,
Good-morrow to y', good Andrew. This soft fool
Must swim in's father's wealth! It is a curse
That Fortune justly makes the city's lot,
The young fool spends whate'er the old knave got. [*Exit* MEANWELL.

SCENE IV.

To HEARSAY, *enter* SLICER *and* CREDULOUS.

Hear. Sir, let me tell you, this is not the least
Of things wherein your wisdom shews itself,
In that you've plac'd your son in this good sort.
Cred. Nay, nay, let me alone to give him breeding:
I did not hold the university
Fit for the training up of such a spirit.
Sli. The university! 'T had been the only way
T' have took him off his courage, and his metal,
He had return'd as slaves do from the galleys;
A naked shorn thing with a thin-dock'd top,
Learnedly cut into a logick mode.
Hear. A private oath given him at first entrance,
Had sworn him pilgrim unto conventicles;
Engag'd him to the hate of all; but what
Pleaseth the stubborn froward Elect.
Sli. But we,
Following another model, do allow
Freedom and courage, cherish and maintain
High noble thoughts——
Hear. Set nature free, and are
Chymists of manners——
Sli. Do instruct of states——

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[6] *In Fox's book:*—"The Acts and Monuments of matters most speciall and memorable happening in the church, with an universall historie of the same. By John Fox."

Hear. And wars. There's one, look on him———
Sli. Do but view
That searching head———
Hear. The very soul of battle;
True steel.
Sli. H' hath been an agent some few years
(A score or so) for princes, and as yet
Doth not write forty.
Hear. I confess I can
Discover th' entrails of a state perhaps,
Lay open a kingdom's paunches, shew the bowels
And inwards of a seigniory or two;
But for your deeds of valour, there is one,
Although I speak it to his face, that can
Write a geography by his own conquests:
H' hath fought o'er [7] Strabo, [8] Ptolemy, and [9] Stafford;
Travell'd as far in arms as [10] Lithgoe naked;
Borne weapons whither [11] Coriat durst not
Carry a shirt or shoes. [12] Jack Mandeville
Ne'er sail'd so far as he hath steer'd by land,
Using his colours both for mast and sail.
Cred. I'd thought h' had been lieutenant.
Hear. That's all one.
Sli. I've worn some leather out abroad; let out
A heathen soul or two; fed this good sword
With the black blood of pagan christians;
Converted a few infidels with it. [hath
But let that pass. That man of peace there,
Been trusted with kings breasts——
Hear. His name is heard
Like thunder, and that mere word, Slicer, hath
Sufficed unto victory.
Sli. He's close,
Reserv'd, lock'd up. The secrets of the king
Of Tartary, of China, and some other
Counsels of moment, have been so long kept
In's body without vent, that every morning,
Before he covers them with some warm thing
Or other, you may smell 'em very strongly;
Distinguish each of them by several scents——
Hear. A grove of pikes are rushes to him. Hail
More frights you than a shower of bullets him—
Sli. The Dutch come up like [13] broken beer; the Irish
Savour of usquebaugh; the Spanish they
Smell like unto perfume at first; but then,
After a while, end in a fatal steam———
Hear. One drum's his table, the other is his musick;

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[7] *Strabo.*—Strabo, a philosopher of Crete, and a geographer, in the time of Augustus.

[8] *Ptolemy.*—Born at Pelusium, flourished about the year 140, and died 162, aged 78.

[9] *Stafford.*—Robert Stafford, born at Dublin, was of Exeter College, Oxford, and published "A Geographical and Anthological Description of all the Empires and Kingdoms, both of Continent and Islands, in this terrestrial Globe," &c. London. Quarto, 1618. Wood says, it was reported, that John Prideaux, who was Stafford's tutor, had the chief hand in this work.

[10] *Lithgoe.*—William Lithgow, a Scotsman, whose sufferings by imprisonment and torture at Malaga, and whose travels on foot over Europe, Asia, and Africa, seem to raise him almost to the rank of a martyr and a hero, published an account of his peregrinations and adventures, quarto, 1614; reprinted in quarto, 1632, with additions. At the conclusion of this work, he says, "Here is the just relation of nineteene yeares travells perfited in three deare bought voyages: The generall computation of which dimmensions, spaces in my goings, traversings, and returnings through kingdomes, continents, and ilands, which my payneful feet traced over (besides my passages of seas and rivers) amounteth to *thirty-six thousand and odde miles; which draweth neare to twice the circumference of the whole earth.*"——Lithgow also printed at Edinburgh, a poem, entitled, *The Gushing Teares of Godly Sorrow, &c.* quarto, 1640.

[11] *Coriat.*—The celebrated Thomas Coriat, who, except Lithgow, is supposed to have travelled more miles on foot, than any person of his times, or indeed in any period since. From his writings, and many parts of his conduct, he cannot be supposed to have been in his perfect senses. He was, notwithstanding, a man of considerable learning, and rendered himself ridiculous, chiefly by dwelling with too much attention on the trifling accidents which happened to him during his journey. In the year 1608, he left England, and went to Venice and back again; a journey performed on foot in five months. On his return, he published an account of it in a large quarto volume, 1611, containing six hundred and fifty-five pages, besides more than one hundred filled with commendatory verses, by Ben Jonson, and other wits of the age, who both laughed at, and flattered him at the same time. He afterwards travelled into Persia, and from thence into the East Indies, (still on foot,) and died at Surat in the year 1617.

[12] *Jack Manderille.*—Sir John Mandeville, knight, born at St Albans: He was a traveller for the space of thirty-four years, visiting in that time Scythia, Armenia the Greater and Less, Egypt, both Libyas, Arabia, Syria, Media, Mesopotamia, Persia, Chaldæa, Greece, Illyrium, Tartary, and divers other kingdoms. He died at Liege, November 17, 1371.——An excellent edition of his travels was printed in 8vo. 1725, from a MS. in the Cotton Library.

[13] ——*broken beer.*—Mr Whalley observes, that *broken victuals* is a cant term with our common beggars. 6 Ben Jonson 123. So *broken beer* he imagines to be that of which some part had been drank. The epithet *broken*, when annexed to *beer*, is always to be found in writers of the times, speaking of

His sword's his knife; his colours are his napkins;
Carves nourishing horse, as he is us'd to do
The hostile pagan or we venison; eats
Gun-powder with his meat, instead of pepper,
Then drinks o'er all his bandeleers, and fights.
Sli. Secrets are rank'd and order'd in his belly,
Just like tobacco-leaves laid in a sweat.
Here lies a row of Indian secrets, then
Something of's own on them; on that, another
Of China counsels, cover'd with a lid
Of Newfoundland discoveries: next, a bed
Of Russia policies; on them, a lay
Of Prester-Johnian whispers———
Hear. Slights a tempest;
Counts lightning but a giving fire, and thunder
The loud report when heaven hath discharg'd.
H' hath with his breath supply'd a breach:
When he's once fix'd, no engine can remove him.
Sli. 'Twould be a policy worth hatching, to
Have him dissected, if 'twere not too cruel.
All states would lie as open as his bowels.
Turkey in's bloody liver; Italy
Be found in's reins; Spain busy in his stomach;
Venice would float in's bladder; Holland sail
Up and down all his veins; Bavaria lie
Close in some little gut, and [14] Ragioni
Di Stato generally reek in all.
Cred. I see my son's too happy: he is born
To be some man of action; some engine
For th' overthrow of kingdoms.
Hear. Troth, he may
Divert the torrent of the Turkish rule
Into some other track; dam up the stream
Of that vast headlong monarchy, if that
He want not means to compass his intents.
Cred. The Turkish monarchy's a thing too big
For him to manage: he may make perhaps
The governor of some new little island,
And there plant faith and zeal; but for the present,
M' ambition's only to contrive a match
Between Sir Thomas Bitefig's only daughter,
And (if I may so call him now) my son:
'Twill raise his fortunes somewhat.
Sli. We have got
One that will do more good with's tongue that way,
Than that uxorious shower that came from heaven:
But you must oil it first.
Cred. I understand you.
Grease him i' th' fist, you mean. There's just ten pieces;
'Tis but an earnest. If he bring't about,
I'll make those ten a hundred.
Hear. Think it done.
[*Exit* CREDULOUS, *and enter* SHAPE, MEANWELL.

SCENE V.

HEARSAY, SLICER, MEANWELL, SHAPE.

Hear. Our life, methinks, is but the same with others:
To cozen and be cozen'd, makes the age.
The prey and feeder are that civil thing
That sager heads call body politick.
Here is the only difference; others cheat
By statute, but we do't upon no grounds.
The fraud's the same in both; there only wants
Allowance to our way. The commonwealth
Hath not declar'd herself as yet for us;
Wherefore our policy must be our charter.
Mean. Well-manag'd knav'ry is but one degree
Below plain honesty.
Sli. Give me villainy
That's circumspect, and well-advis'd, that doth
Colour at least for goodness. If the cloak
And mantle were pull'd off from things, 'twould be
As hard to meet an honest action, as
A liberal alderman, or a court-nun.
Hear. Knowing then how we must direct our steps,
Let us chalk out our paths: you, Shape, know yours.
Shape. Where-e'er I light on Fortune, my commission
Will hold to take her up: I'll ease my silken
Friends of that idle luggage, we call money:
Hear. For my good toothless countess, let us try
To win that old Eremite thing, that like
An image in a [15] German clock doth move,
Not walk; I mean, that rotten antiquary.

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alms. So, in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Angiers:* "The poor cattle yonder are passing away the time with a cheat loaf, and a bombard of *broken beer.*"

Masque of the Gypsies:

"——he were very carefully carried at his mother's back, rock'd in a cradle of Well cheese, like a maggot, and there fed with *broken beer* and blown wine of the best, daily."

The Belgicke Pismire, 1622, p. 76:

"——having before fed themselves full with the sweat of other mens browes, [illegible] drunkenesse, and surfetting, may releeve with their scraps, crummes, bones, and *broken beer*, the necessities of such as they or their predecessors have before undone and made beggers."

[14] *Ragioni di Stato.*—Their several policies. S. P.

[15] *German clock.*—*German clocks* were about this time much in use; they are frequently mentioned by Ben Jonson and other writers. See *Epicœne,* A. 4. S. 2.

Mean. He'll surely love her, 'cause she looks like some
Old ruin'd piece, that was five ages backward.
Hear. To the great vestry-wit, the livery-brain,
My common-council pate, that doth determine
A city-business with his gloves on's head,
We must apply good hope of wealth and means.
Sli. That griping knight Sir Thomas must be call'd
With the same lure: He knows t' a crum how much
Loss is in twenty dozen of bread, between
That which is broke by th' hand and that is cut.
Which way best keeps his candles, bran or straw.
What tallow's lost in putting of 'em out
By spittle, what by foot, what by the puff,
What by the holding downwards, and what by
The extinguisher; which wick will longest be
In lighting, which spend fastest; he must hear
Nothing but moieties, and lives, and farms,
Copies, and tenures; he is deaf to th' rest.
Mean. I'll speak the language of the wealthy to him;
My mouth shall swill with bags, revenues, fees,
Estates, reversions, incomes, and assurance.
He's in the gin already; for his daughter
She'll be an easy purchase.
Hear. I do hope
We shall grow famous; have all sorts repair
As duly to us, as the barren wives
Of aged citizens do to St Antholin's.
Come, let us take our quarters: We may come
To be some great officers in time,
And with a reverend magisterial frown,
Pass sentence on those faults that are our own.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

HAVE-AT-ALL, SLICER, HEARSAY *having rescued him in a quarrel.*

Hav. 'Tis destin'd; I'll be valiant: I am sure
I shall be beaten with more credit then,
Than now I do escape. Lieutenant, has't
Bethought thyself as yet? Has't any way
To make my sword fetch blood?
Sli. You never yet
Did kill your man then?
Hav. No.
Hear. Nor get your wench
With child, I warrant?
Hav. O sir!
Sli. You're not quite
Free of the gentry, till y' have marr'd one man,
And made another: When one fury hath
Cry'd quit with t'other, and your lust repair'd
What anger hath destroy'd, the title's yours;
Till then you do but stand for't.
Hav. Pox! who'd be
That vile scorn'd name, that stuffs all court-gate bills?
Lieutenant, thou may'st teach me valour yet.
Sli. Teach thee! I will inspire thee, man. I'll make
Thy name become a terror; and to say,
That Have-at-all is coming, shall make room
As when the bears are in procession.
Hark hither, Frank—— [*They consult.*
Hear. That's good, but——
Sli. How think'st now?
Hear. Nay, he will pay you large—ly. [*Aloud.*
Hav. Pay, what else?
Hear. Make him believe the citizen's his guest;
The citizen, that he is his.
Sli. Concluded;
Would you fight fair, or conquer by a spell?
Hav. I do not care for witchcraft; I would have
My strength rely merely upon itself.
Sli. There is a way, tho' I ne'er shew'd it yet,
But to one Spaniard, and 'twas wondrous happy.
Hav. Think me a second Spaniard, worthy sir.
Sli. Then listen. The design is by a dinner;
An easy way, you'll say; I'll say, a true:
Hunger may break stone-walls, it ne'er hurts men:
Your cleanly feeder is your man of valour.
What makes the peasant grovel in his muck,
Humbling his crooked soul, but that he eats
Bread just in colour like it? Courage ne'er
Vouchsaf'd to dwell a minute, where a sullen
Pair of brown loaves darken'd the dirty table;
Shadows of bread, not bread. You never knew
A solemn son of bag-pudding and pottage
Make a commander; or a tripe-eater
Become a tyrant: He's the kingdom's arm
That can feed large, and choicely.
Hav. If that be
The way, I'll eat myself into courage,
And will devour valour enough quickly.
Sli. 'Tis not the casual eating of those meats,
That doth procure those spirits, but the order
And manner of the meal; the ranking of
The dishes, that does all; else he that hath
The greatest range, would be the hardest man.
Those goodly juments of the guard would fight
(As they eat beef) after six stone a day;
The spit would nourish great attempts: my lord
Would lead a troop, as well as now a masque;
And force the enemy's sword with as much ease
As his mistress's bodkin: Gallants would
Owe valour to their ordinaries, and fight
After a crown a meal.
Hav. I do conceive
The art is all in all. If that you'll give

A bill of your directions, I'll account
Myself oblig'd unto you for my safety.
Sli. Take it then thus: All must be soldier-like;
No dish but must present artillery;
Some military instrument in each.
Imprimis, six or seven yards of tripe
Display'd instead o' th' ensign.
Hav. Why! you said,
Tripe-eaters ne'er made tyrants.
Sli. Peace, sir; learners
Must be attentive and believe. Do y' think
We'll eat this? 'Tis but for formality.
Item, a collar of good large fat brawn
Serv'd for a drum, waited upon by two
Fair long black-puddings, lying by for drum-sticks.
Item, a well-grown lamprey for a fife;
Next some good curious [16] march-panes made into
The form of trumpets. Then in order shall
Follow the officers: The captain first
Shall be presented in a warlike cock,
Swimming in white-broth, as he's wont in blood.
The serjeant-major he may bustle in
The shape of some large turkey: for myself,
Who am lieutenant, I'm content there be
A buzzard only. Let the corporal
Come sweating in [17] a breast of mutton, stuff'd
With pudding, or strut in some aged carp:
Either doth serve, I think. As for [18] perdues,
Some choice sous'd fish brought couchant in a dish
Among some fennel, or some other grass,
Shews how they lie i' th' field. The soldier then
May be thus rank'd: the common one, chicken,
Duck, rabbit, pigeon; for the more genteel,
Snipe, woodcock, partridge, pheasant, quail will serve.
Hear. Bravely contriv'd!
Sli. That weapons be not wanting,
We'll have a dozen of bones well charg'd with marrow
For ordnance, muskets, petronels, petards;
Twelve yards of sausage by, instead of match;
And [19] caveary then prepar'd for wild-fire.
Hear. Rare rogue! how I do love him now, methinks!
Sli. Next we'll have true fat eatable old pikes,
Then a fresh turbot brought in for a buckler,
With a long spitchcock for the sword adjoin'd,
We'll bring the ancient weapons into play.
Hav. Most rare, by Heaven!
Sli. Peaches, apricots,
And [20] malecotoons, with other choicer plumbs,
Will serve for large-sized bullets; then a dish
Or two of pease for small ones. I could now
Tell you of pepper in the stead of powder,
But that 'tis not in fashion 'mongst us gallants.
If this might all stand upon drum-heads, 'twould
Work somewhat better.
Hav. Will't so? Then we'll have 'em
From every ward i' th' city.
Sli. No, I'm loth
To put you to such charge. For once, a long
Table shall serve the turn: 'tis no great matter:
The main thing's still behind. We must have there
Some fort to scale; a venison-pasty doth it.
You may have other pyes instead of out-works:

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[16] ——*march-panes.*—*March-pane* was a confection made of pistacho nuts, almonds, and sugar, &c. formerly in high esteem, and a constant article in the deserts of our ancestors.—See the Notes of Dr Gray, Mr Hawkins, and Mr Steevens, to *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 1. S. 5.

[17] ——*a breast of mutton stuff'd*
With pudding.—This is called a St Stephen's Pudding: it used formerly to be provided at St John's College, Cambridge, uniformly on St Stephen's Day. S. P.

[18] ——*perdues.*—See Note 12 to *The Goblins*, Dodsley's Old Plays, p. 151, edit. 1780.

[19] —— *caveary*—or cavecare. Giles Fletcher, in his *Russe Commonwealth*, 1591, p. 11, says, in Russia they have divers kinds of fish, "very good and delicate: as the Bellouga or Bellougina, of four or five elnes long; the Ositrina or Sturgeon, but not so thicke nor long. These four kinds of fish breed in the *Volgha*, and are catched in great plenty, and served thence into the whole realme for a great food. Of the roes of these foure kinds, they make very great store of *Icary*, or caveary."
The introduction of these foreign delicacies, is ridiculed by several writers of the times; as Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, A. 3. S. 1:

"Come, let us go and taste some light dinner, a dish of slic'd *caviare*, or so."

Marston's *What You Will*, A. 2. S. 1:

"A man can scarce put on a tuckt-up cap,
A button'd frizado suite; scarce eate good meate,
Anchovies, *caviare*, but hee's satired,
And term'd phantasticall."

[20] —— *malecotoons.*—The malacoton is one of the late *peaches*. So, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*:

"A soft velvet head like *a mellicotton*." S.

Some sconces would not be amiss, I think.
When this is all prepar'd, and when we see
The table look like a pitch'd battle, then
We'll give the word, fall to, slash, kill, and spoil:
Destruction, rapine, violence: spare none.
Hear. Thou hast forgotten wine, lieutenant, wine.
Sli. Then to avoid the gross absurdity
Of a dry battle, 'cause there must some blood
Be spilt (on th' enemies side, I mean,) you may
Have there a rundlet of brisk Claret, and
As much of Alicant: the same quantity
Of Tent would not be wanting; 'tis a wine
Most like to blood. Some shall bleed fainter colours;
As sack and white-wine. Some that have the itch,
(As there are taylors still in every army,)
Shall run with Rhenish that hath brimstone in't.
When this is done, fight boldly; write yourself
The tenth or 'leventh worthy, which you please,
Your choice is free.
Hav. I'll be the gaming worthy;
My word shall be twice twelve. I think the dice
Ne'er mounted any upon horseback yet.
Sli. We'll bring your friends and ours to this large dinner:
It works the better eaten before witness.
Beware you say 'tis yours: confession is
One step to weakness; private conscience is
A theatre to valour. Let's be close;
Old Credulous and his son, and Mr Custer,
Shall all be there.
Hav. But then they will grow valiant
All at my charge.
Sli. Ne'er fear't: th' unknowing man
Eats only flesh, the understanding, valour:
His ignorance i' th' mystery keeps him coward.
To him 'tis but a meal: to you 'tis virtue.
It shall be kept here.
Hav. No fitter place. There is
An old rich clutch-fist knight, Sir Thomas Bitefig,
Invite him too; perhaps I may have luck,
And break his purse yet open for one hundred.
A usurer is somewhat exorable
When he is full; he ne'er lends money empty.
Sli. Discreet, and wisely done; I was about
T' have prompted it.
Hear. Stout Mr Have-at-all,
Let's be sworn brothers.
Hav. Pox! thou fear'st I'll beat thee
After I've eaten. Dost thou think I'll offer't?
By my next meal I won't; nay, I do love
My friends howe'er: I do but think how I
Shall bastinado o'er the ordinaries.
Arm'd with my sword, battoon and foot, I'll walk
To give each rank its due. No one shall 'scape,
But he I win of.
Hear. You shall have at least
Some twenty warrants sign'd upon you straight.
The trunk-hose justices will try all means
To bind you to the peace, but that your strength
Shall not be bound by any.
Sli. Surgeons will
Pray for your health and happiness; you may
Bring 'em to be your tributaries, if
You but deny to fight a while.
Hav. My teeth
Are on an edge till I do eat; now will
I cozen all men without opposition.
I feel my strength increase with very thought on't.
Sword, sword, thou shalt grow fat; and thou battoon,
Hold out, I pr'ythee; when my labour's done,
I'll plant thee in the tower-yard, and there,
Water'd with wine, thou shalt revive, and spring
In spite of nature with fresh succulent boughs,
Which shall supply the commonwealth with cudgels.
Thou, I first meet after this meal, I do
Pronounce unhappy shadow; happy yet
In that thou'lt fall by me. Some men I will
Speak into carcase, some I'll look to death,
Others I'll breathe to dust; none shall hold back
This fatal arm: The Templers shall not dare
T' attempt a rescue; no mild words shall bury
My splitted, spitchcock'd——
Sli. [21] Oliv'd, hash'd——
Hear. Dry'd, powder'd——
Hav. Roasted fury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

MEANWELL, MOTH.

Mean. If what I speak prove false, then stigmatize me.
[22] *Moth.* I na's not what you mean; [23] depardieux
You [24] snyb mine old years, sans fail I [25] wene you bin
A [26] jangler, and a [27] golierdis.
Mean. I swear

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[21] *Oliv'd, hash'd.*—*Olir'd* is a term of cookery. In Murrell's *New Book of Cookery*, N. D. is a receipt to make an *olive* pye to be eaten hot. *Olives* are *collops* of any meat. S.

[22] *Moth.*—Cartwright has fetched most of his antiquated terms from Chaucer. I have therefore given the explanation of them from Mr Tyrwhit's excellent Glossary on that author.

[23] —— *Depardieux.*—In God's name. T.

[24] —— *snyb*—snub, reprove. T.

[25] —— *wene*—think, suppose. T.

[26] —— *jangler*—a prater. T.

[27] —— *golierdis*—"*un goliardis*, Fr. *Goliardus*, or Goliardensis, Lat. This jovial sect seems to have been so called from Golias, the real or assumed name of a man of wit, toward the end of the twelfth

By those two Janus' heads you had of us,
And your own too, as reverend as those,
There is one loves you, that you think not on.
Moth. Nad be, none pleasaunce is in me [28]*ylaft*,
This white top writeth my much years, I wis,
[29] My fire yreken is in ashen cold,
I can no whit of daliance: If I kissen,
These thick stark bristles of mine beard will pricken
Ylike the skin of hound-fish. [30] Sikerly
What wends against the grain is [31] lytherly.
Mean. Methinks y'are strong enough, and very lusty.
Fit to get heirs; among your other pieces
Of age and time, let one young face be seen
May call you father.
Moth. Wholesom counsel! But
The world is now full [32] tykel sykerly;
'Tis hard to find a damosel [33] unwenned;
They being all coltish and full of [34] ragery,
And full of [35] gergon as is a [36] flecken pye.
Whoso with them maketh that bond anon,
Which men do [37] clypen spousail, or wedlock,
Saint Idiot is his lord, I wis.
Mean. This is
No tender and wanton thing, she is a stay'd
And settled widow, one who'll be a nurse
Unto you in your latter days.
Moth. [38] A norice
Some dele ystept in age! So [39] mote I gone,
'This goeth aright; how [40] highteth she, say you?
Mean. Mrs Joan Potluck, vintner Potluck's widow.
Moth. Joan Potluck, spinster? Lore me nothing mere
Alouten: what time 'gan she brendle thus?
Mean. On Thursday morning last.
Moth. Y' Blessed Thursday,
Yeleped so from Thor the Saxons' god.
Ah benedicite, I might soothly sayne,
Mine mouth hath itched all this livelong day;
All night me [41] met eke, that I was at kirk;
My heart gan [42] quapp full oft. Dan Cupido
Sure sent thylke [43] sweven to mine head.
Mean. You shall
Know more, if you'll walk in. [*Exit* MEAN.
Moth. Wend you beforne;
[44] Kembeth thyself, and [45] pyketh now thyself;
Sleeketh thyself; make cheer much [46] digne, good Robert:
I do arret thou shalt acquainted bin
With nymphs and fauns, and hamadryades;
And yeke the sisterne nine Pierides
That were transmued into birds, [47] nemp'd pyes,
Metamorphoseos wat well what I mean.
I is as jollie now as fish in Seine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

HEARSAY, CASTER, SHAPE.

Hear. Can I lie hid no where securely from
The throng and press of men? Must every place
Become a theatre, where I seek shelter?
And solitudes become markets, 'cause I'm there?
Good sir, I know your tricks: you would intrap:
This is your snare, not your request.
Shape. Take heed,
He's nois'd about for a deep-searching head.
I'll pawn my life 'tis a trick.
Hear. Leave off these gins,
You do not do it handsomely. You think
Y' have met with fools, I warrant.
Shape. On my life, a spy, a mere informer.
Cas. As I hope
For fortunes, my intentions are most fair.

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century, who wrote *Apocalypsis Goticæ*, and other pieces, in burlesque Latin rimes, some of which have been falsely attributed to Walter Map. In several authors of the thirteenth century, quoted by Du Cange, the Goliardi are classed with the *joculatores* or *buffones*." T.

[28] —— *ylaft*—left. T.

[29] *My fire yreken is in ashen cold.*—So, in Chaucer's *Reve's Prologue*, v. 3880:

" Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken." S.

On this last line Mr Tyrwhit observes, " There is so great a resemblance between this line and the following, in *the Church-yard Elegy*, Dodsley's Collection, Vol. IV:

" Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires—"

that I should certainly have considered the latter as an imitation, if Mr Gray himself had not referred us to the 169 (170) Sonnet of Petrarch, as his original: *Ch'i veggio nel pensier, &c.*"

[30] *Sikerly*—surely. T.
[31] —— *lytherly*—very ill. T.
[32] —— *tykel*—uncertain. T.
[33] —— *unwenned*—unspotted. T.
[34] —— *ragery*—wantonness. T.
[35] —— *gergon*—jargon, chatterin. T.
[36] —— *flecken*—spotted. T.
[37] —— *clypen*—call, name. T.
[38] *A norice.*—A nurse. T.
[39] —— *mote*—must. T.
[40] —— *highteth*—is she called. T.
[41] —— *met*—dreamed. T.
[42] —— *quapp*—tremble or quake. T.
[43] —— *sweven*—dream. T.
[44] —— *kembeth*—combeth. T.
[45] —— *pyketh*—pick as a hawk does his feathers. T.
[46] —— *digne*—worthy. T.
[47] —— *nemp'd*—nam'd. T.

Shape. A gamester's oath! he hath some reservation.
Hear. Yet, did I think you true———
Cas. By all that's good,
You do me wrong, to think that I'd wrong you.
Hear. When I lay agent last in New Atlantis,
I met with, what you now desire, a strange
New way of winning, but yet very sure.
Were not the danger great, I'd———
Cas. Do you think
I will betray myself, or you, whom I
Esteem above myself? I have as yet
One hundred left; some part of which———
Shape. Faith, sir,
These times require advice: if it should come
Unto the council's ear once, he might be
Sent into other kingdoms, to win up
Money for the relief o' th' state, and so
Be as it were an honest kind of exile.
Cas. If I do e'er discover, may I want
Money to pay my ordinary; may I
At my last stake (when there is nothing else
To lose the game) throw ames-ace thrice together!
I'll give you forty pound in hand———
Hear. I may
Shew you the virtue of't, though not the thing:
I love my country very well. [48] Your high
And low men are but trifles; your pois'd dye,
That's ballasted with quicksilver or gold,
Is gross to this———
Shape. Proffer him more, I say.
Cas. Here's fifty———
Hear. For the bristle dye, it is
Not worth that hand that guides it: toys fit only
For clerks to win poor costermongers ware with.
Shape. You do not come on well.
Cas. Here's threescore———
Hear. Then [box,
Your hollowed thumb join'd with your wriggled
The slur, and such like, are not to be talk'd of:
They're open to the eye. For cards, you may,
Without the help of any secret word,
Or a false hand, without the cut or shuffle,
Or the pack'd trick, have what you will yourself;
There's none to contradict you.
Cas. If you please
But to instruct me, here is fourscore pound.
Hear. Do y' think 'tis money I esteem? I can
Command each term by art, as much as will
Furnish a navy. Had you but five pound
Left you in all the world, I'd undertake
Within one fortnight you should see five thousand
Not that I covet any of your dross,
But that the power of this art may be
More demonstrably evident, leave in
My hands all but some smaller sum, to set
Something to stake at first.
Shape. He'll tell you all,
If you but seem to trust him.
Cas. Here I'll lay
Down in your hands all but this little portion,
Which I reserve for a foundation.
Hear. Being y' are confident of me, and I
Presume your lips are sealed up to silence,
Take that, which I did never yet discover;
So help you fortune, me philosophy.
(I must intreat your absence, Mr Shape.)
[*Exit* SHAPE.
I do presume, you know the strength and pow'r
That lies in fancy.
Cas. Strange things are done by it.
Hear. It works upon that which is not as yet:
The little Æthiop infant had not been
[49] White in his cradle, had he not been first
White in the mother's strong imagination.
'Tis thought the hairy child, that's shewn about,
Came by the mother's thinking on the picture
Of Saint John Baptist in his camel's coat.
See we not beasts conceive, as they do fancy
The present colours plac'd before their eyes?
We owe pyed colts unto the varied horse-cloth,
And the white partridge to the neighbouring snow.
Fancy can save or kill: it hath clos'd up
[50] Wounds when the balsam could not, and without
The aid of salves. To think, hath been a cure.
For witchcraft then, that's all done by the force
Of mere imagination. That which can
Alter the course of nature, I presume,
You'll grant shall bear more rule in petty hazards.
Cas. It must, it must, good sir. I pray go on.
Hear. Now the strongest fancies still are found to dwell

---

[48] *Your high and low men.*—High men and low men, are false dice.—See Florio's *Dictionary*, 1598, voce *Pise*. These terms so very oft occur in our ancient dramatic writers, that to quote examples would be endless.

[49] *White in his cradle.*—The original edition reads, *Black in his cradle;* but, as this play was not printed until after the author's death, it is undoubtedly a mistake; the epithet *black*, does not agree with the book from whence the story is taken. See Sir Kenelm Digby's *Discourse touching the Cure of Wounds by the Powder of Sympathy*, 4th edition, 1664, p. 104: "I told her sundry stories upon this subject; as that of the Queen of Ethiopia, who was delivered of a white boy; which was attributed to a picture of the Blessed Virgin, which she had always near the teaster of her bed, whereunto she bore great devotion. I urged another, of a woman who was brought to bed of a child all hairy, because of a portrait of St John Baptist in the wilderness; where he wore a coat of camel's hair."

[50] *Wounds*, &c.—See Sir Kenelm Digby's *Discourse*, p. 6.

In the most simple; they being easiest won
To the most firm belief, who understand not
Who 'tis they do believe. If they think 'twill
Be so, it will be so: they do command,
And check the course of fortune; they may stop
Thunder, and make it stand, as if arrested
In its mid journey. If that such a one
Shall think you'll win, you must win: 'tis a due
That nature pays those men in recompence
Of her deficiency, that whate'er they think
Shall come to pass. But now the hardest will be
To find out one that's capable of thinking.

Cas. I know you can produce an instrument
To work this your design by. Let me owe you
The whole and entire courtesy.

Hear. I've one
Committed to my custody but lately;
The powerfull'st that way, I e'er found yet:
He will but think he shall be abus'd in such
A company, and he's abus'd: he will
Imagine only that he shall be cheated,
And he is cheated: all still comes to pass.
He's but one pin above a natural: but———

Cas. We'll purchase him: I'll take up for't.
Old Simon
Shall have my farm outright now. What's a piece
Of dirty earth to me? a clod? a turf?

Hear. Because I see your freer nature's such
As doth deserve supplies, I'll do my best
To win him o'er a while into your service.

Cas. If I should strive to pay you thanks, I should
But undervalue this great courtesy.
Sir, give me leave to think and worship. Stay;
First, will I beggar all the gentlemen,
That do keep terms; then build with what I win.
Next, I'll undo all gaming citizens,
And purchase upon that: The foreman shall
Want of his wonted opportunities;
Old Thomas shall keep home, I warrant him.
I will ascend to the groom-porter's next,
Fly higher games, and make my mincing knights
Walk musing in their knotty frieze abroad;
For they shall have no home. There shall not be
That pleasure but I'll baulk: I'll run o'er Nature;
And when I've ransack'd her, I'll weary Art;
My means I'm sure will reach it. Let me see,
'Twill yearly be—by Heav'n I know not what—

Hear. Ne'er think to sum it, 'tis impossible;
You shall ne'er know what angels, pieces, pounds,
Those names of want and beggary, mean; your tongue
Shall utter nought but millions: you shall measure,
Not count your moneys; your revenues shall
Be proud, and insolent, and unruly; [ings,
They shall increase above your conquer'd spend-
In spite of their excess; your care shall be
Only to tame your riches, and to make them
Grow sober, and obedient to your use.

Cas. I'll send some forty thousand unto Paul's;
Build a cathedral next in [51] Banbury;
Give organs to each parish in the kingdom;
And so root out the unmusical elect.
I'll pay all soldiers whom their captains won't;
Raise a new hospital for those maim'd people
That have been hurt in gaming; then build up
All colleges, that ruin hath demolish'd,
Or interruption left unperfect.

Hear. 'Twill ne'er be done, I think, unless you do it.
Provide the wealthiest gamesters; there's but one
Thing that can do us wrong, discovery.
You have no enemy, but frailty.

Cas. Night and silence are loud names, compar'd with me.

Hear. I see the tide of fortune rolling in
Without resistance. Go, be close, and happy.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

ANDREW, MEANWELL.

And. Upon my conscience now, he cheated me;
I could have never lost it else so strangely.

Mean. What is a paltry cloak to a man of worth?
It barr'd men only o' th' sight of your body;
Your handsomeness will now appear the better.

And. He was as like our Mr Shape as could be;
But that he had a patch upon his cheek,
And a black beard, I should have sworn 'twere he;
It was somebody in his clothes, I'm sure.

Mean. Some cunning cheater, upon my life, won
His cloak and suit too.

And. There it is for certain.
Pies take him! doth he play for cloaks still? Surely
He hath a fly only to win good clothes.

Enter SHAPE.

Shape. The pox and plague take all ill fortune! this
The second time that he hath cheated me;
My very best suit that I had!

And. How now!
What lost your cloak, and suit? A jest, I vow;
I vow a pretty jest: Cousin, I guess'd so;
I saw him have it on; it made him look as like you,
As like you———'Tis a rogue, a mere decoy.

Shape. A rogue, a mere decoy! and yet love me!

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51 *Banbury.*—From Bishop Corbett's *Iter Boreale.* This town appears to have been inhabited chiefly by Puritans. Mr Dodd, mentioned in A. 4, S. 5, was minister there.

And. Nay hold, I mean he is a rogue, when that
He hath his own clothes on. D'you think that I
Would call him so, when he is in your suit?
Shape. No more of that, good Andrew, as you love me;
Keep in your wit.
And. Speak, tutor, Do I use
To quarrel? speak, good tutor.
Mean. That wit, Andrew,
Of yours, will be th' undoing of you, if
You use't no better.
And. Faith, I thought I might
Have broke a witty jest upon him, being
I've lost my cloak.
Mean. True; but he has lost his too:
And then you know that is not lawful wit.

Enter HEARSAY.

Hear. Here's Mr Credulous, and old Sir Thomas;
They have some business with you.
Mean. Bring 'em in.
Shape. My business lies not here, sirs; fare you well. [*Exit* SHAPE.
And. For God's sake don't you tell old Sim. on't now.

SCENE V.

To them Sir THOMAS BITEFIG, CREDULOUS.

Mean. God save you, good Sir Thomas.
Sir T. Save you, sir.
Mean. You're welcome, Mr Credulous.
Cred. Come hither;
Whither do you steal now? What! Where's your cloak?
And. Going to foils e'en now, I put it off.
Mean. To tell you truth, he hath lost it at doublets.
Cred. With what a lye you'd flap me in the mouth!
Thou hast the readiest invention
To put off any thing———thou had'st it from
Thy mother, I'll be sworn: 'T ne'er came from me.
Mean. Peace, as you love yourself; if that the knight
Should once perceive that he were given to gaming,
'Twould make him break the match off presently.
Cred. Sir Thomas, here's my son; he may be yours,
If you please to accept him.
And. Father, don't
Give me away for this: try me once more.
Sir T. I like his person well enough, if that
He'd a manor in an estate convenient.
Mean. He hath more in him, sir, than he can shew:
He hath one fault, he's something covetous.
Sir T. Marry! a very commendable fault.
Cred. He is descended of no great high blood:
He hath a house, although he came of none:
His grandfather was a good livery-man,
Paid scot and lot, old Timothy Credulous,
My father; though I say it, that should not.
Sir T. I don't regard this thing, that you call blood;
'Tis a meer name, a sound.
Mean. Your worship speaks
Just like yourself; methinks he's noble,
That's truly rich: men may talk much of lines,
Of arms, of blood, of race, of pedigree,
Houses, descents, and families; they are
But empty noise, God knows; the idle breath
Of that puff nothing, Honour: formal words,
Fit for the tongues of men that ne'er knew yet
What stem, what gentry, nay, what virtue, lies
In great revenues.
Sir T. Well and pithy said!
You may work on my daughter, and prevail
For that young stripling: 'Tis a foolish wench,
An unexperienc'd girl; she'd like to have been
Caught by Sir Robert Littleworth's son, if that
I had not banish'd him my house; a youth
Honest enough, I think, but that he's poor;
Born to more name than fortune.
Cred. He is safe
For ever wooing. I have laid his father
Out of harm's way; there's picking meat for him;
And God knows where he's gone; he hath not been
Seen this long while; he's sure turn'd vagabond;
No sight of him since th' arrest of his father.
Andrew, address yourself to good Sir Thomas.
And. 'Slid, father, you're the strangest man—I won't.
Cred. As God shall mend me, thou'rt the proudest thing——
Thou can'st not compliment, but in caparisons.
And. What's that to you? I'd fain say something yet;
But that I can't, my losses do so vex me.
Cred. Come, think not on't, my boy; I'll furnish thee.
And. Sir, though———
Cred. Nay, to't, I say; help him, sir, help him.
And. Sir, tho' without my cloak at this time—
To-morrow I shall have one———give me leave
Barely to say——I am your servant, sir———
In hose and doublet.
Cred. I'll do what you told me.
Hear. Take heed: if that you do't, he'll guess you're given
To idle spendings, and so cross the match.
I will invite him as to myself.
Cred. Do so.
Hear. Sir Thomas, if you'll please so far to grace us,
As be a guest to-morrow here, we shall
Study hereafter to deserve the favour.

Sir T. Although I do not use to eat at ordinaries;
Yet, to accept your courtesy, good friends,
I'll break my wonted custom.

Hear. You shall have it
With a free heart.
Sir T. If I thought otherwise,
I do assure you, I'd not venture hither. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Moth. [52] Harrow, alas! I [53] swelt here as I
[54] Brenning in fire of little Cupido. [go;
I no where hoart yfeel, but on mine head.
Huh, huh, huh, so; ycapred very wele.
I am thine lecke, thou Chaucer eloquent;
Mine head is white, but oh! mine taile is green.
This is the palyes where mine lady wendeth.

[55] *Saint* Francis *and Saint* Benedight,
Blesse this house from wicked wight;
From the night-mare, and the goblin,
That is hight, Good-fellow Robin;
Keep it from all evil spirits,
Fairies, weezels, rats, and ferrets:
From Curfew-time
To the next prime.

Come forth, mine duck, mine bryd, mine honeycomb;
Come forth, mine cinamon.

Enter Mrs POTLUCK.

Pot. Who is't that calls?
Moth. A knight most gent.
Pot. What is your pleasure, sir?
Moth. Thou art mine pleasure, by dame Venus brent;
So fresh thou art, and therewith so [56] lycand.
Pot. Alas! I am not any flickering thing:
I cannot boast of that slight-fading gift
You men call beauty; all my handsomeness
Is my good-breeding, and my honesty.
I could plant red, where you now yellow see;
But painting shews an harlot.
Moth. Harlot; so
Called from one Harlotha, concubine
To [57] deignous Wilhelme, hight the Conqueror.
Pot. Were he ten Williams, and ten conquerors,
I'd have him know't, I scorn to be his harlot.
I never yet did take press-money to
Serve under any one.
Moth. Then take it now.
Werme kiss! Thine lips ytaste like marrow milk;
Me thinketh that fresh butter runneth on them.
I grant well now, I do enduren woe,
As sharp as doth the Tityus in hell,
Whose stomach fowls do [58] tyren ever more,
That highten vultures, as do tellen clerks.
Pot. You've spoke my meaning, though I do not know
What 'tis you said. Now, see the fortune on't;
We do know one another's souls already;
The other must needs follow. Where's your dwelling?
Moth. Yclose by Aldersgate there dwelleth one
Wights clypen Robert Moth; now [59] Aldersgate
Is hotten so from one that Aldrich hight;
Or else, of elders; that is, ancient men;
Or else of aldern-trees, which growden there;
Or else, as Heralds say, from Aluredus:
But whencesoe'er this [60] yate ycalled is,
There dwelleth Robert Moth, thine paramour.
Pot. Can you be constant unto me, as I
Can be to you?
Moth. By Woden, God of Saxons, [day;
From whence comes Wensday; that is, Wodens-
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep,
Unto thylke day in which I creep into
My sepulchre; I'll be as faithful to thee,
[61] As Chaunticleer to Madam Partelot.
Pot. Here then, I give away my heart to you,
As true a heart as ever widow gave.
Moth. I Robert Moth, [62] this tenth of our king,
Give to thee, Joan Potluck, my biggest [63] cramp-ring:
And with it my carcase entire I bequeathen
Under my foot to hell, above my head to Heaven;

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[52] *Harrow.*—See Mr Tyrwhit's Note on Chaucer, Vol. IV. p. 239.
[53] *Swelt.*—Faint. T.
[54] *Brenning.*—Burning. T.
[55] *Saint Francis.*—See Notes to *Midsummer Night's Dream*, A. 2. S. 1.
[56] *Lycan.*—Agreeable, pleasing.
[57] *Deignous.*—Disdainful. T.
[58] *Tyren.*—See Note 36 to *Cornelia*, Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. II. p. 299.
[59] *Aldersgate.*—See Stowe's *Survey of London*, Strype's edition, 1720, Vol. I. B. [illegible] p. 13.
[60] *Yate.*—Gate.
[61] *As* Chaunticleer *to Madam* Partelot.—The names of Chaucer's cock and hen. S.
[62] —— *this tenth of our king.*—So that this play was written in 1634. S. P.
[63] —— *cramp-ring.*—These rings were sometimes made out of the handles of decay'd coffins: and in more ancient times were consecrated at the ceremony of *creeping the cross*, of which an account is

[64] And to witnesse that this is sooth,
I bite thy red lip with my tooth.
Pot. Though for a while our bodies now must part,
I hope they will be join'd hereafter.
Moth. O! and must we part? Alas! and must we so?
Sin it may be no [65] bet, now gang in peace.
[*Exit* POTLUCK.
Though soft into mine bed I gin to sink
To sleep long as I'm wont to [66] done, yet all
Will be for naught; I may well lig and wink,
But sleep shall there none in this heart ysink.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

CREDULOUS, *and* SHAPE *dogging him.*

Cred. So, now the mortgage is mine own outright;
I swear by the faith of my body now
It is a pretty thing, o' my corporal oath,
A very pretty thing. Besides the house,
Orchards, and gardens, some two hundred acres
Of land, that beareth as good country corn,
For country corn, as may be.
Shape. As I'd have it.
Cred. How now, good friend? Where dost thou live?
Dost thou know Caster's farm?
Shape. Yes, sir; I fear 'tis gone.
Sure Caster's farm is cast away!
Cred. A jest!
Good troth, a good one of a country one;
I see there's wit there too. Then thou dost know it?
Shape. I am afraid I shall not know it long;
I shall lose my acquaintance.
Cred. 'Snigs, another!
A very perilous head, a dangerous brain!
Shape. God bless my master; and the devil take
Somebody else.
Cred. Um! that's not quite so good
As th' other two; that somebody else, is me:
(Now you shall see how he'll abuse me here
To mine own face). Why somebody else, good brother?
Shape. The rich gout rot his bones; an hungry, old,
Hard griping citizen, that only feeds
On heirs and orphans goods, they say must have it:
One that ne'er had the wisdom to be honest;
And's therefore knave, 'cause 'tis the easier art.
I know he hath not given half the worth on't.
'Tis a meer cheat.
Cred. 'Slid, brother, thou hast paid him
To th' utmost, though he hath not paid thy master.
Now is my wit up too: This land, I see,
Will make men thrive i' th' brain.
Shape. Would he were here,
Whoe'er he be, I'd give him somewhat more
Into the bargain: a base thin jaw'd sneaksbill,
Thus to work gallants out of all. It grieves me
That my poor tenement too goes into th' sale.
Cred. What have I done? Now, wit, deliver me!
If he know I am he, he'll cut my throat;
I never shall enjoy it. Sure it was
Your master's seeking, friend! he would ne'er else
Have had to do with it; he that bought it is
A very honest man; and if you please him
Will deal with you. I may speak a word
In your behalf: 'Twon't be the worse for you.
Shape. I'm going, sir, unto him; do you know
Where I may find him?
Cred. What if I am he?
Shape. I am afraid he is not half so honest
As you do seem.
Cred. Faith, I'm the same; I try'd
What metal thou was't made of: I perceive
Thou wilt not [67] flinch for th' wetting; thou may'st be
My bailiff there, perhaps.
Shape. An't please your worship!
Cred. So, now the case is alter'd.
Shape. I do know
It was my master's seeking; you would ne'er
Have had to do with 't else. He sent me to you
For the last hundred pound, by the same token,
That you invited him to th' eating-house.
Cred. (O this simplicity! He does not know
Yet what an ordinary means.) I was now coming
To have paid it in.
Shape. I'll save your worship that
Labour, an't please you: Let me now begin
My bailiff-ship.

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given in a Note on *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, with reference to the observations of Dr Percy on the *Northumberland* Household Book, 1512. S.

Cramp-rings were formerly worn as charms for curing of the cramp. See Brookes's *Natural History*, Vol. I. p. 206. S. P.

[64] *And to witnesse*, &c.—Alluding to the old way of biting the wax, usually red, in sealing deeds. S. P.

The form usually was this:

"And to witness this is sooth,
I bite the wax with my wang tooth."—See Cowell's *Interpreter*.

[65] *Bet.*—Better. T.

[66] *Done.*—Do. T.

[67] ——*flinch for th' wetting.*—An allusion to the effects of water on cloth ill woven.

Cred. 'Snigs, wiser yet than so.
Where is thy master?
Shape. Sir, my master's here,
I thank my stars! But Mr Caster is
At an horse-race some ten miles off.
Cred. Why then
I'll stay till he returns; 'twill be by dinner.
Shape. Your best way's now to send it; if by chance
The race go on his side, your worship may
Fail of your purchase.
Cred. 'Snigs, and that's considerable.
Here, here, make haste with it; but ere thou goest,
Tell me, is't a pretty thing?
Shape. O' my corporal oath,
A very pretty thing. Besides the house,
Orchards, and gardens, some two hundred acres
Of land that beareth as good country corn;
God give you luck on't!
Cred. Right, as I did say,
Ev'n word by word. But pr'ythee stay a little;
What meadow-ground's there? Pasture in proportion?
Shape. As you would wish, sir. I'm in haste.
Cred. Nay, bailiff, [place
But one word more, and I have done; What
Is there to dry wet linen in?
Shape. O twenty,
To hang up clothes, or any thing you please;
Your worship cannot want line-room. God be wi' you!
Cred. But this once, and———
Shape. I must be gone———The race.
[*Exit* SHAPE.
Cred. Little think'st thee, how diligent thou art
To little purpose. 'Snigs, I pity him:
What haste he makes to cheat himself! poor fool!
Now I am safe, the wretch must pardon me
For his poor tenement; all's mine. I'll sow
One ground or other every month with pease:
And so I will have green ones all the year.
These yeomen have no policy i' th' world.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

PRISCILLA, MEANWELL.

Pris. Pray ye entertain yourself awhile, until
I give my mistress notice of your presence.
I'd leave a book with you, but that I see
You are a gentleman: perhaps you'll find
Some pretty stories in the hangings there.
Mean. Thank you, sweetheart.
Pris. (A very proper man!)
If 't lie in me to do you any pleasure,
Pray you, sir, use me; you shall find me ready.
[*Exit* PRISCILLA.
Mean. I make no doubt of that: These implements,
These chamber-properties are such ripe things,
They'll fall with the least touch. From twelve to twenty
They think that others are to sue to them;
When once they've pass'd these limits, they make bold,
I cannot say to woo, that's something modest,
But ask downright themselves.

Enter Mrs JANE.

Jane. Leave us, Priscilla,
And wait without a while.
Mean. Fair mistress, pardon
The boldness of a stranger, who uncivilly
Thus interrupts your better thoughts.
Jane. May I
Demand your business?
Mean. Under favour thus:
Not to use farther circumstance, fair virgin,
(And yet less fair, 'cause virgin,) you are one
That are the thought, the care, the aim, the strife,
I should not err if I should say the madness,
Of all young men; all sighs, all folded arms,
All o'ercast looks, all broken sleeps are ow'd
Only to you.
Jane. I'm sorry I should be
A trouble unto any: If I could
Afford the remedy as well as now
I do your grief, assure yourself that cure
Shall be the birth of my next action.
Mean. That cure is my request. If that this were
Mine own suit, I had us'd no circumstance.
Young master Credulous, a proper man
(For sure he shall be rich), one whom the whole
List of our city virgins doat on———you
Conceive the rest, I know.
Jane. Alas! What ails him?
I'll not be slack to do him any good.
Mean. 'Tis in your power. He is very much,
If you will know't——But sure you will not grant
If I should tell you——
Jane. If you thus presume
That I am hard, you only ask denial;
Your expectation's cross'd, except you fail.
Mean. If you will know it then, he is in love.
Jane. I pity him indeed, poor heart: With whom?
Mean. Even with your beauteous self.
Jane. 'Tis not well done
To scoff one ne'er did injure you.
Mean. I vow
By all that's good, by your fair self, I am
As tender of you as that blest one is,
Whoe'er he be, that loves you most. If I
In any case abuse you, let me be
More miserable than Littleworth.
Jane. Is he become expression? Is his fate
The period of ill wishes? Sure he never
Deserv'd so ill from you.
Mean. I don't reflect
Upon his ruin'd fortunes, but your coldness.
And sure I may call him unhappy, whom
You do neglect.
Jane. That man, where-e'er he be,

Is happier than yourself; and were he here,
You should see him receiv'd, and yourself scorn'd.
Mean. I do not think so, lady; sure you would
Make more of me than so. I'll bring the man
And so confute you.
Jane. It may be I might
Love you the better something for that office,
If he might enter here.
Mean. Nay, I could tell
Y'had cast him off: alas, you need not hide it,
I have it from himself.
Jane. Doth he think so? Could I but see him———
Mean. If his sight can bring
But the least joy unto you (as perhaps
You'll take some pleasure in his misery)
You shall enjoy it.
Jane. I do fear you promise
Only to raise my hopes a while, and then
To triumph in their ruin.
Mean. That you may
See how my breast and tongue agree, I'll leave
This ring with you till I return again.
Jane. My Littleworth! Fool that I was: could I
Not all this while perceive 'twas thee? Why didst thou
Defer my joy thus long, by suffering me
To stand i' th' cloud?
Mean. Alas! I guess'd I'd been
Infectious to thee now; that thou would'st look
On a disease more mildly than on me;
For poverty is counted a contagion.
Jane. I call this kiss to witness (which I wish,
If I prove false, may be the last to me
Which friends pay dying friends) I ne'er will be
Other's than thine.
Mean. I like the vow so well,
That the same way I'll seal my promise too.
If I prove not as thou, (that is, most constant,)
May this kiss be, that I may wish it worse,
Than that which is due to departing souls,
The last that I shall take from thee. I am
Sent here, but yet unknown to them that send me,
To be another's spokes-man. The man is
That foolish son of Mr Credulous:
Thou must pretend some liking. 'Twas thy father
Granted me this access to win thee for him;
Be thou no way averse. 'T shall be my care
So to bring things about, that thou shalt be
Mine by consent in spite of misery.
Jane. Be secret, and love prosper thy design!
[*Exit* JANE.
Mean. Happy that man that meets such faithfulness!
I did not think it had been in the sex.
I know not now what's misery. Peace! my fair
Is hallowing the lute with her blest touch. [*Musick.*

A SONG [*within*].

1. *Come, O come, I brook no stay*
He doth not love, that can delay.
See how the stealing night,
Hath blotted out the light,
And tapers do supply the day.

2. *To be chaste is to be old;*
And that foolish girl that's cold
Is fourscore at fifteen:
Desires do write us green,
And looser flames our youth unfold.

Mean. 'T cannot be her, her voice was ne'er prophan'd
With such immodest numbers.

3. *See the first taper's almost gone,*
Thy flame like that will straight be none,
And I as it expire,
Not able to hold fire:
She loseth time, that lies alone.

Mean. 'Tis the breath
Of something troubled with virginity.

4. *O let us cherish then these powers,*
Whiles we yet may call them ours:
Then we best spend our time,
When no dull zealous chime,
But sprightful kisses strike the hours.

Enter PRISCILLA.

Mean. What dost thou mean?
Pris. Only to please you, sir.
Mean. Sweetest of things, was't thou? I' faith I guess'd
'T could be no other's melody but yours.
There have been many of your sex much given
Unto this kind of musick.
Pris. Sappho was
Excellent at it: But Amphion he,
He was the man that out-did all; 'tis said
Of him, that he could draw stones with the sound
Of his sweet strings. I'd willingly arrive
At some perfection in the quality.
Mean. I do acknowledge your desires most prone.
This for your trouble.
Pris. I am not mercenary,
Your acceptation is reward enough.
Mean. You have it then.
Pris. Beauty go with you, sir.
[*Exeunt several ways.*

SCENE IV.

CREDULOUS, HEARSAY, SLICER; *to them Sir* THOMAS BITEFIG, HAVE-AT-ALL, CASTER, *as to the Ordinary.*

Cred. You're welcome, friends, as I may say—
Hear. You do forget.

Cred. ——That am a guest as well as you.
Sli. Most noble sons of fortune, and of valour,
You grace us with your presence: you must pardon
Our small provision.
Hear. No variety here,
But you, most noble guests, whose gracious looks
Must make a dish or two become a feast.
Hav. I'll be as free as 'twere mine own.
Cas. Who thinks
On any thing that borders upon sadness,
May he ne'er know what's mirth, but when others
Laugh at his sullen wrinkles!
Have. We will raise
A noise enough to wake an alderman,
Or a cast captain, when the reck'ning is
About to pay.
Cred. Hang thinking, 'snigs I'll be
As merry as a pismire. Come, let's in.
Sli. Let's march in order military, sirs.
Hav. That's well remember'd, most complete lieutenant. [*Exeunt as to the Ordinary.*

SCENE V.

RIMEWELL, BAGSHOT, *Vicar* CATCHMEY, *Sir* CHRISTOPHER.

Rime. Come, my most noble order of the club;
'Cause none will else, let's make much of ourselves.
His letter may procure a dinner yet.
Bag. Cheer up, Sir Kit, thou look'st too spiritually:
I see too much of the tithe-pig in thee.
Chris. I'm not so happy: Kit's as hungry now
As a besieged city, and as dry
As a Dutch commentator. This vile world
Ne'er thinks of qualities: good truth, I think
'T hath much to answer for. Thy poetry,
Rimewell, and thy voice, vicar Catchmey, and
Thy law too, Bagshot, is contemn'd: 'Tis pity
Professions should be slighted thus. The day
Will come perhaps, when that the commonwealth
May need such men as we. There was a time
When coblers were made church-men; and those black'd
Smutch'd creatures, thrust into white surplices,
Look'd like so many magpies, and did speak
Just as they, by rote. But now the land
Surfeits, forsooth. Poor labourers in divinity
Can't earn their groat a day, unless it be
Reading of the christian burial for the dead:
When they ev'n for that reason truly thank
God for thus taking this their brother to him.
Catch. Something prophane, Sir Christopher.
Chris. When I
Level my larger thoughts unto the basis
Of thy deep shallowness, am I prophane?
Henceforth I'll speak, or rather not speak, for
I will speak darkly.
Catch. There's one comfort then,
You will be brief.
Chris. My briefness is prolix;
Thy mind is bodily, thy soul corporeal;
And all thy subtile faculties are not subtile;
Thy subtilty is dulness. I am strong;
I will not be conceiv'd by such mechanicks.
Rime. I do conceive you though, Sir Christopher,
My muse doth sometimes take the self-same flight.
Chris. *Pauci, pauci quos æquus amavit.*
But [68] quadragesimal wits, and fancies lean
As ember weeks (which therefore I call lean,
Because they 're fat) these I do doom unto
A knowing ignorance; he that's conceiv'd
By such is not conceiv'd; sense is non-sense
If understood by them. I'm strong again.
Rime. You err, most orthodoxly, sweet Sir Kit.
Chris. I love that though I hate it; and I have
A kind of disagreeing consent to't.
I'm strong, I'm strong again. Let's keep these two
In desperate hope of understanding us.
Riddles and clouds are very lights of speech.
I'll veil my careless anxious thoughts, as 'twere
In a perspicuous cloud, that I may
Whisper in a loud voice, and ev'n be silent
When I do utter words. Words did I call them?
My words shall be no words; my voice no voice;
My noise no noise; my very language silence.
I'm strong, I'm strong. Good sir, you understand not.
Bag. Nor do desire: 'tis merely froth and barm,
The yest that makes your thin small sermons work.
Chris. Thou hold'st thy peace most vocally. Again!
Catch. I hate this bilk.
Chris. Thou lovest, 'cause thou dost hate.
Thy injuries are courtesies. *Strong again!*
Catch. Good Sampson, use not this your ass's jaw-bone.
Chris. Thou'st got my love by losing it: that earnest
Jest hath regain'd my soul. Sampson was strong;
He kill'd a thousand with an ass's jaw-bone.

Enter a Servant, as passing by.

And so will I. 'St, 'st!—Good friend, d' y' hear?
Here is a letter, friend, to Mr. Meanwell.
Bag. Any reversions yet? Nothing transmiss'd?

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[68] —— *quadragesimal wits*—i. e. those who write the customary verses during the Lent season at Oxford. S.

Rime. No gleanings, James? No [69] trencher-analects?
Serv. Parley a little with your stomachs, sirs.
Catch. There's nothing so ridiculous as the hungry;
A fasting man is a good jest at any time.
Serv. There is a gentleman without, that will'd me
To ask if you'll admit of him among you:
He can't endure to be in good company.
Catch. You're merry, James. Yes, by all means, good James.
Admit, quoth he! What else? Pray, send him in. [*Exit Servant.*
Let's be resolv'd to fall out now: then he
Shall have the glory to compose the quarrel,
By a good dozen of pacifick beer.
Rime. } Agreed, agreed.
Bag. }
Chris. My coat allows no quarrel. [stuff.
Rime. The colour bears't, if you'll venture the
The tenderness of it, I do confess,
Somewhat denies a grappling.
Chris. I will try;
Perhaps my spirit will suggest some anger.

Enter ANDREW.

And. Save you, boon sparks! Will't please you to admit me?
Chris. Your Worship graceth us, in condescending
To level thus your presence, humble sir.
And. What may I call your name, most reverend sir?
Bag. His name's Sir Kit.
Chris. My name is not so short;
'Tis a trissyllable, an't please your Worship:
But vulgar tongues have made bold to profane it
With the short sound of that unhallow'd idol
They call a kit. Boy, learn more reverence.
Bag. Yes, to my betters.
And. Nay, friends, do not quarrel.
Chris. It is the holy cause, and I must quarrel.
Thou son of parchment, got between the standish
And the stiff buckram-bag; thou that may'st call
The pen thy father, and the ink thy mother,
The sand thy brother, and the wax thy sister,
And the good pillory thy cousin remov'd;
I say, learn reverence to thy betters.
Bag. Set up an hour-glass; he'll go on until
The last sand make his period.
Chris. 'Tis my custom:
I do approve the calumny: the words
I do acknowledge, but not the disgrace,
Thou vile ingrosser of unchristian deeds.
Bag. Good Israel Inspiration, hold your tongue;
It makes far better musick, when you nose
Sternhold's, or [70] Wisdom's metre.
Catch. By your leave,
You fall on me now, brother.
Rime. 'Tis my cause:
You are too forward, brother Catchmey.
Catch. I too forward!
Rime. Yes, I say you are too forward,
By the length of your London-measure beard.
Catch. Thou never could'st intreat that respite yet
Of thy dishonesty, as to get one hair
To testify thy age.
Bag. I'm beardless too;
I hope you think not so of me?
Chris. Yes, verily;
Not one hair's difference betwixt you both.
Rime. Thou violent cushion-thumper, hold thy tongue;
The furies dwell in it.
Catch. Peace, good Sir Kit.
Chris. Sir Kit again! Thou art a Lopez. When
One of thy legs rots off, (which will be shortly,)
Thou'lt bear about a quire of wicked paper,
Defiled with sanctified rhimes,
And idols in the frontispiece: That I
May speak to thy capacity, thou'lt be
A ballad-monger.
Catch. I shall live to see thee
Stand in a playhouse-door with thy long box,
Thy half-crown library, and cry small books;

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69 —— *trencher-analects*—i. e. scraps of any thing; ἀναλίγω, colligo. Every one has heard of the *collectanea* and *analecta poetarum*. S.

70 —— *Wisdom's metre.*—Robert Wisdom, a translator of the Psalms. Wood (*Athenæ Oxoniensis*, Vol. I. Fasti, p. 57,) says, he was "a good Latin and English Poet of his time, and one that had been in exile in Queen Mary's reign.——He was also rector of Settrington in Yorkshire, and died in 1568, having been nominated to a bishoprick in Ireland, in the time of Edward the VIth." His version of the Psalms is ridiculed in the volume of posthumous pieces, called *The Remains of Samuel Butler*. See p. 41, edition 1754:

"Thence, with short meal and tedious grace,
In a loud tone and publick place,
Sings *Wisdom's* Hymns, that trot and pace
As if Goliah scann'd 'em."

Again, p. 230, "—— besides, when Rouse stood forth for his trial, *Robin Wisdom* was found the better poet."

Buy a good godly sermon, gentlemen—
A judgment shewn upon a knot of drunkards—
A pill to purge out popery—[71] *The life*
And death of Catharine Stubbs—
Chris. Thou wilt visit windows.
Methinks I hear thee with thy begging tone,
About the break of day, waking the brethren
Out of their morning-revelations.
And. Brave sport, i'faith!
Rime. Pray y', good sir, reconcile them.
If that same Justice be i' th' ordinary now,
He'll bind them to the peace for troubling him.
Bag. Why should he not, good sir? It is his office.
And. Now, 'tis o' this side; O for a pair of cudgels!
Rime. Peace, inkhorn; there's no musick in thy tongue.
Catch. Thou and thy rhime lye both: the tongue of man
Is born to musick naturally.
Rime. Thou thing,
Thy belly looks like to some strutting hill,
O'er-shadow'd with thy rough beard like a wood.
Chris. Or like a larger jug, that some men call
A Bellarmine; but we a Conscience;
Whereon the lewder hand of pagan workman
Over the proud ambitious head, hath carv'd
An idol large, with beard episcopal,
Making the vessel look like tyrant Eglon.
Catch. Prophane again, Sir Christopher, I take it. [beast,
Chris. Must I be strong again? Thou human
Who'rt only eloquent when thou say'st nothing,
And appear'st handsome while thou hid'st thyself,
I'm holy, 'cause prophane.
And. Courageous rascals!
Brave spirits, soldiers in their days, I warrant!
Bag. Born in the field, I do assure your Worship.
This quarrelling is meat and drink to them.
Rime. Thou lyest.
Bag. Nay, then I do defy thee thus.
[BAGSHOT *draws his inkhorn, and* RIMEWELL *catcheth off Sir* CHRISTOPHER'S *hat and spectacles.*
Rime. And thus I am prepar'd to answer thee.
Chris. For the good Saint's sake, part them: I am blind,
If that my spectacles should once miscarry.
Rime. Caitiff, this holy instrument shall [72] quail thee.
Bag. And this shall send thee to thy cousin-furies.
Chris. I feel a film come o'er mine eyes already:
I must look out an animal conductive;
I mean a dog.
And. Pray y' beat not out his eyes in
Another's hands.
Chris. Most strongly urg'd!
Catch. Your words
Are merely wind. James, ho! what, James! some beer.
They're mastiff dogs; they wont be parted, sir,
Without good store of liquor.

Enter Servant with beer.

And. I will souse them.
Serv. Drink to 'em, sir, if that you'll have 'em quiet.
And. Is that the way? Here's to you, my friends, a whole one.
Bag. Were't not for that good gentleman, thou'dst smoke for't.
Rime. Had I not vow'd some reverence to his presence,
Thou hadst been nothing.
Bag. 'Fore Mars, I was dry.
This valour's thirsty: fill to my antagonist.
Rime. No, mine own dish will serve; I'm singular.
Few vessels still do well. I carry this
To drink my beer, while others drink their sack.
I am abstemious, Rimewell; I hate wine
Since I spake treason last i' th' cellar. Here,
Give me thy hand, thou child of fervency:
Didst thou mistrust thy spectacles?
It was no anger, 'twas a rapture merely.
Chris. Drink, and excuse it after. James, your help!
Come, man of voice, keep time while that I drink.

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[71] ——————*The life*
And death of Catharine Stubbs.—The three books or pamphlets, of which the titles are given above, might be well known at the time our Author wrote. I have not however been lucky enough to meet with them.——Richard Brome, in his play of *The Antipodes*, A. 3. S. 2. mentions one of them in the following manner:

" —— a booke of the godly *life and death*
Of Mistress Katherine Stubs, which I have turn'd
Into sweet meetre, for the vertuous youth,
To woe an ancient lady widow with."

Again, Bishop Corbet's *Iter Boreale:*

" And in some barn hear cited many an author,
Kate Stubbs, Anne Ascue, or the Ladies Daughter."

[72] —— *quail thee.*—See Note 24 to *Cornelia*, Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. II. p. 280, edit. 1780.

This moisture shall dry up all injuries,
Which I'll remember only to forget;
And so hereafter, which I'm wont to call
The future now, I love thee stubbornly.
Your beer is like my words, strong, stinging geare.
Catch. Here, little lawyer, let's be friends hereafter;
I love this reconcilement with my heart.
And. 'Tis the best deed that e'er I did. O' my conscience,
I shall make a good justice of the peace.
There had been blood shed, [73] if I had not stickled.
Serv. More blood been spilt, I warrant, than beer now.
And. That inkhorn is a deadly dangerous weapon;
It hath undone one quarter of the kingdom.
Chris. Men should forgive; but thou art far, yea far
From it, O Bagshot: thou'rt in love with hate.
Bless me! I see the fiend still in his looks:
He is not reconcileable with drink;
He'll ne'er love truly, till he eat with me.
The nature of his spirit asketh meat:
He hath a wolf in's breast: food must appease him.
And. Cold meat will do it; will't not?
Rime. Any thing————
That may employ the teeth.
And. Go, James, provide;
You are not merry yet.
Catch. To satisfy you * *
In that point, we'll sing a song of his.
And. Let's ha 't: I love these ballads hugeously.

THE SONG.

1. CATCHMEY.

Then our musick is in prime,
When our teeth keep triple time;
Hungry notes are fit for knells:
May lankness be
No guest to me:
The bag-pipe sounds when that it swells.

Chorus. *May lankness, &c.*

2. BAGSHOT.

[74] *A mooting-night brings wholesome smiles,*
When John-a-Nokes, and John-a-Stiles,
Do grease the lawyer's sattin.
A reading-day
Frights French away,
The benchers dare speak Latin.

CHORUS. *A reading, &c.*

3. RIMEWELL.

He that's full doth verse compose;
Hunger deals in sullen prose:
Take notice and discard her.
The empty spit
Ne'er cherish'd wit:
Minerva loves the larder.

Chorus. *The empty spit, &c.*

4. CHRISTOPHER.

First to breakfast, then to dine,
Is to conquer Bellarmine:
Distinctions then are budding.
[75] *Old Sutcliff's wit*

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[73] —— *if I had not stickled*—i. e. been the mediator. The Stickler now is called the *Sidesman:*

" And *stickler* like, our armies separates."——SHAKSPEARE. S.

[74] *A mooting-night.*—" *Moot* is a term used in the inns of court, and signifies the handling or arguing a case for exercise."——BLOUNT.

For the regulations of *Mooting* and *Reading-days*, see Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales.*

[75] *Old Sutcliff's wit.*—This was *Dr Matthew Sutcliff*, Dean of Exeter, in the reign of King James the First; a person who had been one of the opponents of Parsons the Jesuit, in defence of the Reformed Religion. In the year 1616, he procured an act of parliament for incorporating himself and other divines to be provost and fellows of a college then founded at Chelsea, for promoting the study of Polemick divinity, and vindicating the doctrines of the Reformation against all Popish writers. To carry this design into execution, he settled on the college four farms in Devonshire, of the value of 300*l.* per annum, and the benefit of an extent on a statute, acknowledged by Sir Lewis Stukely, for 4000*l.* By the act of parliament, the college was impowered to bring a stream of water from the river Lee, for the use of the city of London (a scheme similar to that then lately executed by Sir Hugh Middleton). This foundation, although patronized both by King James and his sons Prince Henry and Charles the First, yet fell to decay. One range of building only (scarce an eighth of the intended edifice) was erected by Dr Sutcliff, at the expence of 3000*l.* After lingering some time, suits were commenced about the title to the very ground on which the college stood, and by a decree of the Court of Chancery, in the time of Lord Coventry, three of the four farms were returned to Dr Sutcliff's heir.—See *The Glory of Chelsea Colledge revived*, by John Darly, 4to. 1662.—— *Sutcliff's wit* seems almost to have been proverbial. Beaumont, in his letter to Ben Jonson, says,

" 'Tis liquor that will find out *Sutcliff's wit*,
Lie where he will, and make him write worse yet."

Did never hit,
But after his bag-pudding.

Chorus. *Old Sutcliff's wit, &c.*

And. Most admirable! A good eating song!
Chris. Let's walk in, and practise it: my bowels
Yearn till I'm in charity with all.
And. A Christian resolution, good Sir Christopher! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

MEANWELL *with a Letter in his hand*, HEARSAY, SLICER.

Mean. [reads.] *Sweet sir, I am most passionately yours,*
To serve you all the ways I can: Priscilla.
Very well penn'd of a young chambermaid!
I do conceive your meaning, sweet Priscilla.
You see I have the happy fortune on't;
A night for nothing, and intreated too.
Sli. Thou dost not know how I do love thee. Let me
Make use of this; thou'lt have the like occasion.
Hear. Thou art the fawning'st fellow, Slicer —Meanwell,
Hark here.
Mean. For God's sake, be contented, sirs;
I'm flesh and blood as well as you. Lieutenant
Think on your suburb beauties. Sweet intelligencer,
I will by no means bar you of your lady:
Your sin, I assure you, will be honourable.
[*Exit* MEANWELL.
Sli. Pox o' your liquorish lips! If that she don't
After this sealing forty weeks deliver
Something unto thee as thy act and deed,
Say I can't prophesy.
Hear. If I don't serve him
A trick he thinks not of——
Sli. Did'st mark how he
Did apply himself to the knight all dinner?
I am afraid he plays the cunning factor,
And in another's name woues for himself.
Hear. Let it go on; let it work something farther.
'Tis almost ripe enough to crush: he hath not
Crept high enough as yet, to be sensible
Of any fall.
Sli. Now is the time, or never.
This night, you know, he and his doxy meet;
Let me alone to give them their good-morrow.
If that we carry things but one week longer
Without discovery, farewell London then;
The world's our own. He ne'er deserves to thrive
That doth not venture for it. Wealth's then sweet [set;
When bought with hazard. Fate this law hath
The fool inherits, but the wise must get.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

CREDULOUS, HEARSAY, SLICER.

Cred. *My name's not Tribulation,*
Nor holy Ananias:
I was baptiz'd in fashion,
Our vicar did hold biass. [merry?
Hear. What, how now, Mr Credulous? so
Cred. Come, let's be mad: by yea and nay, my son
Shall have the Turkish monarchy; he shall
Have it directly. The twelve companies
Shall be his kickshaws.
Hear. Bashaws, sir, you mean.
Cred. Well, sir, what if I do? Andrew the Great Turk!
[76] I would I were a pepper-corn, if that
It sounds not well. Does't not?
Sli. Yes, very well.
Cred. I'll make it else: Great Andrew Mahomet,
Imperious Andrew Mahomet Credulous,
Tell me which name sounds best.
Hear. That's as you speak 'em.
Cred. Oatmealman Andrew! Andrew Oatmealman.
Hear. Ottoman, sir, you mean.
Cred. Yes, Ottoman.
Then, Mrs Jane, Sir Thomas Bitefig's daughter,
That may be the She-Great Turk, if she please me.
Sli. The sign o' th' half-moon that hangs at your door,
Is not for nought.
Cred. That's the Turk's arms, they say;
The empire's destin'd to our house directly.
Hang shop-books; give us some wine; [77] hey for a noise
Of fidlers now!

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[76] *I would I were a pepper-corn.*—So Falstaff says, *First Part Henry IV.* A. 3. S. 3: "An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, *I am a pepper-corn*, a brewer's horse."

[77] —— *hey for a noise*
Of fidlers now!—A noise of fidlers, is *a company or concert of them;* as in Ben Jonson's *Epicœne*, A. 3. S. 3:
"The smell of the venison, going through the street, will invite *one noise of fidlers* or other."

Hear. The Great Turk loves no musick.
Cred. Does he not so? nor I. I'll light tobacco
With my sum-totals; my debt-books shall [78] soal
Pyes at young Andrew's wedding; cry-you-mercy,
I would say, gentlemen, the Great Turk's wedding.
My deeds shall be slic'd out in taylor's measures;
They all employed in making Mrs Mahomet
New gowns against the time; hang dirty wealth.
Sli. What should the Great Turk's father do with wealth?
Cred. 'Snigs, I would fain now hear some fighting news.

Enter CASTER.

Sli. There's one will furnish you, I warrant you.
Cas. Pox!—plague!—hell!—death—Damn'd luck!—This 'tis!—
The devil take ill fortune: Never man
Came off so: quite and clean defunct, by Heaven——
Not a piece left.
Cred. What all your ordnance lost?
Cas. But one to bear, and lose it! All the world
Was sure against me.
Cred. 'Snigs, how many fell?
Cas. He threw twice twelve.
Cred. By'r lady, a shrewd many!
Cas. The devil, sure, was in his hand, I think.
Cred. Nay, if the devil was against you, then—
Cas. But one for to be hit in all the time—
And that too safe enough, to any one's thinking;
'T stood on eleven.
Cred. 'Slid, a mighty slaughter;
But did he stand upon eleven at once.
Cas. The plague take all impertinencies. Peace!
Cred. These soldiers are so cholerick, there is
No dealing with 'em. Then they've lost the day?
Cas. 'Twas ten to one, by Heaven, all the while.
Cred. And yet all kill'd at last! Hard fortune, faith! [hear
What news from Bruxels; or the Hague? D' y'
Aught of the Turks designs?
Cas. I'll make thee news for the Coranti, dotard.
Cred. Ay, the Coranti; What doth that say?
Cas. O hell! Thou foolish thing,
Keep in that tongue of thine; or——
Sli. Good now, peace;
He's very furious when he's mov'd.
Hear. This 'twas,
You must be venturing without your fancy-man.
Cred. What officer's that fancy-man, lieutenant?
Some great commander, sure.
Cas. Pox! let it go;
I'll win't again: 'Twas but the reliques of
An idle hundred.
Cred. 'Snigs, and well remember'd.
You did receive the hundred that I sent you
To th' race this morning by your man, my bailiff?
Cas. Take him away, his wine speaks in him now.
Cred. Godsnigs, the farm is mine, and must be so.
Sli. Debate these things another time, good friends.

Enter HAVE-AT-ALL.

Come, come; have patience. Od's my life, away;
There's Mr Have-at-all is mad; he'll spit you,
If he but know you are a usurer.
Cred. A plot, a plot, to take away my life and farm! [*Exit.*
Hav. Fight, as I live, with any one. Lieutenant,
Do not come near me now; nor yet thou, Caster;
It works, 'fore Mars it works; I'll take my walk,
And if I do find any one, by Jove—[*Exit* HAV.
Cas. What's he fox'd too? Some drunken planet reigns,
And works upon the world; provide my fancy,

Bartholomew Fair, A. 3. S. 6:

"Cry you mercy, sir; will you buy *a fiddle* to fill up *your noise?*"

Marmyon's *Fine Companion*, A. 4. S. 1:

"He come but with a troope of wenches, and *a noyse of fidlers;* and play thee backe like Orpheus."

Dekker's *Belman of London*, G 2:

—— "to bee up more earely then *a noyse of shrugging fidlers.*"

Miscellaneous State Papers, from 1501 *to* 1726, Vol. I. p. 87:

—— "after the which they had a very notable banquet; the heavenly *noise* that was there, as well with strange instruments of music as otherwise, I cannot declare."

See also the examples in Mr Steevens's Note on *Second Part Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 4.

[78] —— *soal pyes*—i. e. be placed at the bottom of them, and act as the soal to the shoe.

Good noble patron; I'll win soberly,
I itch till I have beggar'd all the city.
[*Exit* CASTER.
Hear. 'Till that you have undone yourself, you mean.

Enter MOTH.

Moth. Ey save you both; for derne love sayen soothly
Where is thylk amebly Franklin, cleped Meanwell?
Hear. He's gone abroad.
Moth. Lere me whylk way he wended.
Sli. He is gone o'er the fields.
Hear. To the knight's house.
Moth. Why laugh you every dele? So mote I gone,
This goeth not aright; I dread some covin.
[*Exit* MOTH.
Sli. Now will he meet with Have-at-all; there'll be
A combat worthy chronicle. Let's go
And see how this [79] grave motion will bestir him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

HAVE-AT-ALL; *after a while* MOTH; SLICER *and* HEARSAY *watching.*

Hav. What, no man yet march by? Whoe'er comes next
I'll give him one rap more, for making me
Stay here so long.

Enter MOTH.

So, so, here he is; how shall
I do to know whether he be a gentleman,
Or yeoman, or serving-man? I think,
I'd best suppose him all, and beat him through
Every degree; and so I shall not wrong him.
What! Who goes there?
Moth. [80] Waes heal, thou gentle knight.
Hav. Waes heal, thou gentle knight? Speak, what art thou?
Speak quickly, do: Villain, know'st thou not me?
Moth. Now, by my troath, I know not your name;
Whider I shall call you my Lord Dan John,
Or Dan Thomas, or Dan Robert, or Dan Albon;
I vow to God thou hast a full faire chine.
Upon my faith, art some officer.
Hav. Have you the pox, sir? Speak.
Moth. No.
Hav. No! nor yet an ach in your bones?
Moth. No.
Hav. No! Why then you are
No gentleman; Lieutenant Slicer says so.
This cudgel then serves turn.
Moth. You will not [81] foyn?
Hav. I will not foyn, but I will beat you, sir.
Moth. Why [82] intermete of what thou hast [83] to done;
So leteth me alone, 't shall be thy best.
Hav. I fancy'd you a beating; you must have it.
You shall not say but I will shew you favour.
Chuse whether you will be hacked with my sword,
Or bruis'd by my batton.
Moth. Dre not thy true
And paynant [84] Morglay out of shete. Lo thus
Eftsoons, sir knight, I greet thee lowting low.
Hav. Down lower yet.
Moth. [85] Rueth on my gray haires.
Hav. Yet lower. So, then thus I do bestride thee.
Moth. Tubal the sonne of Lamech did yfind
Musick by knocking hammers upon anviles.
Let go thine blows, thylke art is no compleat.
Hav. Dost thou make me a smith, thou rogue? a Tubal?
Moth. [86] Harrow alas! Flet Englond, flet Englond.
Dead is Edmond.

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[79] —— *grave motion.*—See Note 4 to *The Antiquary*, ante, p. 108.

[80] *Waes heal.*—A term anciently used in salutation, or rather in drinking. See Selden's Notes on the 9th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, and Notes on *Macbeth*, A. 1. S. 7. for a particular account of the origin of this phrase. S.

[81] *Foyn.*—See Note 3 to *The Goblins*, Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. X. p. 132.

[82] *Intermete.*—Intermeddle.

[83] *To done.*—To do.

[84] *Morglay.*—*Morglay* was the sword of Bevis of Southampton. It afterwards became a cant word for a sword in general.— See *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 3. S. 1; also, *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609, Sign. D. 4.

" Had I been accompanied with my toledo, or *morglay*"——

[85] *Rueth.*—Pity.

[86] *Harrow, alas! Flet Englond, flet Englond.*
Dead is Edmond.—Moth here seems to allude to the following circumstance in the English History:—" But uppon the morne folowynge, both hostes joyned agayne, and fought egerly: contynuynge whych fyghte, Edrycus espying Edmunde to be at advauntage of wynnyng of the feld, sodaynly pyght a dead mannes hed upon a speare head, and cryed to the host of Englyshmen, *fle, fle, ye Englyshmen, and save your selfes, lo here is the heade of Edmunde your kynge.*"—Fabyan's *Chronicle*, fo. 247.

Hav. Take that for history.
O brave lieutenant, now thy dinner works!
Moth. I nis not Edmond Ironside, God wot.
Hav. More provocation yet? I'll seal thy lips.
Moth. A twenty devil way! [87] So did the Saxon
Upon thylke plain of Sarum, done to death
By trenchery, the lords of merry England
Nem esur saxes.
Hav. Villain, dost abuse me
In unbaptized language? Do not answer:
[MOTH *intreats by signs.*
If that thou dost, by Jove I'll strangle thee.
Do you make mouths, you rascal, thus at me?
You're at dumb service now. Why, this is more
Unsufferable than your old patch'd gibberish:
This silence is abuse. I'll send thee to
The place of it, where thou shalt meet with Oswald,
Vortigern, Harold, Hengist, Horsa, Knute,
Allured, Edgar, and Cunobeline.
[SLICER, HEARSAY, *step in.*
Thus, thus, I sheath my sword.
Sli. Redoubted knight,
Enough: it is thy foe doth vanquish'd lie
Now at thy mercy. Mercy not withstand;
For he is one the truest knight alive,
Though conquer'd now he lie on lowly ground.
Hav. Thou ow'st thy life to my lieutenant, caitiff.
Breathe, and be thankful.
Moth. I [88] reche not thine [89] yeft;
[90] Maugre thine head; [91] algate I suffer none.
I am thine lefe, thine deere, mine Potluck Joan.

SCENE III.

ANDREW, PRISCILLA.

And. Fairest of things—tralucent creature—Hang me
If I do know what's next.
Pris. This meant to me?
And. Fairest of things—tralucent creature—rather
Obscure deity——'Tis gone again.
Lady, will you eat a piece of gingerbread?
Pris. You might have better manners than to scoff
One of my breeding.
And. Hark! Indeed I love you.
Pris. Alas!
And. I vow, I burn in love, as doth a penny faggot.
Pris. Hey-ho!
And. And I shall
Blaze out sir-reverence, if ye do not quench me.
Pris. Indeed now?
And. Though I say't that should not say't,
I am affected towards you strangely.
Pris. Now, who'd have thought it?
And. There's a thing each night
Comes to my bed's head, and cries Matrimony,
Matrimony, Andrew.
Pris. God forbid.
Pris. It is
Some spirit that would join us.
Pris. Goodly, goodly.
And. Then do I shake all over.
Pris. Doth it so?
And. Then shake again.
Pris. I pray you now.
And. Then cry,
Fairest of things——tralucent creature——rather
Obscured deity, sweet Mrs Jane,
I come, I come.
Pris. Sweet sir, you are deceiv'd;
I'm but her woman. Here she comes herself.

Enter Mrs JANE.

And. Now, as my father saith, I would I were
A cucumber, if I know what to do.
Jane. Why, how now, Pris.? Who's that that useth you
So lovingly?
And. Fairest of things——'tis one
Tralucent creature——'tis——Ay, that it is,
One——
Pris. That would willingly run out of doors
If that he had but law enough.
And. I say——
Jane. Nay, be n't afraid; here's none shall do you harm.
And. 'Tis one that brought his pigs to the wrong market.
You keep your woman here so fine, that I
Had like t' have made a proper business on't,
Before I was aware. If any thing
Do prove amiss, indeed law, you shall be

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[87] *So did the Saxon, &c.*—See Note 14 to *The Mayor of Quinborough*, postea.—*Verstigan*, in his *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, 1634, p. 130, gives the following account of this transaction: "——King Hingistus prepared them a feast; and after the Brittains were well whitled with wine, he fell to taunting and gibing at them; whereupon blowes ensued; and the Brittish nobility there present, being in all three hundreth, were all of them slaine; as William of Malmesbury reporteth: though others make the number more, and say that the Saxons had each of them a SEAX (a kind of crooked knife) closely in his pocket, and that at the watch-word, NEM COWR SEAXES, which is, TAKE YOUR SEAXES, they suddainely, and at unwares, slew the Brittaines."

[88] *Reche not.*—Care not.
[89] *Yeft.*—Gift.
[90] *Maugre.*—In spite of.
[91] *Algate.*—Always.

The father on't. But know, tralucent creature,
I am come off entire, and now am yours
Whole. Andrew Credulous, your servant's servant.
Jane. Methinks you contradict yourself. How can you
Be wholly mine, and yet my servant's servant?
And. I do but compliment in that (I see
Downright 's the best way here); if thou can'st love,
I can love too. Law thee there, now! I'm rich.
Jane. I use not to look after riches; 'tis
The person that I aim at.
And. That is me:
I'm proper, handsome, fair, clean-limb'd; I'm rich.
Jane. I must have one that can direct and guide me:
A guardian, rather than a husband; for
I'm foolish yet.
And. Now, see the luck on't, lady;
So am I too, i' faith.
Jane. And whoe'er hath me,
Will find me to be one of those things, which
His care must first reform.
And. Do not doubt that;
I have a head for reformation.
This noddle here shall do it. I am rich.
Jane. Riches create no love: I fear you mean
To take me for formality only,
As some stay'd piece of houshold-stuff, perhaps,
Fit to be seen 'mong other ornaments:
Or at the best, I shall be counted but
A name of dignity; not entertain'd
For love, but state: one of your train; a thing
Took to wipe off suspicion from some fairer,
To whom you have vow'd homage.
And. Do not think
I've any plots or projects in my head.
I will do any thing for thee, that thou
Canst name, or think on.
Pris. Pray you try him, mistress:
By my virginity, I think he'll flinch.
And. By my virginity, (which is as good
As yours, I'm sure); by my virginity,
If that we men have any such thing, (as
We men have such a thing) I do believe,
I will not flinch. Alas! You don't know Andrew.
Jane. Can you obtain but so much respite from
Your other sovereign's service, as to keep
Your eye from gazing on her for a while?
And. If I do look on any woman; nay,
If I do cast a sheep's eye upon any
But your sweet self, may I lose one of mine!
Marry, I'll keep the other howsoe'er.
Jane. I know not how I may believe you: you'll
Swear you ne'er cast a glance on any, when
Your eye hath baited at each face you met.
And. Blind me, good now. Being you mistrust, I will
Be blinded with this handkerchief: you shall
See that I love you now. So, let me have
But any reasonable thing to lead me home,
I do not care though 't be a dog, so that
He knows the way, or hath the wit t' enquire it.
Jane. That care, sir, shall be mine.
[*Exeunt* JANE *and* PRISCILLA.
And. I doubt not, but
I shall be in the Chronicle for this;
Or in a ballad else. This handkerchief
Shall be hung up i' th' parish-church, instead
Of a great silken flag to fan my grave,
With my arms in 't; pourtray'd in good blue thread,
With this word underneath: *This, this was he*
That shut his eyes, because he would not see.
Hold, who comes there?

Enter MEANWELL, SHAPE.

Mean. One, sir, to lead you home.
And. Who? Tutor Meanwell?
[SHAPE *counterfeits Mrs* JANE'S *voice.*
Shape. Yes, I do commit you
Unto your trusty friend; if you perform
This vow, we may———
And. I'll say your sentence out;
Be man and wife.
Shape. If you'll do something else,
That I'll propose.
And. Pray make your own conditions.
Shape. You'll promise me you'll not be jealous of me?
And. Do what you will, I'll trust you.
Shape. Never hire any to tempt me?
And. By this light (I would say
By this darkness) I never will.
Shape. Nor mark
On whom I laugh?———
And. No.
Shape. Nor suspect my smiles,
My nods, my winks?———
And. No, no.
Shape. Nor yet keep count
From any gallant's visit?
And. I'll ne'er reckon:
You shall do what you will.
Shape. You'll never set
Great chests and forms against my chamber-door,
Nor pin my smock unto your shirt a-nights,
For fear I should slip from you ere you wake?
And. As I do hope for day, I will not.
Shape. Give me
Some small pledge from you to assure your love;
If that you yet prove false, I may have something
To witness your inconstancy I'll take
This little ruby; this small blushing stone
From your fair finger.
And. Take it, sweet. There is
A diamond in my band-string, if you have
A mind to that, I pray make use of 't too.
Shape. In troth, a stone of lustre. I assure you,

It darts a pretty light, [92] a veget spark.
It seems an eye upon your breast.
And. Nay, take it;
For love's sake take it then: leave nothing that
Looks like an eye about me.
Shape. My good Andrew,
'Cause of thy resolution, I'll perform
This office for thee. Take my word for 't, this
Shall ne'er betray thee. [*Exit* SHAPE.
And. Farewel, honest Jany;
I cannot see to thank thee, my sweet Jany.
Tutor, your hand, good Tutor; lead me wisely.
Mean. Take comfort, man; I have good news for thee:
Thine eyes shall be thine own before next morning. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

SHAPE, *Chirurgeon, Mercer.*

Shape. He's a good friend of mine, and I presume
Upon your secrecy.
Chir. O sir——the deed
By which it came was not more close. D' y' think
I would undo myself by twitting? 'Twere
To bring the gallants all about mine ears,
And make me mine own patient. I'm faithful
And secret, though a barber.
Shape. Nay, but hear me;
He's very modest. 'Twas his first attempt
Procur'd him this infirmity. He will
Be bashful, I am sure, and won't be known
Of any such thing at the first. You must
Be sure to put him to't.
Chir. Let me alone;
He knows not yet the world, I do perceive.
It is as common now with gentlemen,
As 'tis to follow fashion: only here
Lieth the difference, that they keep in this
A little longer. I shall have so much,
Upon your word, sir?
Shape. If you do perform
The cure by that time (twenty pieces, sir.)
You are content?
Mer. Yes, sir.
Chir. It shall be done [*Exit* SHAPE.
According to your own prescription.
Sit down, I pray you, sir: this gentleman
Is a good friend of yours.
Mer. Indeed he is a very honest man,
As any one can wish to deal with, verily.
Chir. Believe 't, he loves you very well.
Mer. I am most ready
To do him any service, truly. Pray you,
Good brother, don't delay me, I'm in haste.
Chir. Indeed, and truly, verily, good brother.
How could these milk-sop words e'er get him company
That could procure the pox? Where do you feel
Your grief most trouble you?
Mer. I'm very well; what mean you, brother?
Chir. Nay, be not so modest;
'Tis no such heinous fault, as that you should
Seek thus to hide it: meer ill fortune only——
Mer. Surely you do forget yourself.
Chir. Come, come,
He told me you'd be shamefac'd: you must be
Wary hereafter.
Mer. (I do perceive
He is a little mad indeed: the gentleman
Told me so much just as I came along.)
Yes, yes, I'll be wary; I'll take heed:
Come, pray y' dispatch me.
Chir. So, I like you now.
It is the custom of most gentlemen,
Not to confess, until they feel their bones
Begin 't admonish 'em.
Mer. You are 'i th' right.
Good friend, make haste; I've very urgent business.
Chir. Not rashly neither; is your gristle sound?
Methinks 'tis very firm as yet to the touch.
You fear no danger there, as yet, sir, do you?
Mer. No, I'll assure you. (He must have his humour:
I see he is not to be cross'd.)
Chir. When did you
Feel the first grudging on't? 'Tis not broke out
In any place?
Mer. No, no: I pray y' dispatch me.
Chir. These things desire deliberation
Care is requir'd.
Mer. Good brother, go t' your chest.
Chir. How can I know what med'cines to apply,
If that you tell me not where lies your grief?
Mer. Nay, good now, let me go.
Chir. I must not, sir;
Nor will not, truly. Trust me, you will wish
You had confess'd, and suffer'd me in time,
When you shall come to dry-burnt racks of mutton,
The syringe, and [93] the tub,
Mer. So, now enough;
Pray fetch me what you promis'd.
Chir. Are you wild,
Or mad? I do protest, I ne'er did meet

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92 —— *a veget spark.*—A lively spark.

93 —— *the tub.*—So, in *Timon of Athens*, A. 4. S. 3:

"—— the *tub* fast and the diet."

See a Note on that passage, last edit. of Shakspeare, Vol. VIII. p. 409. S.

A gentleman of such perverseness yet.
I find you just as I was told I should.
Mer. I lose the taking, by my swear, of taking
As much, whiles that I am receiving this.
Chir. I will not hinder you, if that you do
Prefer your gain before your health.
Mer. Well then,
I pray you tell it out; we tradesmen are not
Masters of our own time.
Chir. What would you have?
Mer. What would I have? as if you did not know!
Come, come, leave jesting now at last, good brother.
Chir. I am in earnest, sir.
Mer. Why, I would have
My money, sir; the twenty pieces that
The gentleman did give you order now
To pay me, for the velvet that he bought
This morning of me.
Chir. O! the gentleman——
Mer. You should not make a laughing-stock, good brother,
Of one that wrongs you not; I do profess
I won't be fubb'd, ensure yourself.
Chir. The gentleman!
Oh! oh! the gentleman! Is this the cure
I should perform? Truly, I dare not venture
Upon such desperate maladies.
Mer. You are but merrily dispos'd?
Chir. Indeed, they are
Too high for my small quality. Verily
Perhaps, good brother, you might perish under
Mine hands truly. I do profess, I am not
Any of your bold mountebanks in this.
Mer. You're still dispos'd———
Chir. To laugh at you, good brother.
Gull'd, by my swear, by my swear, gull'd; he told me
You had a small infirmity upon you,
A grief of youth, or two; and that I should
Have twenty pieces for the cure. He ask'd you
If that you were content, you answered, yes.
I was in hope I had gain'd a patient more;
Your best way is to make haste after him.
Mer. Now could I beat myself for a wise fool
That I was, thus to trust him. [*Exit.*
Chir. B'w'y', Brother.
'Fore God a good one. O! the gentleman!
[*Exit laughing.*

SCENE V.

RIMEWELL, BAGSHOT, CATCHMEY, *Sir* CHRISTOPHER; *a Song at a window, congratulating (as they think)* Mr MEANWELL'S *Marriage.*

1. *Whiles early light springs from the skies,*
A fairer from your bride doth rise;
A brighter day doth thence appear,
And make a second morning there:
Her blush doth shed
All o'er the bed,
Clean shamefac'd beams
That spread in streams,
And purple round the modest air.

2. *I will not tell what shrieks and cries,*
What angry pishes, and what fies,
What pretty oaths then newly born,
The list'ning taper heard there sworn:
Whiles froward she
Most peevishly
Did yielding fight,
To keep o'er night,
What she'd have proffer'd you ere morn.

3. *Fair, we know, maids do refuse*
To grant what they do come to lose.
Intend a conquest, you that wed;
They would be chastly ravished;
Not any kiss
From Mrs Pris,
If that you do
Persuade and woo:
Know, pleasure's by extorting fed.

4. *O may her arms wax black and blue*
Only by hard encircling you:
May she round about you twine
Like the easy twisting vine;
And while you sip
From her full lip,
Pleasures as new
As morning dew,
Let those soft tyes your hearts combine.

Singer. God give you joy, Mr Meanwell! God give your worship good-morrow!
Rime. Come, let's be going.
Chris. Hold, a blow I'll have,
One jerk at th' times, wrapt in a benediction
O' th' spouse's teeming, and I'll go with you.

A SONG.

Now thou our future brother,
That shalt make this spouse a mother,
Spring up, and [94] Dod's *blessing on't.*
Shew thy little sorrel pate,
And prove regenerate
Before thou be brought to the font.

May the parish surplice be
Cut in pieces quite for thee,
To wrap thy soft body about;
So 'twill better service do,
Reformed thus into
The state of an orthodox clout.

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[94] ——Dod's *blessing on't.*—*John Dod*, a learned and pious divine, born in Cheshire, educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, and afterwards successively minister of Hanwell, Oxfordshire, Fenny

When thou shalt leave the cradle,
And shalt begin to waddle,
And trudge in thy little apron:
May'st thou conceive a grace
Of half an hour's space,
And rejoice in thy Friday capon.

For an error that's the flock's,
Name Mr Paul, *but urge* [95] St Knox;
And at every reform'd dinner,
Let cheese come in, and preaching,
And by that third course teaching,
Confirm an unsatisfy'd sinner.

Thence grow up to hate a ring,
And defy an offering;
And learn to sing what others say.
Let Christ-tide be thy fast,
And Lent thy good repast:
And regard not an holy-day.

Enter Constable and Assistants.

Con. Lay hold on them; lay hold on them, I say:
I'll hamper them.
Catch. He'll take your headlong zeal:
You must be jerking at the times, forsooth.
I am afraid the times will 'scape, and we, * * *
The men of them, shall suffer now the scourge.
Con. Let none escape.
Chris. 'Twas godliness verily:
It was a hymn I warbled.
Con. Thou dost lye,
It was no hymn, it was a song. Is this
Your filthy rendezvous? you shall be taught
Another tune.
Chris. I do beseech you shew
Merciful cruelty, and as 'twere a kind
Of pitiful hardheartedness. I'm strong.
[*They bring in* ANDREW *and* PRISCILLA.
Con. I'm glad you told me so. I will provide
Your ward accordingly. Drag 'em out both.
And. Let me but send to th' ordinary.
Con. You shall not;
The ord'nary hath sent to you; No bail,
I will take none. I'll suffer no such sneaks
As you, to offend this way. It doth belong
T' your betters, sir.
And. Here's a sufficient man
I do assure you; take my word for that.
Con. This staff was made to knock down sin. I'll look
There shall be no [96] advowtry in my ward
But what is honest. I'll see justice done
As long as I'm in office. Come along. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Sir THOMAS BITEFIG *as sick*, JANE.

Sir T. Now that I have made even, girl, with Heav'n,
Though I am past the worst, and I perceive
My dinner only griev'd me, yet 'cause life's
Frail and uncertain, let me counsel thee,
'Tis good to be beforehand still. First then,
I charge thee lend no money; next, serve God;
If ever thou hast children, teach them thrift;
They'll learn religion fast enough themselves.
Nay, do not weep, but hearken. When Heav'n shall
Please to call in this weary soul of mine,
Be n't idle in expence about my burial:
Buy me a shroud, any old sheet will serve
To clothe corruption; I can rot without
Fine linen; 'tis but to enrich the grave,
And adorn stench, no reverence to the dead,
To make them crumble more luxuriously.
One torch will be sufficient to direct
The footsteps of my bearers. If there be
Any so kind as to accompany
My body to the earth, let them not want
For entertainment; pr'ythee see they have
A sprig of rosemary, dip'd in common water,
To smell to as they walk along the streets.
Eatings and drinkings are no obsequies.
Raise no oppressing pile to load my ashes;
But if thou'lt needs b' at charges of a tomb,
Five or six foot of common stone, engrav'd
With a good hopeful word, or else a couple
Of capital letters filled up with pitch,
Such as I set upon my sheep, will serve;
State is not meet for those that dwell in dust.
Mourn as thou pleasest for me, plainness shews
True grief: I give thee leave to do it for

Drayton, Leicestershire, Canons Ashby and Fausley in Northamptonshire, tho' for a time silenced in each of them. He is commonly called, *The Decalogist*, having with Robert Cleaver, another Puritan, written *An Exposition on the Ten Commandments.* He died at Fausley in 1645, aged about ninety years.

[95] ——*St Knox.*—This was John Knox, the celebrated reformer in Scotland. See his character, Robertson's *History of Scotland*, Vol. I. p. 130.

[96] ——*advowtry.*—Adultery.

Two or three years, if that thou shalt think fit:
'Twill save expence in clothes. And so now be
My blessing on thee, and my means hereafter.
Jane. I hope Heav'n will not deal so rigidly
With me, as to preserve me to th' unwelcome
Performance of these sad injunctions.

SCENE II.

To them MEANWELL.

Mean. Good health unto you, sir.
Sir T. I have the more,
By reason of the care you took in sending
A confessor unto me.
Mean. I! a confessor!
Sure there is some design, some trick or other
Put on you by those men, who never sleep
Unless they've cheated on that day.
Sir T. I hope
You do mean your partners, my good friends?
Mean. They ne'er deserve the name of friends, they do
Covet, not love. If any came from them,
It was some vulture in a holy habit,
Who did intend your carcase, not your safety;
Indeed I know not of 't, I've all this while
Appear'd another to you than I am
[*Discloseth himself.*
Perhaps you know me now. I'm he, whom you
Pleas'd to forbid your house, whom Mr Credulous
Takes leave to style lost man, and vagabond.
Sir T. That I forbad you my house, was only
In care to my daughter, not in hate to you.
Mean. That I frequented it without your leave,
Was both in love to you, and to your daughter;
That I have all this while liv'd thus disguis'd,
Was only to avert the snare from you,
Not to entrap you; that you might not be
Blinded by those, who, like to venomous beasts,
Have only sight to poison; that you might not
Ruin your daughter in a compliment.
Sir T. This may be your plot, and this discovery
Feign'd only to secure your own designs:
For't cannot sink into me, that they durst
Make mirth of my repentance, and abuse
My last devotion with a scene of laughter.
Mean. They dare beyond your thought. When parted this
Your confessor?
Sir T. You could not chuse but meet him,
He is scarce yet at home.
Mean. If that you dare
But venture with me home, I'll almost promise
I'll make it plain they've put a trick upon you.
Sir T. Though every step were so much toward my grave,
I'd tread them o'er with comfort, that I might
Discover this religious villainy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

HEARSAY, SLICER, *and* SHAPE *in his Confessor's habit.*

Hear. Come, my good vulture, speak; what prey? what mirth?
Sli. What income, my dear holiness? what sport?
Shape. Give me the chair; imagine me the knight
(When I sit down,) and (when I stand) the Confessor.
[*As he is thus acting,* MEANWELL *and Sir* THOMAS *discover themselves above.*
Thus I come in peace to thy soul, good son,
('Tis you must give it, father; I am ill,
I'm very ill; fit only now for heav'n.
My soul would fain be flying, were't not for
A sin or two that clogs her.) But for a sin
Or two that clogs her? Take heed; don't, so near
Your last deliverance, play the sophister
With Heav'n. A sin or two! why, I've heard say
You're wont to skrew your wretched tenants up
To th' utmost farthing, and then stand upon
The third rent-capon. Then he answers me
In the small doleful tune of a country wench
Examin'd by th' official, for the mischance
Of a great belly caught at a [97] Whitson-ale;
(I could not help it.) Then it is your custom,
When you invite, to think your meat laid out,
You write your beef disburs'd, are wont to call
For the return of 't just as for a debt;
(True.) That two chimneys ne'er yet smok'd at once
In all your buildings: (All most true.) That you
Are wont to keep an untouch'd capon, till
Corruption makes it able to walk out,
And visit the barn door again. I could
Say much more, but I had rather have you
Come so much nearer pardon, as t' accuse
Yourself, by your own mouth.
Sli. How grave the rogue was!
Shape. (I'll do't as strictly as mine enemy.)
Sir T. I cannot hold; I'll break in as I am,
And take my vengeance whilst my fury's hot.
Mean. Repress it, sir, a while; h' hath i ut begun.
Shape. Then thus he drawls it out, (I do confess
I've been addicted to frugality.)
Son, do not mince; pray call it covetousness.
(*Imprimis,* It hath ever been my custom
To ride beyond an inn, to save my horse-meat.
Item, When once I had done so, and found
No entertainment, I beguil'd the children

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97 ——*Whitson-ale.*—See Note 42 to *The Antiquary,* ante, p. 134.

Of their parch'd peas; my man being left to that
We make the emblem of mortality:)
What? Grass, you mean? (Or sweet hay, which you please.)
Hear. Methinks this is truly coming to a reckoning.
He doth account for 's sins with *Item* so.
Shape. (*Item*, I've often bought a Cheapside custard,
And so refresh'd my soul under my cloak,
As I did walk the streets.) Cloaking of sins,
Although they be but eating sins, I do
Pronounce most dangerous. (I find this so,
I'd almost lost mine eyes by 't, being justled.)
Sli. O thou rich soul of roguery!
Shape. (Moreover,
I once sung Psalms with servants where I lodg'd,
And took part with 'em in their lovely reliques;
Truly my soul did lust, they were temptations.)
What! sing that you might eat? It is the sin
O' th' brethren, son; but that their reliques are
Whole widows houses.
Hear. O thou preaching devil!
Shape. (*Item*, I entered into a chandler's shop,
And eat my bread in secret, whilst my man
Fed on the wholesome steam of candle-suet.
Item, which grieves me most, I did make bold
With the black-puddings of my needy taylor:
Satan was strong; they did provoke me much.)
Sir T. Wretch that I was, to trust my bosom to
One so exactly bad, that if the book
Of all men's lives lay open to his view,
Would meet no sin unpractis'd by himself.
I will rush in.
Mean. Good sir, keep close a while.
Shape. I see no tears, no penitential tears.
(Alas! I cannot weep, mine eyes are pumice:
But alms I hope may yet redeem.) Alms given
In a large manner, son. (Won't fifty pounds
Wipe off my score?) If doubled 't may do something.
(Can I be sav'd no cheaper? Take this, then,
And pray for me.) With that I thus dismiss'd him:
Bless'd son, for now I dare pronounce thee bless'd,
Being thou'st pour'd thus out thy soul —— The wolf!
The wolf! 'Sfoot, peace, we're in the noose;
We are betray'd; yon's Meanwell and the knight ——
Truly he is as good a man as any
I ever yet confess'd——don't look that way——
A very honest charitable man,
Full of sincerity and true devotion.
Sir T. Patience itself would now turn furious.
Let's for some officers. [*Ex. Sir* THO. *and* MEAN.
Shape. Discover'd all!
Religion is unlucky to me.

Hear. Man,
Perfidious man! there is no trust in thee!
Sli. I never lik'd this Meanwell; I did always
See treachery writ in's forehead. I well hop'd
H 'ad been in prison with his wench.
Shape. Leave railing.
Along with me. There is left one way more;
The cat may yet perhaps light on all four.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Sir THOMAS BITEFIG, MEANWELL, *Constable, Watchmen.*

Sir T. What, gone! Upon my life, they did mistrust.
Mean. They are so beaten, that they smell an officer,
As crows do powder.
Sir T. Watchman, call you forth
The mistress of the house, *Imprimis*; for
[*Exit Officer.*
They have their lurking-hole near hand, most certain.

Enter MOTH *and* POTLUCK, *as Man and Wife.*

Moth. *Denuncio vobis gaudium magnum,*
Robertus de Tinea electus est in sedem hospitalem,
Et assumit sibi nomen Galfridi.
Joy comes to our house: I Robert Moth am
Chesen into thylk hospital seat,
Thylk bason of Joan Potluck, vintner's widow,
And do [98] transmue my name to Geffery.
New [99] foysons byn ygraced with new titles.
Come, buss.
Pot. Fie! Mr Geffery, I swear,
You make 'n' asham'd 'fore all this company.
Sir T. Sir, if you be the master of this house,
You've harbour'd here a company of cheating villains,
Which we are come t' apprehend.
Pot. Pray y' look,
Search every corner: here's no cheats. I'm sure
The house was clear before your worship enter'd.
Con. Make fast the doors, for fear they do escape.
Let's in, and ferret out these cheating rake-hells.
[*As the Watchmen go in and out about the rooms,* HEARSAY, SLICER, *and* SHAPE, *mingle themselves with 'em, being accounted Watchmen; and so pass without discovery.*

Enter 1*st Watchman and* HEARSAY.

1*st Watch.* 'Tis very certain, they are not in the house.
Sir T. They had no time to get away.
Hear. Why then,

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[98] *Transmue.*—Change.

[99] *Foysons.*—Foyson is *plenty, abundance.*

It may be, being they are such cunning fellows,
They have the trick of going invisible.

Enter 2d Watchman and SLICER.

2d Watch. There's no place left unsearch'd, but pots and mouse-holes.
Sli. They're either gone or in the house, that's certain.
2d Watch. That cannot be; the doors were shut, I'm sure,
And so they could not get out: the rooms then are
All search'd, and so they cannot be within.
Sli. I'll lay my neck to a farthing then, they're vanish'd.
Hear. [100] Sunk like the queen; they'll rise at Queenhive, sure!

Enter Constable, and other Watchmen, and SHAPE *among 'em, bringing in* CREDULOUS *and* CASTER.

Shape. Most certain, these are two of them: for this
Old knave, I'll take my oath that he is one.
Con. Confess, confess: where are your other comrades?
Cred. I am as honest as the skin that is
Between thy brows.
Con. What skin between my brows?
What skin, thou knave? I am a Christian;
And what is more, a constable! What skin?
Sir T. You are mistaken, friends.
Con. I cry you mercy.
Shape. The constable may call you any thing
In the king's name, upon suspicion.
Sir T. We're cheated, friends; these men o' th' ordinary
Have gull'd us all this while, and now are gone.
Cas. I am undone. Ne'er let me live, if that
I did not think they would gull me. I perceive
Fancy doth much: see how 'tis come to pass!
Cred. Where is my son? God bless him! Where is Andrew?
Pray God they have not taken him along:
He hath a perilous wit to be a cheat;
He'd quickly come to be his Majesty's taker.
Con. I took one Andrew Credulous this morning
In dishonest adultery with a trull;
And if he be your son, he is in prison.
Cred. Their villainy, o' my life! Now, as I am
A freeman, and a grocer, I had rather
Have found forty pounds. I pray go fetch him.
[*Exit Officer.*
Sir T. I'm sorry that your son takes these lewd courses;
He is not fit to make a husband of.
Cred. Do not condemn before you hear. I'll warrant,
Though he be guilty, yet he's innocent.

Enter HAVE-AT-ALL.

Moth. [101] Hent him, for dern love hent him; I done drad
His visage foul, [102] yfrounct with glowing eyn.
Hav. I come t' excuse my ruder usage of you;
I was in drink when that I did it: 'twas
The plot of those base knaves, I hear, are gone,
To teach me valour by the strength of wine;
Naming that courage which was only fury.
It was not wilfully.
Moth. I do not reche [guerdon.
One bean for all. This buss is a [103] blive
Hence carlishnesse yferre. 'Tis a sooth saw,
Had I but venged all mine herme,
Mine cloak had not been furred half so werm.

Enter Officers, with ANDREW, PRISCILLA, *and the four that were taken at the window singing.*

Cred. Now, sir, you shall hear all. Come, Andrew, tell me
How cam'st thou hither?
And. Truly, Mr Meanwell
Told me, that I should meet with Mrs Jane;
And there I found her chambermaid!
Cred. D' y' see?
Your chambermaid, Sir Thomas! Out, you whore.
And. Take heed what you say, father; she's my wife.
Cred. I would thou'rt in thy grave then; 'twere the better
Fortune o' th' two.
Pris. Indeed, this reverend man join'd us i' th' prison.
Chris. Marriage is a bond;
So no place fitter to perform it in.
Sir T. Send for my daughter hither; we'll know all.
What are you, sir?
Chris. A workman in the clergy.
Con. Yes, this is one I took at th' window singing,
With these three other vagrant fellows here.

---

[100] *Sunk like the queen; they'll rise at Queenhive, sure!*—The story here alluded to, is told in an old play, entitled "The famous Chronicle of King Edward the First, sirnamed Edward Longshankes, with his Returne from the Holy Land. Also, the Life of Llevellin, Rebell in Wales. *Lastly, the sinking of Queene Elinor, who sunck at Charing Crosse, and rose againe at Potters hith, now named Queene hith.* By George Peele." 4to. 1593, 1599. See also a ballad on the same subject, in Evans's *Edition of Old Ballads*, Vol. I. p. 237.

[101] *Hent him.*—Take hold of him. T.

[102] *Yfrounct.*—Wrinkled.

[103] *Blive guerdon.*—Quick reward. T.

Chris. I was in body there, but not in mind,
So that my sin is but inchoately perfect;
And I, though in a fault, did not offend;
And that for three reasons. First, I did yield
Only a kind of unwilling consent.
Secondly, I was drawn, as 'twere, by their
Impulsive gentleness. Mark, sir, I'm strong.
Thirdly, I deem'd it not a woman's shambles.
Fourthly and lastly, that I sung was only
An holy wish. Once more, beloved,——
Sir T. Peace!
Y' have said enough already. How came you
To sing beneath the window?
Rime. Mr Hearsay
Told us, that Mr Meanwell was new married;
And thought it good that we should gratify him,
And shew ourselves to him in a [104] Fescennine.
Cred. That rascal Meanwell, was the cause of all:
I would I had him here.
Sir T. Why this is he,
Sir Robert Littleworth his son; he hath
Disclos'd their villainies; he is no cheat.
Mean. God save you, Mr Credulous; you have
Forgotten me perhaps: I'm somewhat chang'd.
You see, your lost man's found: your vagabond
Appears at last.
Cred. Go, you are a gibing scab.
Leave off your flouting, you're a beardless boy:
I am a father of children.
Mean. And your son
Will be so shortly, if he han't ill luck.
To vex you more, that hundred pounds you sent
To Mr Caster, Shape, i' th' habit of
A country-fellow, gull'd you of.
Cred. That rascal!
Thou shew'st thy wit t' abuse an old man thus:
As God shall mend me, I will hamper thee.
Thou'st been disguis'd here all this while, thou hast!
[105] Would I were bray'd in mine own mortar, if
I do not call th' in question the next term,
For counterfeiting of the King's subjects.
Come away from him, sirrah; come along.
[*Exeunt* CREDULOUS, ANDREW, *and* PRIS.
Mean. There's a trunk they've left behind; I have
Seiz'd it for you; so that you'll be no loser.
Sir T. If you can find a way, whereby I may
Reward this courtesy of yours, I shall
Confess myself engaged doubly to you,
Both for the benefit and its requital.

Enter JANE.

Mean. The appearance of your daughter here suggests
Something to ask, which yet my thoughts call boldness.
Sir T. Can she suggest yet any good, that is
So expert grown in this flesh-brokery?
Mean. O do not blot that innocence with suspicion,
Who never came so near a blemish yet,
As to be accus'd. To quit you of such thoughts,
I did receive a tempting letter from
That strumpet that's gone out (as sin is bold
To try, even where no hope is); I made promise;
But to secure myself, and withal sound
Th' affections of young Credulous unto
Your virtuous daughter, told him he should meet her,
Where I agreed to meet your chamber-maid.
The blame must all be mine.
Sir T. 'Tis her deliverance.
She hath escap'd two plagues, a lustful fool.
Mean. I dare not challenge her, I do confess,
As a reward due to my service; and
If you deny her me, assure yourself
I'll never draw her from obedience.
I will not love her to procure her ruin,
And make my affection prove her enemy.
Sir T. You speak most honestly, I never did
Think ill of your intents, but always gave
A testimony to your life as large
As were your merits. But your fortunes are
Unequal; there's the want.
Mean. What's there defective,
Love shall supply. True, Mr Credulous
Is a rich man, but yet wants that which makes
His riches useful, free discretion.
He may be something in th' eye o' th' world:
But let a knowing man, that can distinguish
Between possessions and good parts, but view him
And prize impartially, he will be rated
Only as chests and caskets, just according
To what he holds. I value him as I
Would an exchequer, or a magazine.
He is not virtuous, but well stor'd: a thing
Rather well victuall'd than well qualified.
And if you please to cast your eye on me,
Some moneys will call back my father's lands
Out of his lime-twig fingers, and I shall
Come forth as gay as he.

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[104] ——*a Fescennine—i. e.* a nuptial ditty: from *Fescennia*, or *Fescennium*, a town in Italy, where these kinds of songs were first practised. S.

[105] *Would I were bray'd in mine own mortar.—To bray*, to pound, or grind small:

" I'll burst him, *I will bray*
His bones, as in a mortar."

" Except you would *bray* christendom *in a mortar*, and mould it into a new paste, there is no possibility of a holy war."—BACON.

Johnson's Dictionary,—" voce *bray*."

Sir T. I'll strive no longer,
For fear I seem t' oppose felicity.
If she'll give her consent, y' are one.
Jane. It is
The voice of angels to me. I had thought
Nothing in all the store of nature could
Have added to that love, wherewith I do
Reverence that name, my father, till that you
Spoke this.
Sir T. I know your former loves: grow up
Into an aged pair, yet still seem young.
May you stand fresh, as in your pictures still,
And only have the reverence of the aged!
I thank you for your pains, Mr Constable:
You may dismiss your watch now.
Shape. A pox on't!
That after all this, ne'er a man to carry
To prison! Must poor tradesmen be brought out,
And no body clapp'd up?
Mean. That you mayn't want
Employment, friends, take this, I pray, and drink it.
Sli. Sir, when y' are cheated next, we are your servants—
[*Exeunt all but* SHAPE, HEARSAY, *and* SLI.

SCENE V.

SHAPE, SLICER, HEARSAY.

Shape. Lie thou there, watchman. How the knave that's look'd for,
May often lurk under the officer!
Invention, I applaud thee.
Hear. London air,
Methinks, begins to be too hot for us.
Sli. There is no longer tarrying here: let's swear
Fidelity to one another, and
[106] So resolve for New England.
Hear. 'Tis but getting
A little pigeon-hole reformed ruff———
Sli. Forcing our beards into th' Orthodox bent———
Shape. Nosing a little treason 'gainst the king;
Bark something at the bishops; and we shall
Be easily receiv'd.
Hear. No fitter place.
They are good silly people; souls that will
Be cheated without trouble. One eye is
Put out with zeal, th' other with ignorance;
And yet they think they're eagles.
Shape. We are made
Just fit for that meridian. No good work's
Allow'd there: Faith, faith, is that they call for:
And we will bring it 'em.
Sli. What language speak they?
Hear. English, and now and then a root or two
Of Hebrew; which we'll learn of some Dutch skipper,
That goes along with us this voyage. Now
We want but a good wind; the brethren's sighs
Must fill our sails. For what Old England won't
Afford, New England will. You shall hear of us
By the next ship that comes for proselytes.
Each soil is not the good man's country only;
Nor is the lot his to be still at home:

We'll claim a share, and prove that Nature gave
This boon, as to the good, so to the knave.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Shape. We have escap'd the law, but yet do fear
Something that's harder answer'd—your sharp ear.
O for a present sleight now, to beguile
That, and deceive you but of one good smile!
'Tis that must free us; th' Author dares not look
For that good fortune, to be sav'd by 's book.
To leave this blessed soil is no great woe;
Our grief 's in leaving you, that make it so:
For if you shall call in those beams you lent,
'Twould ev'n at home create a banishment.

EDITION.

"The Ordinary: a Comedy. Written by William Cartwright, M.A. CII. CII. Oxon. London: Printed for Humphrey Moseley; and are to be sold at his shop, at the sign of the Prince's Armes, in St Paul's Church-yard. 1651. 8vo."

[106] *So resolve for New England.*—This is intended to ridicule the Puritans of the times; who, on account of the severe censures of the Star-Chamber, the greatness of the fines there, the rigorous proceedings to impose ceremonies, the suspending and silencing ministers for not reading in church the Book of Sports, and other grievances, sold their estates, and settled in *New England*. The emigrations, on these accounts, at length became so general, that a proclamation was put forth in 1635, to stop those who had determined to follow their friends. It is remarkable, that amongst those who were actually on shipboard, and prevented by the proclamation from proceeding on their voyage, were the patriot Hampden, and his cousin Oliver Cromwell.

A

JOVIAL CREW;

OR,

THE MERRY BEGGARS.

BY

RICHARD BROME.

RICHARD BROME *was of mean extraction, and sometime servant to Ben Jonson. At what time he began to write, we have no account; but his master says, it was not until he had served him the term of an apprenticeship. The first play of Brome's, which appeared in print in* 1632, *has the following verses from Ben Jonson:*

" *To my faithful servant, and (by his continu'd virtue) my loving friend, the author of this work, Mr Richard Brome:*

" I had you for a servant once, Dick Brome,
And you perform'd a servant's faithful parts:
Now you are got into a nearer room
Of fellowship, professing my old arts.
And you do do them well; with good applause;
Which you have justly gain'd from the stage,
By observation of those comick laws,
Which I, your master, first did teach the age.
You learnt it well, and for it serv'd your time,
A 'prenticeship; which few do now a-days:
Now each court hobbihorse will wince in rime:
Both learned and unlearned, all write plays.
It was not so of old: men took up trades
That knew the crafts they had been bred in right:
An honest Bilboe-smith would make good blades,
And the physician teach men spue and ——.
The cobler kept him to his awl; but now,
He'll be a poet scarce can guide a plow."

Besides this testimony in his favour, by one who was not apt to be over-lavish of his praises, several of the principal poets of the times, as Shirley, Dekker, Ford, Chamberlain, and others, addressed verses to him, on several of his performances; and he appears to have been generally well respected.

" *In imitation of his master,*" (*says Langbaine, p.* 35,) " *he studied men and humour more than books; and his genius affecting comedy, his province was more observation than study; his plots were his own, and he forg'd all his various characters from the mint of his own experience and judgment.*"

By the dedication of the present play to Thomas Stanley, Esq. it is manifestly the last of his productions. From several circumstances mentioned therein, we may collect, that the address was written about the time in which the play was published. Supposing this conjecture well founded, there can be no doubt but he died in the year 1652; *as in the subsequent one, five of his plays were made public by his namesake, Alexander Brome.*

Besides The Lancashire Witches, *which he wrote in conjunction with Thomas Heywood, he was the author of*

(1.) "*The Northern Lass: a Comedy. Acted at the Globe and Black Fryers,* 1632. 4*to.*"
[*Oldys, in his MS. additions to Langbaine, says,* "*In a collection of poems, called* Folly in Print, or a Book of Rhimes, 8vo. 1667, p. 107, *there is a ballad called* The Northern Lass. *She was the Fair Maid of Doncaster, named Betty Maddox; who, when an hundred horsemen woo'd her, she conditioned, that he who could dance her down, she would marry; but she wearied them all, and they left her a maid for her pains.*"]
(2.) "*The 'Sparagus Garden: a Comedy. Acted in* 1635, *at Salisbury Court.* 4*to.* 1640."
(3.) "*The Antipodes: a Comedy. Acted in* 1638, *at Salisbury Court.* 4*to.* 1640."
(4.) "*The Jovial Crew; or, The Merry Beggars: a Comedy. Acted in* 1641, *at the Cockpit, Drury Lane.* 4*to.* 1652."
(5.) "*A Mad Couple well match'd: a Comedy.* 8*vo.* 1653."
(6.) "*Novella: a Comedy. Acted in* 1632, *at Black Friers.* 8*vo.* 1653."
(7.) "*The Court Beggar: a Comedy. Acted in* 1632, *at the Cockpit.* 8*vo.* 1653."
(8.) "*The City Wit; or, The Woman wears the Breeches: a Comedy.* 8*vo.* 1653."
(9.) "*The Damoiselle; or, The New Ordinary: a Comedy.* 8*vo.* 1653."
[*The last five were published by Alexander Brome.*]
(10.) "*The Queene's Exchange: a Comedy. Acted at Black Friers.* 4*to.* 1657." [*Published by Henry Brome; who, in an address to the readers, mentions several other works of the author being in his possession.*]
(11.) "*The English Moor; or, The Mock-Marriage: a Comedy.* 8*vo.* 1659."
(12.) "*The Love-sick Court; or, The Ambitious Politick: a Comedy.* 8*vo.* 1659."
(13.) "*Covent Garden weeded; or, The Middlesex Justice of Peace: a Comedy.* 8*vo.* 1659."
(14.) "*New Academy; or, The New Exchange: a Comedy.* 8*vo.* 1659."
(15.) "*The Queen and Concubine: a Comedy.* 8*vo.* 1659."

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE,

INGENIOUS, AND JUDICIOUS GENTLEMAN,

THOMAS STANLEY, Esq.*

SIR,

I have, long since, studied in these anti-ingenious times, to find out a man, that might at once be both a judge and patron to this issue of my old-age; which needs both; and my blessed stars have flung me upon you, in whom both those attributes concenter and flourish. Nor can I yet find a reason why I should present it to you, (it being below your acceptance or censure,) but only my own confidence; which had not grown to this forwardness, had it not been encouraged by your goodness. Yet, we all know, beggars use to flock to great men's gates: and though my fortune has cast me in that mold, I am poor and proud, and preserve the humour of him who could not beg for any thing but great boons; such as are your kind acceptance and protection. I dare not say (as my brethren use) that I present this as a testimonial of my gratitude, or recompence for your favours; for, I protest, I conceive it so far from quitting old engagements, that it creates new: so that all that this play can do, is but to make more work; and involves me in debts beyond a possibility of satisfaction. Sir, it were a folly in me, to tell you of your worth; the world knows it enough; and are bold to say, Fortune and Nature scarce ever clubb'd so well. You know, sir, I am old, and cannot cringe nor court with the powder'd and ribbanded wits of our days: but though I cannot speak so much, I can think as well, and as honourably as the best. All the arguments I can use to induce you to take notice of this thing of nothing, is, that it had the luck to tumble last of all in the epidemical ruin of the scene; and now limps hither with a wooden leg, to beg an alms at your hands. I will wind up all, with a Use of Exhortation:

That since the times conspire to make us all beggars, let us make ourselves merry; which, if I am not mistaken, this drives at. Be pleased therefore, sir, to lodge these harmless beggars in the out-houses of your thoughts; and, among the rest, him that, in this cuckow-time, sits in for a membership, and will fill the choir of those that duly and truly pray for you; and is,

Sir, your humble servant,
RIC. BROME.

---

* Author of *The History of Philosophy*, and editor of *Æschylus*. He died April 12th, 1678.—See his Life in *Biographia Britannica*.

A

JOVIAL CREW;

OR,

THE MERRY BEGGARS.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OLDRENTS.
HEARTY.
SPRINGLOVE.
VINCENT.
HILLIARD.
JUSTICE CLACK.
OLIVER.
TALLBOY.
MARTIN.
RANDAL.
SCENTWELL.
First Gentleman.
Second Gentleman.
Usher, } *to* OLDRENTS.
Butler,
Cook,
Patrico, } *Beggars.*
Soldier,
Lawyer,
Courtier,
Poet,
RACHEL.
MERIEL.
AMIE.

ACT I.

OLDRENTS, HEARTY.

Old. It has, indeed, friend, much afflicted me.
Hear. And very justly, let me tell you, sir,
That could so impiously be curious
To tempt a judgment on you; to give ear
And faith too (by your leave) to fortune-tellers,
Wizards, and gipsies!
Old. I have since been frighted
With it in a thousand dreams.
Hear. I would [1] go drunk
A thousand times to-bed, rather than dream
Of any of their Riddlemy Riddlemies.
If they prove happy, so; if not, let 't go:
You'll never find their meaning till the event,
If you suppose there was at all a meaning:

* This hath generally been a favourite play, and frequently represented on the stage. In the year 1732, Mr Roome, one of the heroes of the Dunciad, turned it into a Ballad Opera. The songs inserted in it were written by himself and Sir William Young. With the alterations made by these gentlemen it continued to be performed until very lately, when it was further curtailed and reduced to an after-piece. Mr Love, late of Drury Lane Theatre, formed an opera of two acts from the Jovial Crew, which he called, *The Ladies Frolick,* acted in the year 1770.

[1] *Go drunk.*—First edit. be drunk.

As the equivocating devil had, when he
Cozen'd the monk, to let him live soul-free,
Till he should find him sleeping between sheets:
The wary monk, abjuring all such lodging,
At last, by over-watching in his study,
The foul fiend took him napping, with his nose
Between the sheet-leaves of his conjuring-book.
There was the whim, or double meaning on't.
But these fond fortune-tellers, that know nothing, [master,
Aim to be thought more cunning than their
The 'foresaid devil, tho' truly not so hurtful:
Yet, trust 'em! hang 'em. Wizards! old blind buzzards!
For once they hit, they miss a thousand times;
And most times give quite contrary; bad for good,
And best for worst. One told a gentleman
His son should be a man-killer, and be hang'd for't;
Who after prov'd a great and rich physician,
And with great fame i' th' university,
Hang'd up in picture for a grave example.
There was the whim of that. Quite contrary!

Old. And that was happy; would mine could so
Deceive my fears!

Hear. They may; but trust not to't. Another schemist [notable
Found, that a squint-ey'd boy should prove a
Pick-purse, and afterwards a most strong thief:
When he grew up to be a cunning lawyer,
And at last dy'd a judge. Quite contrary!
How many have been mark'd out by these wizards
For fools, that have after been prick'd for sheriffs?
Was not a shepherd's boy foretold to be
A drunkard, and to get his living from
Bawds, whores, thieves, quarrellers, and the like?
And did he not become a suburb justice,
And live in wine and worship by the fees
Rack'd out of such delinquents? there's the whim on't.
Now I come to you: Your figure-flinger finds,
That both your daughters, notwithstanding all
Your great possessions, which they are co-heirs of,
Shall yet be beggars: May it not be meant,
(If, as I said, there be a meaning in it,)
They may prove courtiers, or great courtiers wives,
And so be beggars in law? Is not that
The whim on't, think you? You shall think no worse on't.

Old. Would I had your merry heart!

Hear. I thank you, sir.

Old. I mean the like.

Hear. I would you had; and I
Such an estate as yours. Four thousand yearly,
With such a heart as mine, would defy Fortune,
And all her babbling soothsayers. I'd as soon
Distrust in Providence, as lend a fear
To such a destiny, for a child of mine,
While there be sack and songs in town or country.
Think like a man of conscience, (now I am serious,)
What justice can there be for such a curse
To fall upon your heirs? Do you not live
Free out of law, or grieving any man?
Are you not th' only rich man lives unenvy'd?
Have you not all the praises of the rich,
And prayers of the poor? Did ever any
Servant or hireling, neighbour, kindred, curse you,
Or wish one minute shorten'd of your life?
Have you one grudging tenant? Will they not all
Fight for you? Do they not teach their children,
And make 'em too pray for you morn and evening,
And in their graces too, as duly as
For king and realm? The innocent things would think
They ought not eat else.

Old. 'Tis their goodness.

Hear. It is your merit. Your great love and bounty
Procures from Heaven those inspirations in 'em.
Whose rent did ever you exact? Whose have
You not remitted, when by casualties
Of fire, of floods, of common dearth, or sickness,
Poor men were brought behind-hand? Nay, whose losses
Have you not piously repaired?

Old. Enough.

Hear. What heriots have you ta'en from forlorn widows?
What acre of your thousands have you rack'd?

Old. Good friend, no more.

Hear. These are enough, indeed,
To fill your ears with joyful acclamations
Where'er you pass: *Heaven bless our landlord Oldrent;*
Our master Oldrent; our good patron Oldrent.
Cannot these sounds conjure that evil spirit
Of fear out of you, that your children shall
Live to be beggars? Shall 'squire Oldrent's daughters
Wear old rents in their garments? (there's a whim too)
Because a fortune-teller told you so?

Old. Come, I will strive to think no more on't.

Hear. Will you ride forth for air then, and be merry? [me.

Old. Your counsel and example may instruct

Hear. Sack must be had in sundry places too.
For songs I am provided.

Enter SPRINGLOVE *with books and papers; he lays them on the table.*

Old. Yet here comes one brings me a second fear,
Who has my care, the next unto my children.

Hear. Your steward, sir, it seems, has business with you.
I wish you would have none.

Old. I'll soon dispatch it:
And then be for our journey instantly.

Hear. I'll wait your coming down, sir. [*Exit.*

Old. But why, Springlove,
Is now this expedition?
Spring. Sir, 'tis duty.
Old. Not common among stewards, I confess,
To urge in their accompts before the day
Their lords have limited. Some that are grown
To hoary hairs and knighthoods, are not found
Guilty of such an importunity.
'Tis yet but thirty days, when I give forty,
After the half-year day, our Lady last.
Could I suspect my trust were lost in thee;
Or doubt thy youth had not ability
To carry out the weight of such a charge,
I then shou'd call on thee.
Spring. Sir, your indulgence,
I hope, shall ne'er corrupt me. Ne'ertheless,
The testimony of a fair discharge,
From time to time, will be encouragement
To virtue in me. You may then be pleas'd
To take here a survey of all your rents
[SPRINGLOVE *turns over the several books to his master.*
Receiv'd, and all such other payments as
Came to my hands, since my last audit, for
Cattle, wool, corn, all fruits of husbandry;
Then my receipts on bonds, and some new leases;
With some old debts, and almost desperate ones,
As well from country cavaliers as courtiers.
Then here, sir, are my several disbursements,
In all particulars for yourself and daughters,
In charge of house-keeping, buildings, and repairs;
Journies, apparel, coaches, gifts, and all
Expences for your personal necessaries.
Here—servants' wages, liveries, and cures.
Here—for supplies of horses, hawks, and hounds.
And lastly, not the least to be remembered,
Your large benevolences to the poor.
Old. Thy charity there goes hand-in-hand with mine,
And, Springlove, I commend it in thee, that
So young in years art grown so ripe in goodness.
May their heaven-piercing prayers bring on thee
Equal rewards with me!
Spring. Now here, sir, is
The balance of the several accompts,
Which shews you what remains in cash: which, added
To your former bank, makes up in all——
Old. Twelve thousand and odd pounds.
Spring. Here are the keys
Of all. The chests are safe in your own closet.
Old. Why in my closet? Is not yours as safe?
Spring. O, sir, you know my suit.
Old. Your suit! What suit?
Spring. Touching the time of year.
Old. 'Tis well-nigh May.—
Why, what of that, good Springlove?
Spring. O, sir, you hear I'm call'd.
[*Nightingale sings.*
Old. Fie, Springlove, fie,
I hope thou hast abjur'd that uncouth practice.
Spring. You thought I had forsaken nature then.
Old. Is that disease of nature still in thee
So virulent: and, notwithstanding all
My favours, in my gifts, my cares and counsels,
Which, to a soul ungrateful, might be boasted:
Have I first bred thee, and then preferr'd thee (from
I will not say how wretched a beginning)
To be a master over all my servants;
Planted thee in my bosom; and canst thou
There slight me for the whistling of a bird?
Spring. Your reason, sir, informs you, that's no cause:
But 'tis the season of the year that calls me.
What moves her notes, provokes my disposition,
By a more absolute power of Nature, than
Philosophy can render an account for.
Old. I find there's no expelling it; but still
It will return. I have try'd all the means,
As I may safely think, in human wisdom,
And did, as near as reason could, assure me,
That thy last year's restraint had stopp'd for ever
That running sore on thee, that gadding humour;
When, only for that cause, I laid the weight
Of my estate in stewardship upon thee,
Which kept thee in that year, after so many
Summer vagaries thou hadst made before.
Spring. You kept a swallow in a cage that while.
I cannot, sir, endure another summer
In that restraint, with life: 'twas then my torment,
But now my death. Yet, sir, my life is yours,
Who are my patron; freely may you take it.
Yet, pardon, sir, my frailty, that do beg
A small continuance of it on my knees.
Old. Can there no means be found to preserve life
In thee, but wandering like a vagabond?
Does not the sun as comfortably shine
Upon my gardens, as the opener fields?
Or on my fields, as others far remote?
Are not my walks and greens as delectable
As the highways and commons? Are the shades
Of sycamore and bowers of eglantine
Less pleasing, than of bramble, or thorn hedges?
Or of my groves and thickets, than wild woods?
Are not my fountain waters fresher than
The troubled streams, where every beast does drink?
Do not the birds sing here as sweet and lively
As any other where? Is not thy bed more soft,
And rest more safe, than in a field or barn?
Is a full table, which is called thine own,
Less curious or wholesome, than the scraps
From other trenchers, twice or thrice translated?
Spring. Yes, in the winter season, when the fire
Is sweeter than the air.
Old. What air is wanting?
Spring. O, sir, you have heard of pilgrimages, and
The voluntary travels of good men.

Old. For penance, or to holy ends: but bring
Not those into comparison, I charge you.
Spring. I do not, sir; but pardon me, to think
Their sufferings are much sweeten'd by delights,
Such as we find, by shifting place and air.
Old. Are there delights in beggary? or, if to take
Diversity of air be such a solace,
Travel the kingdom over: and if this
Yield not variety enough, try further;
Provided your deportment be genteel.
Take horse, and man, and money: you have all,
Or I'll allow enough.

Nightingale, Cuckow, &c. sing.

Spring. Oh! how am I confounded!
Dear sir, return me naked to the world,
Rather than lay those burdens on me, which
Will stifle me. I must abroad, or perish.
Old. I will no longer strive to wash this Moor;
Nor breathe more minutes so unthriftily,
In civil argument, against rude wind;
But rather practise to withdraw my love,
And tender care, (if it be possible,)
From that unfruitful breast, incapable
Of wholesome counsel.
Spring. Have I your leave, sir?
Old. I leave you to dispute it with yourself,
I have no voice to bid you go, or stay;
My love shall give thy will prehéminence;
And leave the effect to time and providence.
[*Exit.*
Spring. I am confounded in my obligation
To this good man: his virtue is my punishment,
When 'tis not in my nature to return
Obedience to his merits. I could wish
Such an ingratitude were death by th' law,
And put in present execution on me,
To rid me of my sharper suffering.
Nor but by death, can this predominant sway
Of nature be extinguish'd in me. I
Have fought with my affections, by th' assistance
Of all the strengths of art and discipline,
(All which I owe him for in education too,)
To conquer and establish my observance,
As in all other rules, to him in this,
This inborn strong desire of liberty,
In that free course, which he detests as shameful,
And I approve my earth's felicity:
But find the war is endless, and must fly.
What must I lose then? a good master's love.
What loss feels he, that wants not what he loses?
They'll say I lose all reputation:
What's that, to live where no such thing is known?
My duty to a master will be question'd.
Where duty isn't exacted, it is none;
And among beggars, each man is his own.

Enter RANDAL *and three or four Servants with a great kettle, and black-jacks, and a baker's basket, all empty; exeunt with all; manet* RANDAL.

Now fellows, what news from whence you came?
Ran. The old wonted news, sir, from your guest-house, the old barn. We have unlonded the bread-basket, the beef-kettle, and the [2] beer-bumbards there, amongst your guests the beggars; and they have all prayed for you and our master, as their manner is, from the teeth outward, marry, from the teeth inwards 'tis enough to swallow your alms, from whence I think the prayers seldom come.
Spring. Thou shouldst not think meritorably.
Ran. Thought's free, master steward, as you please you. But your charity is never the less notorious, I must needs say.
Spring. Meritorious, thou meanst to say.
Ran. Surely sir, no; 'tis out of our curate's book.
Spring. But I aspire no merits, nor popular thanks; 'tis well if I do well in it.
Ran. It might be better though (if old Randal, whom you allow to talk, might counsel) to help to breed up poor men's childeren, or decayed labourers, past their work or travel; or towards the setting up of poor young married couples; than to bestow an hundred pound a year (at least you do that, if not all you get) besides your master's bounty, to maintain in begging such wanderers as these, that never are out of their way; that cannot give account from whence they came, or whither they would; nor of any beginning they ever had, or any end they seek, but still to stroll and beg till their bellies be full, and then sleep till they be hungry.
Spring. Thou art ever repining at those poor people! they take nothing from thee but thy pains: and that I pay thee for too. Why shouldst thou grudge?
Ran. Am I not bitten to it every day, by the six-footed bloodhounds that they leave in their litter, when I throw out the old, to lay fresh straw for the new comers at night. That's one part of my office. And you are sure, that though your hospitality be but for a night and a mo

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[2] —— *beer bumbards.*—A bumbard was a large black-jack. In "*Philocothonista*, or, *The Drunard opened, dissected, and anatomized*," 4to. 1635, p. 45, is an enumeration of the names of such drinking-cups as were then used in England. "Other bottles wee have of leather, but they most used amongst the shepheards and harvest people of the countrey; small jacks wee have in many ale-houses of the citie and suburbs, tipt with silver, besides the great black-jack and *bombards* at the court, which, when the Frenchmen first saw, they reported at their returne into their countrey, that the Englishmen used to drinke out of their bootes."

ing for one rabble, to have a new supply every evening. They take nothing from me indeed, they give too much.

Spring. Thou art old Randal still! ever grumbling, but still officious for 'em.

Ran. Yes: hang 'em, they know I love 'em well enough, I have had merry bouts with some of them.

Spring. What say'st thou, Randal?

Ran. They are indeed my pastime. I left the merry grigs (as their provender has prick'd 'em) in such a hoigh yonder! such a frolick! you'll hear anon, as you walk nearer 'em.

Spring. Well, honest Randal, thus it is: I am for a journey; I know not how long will be my absence. But I will presently take order with the cook, [3] pantler, and butler, for my wonted allowance to the poor: and I will leave money with thee to manage the affair till my return.

Ran. Then up rise Randal, bailiff of the beggars.

Spring. And if our master be displeas'd (although the charge be mine) at the openness of the entertainment, thou shalt then give it proportionably in money, and let them walk further.

Ran. Pseugh! that will never do't, never do 'em good: 'tis the seat, the habitation, the rendezvous, that chears their hearts. Money would clog their consciences. Nor must I lose the musick of 'em in their lodging.

Spring. We will agree upon't anon. Go now about your business.

Ran. I go. Bailiff? nay steward and chamberlain, of the rogues and beggars. [*Exit.*

Spring. I cannot think but with a trembling fear
On this adventure, in a scruple, which
I have not weigh'd with all my other doubts;
I shall, in my departure, rob my master.
Of what? of a true servant; other theft
I have committed none. And that may be supplied,
And better too, by some more constant to him.
But I may injure many in his trust,
Which now he cannot but be sparing of.
I rob him too of the content and hopes
He had in me, whom he had built and rais'd
Unto that growth in his affection,
That I became a gladness in his eye,
And now must be a grief or a vexation
[*A noise and singing within.*
Unto his noble heart. But hark! Ay, there's
The harmony that drowns all doubts and fears.
A little nearer—

SONG.

From hunger and cold who lives more free,
Or who more richly clad than we?
Our bellies are full; our flesh is warm;
And against pride our rags are a charm.
Enough is our feast, and for to-morrow,
Let rich men care, we feel no sorrow,
No sorrow, no sorrow, no sorrow, no sorrow.
Let rich men care, we feel no sorrow.

Spring. The emperor hears no such musick; nor
Feels content like this.

Each city, each town, and every village,
Affords us either an alms or pillage.
And if the weather be cold and raw,
Then in a barn we tumble in straw.
If warm and fair, by yea-cock and nay-cock,
The fields will afford us a hedge or a hay-cock,
A hay-cock, a hay-cock, a hay-cock, a hay-cock, &c.

Spring. Most ravishing delight! but, in all this,
Only one sense is pleas'd; mine ear is feasted:
Mine eye too must be satisfied with my joys.
The hoarding usurer cannot have more
Thirsty desire to see his golden store,
When he unlocks his treasury, than I
The equipage in which my beggars lie.
[*He opens the Scene; the Beggars are discover'd in their postures; then they issue forth; and at last the Patrico.*

All. Our master, our master! our sweet and comfortable master!

Spring. How chear, my hearts?

1*st Beg.* Most [4] crowse, most capringly.
Shall we dance, shall we sing, to welcome our king?
Strike up piper, a merry merry dance,
That we on our stampers may foot it and prance,
To make his heart merry, as he has made ours:
As [5] lustick and frolick as lords in their bowers.
[*Musick, Dance.*

Spring. Exceeding well perform'd.

1*st Beg.* 'Tis well, if [6] it like you, master. But we have not that rag among us, that we will not dance off to do you service; we being all and only your servants, most noble sir. Command us therefore, and employ us, we beseech you.

Spring. Thou speak'st most courtly.

2*d Beg.* Sir, he can speak, and could have writ as well. He is a decay'd poet, newly fallen

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[3] *Pantler.*—*The Pantler* was the officer who presided over the *pantry*, as the butler over the buttery, and the haistiller over the haistery. See Notes to *The Northumberland Household Book*, p. 417.

[4] *Crowse.*—These terms are explained at the end of this play.

[5] *Lustick*—i. e. As lusty, as jovial. *Lustigh* is a Dutch word, with those significations.——See Note on *All's Well that ends Well*, A. 2. S. 3:

"*Lustick*, as the Dutchman says." S.

[6] *It like you.*—See Note to *Cornelia*, Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. II. p. 243.

in among us: and begs as well as the best of us. He learn'd it pretty well in his own profession before; and can the better practise it in ours now.

Spring. Thou art a wit too, it seems.

3d Beg. He should have wit and knavery too, sir; for he was an attorney, till he was pitch'd over the bar; and, from that fall, he was taken up a knight of the post; and so he continued, till he was degraded at the whipping-post; and from thence he ran resolutely into this course. His cunning in the law, and the other's labour with the Muses, are dedicate to your service; and, for myself, I'll fight for you.

Spring. Thou art a brave fellow, and speak'st like a commander. Hast thou borne arms?

4th Beg. Sir, he has borne the name of a Netherland soldier, till he ran away from his colours, and was taken home with lying in the fields, by a Sciatica: I mean, sir, the Strapado: after which, by a second retreat, indeed running away, he[7] scambled into this country, and so escap'd the gallows; and then snapp'd up his living in the city, by his wit in cheating, pumping, and such-like arts, till the cart and the pillory shew'd him too publickly to the world: and so, begging being the last refuge, he enter'd into our society, and now lives as honestly, I must needs say, as the best of us.

Spring. Thou speak'st good language too.

1st Beg. He was a courtier born, sir, and begs on pleasure, I assure you; refusing great and constant means from able friends to make him a staid man: yet, the want of a leg notwithstanding, he must travel in this kind, against all common reason, by the special policy of providence.

Spring. As how, I pr'y thee?

1st Beg. His father, sir, was a courtier; a great court-beggar, I assure you: I made these verses on him, and his son here.

A courtier begg'd by covetise, not need,
From others that, which made them beg, indeed.
He begg'd till wealth had laden him with cares,
To keep for's children, and their children, shares:
While the oppress'd, that lost that great estate,
Sent curses after it unto their fate.
The father dies (the world says) very rich:
The son being gotten, while (it seems) the itch
Of begging was upon the courtly sire,
Or bound by fate, will to no wealth aspire,
Tho' offer'd him in money, cloaths, or meat,
More than he begs, or instantly must eat.
Is not he heavenly blest that hates earth's treasure,
And begs with, what's a gentleman, but 's pleasure?

Or say it be upon the heir a curse;
What's that to him? the beggar's ne'er the worse.
For of the general store that Heaven has sent,
He values not a penny, 'till 't be spent.

All. A Scribble, a Scribble!

2d Beg. What city or court-poet could say more than our badge-horse-monger here?

3d Beg. What say you, sir, to our poet Scribble, here?

Spring. I like his vein exceeding well, and the whole concert of you.

2d Beg. Concert, sir! we have musicians too among us: true merry beggars indeed, that being within the reach of the lash for singing libellous songs at London, were fain to fly into our covey, and here they sing all our poet's ditties. They can sing any thing most tunably, sir, but psalms. What they may do hereafter, under a triple tree, is much expected: but they live very civilly and genteelly among us.

Spring. But what is he there, that solemn old fellow, that neither speaks of himself, nor any body for him?

2d Beg. O sir, the rarest man of all: he is a prophet. See how he holds up his prognosticating nose. He is divining now.

Spring. How, a prophet?

2d Beg. Yes, sir, a cunning man, and a fortune-teller. 'Tis thought he was a great clerk before his decay; but he is very close; will not tell his beginning, nor the fortune he himself is fallen from; but he serves us for a clergyman still, and marries us, if need be, after a new way of his own.

Spring. How long have you had his company?

2d Beg. But lately come amongst us; but a very ancient stroller all the land over, and has travelled with gipsies; and is a patrico. Shall he read your fortune, sir?

Spring. If it please him.

Pat. Lend me your hand, sir.

By this palm, I understand
Thou art born to wealth and land;
And after many a bitter gust,
Shalt build with thy great grandsire's dust.

Spring. Where shall I find it? But come, I'll not trouble my head with the search.

2d Beg. What say you, sir, to our crew? Are we not well congregated?

Spring. You are a jovial crew: the only people whose happiness I admire.

3d Beg. Will you make us happy in serving you? Have you any enemies? Shall we fight under you? Will you be our captain?

2d Beg. Nay, our king.

3d Beg. Command us something, sir.

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[7] *Scambled.*—See Note 35 on *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, Vol. II. p. 251.

Spring. Where's the next rendezvous?

1st Beg. Neither in village nor in town;
But three mile off, at [8] Maple-down.

Spring. At evening, there I'll visit you.

[9] SONG.

Come, come, away; the spring
(By every bird that can but sing,
Or chirp a note,) doth now invite
Us forth, to taste of his delight.
In field, in grove, on hill, in dale:
But above all, the nightingale;
Who in her sweetness strives t' out-do
The loudness of the hoarse cuckoo.
Cuckoo, cries he; Jug, Jug, Jug, sings she,
From bush to bush, from tree to tree.
Why in one place then tarry we?

Come away; why do we stay?
We have no debt or rent to pay:
No bargains or accounts to make;
Nor land, nor lease, to let or take:
Or if we had, should that remore us,
When all the world's our own before us?
And where we pass, and make resort,
It is our kingdom and our court.
Cuckoo, cries, &c. [Exeunt Cantantes.

Spring. So now away.
They dream of happiness that live in state;
But they enjoy it that obey their fate.

ACT II.

Enter VINCENT, HILLIARD, MERIEL, RACHEL.

Vin. I am overcome with admiration at the felicity they take!

Hil. Beggars! they are the only people can boast the benefit of a free state, in the full enjoyment of liberty, mirth, and ease; having all things in common, and nothing wanting of Nature's whole provision within the reach of their desires. Who would have lost this sight of their revels?

Vin. How think you, ladies? Are they not the only happy in a nation?

Mer. Happier than we, I'm sure, that are pent up and ty'd by the nose to the continual steam of hot hospitality here, in our father's house, when they have the air at pleasure, in all variety.

Rach. And though I know we have merrier spirits than they, yet to live thus confin'd, stifles us.

Hil. Why, ladies, you have liberty enough; or may take what you please.

Mer. Yes, in our father's rule and government, or by his allowance! What's that to absolute freedom; such as the very beggars have; to feast and revel here to-day, and yonder to-morrow; next day, where they please; and so on still, the whole country or kingdom over? There's liberty! the birds of the air can take no more.

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[8] *Maple-down.*—In Kent on the north-west side of Wrotham.

[9] *Song.*—On the revival of this play, the following song was substituted, instead of that in the text:

I.

" Courtiers, courtiers, think it no scorn,
That silly poor swains in love should be:
Love lies hid in rags all torn,
As well as in silks and bravery.

Chorus.

" And the beggar he loves his lass as dear
As he that has thousands, thousands, thousands;
As he that has thousand pounds a year.

II.

" States and titles are pitiful things;
The meanest estate more pleasing does prove:
Lords and ladies, princes and kings,
With beggars have equal charms in love.

Chorus.

" And the beggar," &c.

[*Exeunt Cantantes.*

Rach. And then at home here, or wheresoever he comes, our father is so pensive, (what muddy spirit soever possesses him, would I could conjure it out!) that he makes us even sick of his sadness, that were wont to *see my gossip's cock to-day, mould cockle-bread, dance clutterdepouch and hannykin boobo, binde barrels*, or do any thing before him, and he would laugh at us.

Mer. Now he never looks upon us but with a sigh, or tears in his eyes, though we simper ever so sanctifiedly. What tales have been told him of us, or what he suspects, I know not. God forgive him; I do's but I am weary of his house.

Rach. Does he think us whores ire, because sometimes we talk as hotly as great ladies. I can swear safely for the virginity of one of us, so far as word and deed goes: marry, thought's free.

Mer. Which is that one of us, I pray? Yourself, or me?

Rach. Good sister Meriel, charity begins at home: but I'll swear, I think as charitably of thee; and not only because thou art a year younger neither.

Mer. I am beholden to you. But for my father, I would I knew his grief, and how to cure him, or that we were where we could not see it. It spoils our mirth; and that has been better than his meat to us.

Vin. Will you hear our motion, ladies?

Mer. Pseugh! you would marry us presently out of his way, because he has given you a foolish kind of promise: but we will see him in a better humour first, and [10]as apt to laugh as we to lie down, I warrant him.

Hil. 'Tis like that course will cure him, would you embrace it.

Rach. We will have him cur'd first, I tell you; and you shall wait that season, and our leisure.

Mer. I will rather hazard my being one of the devil's ape-leaders, than to marry while he is melancholy.

Rach. Or I to stay in his house, to give entertainment to this knight, or t'other coxcomb, that comes to chear him up with eating of his chear: when we must fetch 'em sweetmeats, and they must tell us, "Bodins, your lips are sweeter," and then fall into courtship, one, in a set speech, taken out of "Old Brotton's Works," another, with verses out of "The Academy of Compliments," or some or other of the new poetical pamphleteers, ambitious only to spoil paper, and publish their names in print. And then to be kiss'd, and sometimes shiver'd——fugh!

Mer. 'Tis not to be endur'd. We must out of the house. We cannot live but by laughing and that mood, and nobody sad with us.

Vin. We are for any adventure, ladies. Shall we [illegible] a journey? Your father has trusted you, and will be glad to see you safe in our company; and we can [illegible] abroad upon some progress with you. We'll make a fling to London, and [illegible] appears there in the Spring, [illegible] Hyde Park, to see the races, [illegible] to hear the jockies crack; and see the [11]Adamites run naked afore the ladies?

Rach. We have seen all already there, as well as they, last year.

Hil. But there ha' been new plays since.

Rach. No, no; we are not for London.

Hil. What think you of a journey to the Bath then?

Rach. Worse than t' other way. I love not to carry my health where others drop their diseases. There's no sport i' that.

Vin. Will you up to the hill-top of sports then, and merriments, [14]Dover's Olimpicks, or the Cotswold Games?

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[10] *As apt to laugh as we to lie down.*—Alluding to the old game at cards, called *Laugh and lie down.* S. P.

[11] *Old Breton.*—See Note 20 to *The Goblins*, Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. X. p. 172.

[12] *Academy of Compliments.*—A popular book, in great reputation with the lower ranks of readers. It was composed of verses, letters, &c.

[13] *Adamites.*—A sect which sprung up at Amsterdam. Both men and women used to pray, and perform all divine services naked.

[14] *Dover's Olimpicks, or the Cotswold Games.*—"These games were begun, and continued, at a certain time in the year, for forty years, by one *Robert Dover*, an attorney of Barton on the Heath, in Warwickshire, son of *John Dover* of Norfolk; who, being full of activity, and of a generous, free, and public spirit, did, with leave from King James the 1st, select a place on Cotswold Hills, in Gloucestershire, whereon those games should be acted. Endimion Porter, Esq. a native of that county, and a servant to that King, a person also of a most generous spirit, did, to encourage *Dover*, give him some of the King's old cloaths, with a hat and feather and ruff, purposely to grace him, and consequently the solemnity. *Dover* was constantly there in person, well mounted and accoutred, and was the chief director and manager of those games, frequented by the nobility and gentry (some of whom came sixty miles to see them) even till the rascally rebellion was began by the Presbyterians; which gave a stop to their proceedings, and spoiled all that was generous or ingenious elsewhere."—This is Wood's account, *Ath. Oxon.* Vol. II. 812. In 1636 was published *Annalia Dubrensia, upon the yearly celebration of Mr Robert Dover's Olympic Games upon Cotswold Hills*, &c. containing verses by Drayton, Randolph, Ben Jonson, Feltham, Mennis, Marmyon, Heywood, and others. Prefixed to it is a plate, representing the games and sports, and Captain Dover on horseback, riding from place to place.

Mer. No, that will be too publick for our recreation. We would have it more within ourselves.

Hil. Think of some course yourselves then. We are for you upon any way, as far as horse and money can carry us.

Vin. Ay, and if those means fail us, as far as our legs can bear, or our hands can help us.

Rach. And we will put you to't. Come aside, Meriel——

Vin. Some jeer, perhaps, to put upon us.

Hil. What think you of a pilgrimage to [15] St Winifride's Well?

Vin. Or a journey to the Wise Woman at Nantwich, to ask if we be fit husbands for 'em?

Hil. [illegible] not scrupulous in that, we having had their growing loves up from our childhoods, and the old squire's good-will before all men.

Rach. } Ha! ha! ha!——
Mer. }

Vin. What's the conceit, I marvel?

Rach. } Ha! ha! ha!——
Mer. }

Hil. Some merry one, it seems.

Rach. And then, Meriel—hark again——ha! ha! ha!

Vin. How they are taken with it!

Mer. Ha! ha! ha!—hark again, Rachel!

Hil. Some wonderful nothing, sure! They will laugh as much, to see a swallow fly with a white feather [16] imp'd in her tail.

Vin. They were born laughing, I think.

Rach. } Ha! ha! ha!——
Mer. }

Vin. If it be not some trick upon us, which they'll discover in some monstrous shape, they cozen me. Now, ladies, is your project ripe? [17] Possess us with the knowledge of it.

Rach. It is more precious than to be imparted upon a slight demand.

Hil. Pray let us hear it: you know we are your trusty servants.

Vin. And have kept all your counsels ever since we have been infant play-fellows.

Rach. Yes, you have play'd at all kinds of small game with us; but this is to the purpose. Ha! ha! ha!——

Hil. It seems so, by your laughing.

Rach. And asks a stronger tongue-tie than tearing of books, burning of samplers, making dirt-pies, or piss and paddle in't.

Vin. You know how, and what we have vow'd; to wait upon you any how, and any whither.

Mer. And you will stand to't?

Hil. Ay, and go to't with you, wherever it be.

Mer. Pray tell't 'em, sister Rachel.

Rach. Why, gentlemen,—ha! ha!——thus it is——tell it you, Meriel.

Vin. O, is that all?

Mer. You are the elder. Pray tell it you.

Rach. You are the younger. I command you to tell it. Come, out with it, they long to have it.

Hil. When?

Vin. When?

Mer. In troth, you must tell it, sister; I cannot. Pray begin.

Rach. Then, gentlemen, stand your ground.

Vin. Some terrible business, sure!

Rach. You seem'd e'en now to admire the felicity of beggars.

Mer. And have engag'd yourself to join with us in any course.

Rach. Will you now with us, and for our sakes, turn beggars?

Mer. It is our resolution, and our injunction on you.

Rach. But for a time, and a short progress.

Mer. And for a spring-trick of youth, now, in the season.

Vin Beggars! what rogues are these?

Hil. A simple trial of our loves and service!

Rach. Are you resolv'd upon't? if not, God be with you.
We are resolved to take our course.

Mer. Let yours be to keep counsel.

Vin. Stay, stay. Beggars! are we not so already? [ings?
Don't we now beg your loves, and your enjoy-
Do we not beg to be receiv'd your servants?
To kiss your hands; or, if you will vouchsafe,
Your lips; or your embraces?

Hil. We now beg,
That we may fetch the rings and priest to marry us:
Wherein are we no beggars?

Rach. That will not serve. Your time's not come for that yet.
You shall beg victuals first.

Vin. O, I conceive your begging progress is to ramble out this summer among your father's tenants; and 'tis in request among gentlemen's daughters to devour their cheese-cakes, apple-pies, cream and custards, [18] flapjacks, and pan-puddings.

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[15] *St Winifride's Well.*—Near Holywell, in the county of Flint.—See Pennant's *Tour in North Wales*, 1773, p. 28.

[16] *Imp'd.*—Junius, in his Etymologicon, explains *Imp* in this manner: "Surculus. *Imped*, Insertus. cymræis imp est Surculus. impio, *Inoculare, inserere.*"

[17] *Possess us*, &c.—See Note 7 to *The City Night-cap*, postea.

[18] *Flapjacks.*—*A flapjack* is a provincial term for an apple-puff. S.
So, in *Pericles*, A. 2. S. 1:
"Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for all day; fish for fasting-days and more; or puddings and *flapjacks*: and thou shalt be welcome."

Mer. No, no, not so.
Hil. Why so we may be a kind of civil beggars.
Rach. I mean stark, errant, downright beggars. Ay,
Without equivocation: statute beggars.
Mer. Couchant and passant, guardant, rampant beggars.
Vin. Current and vagrant———
Hil. Stockant, whippant beggars!
Vin. Must you and we be such? would you so have it?
Rach. Such as we saw so merry; and you concluded
Were the only happy people in a nation.
Mer. The only freemen of a commonwealth;
Free above Scot-free; that observe no law,
Obey no governor, use no religion,
But what they draw from their own ancient custom,
Or constitute themselves, yet are no rebels.
Rach. Such as of all men's meat, and all men's money,
Take a free part; and wheresoe'er they travel,
Have all things *gratis* to their hands provided.
Vin. Coarse fare, most times.
Rach. Their stomach makes it good,
And feasts on that which others scorn for food.
Mer. The antidote, content, is only theirs.
And, unto that, such full delights are known,
That they conceive the kingdom is their own.
Vin. 'Fore Heaven I think they are in earnest; for they were always mad.
Hil. And we were madder than they if we should lose 'em.
Vin. 'Tis but a mad trick of youth, as they say, for the spring, or a short progress; and mirth may be made out of it, if we knew how to carry it.
Rach. Pray, gentlemen, be sudden.
Harkee, you hear the cuckoo. [*Cuckoo.*
Hil. We are most resolutely for you in your course.
Vin. But the vexation is how to set it on foot.
Rach. We have projected it. Now if you be perfect lovers and friends, search you the means. We have puzzled them.
Mer. I am glad on't. Let 'em pump.
Vin. 'Troth, a small stock will serve to set up withal. This coat sold off o' my back, might serve to furnish a camp-royal of us.
Hil. But how to enter or arrange ourselves into the crew, will be the difficulty. If we light raw and tame amongst them, (like cage-birds among a flight of wild ones,) we shall never pick up a living, but have our brains peck'd out.
Vin. We want instructions dearly.

Enter SPRINGLOVE.

Hil. O here comes Springlove. His great benefactorship among the beggars might prefer us with authority into a ragged regiment presently. Shall I put it to him?
Rach. Take heed what you do. His greatness with my father will betray us.
Vin. I will cut his throat then. My noble Springlove, the great [19] commander of the Maunders, and king of Canters, we saw the gratitude of your loyal subjects, in the large tributary content they gave you in their revels.
Spring. Did you, sir?
Hil. We have seen all with great delight and admiration.
Spring. I have seen you too, kind gentlemen and ladies, and overheard you in your strange design, to new-create yourselves out of the worldly blessings and spiritual graces Heaven has bestow'd upon you, to be partakers and co-actors too, in those vile courses, which you call delights, ta'en by those despicable and [illegible]morr'd creatures.
Vin. Thou art a despiser, nay, a blasphemer
Against the Maker of those happy creatures;
Who, of all humane, have priority
In their content; in which they are so blest,
That they enjoy most in possessing least.
Who made 'em such, dost think? Or why so happy?
Rach. He grows zealous in the cause: sure he'll beg, indeed.
Hil. Art thou an hypocrite then, all this while?
Only pretending charity; or using it
To get a name and praise unto thyself,
And not to cherish and increase those creatures
In their most happy way of living? Or
Dost thou bestow thine alms with a foul purpose,
[20] To stint their begging, and with loss to buy
And slave those free souls from their liberty?
Mer. They are more zealous in the cause than we.
Spring. But are you, ladies, at defiance too
With reputation, and the dignity
Due to your father's house and you?
Rach. Hold thy peace, good Springlove; and tho'
You seem to dislike this course, and reprove us for it,
Do not betray us in it; your throat's in question.
I tell you for good-will, good Springlove.
Mer. What would'st thou have us do? Thou talk'st
O' th' house. 'Tis a base melancholy house.
Our father's sadness banishes us out on't.

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[19] —— *commander of the* Maunders—*i. e.* the Beggars: from *maund*, a basket, in which alms was anciently given to the poor. Hence, says Spelman, our *Maundy* Thursday.
[20] *To* stint *their begging.*—To *stint*, is to stay, to stop. So the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"It *stinted* and cry'd, ay."
See the Note on that passage, last edition. S.

And for the delight thou tak'st in [21] beggars
And their brawls, thou can'st not but think
They live a better life abroad, than we
Do in this house.
Spring. I have sounded your faith; and I am glad
I find you all right. And for your father's sadness,
I'll tell you the cause on't. I overheard it
But this day, in private discourse with .
His merry mate, Mr Hearty: he has been told
By some wizard, that you both were born
To be beggars.
All. How! How!
Spring. For which he is so tormented in mind, that he
Cannot sleep in peace, nor look upon you
But with heart's grief.
Vin. This is most strange!
Rach. Let him be grieved then, till we are beggars:
We have just reason to become so now;
And what 've thought on but in jest before,
We'll do in earnest now.
Spring. O, I applaud this resolution in you:
Would have persuaded it; will be
Your servant in't. For, look ye, ladies,
The sentence of your fortune does not say,
That you shall beg for need, hunger, or cold
Necessity. If, therefore, you expose yourselves
On pleasure into it, you shall absolve
Your destiny nevertheless, and cure
Your father's grief. I am overjoy'd
To think on't; and will assist you faithfully.
All. A Springlove! a Springlove!
Spring. I am prepar'd already for the adventure,
And will with all conveniences furnish
And set you forth; give you your dimensions,
Rules, and directions: I will be your guide,
Your guard, your convoy, your authority.
You do not know my power; my command
I' th' beggars commonwealth.
Vin. But how, but how, good Mr Springlove?
Spring. I'll confess all. In my minority
My master took me up a naked beggar;
Bred me at school; then took me to his service,
You know in what good fashion; and you may
Collect to memory for seven late summers,
Either by leave, pretending friends to see
At far remote parts of the land, or else
By stealth, I would absent myself from service,
To follow my own pleasure, which was begging,
Led to't by nature. My indulgent master,
Yet ignorant of my course, on my submission,
When cold and hunger forc'd me back at winter,
Receiv'd me still again. 'Till two years since,
He being drawn by journey towards the North,
Where I then quarter'd with a ragged crew;
On the highway, not dreaming of him there,
I did accost him with a *Good your worship,*
The gift of one small penny to a cripple;
(For here I was with him;) *and the good Lord*
To bless you, and restore it you in heaven.
[*Halts.*
All. Ha, ha, ha.
Spring. My head was dirty-clouted, and this leg
Swadled with rags, the other naked, and
My body clad like his upon the gibbet.
Yet he, with searching eyes, through all my rags
And counterfeit postures, made discovery
Of his man Springlove; chid me into tears,
And a confession of my forespent life.
At last, upon condition that vagary
Should be the last, he gave me leave to run
That Summer out. In Autumn, home came I
In my home cloaths again, and former duty.
My master not alone conserv'd my counsel, [me;
But lays more weighty trust and charge upon
Such was his love to keep me a home-man,
That he conferred his steward's place upon me,
Which clogg'd me the last year, from those delights,
I wou'd not lose again to be his lord.
All. A Springlove! a Springlove!
Spring. Pursue the course you are on then, as chearfully
As the inviting season smiles upon you;
Think, how you are necessitated to it,
To quit your father's sadness, and his fears
Touching your fortune. 'Till you have been beggars
The sword hangs over him. You cannot think
Upon an act of greater piety
Unto your father, than t' expose yourselves
Brave volunteers, unpress'd by common need
Into this meritorious warfare; whence
(After a few days, or short season, spent)
You bring him a perpetual peace and joy,
By expiating the prophecy that torments him.
'Twere worth your time in painful woful steps,
With your lives hazard in a pilgrimage,
So to redeem a father. But you'll find
A progress of such pleasure (as I'll govern it)
That the most happy courts could never boast
In all their [22] trampings on the countries cost;

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[21] ——— *beggars*
And their brawls.—So, in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, A. 2. S. 2. Dame Chat says,

> "Shall such a *begars brawle* as that, thinkest thou, make me a theefe?
> The pocks light on her hores sydes, a pestilence and mischeefe."—Vol. I. p. 112.

[22] —— *trampings.*—1st edit. *tramplings.*

Whose envy we shall draw, when they shall read,
We out-beg them, and for as little need.
All. A Springlove! a Springlove! [fully
Spring. Follow me, gallants, then, as chear-
As—(hark! we are summon'd forth.)
[*Birds singing.*
All. We follow thee.—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter RANDAL; *a purse in his hand.*

Ran. Well, go thy ways. If ever any just or charitable steward was commended, sure thou shalt be at the last quarter-day. Here's five-and-twenty pounds for this quarter's beggar's charge. And (if he return not by the end of this quarter) here's order to a friend to supply for the next. If I now shou'd venture for the commendation of an unjust steward, and turn this money to mine own use! Ha! dear devil! tempt me not. I'll do thee service in a greater matter. But to rob the poor! (a poor trick) every churchwarden can do it. Now something whispers me, that my master, for his steward's love, will supply the poor, as I may handle the matter. Then I rob the steward, if I restore him not the money at his return. Away, temptation, leave me. I am frail flesh; yet I will fight with thee. But say the steward never return. O but he will return. Perhaps he may not return. Turn from me Satan: strive not to clog my conscience. I wou'd not have this weight upon 't for all thy kingdom.

Enter HEARTY, *singing, and* OLDRENTS.

Hear. *Hey down, hey down, a down,* &c.
Remember, sir, your covenant to be merry.
Old. I strive, you see, to be so.
Yet something pricks me within, methinks.
Hear. No further thought, I hope, of Fortune's tell-tales.
Old. I think not of 'em. Nor will I presage,
That when a disposition of sadness
O'erclouds my spirits, I shall therefore hear
Ill news, or shortly meet with some disaster.
Hear. Nay, when a man meets with bad tidings, why
May not he then compel his mind to mirth;
As well as puling stomachs are made strong
By eating against appetite.
Old. Forc'd mirth tho' is not good.
Hear. It relishes not, you'll say. No more does meat
That is most savory, to a long sick stomach,
Until by strife and custom 'tis made good.
Old. You argue well; but do you see yon fellow?
Hear. I never noted him so sad before.
He neither sings, nor whistles.
Old. Something troubles him.
Can he force mirth out of himself now, think you?
Hear. What speak you of a clod of earth; a hind?
But one degree above a beast, compar'd
To the airy spirit of a gentleman.
Old. He looks, as he came laden with ill news,
To meet me on my way.
Hear. 'Tis very pretty. Suppose the ass
Be tir'd with sadness; will you disburthen him
To load yourself? Think of your covenant to be merry,
In spite of Fortune and her riddle-makers.
Old. Why, how now, Randal! Where's Springlove?
Hear. He's ever in his care. But that I know
The old squire's virtue, I should think Springlove
Were sure his bastard.
Ran. Here's his money, sir.
I pray that I be charged with it no longer.
The devil and I have strain'd courtesy these two
hours about it. I would not be corrupted
with the trust of more than is mine own. Mr
Steward gave it me, sir, to order it for the beggars.
He has made me steward of the barn and them,
while he is gone (he says) a journey, to survey
and measure lands abroad about the country,
some purchase, I think, for your worship.
Old. I know his measuring of land. He is
Gone his old way; and let him go.
Am not I merry, Hearty?
Hear. Yes; but not hearty merry. There's
a whim, now.
Old. The poor's charge shall be mine. Keep
you the money for him.
Ran. Mine is the greater charge then.
Knew you but my temptations and my cares,
You would discharge me of it.
Old. Ha, ha, ha.
Ran. I have not had it so many minutes, as I have been in several minds about it; and most of them dishonest.
Old. Go then and give it to one of my daughters to keep for Springlove.
Ran. O, I thank your worship— [*Exit.*
Old. Alas, poor knave! How hard a task it is to alter custom!
Hear. And how easy for money to corrupt it!
What a pure treasurer would he make!
Old. All were not born for weighty offices;
Which makes me think of Springlove.
He might have ta'en his leave, tho'.
Hear. I hope he's run away with some large trust;
I never lik'd such demure down-look'd fellows.
Old. You are deceiv'd in him.
Hear. If you be not, 'tis well. But this is from the covenant.
Old. Well, sir, I will be merry. I am resolv'd
To force my spirit only unto mirth.
Shou'd I hear now my daughters were misled
Or run-a-way, I wou'd not send a sigh
To fetch 'em back.
Hear. T'other old song for that.

SONG.

There was an old fellow at Waltham-Cross,
Who merrily sung when he liv'd by the loss.

He never was heard to sigh with hey-ho,
But sent it out with a heigh trolly-lo.
He chear'd up his heart, when his goods went to wreck,
With a hem, boy, hem, and a cup of old sack.

Old. Is that the way on't? Well, it shall be mine, then.

Enter RANDAL.

Ran. My mistresses are both abroad, sir.

Old. How! since when?

Ran. On foot, sir, two hours since, with the two gentlemen their lovers. Here's a letter they left with the butler: And there's a muttering in the house.

Old. I will not read nor open it; but conceive
Within myself the worst that can befal them;
That they are lost, and no more mine. What follows?
That I am happy; and all my cares are flown.
The counsel I anticipated from
My friend, shall serve [23] to set my rest upon,
Without all further helps, to jovial mirth;
Which I will force out of my spleen so freely,
That grief shall lose her name, where I have being;
And sadness from my furthest foot of land,
While I have life, be banish'd.

Hear. What's the whim now?

Old. My tenants shall sit rent-free for this twelve-month;

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[23] —— *to set my rest upon.—To set up a rest*, is a phrase which occurs in almost every poet in the times of James and Charles. It is taken from terms used at the *game of Primero*, and perhaps at other games then played. The following, amongst other instances, will be sufficient to prove it:

Nugæ Antiquæ, Vol. II. p. 31:

"The other tale I wold tell of a willinge and wise loss, I have hearde dyversly tolde. Some tell it of Kyng Phillip and a favoryt of his; some of our worthy Kyng Henry VIII. and Domingo; and I may call it a tale, becawse perhappes it is but a tale: but thus they tell it: The Kinge, 55 eldest hand, *sets up all restes*, and discarded flush; Domingo or Dundego, call him how you will, helde it uppon 49, or som such game; when all *restes wear up*, and they had discarded, the Kinge threw his 55 on the boord open, with great lafter, supposing the game (as yt was) in a manner sewer. Domingo was at his last carde incownter'd flush, as the standers-by saw, and tolde the daye after; but seeing the Kinge so mery, would not for a rest at primero put him owt of that pleasawnt conceyt, and put up his cardes quietly, yeelding it lost."

Supposes, by Gascoigne, A. 3. S. 2:

"This amorous cause, that hangs in controversy betwixt Domine Doctor and me, may be compared to them that play at *primero*, of whom one peradventure shall leese a great sum of money before he win one stake; and at last, half in anger, *shall set up his rest*; win it, and after that another, another, and another; till at last he draw the most part of the money to his heap: the other by little and little, still diminishing his rest till," &c.

Prologue to *Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

"Gentlemen, you that can play at noddy, or rather play upon noddies, you that can *set up a rest at primero* instead of a rest, laugh," &c.

Churchyards *Challenge*, p. 62:

"On which resolution the soldier *sets up his rest*, and commonly hazards the winning or loosing of as great a thing as life may be worth."

Ibid:

"Spoyle brings home plagues to wife and children both,
When husband hath at play *set up his rest*."

Women Pleas'd, by Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 5. S. 1:

"—— be sure you hit it right,
Or I'll be sure you shall not scape the danger."

"Sil. *My rest is up* now, madam.
Duch. Then play 't cunningly."

Elder Brother, by Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 5. S. 1:

"Eust. *My rest is up*,
Nor will I give less.
Char. I'm no gamester, Eustace,
Yet I can guess your resolution stands
To win, or lose all," &c.

And all my servants have their wages doubled;
And so shall be my charge in house-keeping.
I hope my friends will find and put me to't.
Hear. For them I'll be your undertaker, sir:
But this is overdone; I do not like it.
Old. And for thy news, the money that thou hast
Is now thine own. I'll make it good to Spring-love.
Be sad with it, and leave me. For I tell thee
I'll purge my house of stupid melancholy.
Ran. I'll be as merry as the charge that's under me.
[*A confus'd noise within of laughing and singing, and one crying out.*
The beggars, sir, do you hear them in the barn?
Old. I'll double their allowance too, that they may
Double their numbers, and increase their noise:
These bear not sound enough; and one, methought,
Cry'd out among them.
Ran. By a most natural cause. For there's a doxy
Has been in labour, sir, and 'tis their custom,
With songs and shouts to drown the woman's cries.
A ceremony which they use, not for
Devotion, but to keep off notice of
The work they have in hand. Now she is in
The straw it seems; and they are quiet.
Hear. The straw! that's very proper there.
That's Randal's whim.
Old. We will have such a lying-in, and such
A christening! such upsitting and gossipping!
I mean to send forty miles circuit at the least,
To draw in all the beggars can be found;
And such devices we will have for jollity,
As fame shall boast to all posterity.
Am I not merry, Hearty? hearty merry.
Hear. Wou'd you were else. I fear this overdoing.
Old. I'll do 't for expiation of a crime,
That's charg'd upon my conscience till 't be done.
Hear. What's that? what says he?
Old. We will have such a festival month on't,
Randal— [cost:
Ran. Sir, you may spare the labour and the
They'll never thank you for't. They'll not endure
A ceremony that is not their own,
Belonging either to the child or mother.
A month, sir! they'll not be detain'd so long
For your estate: their work is done already;
The bantling's born; the doxy's in the strummel;
Laid by an Autumn mort of their own crew,
That serv'd for midwife; and the child-bed woman
Eating of hasty-pudding for her supper,
And the child part of it for pap,
I warrant you, by this time; then to sleep;
So to rise early to regain the strength
By travel which she lost by travail.
Hear. There's Randal again.
Old. Can this be!
Ran. She'll have the bantling at her back to-morrow,
That was to day in her belly, and march a-foot
Back with it.
Hear. Art there again, old Randal?
Ran. And for their gossipping, now you are so nigh,
If you'll look in, I doubt not, but you'll find 'em
At their high feast already.
Hear. Pray, let's see 'em, sir.

RANDAL *opens the Scene. The Beggars discovered at their Feast. After they have scrambled awhile at their Victuals; this Song.*

Here safe in our [24] skipper, *let's* cly *off our* peck,
And bowse *in defiance o' th'* Harman-beck.
Here's pannum *and* lap, *and good* [illegible] *of* Yarrum,
To fill up the crib, *and to comfort the* quarron.

Now bowse a round health to the go-well and come-well
Of Cicely Bumtrincket that lies in the strummel.
Now bowse a round health to the go-well and come-well
Of Cicely Bumtrincket that lies in the strummel.

Here's ruffpeck *and* casson, *and all of the best,*
And scraps of the dainties of gentry cofe's *feast.*
Here's grunter *and* bleater, *with* tib of the butt'ry,
And Margery Prater, *all dress'd without slutt'ry.*
For all this bene cribbing *and* peck *let us then,*
Bowse *a health to the* gentry cofe *of the* ken.

Now bowse *a round health to the go-well and come-well*
Of Cicely Bumtrincket that lies in the strummel.

Old. Good Heaven! how merry they are!
Hear. Be not you sad at that.
Old. Sad, Hearty; no, unless it be with envy
At their full happiness. What is an estate
Of wealth and power, ballanc'd with their freedom,
But a mere load of outward compliment,
When they enjoy the fruits of rich content?
Our dross but weighs us down into despair,
While their sublimed spirits dance i' th' air.
Hear. I ha' not so much wealth to weigh me down,
Nor so little, I thank chance, as to dance naked.

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[24] See the explanation of these cant terms at the end of the play.

Old. True, my friend, Hearty; thou having less than I
(Of which I boast not) art the merrier man:
But they exceed thee in that way so far, [gars
That should I know my children now were beg-
(Which yet I will not read) I must conclude
They were not lost, nor I to be aggriev'd.
Hear. If this be madness, 'tis a merry fit.

Enter Patrico. Many of the Beggars look out.

Pat. *Toure* out with your *glaziers*, I swear by the *ruffin*,
That we are assaulted by a *queer cuffin*.
Ran. Hold! what do you mean, my friends? This is our master,
The master of your feast and feasting-house.
Pat. Is this the *gentry cofe*?
All the Beg. Lord bless his worship: his good worship: bless his worship! [*Exeunt Beggars.*

Manet Patrico.

Pat. Now, bounteous sir, before you go,
Hear me, the beggar Patrico;
Or, pries, if you do rather chuse
That we no word of canting use:
Long may you live, and may your store
Never decay, nor baulk the poor:
And as you more in years do grow,
May treasure to your coffers flow;
And may your care no more thereon
Be set, than ours are, that have none;
But as your riches do increase,
So may your heart's content and peace.
And, after many, many years,
When the poor have quit their fears
Of losing you, and that with Heaven
And all the world you have made even;
Then may your blest posterity,
Age after age successively,
Until the world shall be untwin'd,
Inherit your estate and mind;
So shall the poor, to the last day,
For you, in your succession, pray.
Hear. 'Tis a good vote, Sir Patrico; but you are too grave. Let us hear and see something of your merry grigs, that can sing, play gambols, and do feats.
Pat. Sir, I can lay my function by,
And talk as wild and wantonly
As Tom, or Tib, or Jack, or Jill,
When they at *bowsing ken* do swill.
Will you therefore deign to hear
My *autumn mort*, with throat as clear
As was dame Anisses of the name:
How sweet in song her notes she'll frame,
That when she chides, as loud is yawning,
As chanticleer wak'd by the dawning.
Hear. Yes, pray let's hear her. What, is she your wife?
Pat. Yes, sir, we of our ministry,
As well as those o' th' presbytery,
Take wives, and defy dignity. [*Exit.*
Hear. A learned clerk in verity!

Enter Patrico with his old Wife, with a wooden bowl of drink. She is drunk.

Pat. By *salmon*, I think my mort is in drink.
I find by her stink, and the pretty pretty pink
Of her nyes, that half wink,
That the tipling feast,
With the doxy in the nest,
Hath turn'd her brain
To a merry merry vein.
Mort. Go fiddle, Patrico, and let me sing.
First set me down here on both my *prats*.
Gently, gently, for cracking of my wind: now I must use it. Hem, hem.

She sings.

This is bien bowse, *this is* bien bowse;
Too little is my skew;
I bowse *no* lage, *but a whole* gage
Of this I'll bowse *to you.*
This bowse *is better than* rom-bowse;
It sets the gan *a* giggling:
The autumn mort *finds better sport*
In bowsing *than in* nigling.
This is bien bowse, *&c.*
[*She tosses off her bowl, falls back, and is carried out.*

Pat. So, so; your part is done——
[*Exit with her.*
Hear. How find you, sir, yourself?
Old. Wondrous merry, my good Hearty.

Enter Patrico.

Pat. I wish we had, in all our store,
Something that could please you more.
The old, or *autumn mort's* asleep;
But before the young ones creep
Into the straw, sir, if you are
(As gallants sometimes love coarse fare,
So it be fresh and wholesome ware)
Dispos'd to *doxy*, or a *dell*,
That never yet with man did mell;
Of whom no *upright man* is taster;
I'll present her to you, master.
Old. Away, you wou'd be punish'd. Oh!
Hear. How is it with you, sir?
Old. A sudden qualm over-chills my stomach;
But 'twill away.

Enter Dancers.

Pat. See, in their rags then, dancing for your sports,
Our *clapper dugeons* and their *walking morts*.
[*Dance.*
Pat. You have done well. Now let each tripper
Make a retreat into the *skipper*;
And *couch a hogshead*, till the *darkman's* past:
Then all, with bag and baggage, *bing awast*.
[*Exeunt Beggars.*
Ran. I told you, sir, they would be gone to-morrow.
I understand their canting.

Old. Take that amongst you———
[*Gives money.*

Pat. May rich plenty so you bless,
Tho' you still give, you ne'er have less. [*Exit.*

Hear. And as your walks may lead this way,
Pray, strike in here another day.
So you may go, Sir Patrico———

How think you, sir? or what? or why do you think at all, unless on sack and supper-time? Do you fall back? Do you not know the danger Of relapses?

Old. Good Hearty, thou mistak'st me: I was thinking upon this Patrico; and that he has more soul than a born-beggar in him.

Hear. Rogue enough, tho', to offer us his what-d'calls, his doxies. Heart and a cup of sack, do we look like beggar-nigglers?

Old. Pray, forbear that language.

Hear. Will you then talk of sack that can drown sighing? Will you in to supper, and take me there your guest? or must I creep into the barn amongst your welcome ones?

Old. You have rebuk'd me timely, and most friendly. [*Exit.*

Hear. Would all were well with him! [*Exit.*

Ran. It is with me:
For now these pounds are, as I feel them swag,
Light at my heart, tho' heavy in the bag. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Enter VINCENT *and* HILLIARD, *in their rags.*

Vin. Is this the life that we admir'd in others, with envy at their happiness?

Hil. Pray, let us make virtuous use of it, and repent us of that deadly sin, before a greater punishment than famine and lice fall upon us, by steering our course homeward. Before I'll endure such another night———

Vin. What? What wouldst thou do? I wish thy mistress heard thee.

Hil. I hope she does not; for I know there is no altering our course, before they make the first motion.

Vin. Is't possible we should be weary already, and before their softer constitutions of flesh and blood?

Hil. They are the stronger in will, it seems.

Enter SPRINGLOVE.

Spring. How now, comrades; repining already at your fulness of liberty? Do you complain of ease?

Vin. Ease, call'st thou it? Didst thou sleep to-night?

Spring. Not so well these eighteen months, I swear; since my last walks.

Hil. Lightning and tempest are out of thy litany. Cou'd not the thunder wake thee?

Spring. Ha, ha, ha.

Vin. Nor the noise of the crew in the quarter by us?

Hil. Nor the hogs in the hovel, that cry'd till they drown'd the noise of the wind? If I cou'd but once have dreamt, in all my former nights, that such an affliction could have been found among beggars, sure I should never have travell'd to the proof on't.

Vin. We look'd upon them in their jollity, and cast no further.

Hil. Nor did that only draw us forth, by your favour, Vince, but our obedience to our loves; which we must suffer, till they cry home again. Are they not weary yet, as much as we, dost think, Springlove?

Spring. They have more moral understanding than so. They know, and so may you, this is your birth-night into a new world. And we all know, or have been told, that all come crying into the world, when the whole world of pleasures is before us. The world itself had ne'er been glorious, had it not first been a confus'd chaos.

Vin. Well: never did knights-errant in all adventures, merit more of their ladies, than we beggar-errants or errant-beggars, do in ours.

Spring. The greater will be your reward. Think upon that, and shew no manner of distaste, to turn their hearts from you. You're undone then.

Hil. Are they ready to appear out of their privy lodgings, in the [25] pigs palace of pleasure? Are they coming forth?

Spring. I left 'em almost ready, sitting on their pads of straw, helping to dress each other's head; the one's eye is t'other's looking-glass, with the prettiest coyle they keep to fit their fancies in the most graceful way of wearing their new dressings, that you would admire.

Vin. I hope we are as gracefully set out. Are we not?

Spring. Indifferent well. But will you fall to practice? Let me hear how you can maund, when you meet with passengers.

Hil. We do not look like men, I hope, too good to learn.

Spring. Suppose some persons of worth or

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[25] *Pigs palace of pleasure.*—An allusion to the title of Painter's work, called *The Palace of Pleasure.* S.

wealth passing by now. Note me: Good your good worship, your charity to the poor, that will duly and truly pray for you day and night——

Vin. Away, you idle rogue; you should be set to work and whipt.

Spring. That is lame and sick, hungry and comfortless——

Vin. If you were well serv'd——

Spring. And even to bless you and reward you for it——

Hil. Prithee hold thy peace (here be doleful notes indeed) and leave us to our own genius. If we must beg, let's let it go as it comes, by inspiration. I love not your set form of begging.

Spring. Let me instruct you, tho'.

Enter RACHEL *and* MERIEL *in rags.*

Rach. Have a care, good Meriel: what hearts or limbs soever we have, and tho' never so feeble, let us set our best faces on't, and laugh our last gasp out, before we discover any dislike or weariness to them. Let us bear it out, till they complain first, and beg to carry us home a pick-pack.

Mer. I am sorely [26]surbated with hoofing already tho', and so crupper-crump'd with our lodging, and so bum-fiddled with the straw, that ——

Rach. Think not on't. I am numb'd i' th' bum and shoulders too a little; and have found the difference between a hard floor with a little straw, and a down bed with a quilt upon 't. But no words, nor a sour look, pr'ythee.

Hil. O, here they come now; Madam Fewcloaths and my Lady Bonnyrag.

Vin. Peace, they see us.

Rach. } Ha, ha, ha.
Mer. }

Vin. We are glad the object pleases you.

Rach. So does the subject.
Now you appear the glories of the spring,
Darlings of Phœbus, and the summer's heirs.

Hil. How fairer, than fair Flora's self appear,
To deck the spring, Diana's darlings dear!
O let us not, Acteon-like, be struck,
(With greedy eyes while we presume to look
On your half nakedness, since courteous rags
Cover the rest) into the shape of stags.

Rach. } Ha, ha, ha.——We are glad you are
Mer. } so merry.

Vin. Merry and lusty too. This night will we lie together, as well as the proudest couple in the barn.

Hil. And so will we. I can hold out no longer.

Rach. Does the straw stir up your flesh to't, gentlemen?

Mer. Or does your provender prick you?

Spring. What? do we come for this? laugh and lie down
When your bellies are full. Remember, ladies,
You have not begg'd yet, to quit your destiny;
But have liv'd hitherto on my endeavours.
Who got your suppers, pray, last night, but I;
Of dainty trencher-fees, from a gentleman's house;
Such as the serving-men themselves, sometimes,
Would have been glad of? And this morning now,
What comfortable chippings and sweet buttermilk
Had you to breakfast!

Rach. O, 'twas excellent! I feel it good still here.

Mer. There was a brown crust amongst it, that has made my neck so white, methinks; is it not, Rachel?

Rach. Yes. You gave me none on't.
You ever covet to have all the beauty.
'Tis the ambition of all younger sisters.

Vin. They are pleased, and never like to be weary.

Hil. No more must we, if we'll be theirs.

Spring. Peace. Here come passengers. Forget not your rules; and quickly disperse yourselves, and fall to your calling ——

Enter two Gentlemen.

1*st Gent.* Lead the horses down the hill. The heat of our speed is over; for we have lost our journey.

2*d Gent.* Had they taken this way, we had overtaken 'em, or heard of 'em, at least.

1*st Gent.* But some of our scouts will light on 'em, the whole country being over-spread with 'em.

2*d Gent.* There was never such an escape else.

Vin. A search for us, perhaps: Yet I know not them, nor they me, I am sure. I might the better beg of them: But how to begin, or set the worst leg forwards, would I were whipt if I know now.

1*st Gent.* That a young gentlewoman of her breeding, and heir to such an estate, should fly from so great a match, and run away with her uncle's clerk!

2*d Gent.* The old justice will run mad upon 't, I fear.

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26 —— *surbated.*—*Fatigued.* So, Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. 3. C. 4. S. 34:

"Least they their finnes should bruze, and *swrbate* sore
Their tender feete upon the stony grownd."

Vin. If I were to be hang'd now, I cou'd not beg for my life.

Spring. Step forwards, and beg handsomely: I'll set my goad in your breech else.

Vin. What shall I say?

Spring. Have I not told you? Now begin.

Vin. After you, good Springlove.

Spring. Good, your good worships——

1*st Gent.* Away, you idle vagabond————

Spring. Your worship's charity to a poor creature welly starv'd.

Vin. That will duly and truly pray for you.

2*d Gent.* You counterfeit villains, hence.

Spring. Good masters sweet worship, for the tender mercy of——

Vin. Duly and truly pray for you.

1*st Gent.* You should be well whipt, and set to work, if you were duly and truly serv'd.

Vin. Did not I say so before?

Spring. Good worshipful masters worship, to bestow your charity, and————to maintain your health and limbs.

Vin. Duly and truly pray for you.

2*d Gent.* Be gone, I say, you impudent, lusty, young rascals.

1*st Gent.* I'll set you going else.

[*Switches them.*

Spring. Ah, the goodness of compassion, to soften your hearts to the poor.

Vin. Oh, the devil; must not we beat 'em now? steth——

Spring. Nor shew an angry look for all the skin of our backs. Ah, the sweetness of that mercy that gives to all, to move your compassion to the hungry, when it shall seem good unto you, and night and day to bless all that you have. Ah, ah——

2*d Gent.* Come back, sirrah. His patience and humility has wrought upon me.

Vin. Duly and——

2*d Gent.* Not you, sirrah; the other. You look like a sturdy rogue.

Spring. Lord bless your master's worship.

2*d Gent.* There's a halfpenny for you. Let him have no share with you.

Vin. We shall never thrive o' this trade.

1*st Gent.* They 're of a fraternity, and will share, I warrant you.

Spring. Never in our lives, truly. He never begg'd with me before.

1*st Gent.* But if hedges or hen-roosts cou'd speak, you might be found sharers in pillage, I believe.

Spring. Never saw him before, bless you good master, in all my life. (Beg for yourself; your credit's gone else.) Good heaven to bless and prosper you. [*Exit.*

2*d Gent.* Why dost thou follow us? Is it your office to be privy to our talk?

Vin. Sir, I beseech you hear me. (S'life, what shall I say?) I am a stranger in these parts, and destitute of means and apparel.

1*st Gent.* So methinks, and what of that?

Vin. Will you, therefore, be pleas'd, as you are worthy gentlemen, and bless'd with plenty.

2*d Gent.* This is courtly!

Vin. Out of your abundant store, toward my relief in extreme necessity, to furnish me with a small parcel of money; five or six pieces, or ten, if you can presently spare it.

1*st Gent.* } Stand off. [*Draw.*
2*d Gent.* }

Vin. I have spoil'd all; and know not how to beg otherwise.

1*st Gent.* Here's a new way of begging!

Vin. Quite run out of my instructions!

2*d Gent.* Some highway thief, o' my conscience, that forgets he is weaponless.

Vin. Only to make you merry, gentlemen, at my unskilfulness in my new trade. I have been another man in my days. So I kiss your hands. [*Exit.*

1*st Gent.* With your heels do you?

2*d Gent.* It had been good to have apprehended the rake-shame,
There is some mystery in his rags. But let him go.

Enter OLIVER, *putting up his Sword.*

Oliv. You found your legs in time. I had made you halt for something, else.

1*st Gent.* Master Oliver, well return'd: What's the matter, sir?

Oliv. Why, sir, a counterfeit lame rogue begg'd of me; but in such language, the high sheriff's son of the shire cou'd not have spoke better; nor to have borrow'd a greater sum. He ask'd me if I cou'd spare him ten or twenty pound. I switch'd him, his cudgel was up. I drew, and into the wood he 'scap'd me, as nimbly—But, first, he told me, I should hear from him by a gentleman, to require satisfaction of me.

2*d Gent.* We had such another begg'd of us. The court goes a begging, I think.

1*st Gent.* Dropt through the clouds, I think. Met you no news of your kinswoman, mistress Amie?

Oliv. No. What's the matter with her? Goes her marriage forwards with young master Talboy? I hasten'd my journey from London to be at the wedding.

2*d Gent.* 'Twas to have been yesterday morning; all things in readiness prepar'd for it; but the bride, stolen by your father's clerk, is slipt away. We were in quest of 'em, and so are twenty more, several ways.

Oliv. Such young wenches will have their own ways in their own loves, what matches soever their guardians make for 'em. And I hope my father will not follow the law so close, to hang his clerk for stealing his ward with her own consent. It may breed such a grudge, as may cause some clerks to hang their masters, that have 'em o' the hip of injustice. Besides, Martin, tho' he be his servant, he is a gentleman; but, in-

deed, the miserablest rascal! he will grudge her meat when he has her.

1st Gent. Your father is exceedingly troubled at their escape; I wish that you may qualify him with your reasons.

Oliv. But what says Talboy to the matter, the bridegroom, that should ha' been?

2d Gent. Marry, he says little to the purpose: but cries outright.

Oliv. I like him well for that: he holds his humour. A miserable wretch too, tho' rich. I ha' known him cry when he has lost but three shillings at [27] mumchance. But, gentlemen, keep on your way to comfort my father. I know some of his man's private haunts about the country here, which I will search immediately.

1st Gent. We'll accompany you, if you please.

Oliv. No, by no means: that will be too publick.

2d Gent. Do your pleasure. [*Exeunt.*

Oliv. My pleasure, and all the search that I intend, is, by hovering here, to take a review of a brace of the handsomest beggar braches that ever grac'd ditch or hedge-side. I pass'd by them in haste, but something so possesses me, that I must—what the devil must I? A beggar? why, beggars are flesh and blood; and rags are no diseases. Their lice are no French fleas; and there is much wholesomer flesh under country dirt, than city painting; and less danger in dirt and rags, than in ceruse and satin. I durst not take a touch at London both for the present cost and fear of an after-reckoning. But, Oliver, dost thou speak like a gentleman? fear price or pox! ha! Marry do I, sir. Nor can beggar sport be inexcusable in a young country gentleman, short of means, for another respect, a principal one indeed, to avoid the punishment or charge of bastardy: there's no commuting with them, or keeping of children for them. The poor whores, rather than part with their own, or want children at all, will steal other folks' to travel with, and move compassion. He feeds a beggar-wench well that fills her belly with young bones. And, these reasons considered, good master Oliver!—'Slid, yonder they are at peep; and now sitten down as waiting for my purpose.

Enter VINCENT.

'Heart, here's another delay: I must shift him. Dost hear, honest poor fellow? I prithee go back presently: and at the hill foot (here's six pence for thy pains) thou shalt find a footman with a horse in his hand. Bid him wait there. His master will come presently, say.

Vin. Sir, I have a business of another nature to you; which (as I presume you are a gentleman of right noble spirit and resolution) you will receive without offence, and in that temper as most properly appertains to the most heroick natures.

Oliv. Thy language makes me wonder at thy person. What's the matter with thee? quickly.

Vin. You may be pleas'd to call to mind a late affront, which, in your heat of passion, you gave a gentleman.

Oliv. What, such a one as thou art, was he?

Vin. True, noble sir. Who could no less in honour, than direct me, his chosen friend, unto you, with the length of his sword, or to take the length of yours. The place, if you please, the ground whereon you parted; the hour, seven to-morrow morning; or, if you like not these, in part, or all, to make your own appointments.

Oliv. The bravest method in beggars that ever was discovered! I would be upon the bones of this rogue now, but for crossing my other design, which fires me; I must therefore be rid of him on any terms. Let his own appointments stand: tell him I'll meet him.

Vin. You shall most nobly engage his life to serve you, sir.

Oliv. You'll be his second, will you?

Vin. To do you further service, sir, I have undertaken it.

Oliv. I'll send a beadle shall undertake you both.

Vin. Your mirth becomes the bravery of your mind, and dauntless spirit; so takes his leave, your servant, sir. [*Exit.*

Oliv. I think, as my friend said, the court goes a begging indeed. But I must not lose my beggar-wenches.

Enter RACHEL *and* MERIEL.

Oh, here they come; they are delicately skin'd and limb'd. There, there; I saw above the ham, as the wind blew.—Now they spy me.

Rach. Sir, I beseech you, look upon us with the favour of a gentleman. We are in a present distress, and utterly unacquainted in these parts, and therefore forc'd by the calamity of our misfortune, to implore the courtesy, or rather charity, of those to whom we are strangers.

Oliv. Very fine, this!

Mer. Be therefore pleas'd, right noble sir, not only valuing us by our outward habits, which cannot but appear loathsome or despicable unto you; but as we are forlorn Christians; and in that estimation, be compassionately moved to cast a handful or two of your silver, or a few of

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[27] —— *at mumchance.*—This game I find mentioned in Dekkar's *Belman of London*, F. 3:

"The taker or the verser is the man must play with him, the cardes are fetcht and *mumchance*, or decoy is the game: the first wager is wine, the second two pence in money, from two pence they rise to a shilling, from that to a pound," &c.

your golden pieces unto us, to furnish us with linen, and some decent habiliments———

Oliv. They beg as high as the man-beggar I met withal! Sure the beggars are all mad to-day, or bewitch'd into a language they understand not. The spirits of some decay'd gentry talk in them, sure.

Rach. May we expect a gracious answer from you, sir?

Mer. And that as you can wish our virgin prayers to be propitious for you.

Rach. That you never be deny'd a suit by any mistress.

Mer. Nay, that the fairest may be ambitious to place their favours on you.

Rach. That your virtue and valour may lead you to the most honourable actions; and that the love of all exquisite ladies may arm you.

Mer. And that, when you please to take a wife, may honour, beauty, and wealth, contend to endow her most.

Rach. And that with her you have a long and prosperous life.

Mer. A fair and fortunate posterity.

Oliv. This exceeds all that ever I heard, and strikes me into wonder. Pray tell me, how long have you been beggars? Or how chanc'd you to be so?

Rach. By influence of our stars, sir.

Mer. We were born to no better fortune.

Oliv. How came you to talk thus, and so much above the beggars dialect?

Rach. Our speech came naturally to us, and we ever lov'd to learn by rote as well as we cou'd.

Mer. And to be ambitious above the vulgar, to ask more than common alms, whate'er men please to give us.

Oliv. Sure, some well dispos'd gentleman, as myself, got these wenches. They are too well grown to be mine own, and I cannot be incestuous with 'em.

Rach. Pray, sir, your noble bounty.

Oliv. What a tempting lip that little rogue moves there! and what an enticing eye the other! I know not which to begin with. What's this, a flea upon thy bosom?

Mer. Is it not a straw-colour'd one, sir?

Oliv. O, what a provoking skin is there! That very touch enflames me.

Rach. Sir, are you mov'd in charity towards us yet?

Oliv. Mov'd? I am mov'd: no flesh and blood more mov'd!

Mer. Then, pray, sir, your benevolence.

Oliv. Benevolence? Which shall I be benevolent to? or which first? I am puzzled in the choice. Wou'd some sworn brother of mine were here to draw a cut with me.

Rach. Sir, noble sir.

Oliv. First let me tell you, damsels, I am bound by a strong vow, to kiss all of the woman-sex I meet this morning.

Mer. Beggars and all, sir?

Oliv. All, all. Let not your coyness cross a gentleman's vow. I beseech you——— [*Kiss.*

Rach. You will tell now.

Oliv. Tell, quotha! I could tell a thousand—on those lips—and as many upon those. What life-restoring breaths they have! milk from the cow steams not so sweetly. I must lay one of 'em aboard; both, if my tackling hold.

Rach. } Sir, sir.
Mer. }

Oliv. But how to bargain now, will be the doubt. They that beg so high as by the handfuls, may expect for price, above the rate of good men's wives.

Rach. Now will you, sir, be pleas'd?

Oliv. With all my heart, sweetheart; and I am glad thou knowest my mind. Here is twelve pence a-piece for you.

Rach. } We thank you, sir.
Mer. }

Oliv. That's but in earnest; I'll jest away the rest with you. Look here——all this. Come, you know my meaning. Dost thou look about thee, sweet little one? I like thy care. There's nobody coming: but we'll get behind these bushes. I know you keep each other's counsels ——Must you be drawn to't? Then I'll pull. Come away.

Rach. } Ah, ah———
Mer. }

Enter SPRINGLOVE, VINCENT, HILLIARD.

Vin. Let's beat his brains out.

Oliv. Come, leave your squealing.

Rach. O, you hurt my hand!

Hil. Or cut the lecher's throat.

Spring. Wou'd you be hang'd? Stand back; let me alone.

Mer. You shall not pull us so.

Spring. O do not hurt 'em, master.

Oliv. Hurt 'em! I mean 'em but too well. Shall I be so prevented?

Spring. They be but young and simple; and if they have offended, let not your worship's own hands drag 'em to the law, or carry 'em to punishment. Correct 'em not yourself, it is the beadle's office.

Oliv. Do you talk, shake-rag? Heart, yond's more of 'em; I shall be beggar-maul'd if I stay. Thou say'st right, honest fellow; there's a tester for thee. [*Exit running.*

Vin. He is prevented, and asham'd of his purpose.

Spring. Nor were we to take notice of his purpose more than to prevent it.

Hil. True, politick Springlove, 'twas better his own fear quit us of him, than our force.

Rach. Look you here, gentlemen, twelve pence a piece.

Mer. Besides fair offers and large promises. What ha' you got to-day, gentlemen?

Vin. More than (as we are gentlemen) we would have taken.

Hil. Yet we put it up in your service.

Rach. } *Mer.* } Ha, ha, ha, switches and kicks. Ha, ha, ha.——

Spring. Talk not here of your gettings. We must quit this quarter. The eager gentleman's repulse may arm and return him with revenge upon us; we must therefore leap hedge and ditch now; through the briars and mires, till we escape out of this liberty to our next rendezvous, where we shall meet the crew, and then hay-toss and laugh all night.

Mer. As we did last night.

Rach. Hold out, Meriel.

Mer. Lead on, brave general.

[*To* SPRINGLOVE.

Vin. What shall we do? they are in heart still! Shall we go on?

Hil. There's no flinching back, you see.

Spring. Besides, if you beg no better than you begin, in this lofty fashion, you cannot escape the jail or the whip, long.

Vin. To tell you true, 'tis not the least of my purpose to work means for our discovery, to be releas'd out of our trade.

Enter MARTIN *and* AMIE, *in poor habits.*

Spring. Stay, here come more passengers; single yourselves again, and fall to your calling discreetly.

Hil. I'll single no more: if you'll beg in full cry, I am for you.

Mer. Ay, that will be fine; let's charm all together.

Spring. Stay first, and listen a little.

Mar. Be of good cheer, sweetheart, we have escap'd hitherto; and I believe that all the search is now retir'd, and we may safely pass forwards.

Amie. I should be safe with thee. But that's a most lying proverb that says, "Where love is, there's no lack." I am faint, and cannot travel further without meat; and if you lov'd me, you would get me some.

Mar. We'll venture at the next village to call for some. The best is, we want no money.

Amie. We shall be taken then, I fear. I'll [illegible] pine to death.

Mar. Be not so fearful; who can know us in [illegible] habits?

Amie. Our cloaths indeed are poor enough to beg with. Would I could beg, so it were of strangers that could not know me, rather than buy of those that would betray us.

Mar. And you [illegible] some that can teach us.

Spring. These are the young couple of runaway lovers disguis'd, that the country is so laid for. Observe and follow now: *Now the Lord to come with ye, good loving measter and meestress, your blessed charity to the poor, lame and sick, weak and comfortless, that will night and day*——

All. *Duly and truly pray for you. Duly and truly pray for you.*

Spring. Pray hold your peace, and let me alone. *Good young measter and meestress, a little comfort amongst us all, and to bless you wherever you go, and*——

All. *Duly and truly pray for you. Duly and truly*——

Spring. Pray, do not use me thus. *Now sweet young measter and meestress, to look upon your poor, that have no relief or succour, no bread to put in our heads.*

Vin. Would'st thou put bread in thy brains?

All together.

No lands or livings.

Spring. *No house nor home, nor covering from the cold; no health, no help, but your sweet charity.*

Mer. *No bands or shirts, but lousy on our backs.*

Hil. *No smocks or petticoats to hide our scratches.*

Rach. *No shoes to our legs, or hose to our feet.*

Vin. *No skin to our flesh, nor flesh to our bones shortly.*

Hil. If we follow the devil that taught us to beg. [*Aside.*

All. *Duly and truly pray for you.*

Spring. I'll run away from you if you beg a stroke more.

Good worshipful measter and meestress——

Mar. Good friend forbear, here is no master or mistress; we are poor folks; thou see'st no worship upon our backs I am sure; and for within we want as much as you, and wou'd as willingly beg, if we knew how as well.

Spring. Alack for pity: you may have enough; and what I have is yours, if you'll accept it. 'Tis wholesome food from a good gentleman's gate——Alas, good mistress——much good do your heart. How savourly she feeds!

Mar. What, do you mean to poison yourself?

Amie. Do you shew love in grudging me?

Mar. Nay, if you think it hurts you not, fall to, I'm not beguile you. And here, mine host, something towards your reckoning.

Amie. This beggar is an angel sure!

Spring. Nothing by way of bargain, gentle master; 'tis against order, and will never thrive. But pray, sir, your reward in charity.

Mar. Here then in charity. This fellow would never make a clerk.

Spring. What! all this, master?

Amie. What is it? let me see't.

Spring. 'Tis a whole silver three-pence, mistress.

Amie. For shame, ungrateful miser. Here, friend, a golden crown for thee.

Spring. Bountiful goodness! gold? If I thought a dear year were coming, I would take a farm now.

Amie. I have robb'd thy partners of their shares too; there's a crown more for them.

All. *Duly and truly pray for you.*

Mar. What have you done? less would have serv'd; and your bounty will betray us.

Amie. Fie on your wretched policy.

Spring. No, no, good master; I knew you all this while, and my sweet mistress too. And now I'll tell you, the search is every way; the country all laid for you; 'tis well you stay'd here. Your habits, were they but a little nearer our fashion, would secure you with us. But are you married, master and mistress? are you join'd in matrimony? in heart I know you are. And I will (if it please you) for your great bounty, bring you a curate that lacks no licence, nor has any living to lose, that shall put you together.

Mar. Thou'rt a heavenly beggar!

Spring. But he is so scrupulous, and severely precise, that unless you, mistress, will affirm that you are with child by the gentleman, or that you have at least cleft or slept together, (as he calls it,) he will not marry you: But if you have lain together, then 'tis a case of necessity, and he holds himself bound to do it.

Mar. You may say you have.

Amie. I would not have it so, nor make that lye against myself, for all the world.

Spring. That I like well, and her exceedingly. [*Aside.*

I'll do my best for you, however.

Mar. I'll do for thee that——thou shalt never beg more.

Spring. That cannot be purchas'd scarce for the price of your mistress. Will you walk, master?——we use no compliments. [free

Amie. By enforc'd matches wards are not set
So oft as sold into captivity;
Which made me, fearless, fly from one I hate,
Into the hazard of a harder fate. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter TALBOY, OLIVER, *with riding-switches.*

Tal. She's gone.
Amie is gone.
Ah me, she's gone,
And has me left,
Of joy bereft,
To make my moan.
O me, Amie!

Oliv. What the devil ails the fellow, trow? why, why, master Talboy, my cousin Talboy that should'st have been, art not asham'd to cry at this growth? and for a thing that's better lost than found; a wench?

Tal. Cry! who cries? do I cry? or look with a crying countenance? I scorn it; and scorn to think on her, but in just anger.

Oliv. So, this is brave now, if 'twould hold.

Tal. Nay, it shall hold: and so let her go for a scurvy what d'ye call it: I know not what bad enough to call her——but something of mine goes with her, I am sure. She has cost me in gloves, ribbands, scarfs, rings, and such-like things, more than I am able to speak of at this time—oh.

Oliv. Because thou canst not speak for crying. Fie, master Talboy, again?

Tal. I scorn it again, and any man that says I cry, or will cry again. And let her go again; and what she has of mine let her keep, and hang herself, and the rogue that's with her. I have enough, and am heir of a well-known estate, and that she knows—and therefore that she should slight me, and run away with the wages-fellow, that is but a petty clerk, and a serving-man, there's the vexation of it—oh there's the grief, and the vexation of it—oh—

Oliv. Now he will cry his eyes out! you sir, this life have I had with you all our long journey, which now is at an end here. This is master Oldrent's house, where perhaps we shall find old Hearty, the uncle of that rogue Martin, that is run away with your sweetheart.

Tal. Ay, 'tis too true, too true, too true; you need not put me in mind on't—oh—oh—

Oliv. Hold your peace, and mind me: leave your bawling, for fear I give you correction. This is the house I say, where it is most likely we shall hear of your mistress and her companion. Make up your face quickly: here comes one of the servants, I suppose.

Enter RANDAL.

Shame not yourself for ever, and me for company; come, be confident.

Tal. As confident as yourself or any man—but my poor heart feels what lies here. Here, ay, here it is. Oh.——

Oliv. Good morrow, friend. This is 'squire Oldrent's house, I take it.

Ran. Pray take it not, sir, before it be to let; it has been my master's, and his ance in that name, above these three hundred y as our house-chronicle doth report, and no to be let: but as a friend, or stranger, in g wise, you are welcome to it, as all other gen men are, far and near, to my good master, as you will find anon when you see him.

Oliv. Thou speak'st wittily and honestly: but I pr'ythee, good friend, let our nags be set up; they are tied up at the post. You belong to the stable? do you not?

Ran. Not so much as the stable belongs to me, sir; I pass through many offices of the house, sir; I am the running bailiff of it.

Oliv. We have rid hard, hoping to find the 'squire at home at this early time in the morning.

Ran. You are deceived in that, sir, he has been out these four hours; he is no snail, sir. You do not know him, I perceive, since he has been new moulded; but I'll tell you, because you are gentlemen.

Oliv. Our horses, good friend.

Ran. My master is an ancient gentleman, and a great housekeeper, and pray'd for by all the poor in the country; he keeps a guest-house for all beggars far and near, costs him a hundred a year at least, and is as well belov'd among the rich; but of late he fell into a great melancholy, upon what I know not; for he had then more cause to be merry than he has now; take that by the way.

Oliv. But, good friend, our horses.

Ran. For he had two daughters that knew well to order a house, and give entertainment to gentlemen; they were his house-doves; but now they are flown, and no man knows how, why, or whither.

Tal. My dove is flown too. Oh——

Ran. Was she your daughter, sir? She was a young one then, by the beard you wear.

Tal. What she was, she was, d' ye see; I scorn to think on her——but I do——oh.

Oliv. Pray hold your peace, or feign some mirth, if you can.

TALBOY *Sings.*

Let her go, let her go; *I care not if I have her, I have her or no.* Ha, ha, ha————oh, my heart will break——oh————

Oliv. Pray think of our horses, sir.

Ran. This is right my master; when he had his daughters he was sad, and now they are gone he is the merriest man alive; up at five a clock in the morning, and out till dinner-time; out again at afternoon, and so 'till supper-time; skise out this away, and skise out that away; (he's no snail I assure you); and *tantivy* all the country over, where hunting, hawking, or any sport may be made, or good fellowship to be had; so merry upon all occasions, that you would bless yourself if it were possible.

Oliv. Our horses, I pr'ythee.

Ran. And we, his servants, live as merrily with him, and do all thrive. I myself was but a silly lad when I came first, a poor turn-spit boy; gentlemen kept no whirling-jacks then to cozen poor people of meat; and I have now, without boast, 40*l.* in my purse, and am the youngest of half a score in the house; none younger than myself but one, and he is the steward over all; his name is master Springlove, (bless him where'er he is,) he has a world of means; and we, the underlings, get well the better by him; besides the rewards many gentlemen give us, that fare well, and lodge here sometimes.

Oliv. O! we shall not forget you, friend, if you remember our horses before they take harm.

Ran. No hurt I warrant you; there's a lad walking them.

Oliv. Is not your master coming, think you?

Ran. He will not be long a coming; he's no snail, as I told you.

Oliv. You told me so indeed.

Ran. But of all the gentlemen that toss up the ball, yea, and the sack too, commend me to old master Hearty, a decayed gentleman, lives most upon his own mirth, and my master's means, and much good do him with it; he is the finest companion of all; he does hold my master up with stories, and songs, and catches, and t'other cup of sack, and such tricks and jigs, you would admire————he is with him now.

Oliv. That Hearty is Martin's uncle; I am glad he is here. Bear up, Talboy. Now, friend, pray let me ask you a question——pr'ythee stay.

Ran. Nay, marry I dare not. Your yawds may take cold, and never be good after it—— [*Exit.*

Oliv. I thought I should never have been rid of him; but no sooner desired to stay but he is gone; a pretty humour.

Re-enter RANDAL.

Ran. Gentlemen, my master will be here e'en now, doubt not, for he is no snail, as I told you. [*Exit.*

Oliv. No snail's a great word with him. Pr'ythee Talboy, bear up. Here comes another grey fellow.

Enter Usher.

Ush. Do you stand in the porch, gentlemen? the house is open to you. Pray enter the hall, I am the usher of it.

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skise *out this* away, *and* skise *out that* away.—I should suppose we ought to read

"*Skir* out this *a way*, and *skir* out that *a way*."

To *skir* is to *scour*, to pass hastily. So, in *Macbeth:*

"Send out more horses, *skir* the country round."

Again, in *King Henry V.*:

"And make them *skir* away, &c."

Oliv. In good time, sir. We shall be bold here then to attend your master's coming.

Ush. And he's upon coming, and when he comes, he comes apace; he's no snail, I assure you.

Oliv. I was told so before, sir. No snail! sure 'tis the word of the house, and as ancient as the family.

Ush. This gentleman looks sadly, methinks.

Tal. Who I? not I: Pray pardon my looks for that: but my heart feels what's what. Ah me——

Ush. Pray walk to the buttery, gentlemen, my office leads you thither.

Oliv. Thanks, good master usher.

Ush. I have been usher these twenty years, sir, and have got well by my place for using strangers respectfully.

Oliv. He has given the hint too.

Ush. Something has come in by the bye, besides standing wages, which is very duly paid, (thank a good master and an honest steward,) Heaven bless 'em: we all thrive under 'em.

Enter Butler with glasses and a napkin.

O, here comes the butler.

But. You are welcome, gentlemen; please you draw nearer my office, and take a morning's draught in a glass of sack, if it please you.

Oliv. In what please you, sir; we cannot deny the courtesy of the house in the master's absence.

But. He'll come apace when he comes; he's no snail, sir. [*Going.*

Oliv. Still 'tis the house-word, and all the servants wear livery-beards.

But. Or perhaps you had rather drink white wine and sugar; please yourselves, gentlemen; here you may taste all liquors. No gentleman's house in all this country, or the next, so well stor'd (——make us thankful for it). And my master, for his hospitality to gentlemen; his charity to the poor; and his bounty to his servants, has not his peer in the kingdom, (——make us thankful for it;) and 'tis as fortunate a house for servants as ever was built upon fairy ground. I myself, that have served here man and boy these four and forty years, have gotten together (besides something more than I will speak of, distributed among my poor kindred) by my wages, my vails at Christmas, and otherwise, together with my rewards of kind gentlemen, that have found courteous entertainment here——

Oliv. There he is too.

But. Have, I say, gotten together (tho' in a dangerous time I speak it) a brace of hundred pounds (make me thankful for it;) and for losses have had none. I have been butler these two and thirty years, and never lost the value of a silver spoon, nor ever broke a glass (make me thankful for it.) White wine and sugar, say you, sir?

Oliv. Please yourself, sir.

But. This gentleman speaks not: or had you rather take a drink of brown ale with a toast, or March-beer with sugar and nutmeg? or had you rather drink without sugar?

Oliv. Good sir, a cup of your houshold-beer. [*Exit Butler.*

I fear he will draw down to that at last.

Enter Butler with a silver can of sack.

But. Here gentlemen is a glass of my master's small-beer: but it is good old Canary, I assure you; and here's to your welcome.

Enter Cook.

Cook. And welcome the Cook says, gentlemen. Brother Butler, lay a napkin; I'll fetch a cut of the sirloin to strengthen your patience till my master comes, who will not now be long, for he's no snail, gentlemen.

Oliv. I have often heard so; and here's to you, master Cook——Pr'ythee speak, master Talboy, or force one laugh more, if thou canst.

Cook. Sir, the Cook drinks to you. [*To* TALBOY.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha——

Oliv. Well said.

Tal. He is in the same livery-beard too.

Cook. But he is the oldest Cook, and of the ancientest house, and the best for house-keeping in this county or the next; and tho' the master of it write but 'squire, I know no lord like him.

Enter Chaplain.

And now he's come, here comes the word before him. The parson has ever the best stomach; I'll dish away presently. [*Exit.*

But. Is our master come, Sir *Domine*?

Chap. *Est ad manum.* [illegible]

Oliv. He has the word too, in Latin; now bear up, Talboy.

Chap. Give me a preparative of sack: it is a gentle preparative before meat; and so a good touch of it to you, gentlemen.

Oliv. It is a gentle offer, sir, and as good to be taken.

Enter OLDCASTLE *and* HEARTY.

Old. About with it, my lads: and this is as it should be——Not till my turn, sir, I: though I confess I have had but three morning-draughts to-day.

Oliv. Yet it appears you were abroad betimes, sir.

Old. I am no snail, sir.

Oliv. So your men told us, sir.

Old. But where be my catchers? Come a round, and so let us drink.

This Catch sung, and they drink about. The Singers are all Greybeards.

A round, a round, a round, boys, a round;
Let mirth fly aloft, and sorrow be drown'd.
Old sack, and old songs, and a merry old crew,
Can charm away care when the ground looks blue.

Old. Well said, old Hearty; and gentlemen, welcome.

Tal. Ah——— [*He sighs.*

Old. Oh mine ears; what was that, a sigh? and in my house? look, has it not split my walls? if not, make vent for it; let it out; I shall be stifled else. [*Exit Chaplain.*

Oliv. He hopes your pardon, sir, his cause consider'd.

Old. Cause! Can there be cause for sighing?

Oliv. He has lost his mistress, sir.

Old. Ha, ha, ha, is that a cause? Do you hear me complain of the loss of my two daughters?

Oliv. They are not lost, I hope, sir,

Old. No more can be his mistress; no woman can be lost; they may be mislaid a little, but found again, I warrant you.

Tal. Ah——— [*Sighs.*

Old. Ods my life! he sighs again, and means to blow me out of my house. To horse again, here's no dwelling for me. Or stay, I'll cure him if I can; give him more sack to drown his suspirations.

[*While* OLDRENTS *and* TALBOY *drink,* OLIVER *takes* HEARTY *aside.*

Oliv. Sir, I am chiefly to inform you of the disaster.

Hear. May it concern me?

Oliv. Your nephew Martin has stolen my father's ward, that gentleman's bride that should have been.

Hear. Indeed, sir!

Oliv. 'Tis most true———

[*He gives* HEARTY *a letter.*

Hear. Another glass of sack; this gentleman brings good news.

Oliv. Sir, if you can prevent his danger——

Hear. Hang all preventions; let 'em have their destiny.

Tal. Sir, I should have had her, 'tis true.—She's gone, d'ye see, and let her go.

[*To* OLDRENTS.

Old. Well said, he mends now.

Tal. I am glad I'm rid of her (d'ye see) because I had more to do with her———

Hear. He mends apace.

[HEARTY *reads the letter.*

Tal. For should I have married her before she had run away, (d'ye see,) and that she had run away, (d'ye see,) after she had been married to me, (d'ye see,) then I had been a married man without a wife, (d'ye see;) where now she being run away before I was married, (d'ye see,) I am no more married to her, (d'ye see,) than she to me, (d'ye see;) and so long as I am none of hers, (d'ye see,) nor she none of mine, (d'ye see,) I ought to care as little for her now she's run away, (d'ye see,) as if she had stay'd with me, (d'ye see.)

Old. Why this is excellent! Come hither, Hearty.

Tal. I perceive it now, and the reason of it; and how by consequence (d'ye see) I ought not to look any further after her. [*Cries.* But that she should respect a poor base fellow, a clerk at the most, and a serving-man at best, before me, that am a rich man at the worst, and a gentleman at least, makes me———I know not what to say———

Old. Worse than ever 'twas! now he cries outright.

Tal. I know not what to say———what to say——oh——

Hear. Then I do, sir: the poor base fellow that you speak of, is my nephew, as good a gentleman as yourself; I understand the business by your friend here.

Tal. I cry you mercy, sir.

Old. You shall cry no mercy, nor any thing else here, sir; nor for any thing here, sir; this is no place to cry in, nor for any business. You, sir, that come on business——— [*To* OLIVER.

Oliv. It shall be none, sir.

Old. My house is for no business, but the belly business; you find me not so uncivil, sir, as to ask you from whence you came, who you are, or what's your business; I ask you no questions, and can you be so discourteous as to tell me or my friend any thing like business; if you come to be merry with me, you are welcome; if you have any business, forget it; you forget where you are else; and so to dinner.

Hear. Sir, I pray let me only prevail with you but to read this.

Old. Spoil my stomach, and I'll not eat this fortnight. [*He reads aside.*

Hear. While he reads, let me tell you, sir, that my nephew Martin has stolen that gentleman's mistress, it seems, is true; but I protest, as I am a gentleman, I know nothing of the matter, nor where he or she is: but, as I am the aforesaid gentleman, I am glad on't with all my heart. Ha, my boy Mat. thou shalt restore our house.

Oliv. Let him not hear, to grieve him, sir.

Hear. Grieve him? What should he do with her? teach their children to cry?

Tal. But I do hear you though; and I scorn to cry as much as you, (d'ye see,) or your nephew either, (d'ye see.)

Hear. Now thou art a brave fellow. So, so, hold up thy head, and thou shalt have a wife, and a fine thing.

Tal. Hang a wife, and a pax o' your fine thing, (d'ye see,) I scorn your fopperies, (d'ye see.)

Old. And I do hear thee, my boy, and rejoice in thy conversion, if thou canst but hold now.

Tal. Yes, I can hold, sir; and I hold well with your sack; I could live and die with it, as I am true Talboy.

Old. Now thou art a [29] tall fellow, and shalt want no sack.

Tal. And, sir, I do honour you, (d'ye see,) and should wish myself one of your houshold servants, (d'ye see,) if I had but a grey beard, (d'ye see:) hay, as old master Clack says.

Old. Well, I have read the business here.

Oliv. Call it not business, I beseech you, sir; We defy all business.

Tal. Ay marry do we, sir: d'ye see, sir? and a hay, as old master Clack says.

Old. Grammercy sack. Well, I have read the matter here written by master Clack; and do but bear up thy humour, I will wait upon thee home. [*Knock within.*

[30] Hark! they knock to the dresser. I have heard much of this old conceited justice Clack, and now I long to see him; 'tis but crossing the country two days and a night's journey: we'll but dine, and away presently. Bear up I say, master Talboy.

Tal. I will bear up, I warrant you, d'ye see, sir—but here's a grudging still——— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A great Noise within of rude Musick, Laughing, Singing, &c.

Enter AMIE, RACHEL, MERIEL.

Amie. Here's a wedding with a witness, and a holiday with a hoigh: Let us out of the noise, as we love our ears.

Rach. Yes; and here we may pursue our discourse, and hear one another.

Mer. Concerning Springlove and yourself, mistress Amie.

Amie. Well, ladies; my confidence in you, that you are the same that you have protested yourselves to be, hath so far won upon me, that I confess myself well affected both to the mind and person of that Springlove; and if he be (as fairly you pretend) a gentleman, I shall easily dispense with fortune.

Rach. } He is, upon our honours.
Mer. }

Amie. How well that high engagement suits your habits!

Rach. Our minds and blood are still the same.

Amie. I have past no affiance to the other,
That stole me from my guardian, and the match
He would have forc'd me to; from which I would
Have fled with any, or without a guide.
Besides, his mind, more clownish than his habit,
Deprav'd by covetousness and cowardice,
Forc'd me into a way of misery,
To take relief from beggars.

Mer. From poor us.

Amie. And then to offer to marry me under a hedge, as the old couple were to-day, without book or ring, by the chaplain of the beggars regiment, your Patrico, only to save charges!

Rach. I have not seen the wretch these three hours; whither is he gone?

Amie. He told me, to fetch horse and fit raiment for us, and so to post me hence; but I think it was to leave me on your hands.

Mer. He has taken some great distaste, sure; for he is damnable jealous.

Rach. Ay; didst thou mark what a wild look he cast when Springlove tumbled her, and kiss'd her on the straw this morning, while the musick play'd to the old wedding-folks?

Mer. Yes; and then Springlove, to make him madder, told him that he would be his proxy, and marry her for him, and lie with her the first night, [31] with a naked cudgel betwixt them, and make him a king of beggars.

Amie. I saw how it anger'd him; and I imagin'd then, and before, that there was more in Springlove than downright beggar; but though he be never so good a gentleman, he shall observe fit time and distance till we are married.

Rach. Matrimony forbid else. (She's taken.) But while we talk of a match towards, we are miss'd within the bride-barn among the revel rout.

Amie. We have had all the sport they could make us in the past passages.

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[29] ——— *tall fellow.*—See Note 28, to *George a Greene*, Vol. I. p. 454.

[30] *Hark! they knock to the dresser.*—It was formerly a custom for the cook, when dinner was ready to be served in, to knock on the dresser, for the servants to carry it into the hall. This is frequently mentioned.

Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, A. 3. S. 1:

" ———and 'tis less danger,
I'll undertake, to stand at push of pike
With an enemy in a breach, that understands it too,
And the cannon playing on it, than to step
One harpy, your perpetual guest, from entrance
When the dresser, the cook's drum, thunders, Come on,
The service will be lost else."

[31] ———*with a naked cudgel betwixt them.*—I believe, this is an allusion to the ancient custom observed at royal marriages by proxy, when a naked sword was employed on the same occasion. S.

Mer. How cautious the old contracted couple were for portion and jointure!

Rach. What feoffees, she being an heir of fourscore (and seven years stone-blind) had, in trust for her estate!

Amie. And how carefully he secur'd all to himself, in case he out-liv'd her, being but seven years older than she! and what pains the lawyer of the rout here took about it!

Rach. And then how solemnly they were join'd, and admonished by our parson Underhedge, to live together in the fear of the lash, and give good example to the younger reprobates, to beg within compass, to escape the jaws of the justice, the clutch of the constable, the hooks of the headborough, and the biting blows of the beadle; and in so doing, they shall defy the devil and all his works, and after their painful pilgrimage in this life, they should die in the ditch of delight.

Mer. O, but poet Scribble's Epithalamium.

To the blind virgin of fourscore,
And the lame batchelor of more;
How Cupid gave her eyes to see,
And Vulcan lent him legs;
How Venus caus'd their sport to be
Prepar'd with butter'd eggs:
Yet when she shall be seven years wed,
She shall be bold to say,
She has as much her maidenhead
As on her wedding-day.

Rach. So may some wives that were married at sixteen, to lads of one-and-twenty.

Amie. But at the wedding-feast, when the bride bridled it, and her groom saddled it, there was the sport in her mumping, and his champing, the crew scrambling, ourselves trembling: then the confusion of noises in talking, laughing, scolding, singing, howling, with their actions of snatching, scratching, towsing, and lousing themselves and one another.

Enter SPRINGLOVE, VINCENT, *and* HILLIARD.

Who comes here?

Spring. O, ladies, you have lost as much mirth as would have fill'd up a week of holidays.

Springlove kisses AMIE *aside, and courts her in a gentle way.*

I am come about again for the beggars life now.

Rach. You are? I am glad on't.

Hil. There is no life but it.

Vin. With them there is no grievance or perplexity;
No fear of war or state disturbances,
No alteration in a commonwealth,
Or innovation, shakes a thought of theirs.

Mer. Of ours, you should say.

Hil. Of ours he means.
We have no fear of lessening our estates,
Nor any grudge with us (without taxation)
To lend or give, upon command, the whole
Strength of our wealth for publick benefit;
While some that are held rich in their abundance,
(Which is their misery indeed,) will see
Rather a general ruin upon all,
Than give a scruple to prevent the fall.

Vin. 'Tis only we that live.

Rach. I'm glad you are so taken with your calling.

Mer. We are no less, I assure you: we find the sweetness of it now.

Rach. The mirth, the pleasure, the delights: no ladies live such lives.

Mer. Some few upon necessity, perhaps; but that's not worth grammercy.

Vin. They will never be weary.

Hil. Whether we seem to like or dislike, all's one to them.

Vin. We must do something to be taken by, and discovered, we shall never be ourselves, and get home again else.

[SPRINGLOVE *and* AMIE *come to the rest.*

Spring. I am yours for ever. Well, ladies, you have miss'd rare sport; but now the bride has miss'd you with her half-eye; and the bridegroom, with the help of his crutches, is drawing her forth for a dance here in the opener air. The house is now too hot for 'em. O, here come the chief revellers. The soldier, the courtier, the lawyer, and the poet, who is master of their revels, before the old couple in state. Attend, and hear him speak as their inductor.

Poet.

Here on this green, like king and queen,
(For a short truce) we do produce
Our old new-married pair.
Of dish and wallet, and of straw pallet,
With rags to shew, from top to toe,
She is the ancient heir.

He is the lord of Bottle-gourd,
Of sachel great, for bread and meat,
And, for small pence, a purse.
To all that give, Long may you live,
He loudly cries: but who denies,
Is sure to have his curse.

Vin. Well said, field-poet; Phœbus, we see, inspires
As well the beggar as the poet laureat.

Spring. And shines as warm under a hedge-bottom, as on the tops of palaces.

Poet. I have not done yet. Now this is to incite you to dance.

Prepare yourselves, like fairy elves,
Now in a dance to shew,
That you approve, the god of love
Has many shafts to's bow.

With golden head, and some of lead;
But that which made these feel,
By subtle craft, was sure a shaft
That headed was with steel.

For they were old; no earth more cold;
Their hearts were flints entire;
Whence the steel's stroke did sparks provoke,
That set their bloods on fire.

Now strike up piper, and each lover here
Be blithe, and take his mistress[32] *by the goll.*

Hil. That's no rhyme, poet.

Poet. There's as good poetry in blank verse as metre. [*Musick.*

Spring. Come, ha! the dance, the dance. Nay, we'll ha' the old couple in, as blind and lame as they are.

Bride. What, will you so? [*Dance.*

Spring. Well hobbled bridegroom!

Vin. Well grop'd bride!

Hil. Hay, lusty. Hay, holiday.

Spring. Set 'em down, set 'em down, they ha' done well.

Brideg. A ha! I am lustier than I was thirty years ago.

Bride. And I than I was threescore past. A-hem, a-hem.

Vin. What a night here's towards!

Hil. Sure they will kill one another.

Poet. Each with the fear the other will live longest.

Spring. Poet, thou hast spoken learnedly, and acted bravely.
Thou art both poet and actor.

Poet. So has been many famous men; and if here were no worse, we might have a mask or a comedy presented to-night in honour of the old couple.

Vin. Let us each man try his ability
Upon some subject now *extempore.*

Spring. Agreed: give us a theme, and try our action.

Poet. I have already thought upon't, I want but actors.

Hil. What persons want you? What would you present?

Poet. I would present a commonwealth; Utopia with all her branches and consistencies.

Rach. I'll be Utopia; who must be my branches?

Poet. The country, the city, the court, and the camp, epitomized and personated by a gentleman, a merchant, a courtier, and a soldier.

Sol. I'll be your soldier, am not I one? ha!

Cour. And am not I a fashionable courtier?

Poet. But who the citizen or merchant?

Spring. I.

Vin. And I your country gentleman.

Hil. Or I.

Poet. Yet to our moral I must add two persons, divinity and law.

Law. Why la you now; and am not I a lawyer?

Poet. But where's divinity?

Vin. Marry, that I know not; one of us might do that, if either knew how to handle it.

Spring. Where's the old Patrico, our priest, my ghostly father? He'll do it rarely.

1st Beg. He was telling fortunes e'en now to country wenches; I'll fetch him. [*Exit.*

Spring. That Patrico I wonder at; he has told me strange things in clouds.

Amic. And me somewhat, that I may tell you hereafter.

Spring. That you shall be my bride?

Amic. I will not tell you now.

Vin. Well: But what must our speeches tend to? What must we do one with another?

Poet. I wou'd have the country, the city, and the court, be at great variance for superiority; then wou'd I have divinity and law stretch their wide throats to appease and reconcile them; then wou'd I have the soldier cudgel them all together, and overtop them all. Stay, yet I want another person.

Hil. What must he be?

Poet. A beggar.

Vin. Here's enough of us, I think. What must the beggar do?

Poet. He must at last overcome the soldier, and bring them all to Beggar-hall: And this, well acted, will be for the honour of our calling.

All. A Scribble! a Scribble!

Hil. Come, where's this Patrico, that we may begin?

Enter Patrico.

Pat. Alack and well-a-day,
This is no time to play;
Our quarter is beset.
We are all in the net;
Leave off your merry glee.

Vin. You begin scurvily.

Spring. Why, what's the matter?

Within.

Bing awast, bing awast; the *queer cove*, the *harmanbeck.*

Some Beggars run over the stage.

Spring. We are beset, indeed; What shall we do?

Vin. I hope we shall be taken.

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[32] —— *by the goll.*—The rhime intended was *gear*, in an obscene sense; but turned to *goll*, i. e. the hand. S. P.

See Note 17 to *Mayor of Quinborough*, postea.

Hil. If the good hour be come, welcome by the grace of good fortune.

Enter SCENTWELL, *Constable, Watch; the Crew slip away.*

Scent. Beset the quarter round; be sure that none escape.

Spring. Lord to come with you, blessed master, to a many distressed———

Vin. } Duly and truly pray for you.
Hil. }

Rach. } Good your good worship, duly and
Mer. } truly, &c.

Scent. A many counterfeit rogues! So frolick and so lamentable all in a breath? You were acting a play but now; we'll act with you, incorrigible vagabonds.

Spring. Good master, 'tis a holiday with us; an heir was married here to-day.

Scent. Married! Not so, I hope; where is she? 'Tis for an heir we seek.

Spring. Here she is, master———hide yourselves in the straw———the straw: quickly into the straw———

Scent. What tell'st thou me of this? An old blind beggarwoman; we must find a young gentlewoman-heir among you. Where's all the rest of the crew?

Con. Slipt into the barn and the bushes by; but none can 'scape.

Scent. Look you to that and to these here.

[*Exit with Watch.*

Spring. Into the straw, I say.

Vin. No, good Springlove; the ladies and we are now agreed to draw stakes, and play this lousy game no further.

Hil. We will be taken, and disclose ourselves; you see we shall be forc'd to it else. The cowardly clerk has don't to save himself.

Spring. Do you fear no shame, ladies?

Rach. Dost think it a shame to leave begging?

Mer. Or that our father will turn us out to it again.

Spring. Nay, since you are so resolute, know, that I myself begin to find this is no course for gentlemen; this lady shall take me off it.

Amie. Make but your protestations good, and take me yours; and for the gentleman that surprizes us, tho' he has all my uncle's trust, he shall do any thing for me to our advantage.

Vin. If, Springlove, thou cou'dst post now to thy tyring-house, and fetch all our cloaths, we might get off most neatly.

Spring. A horse and six hours travel would do that.

Amie. You shall be furnish'd, doubt not.

Enter SCENTWELL, *and Watch.*

Scent. She's 'scap'd, or is invisible. You, sir, I take to be the chief rogue of this regiment; let him be whipt till he brings forth the heir.

Con. That is but till he stinks, sir; come, sir, strip, strip.

Amie. Unhand him, sir. What heir do you seek, Mr Scentwell?

Scent. Precious, how did my haste oversee her? O, mistress Amie! could I, or your uncle, justice Clack, a wiser man than I, ever ha' thought to have found you in such company?

Amie. Of me, sir, and my company, I have a story to delight you, which on our march towards your house, I will relate to you.

Scent. And thither will I lead you as my guest,
But to the law surrender all the rest.
I'll make your peace.

Amie. We must fare all alike. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

CLACK, MARTIN.

Clack. I have forgiven you, provided that my niece be safely taken, and so be brought home safely, I say; that is to say, unstain'd, unblemish'd, undishonour'd; that is to say, with no more faults, criminal or accusative, than those she carried with her.

Mar. Sir, I believe———

Clack. Nay, if we both speak together, how shall we hear one another? You believe her virtue is armour of proof, without your council or your guard; and therefore you left her in the hands of rogues and vagabonds to make your own peace with me; you have it; provided, I say, (as I said before,) that she be safe; that is to say, uncorrupted, undefiled; that is to say ———as I said before.

Mar. Mine intent, sir, and my only way———

Clack. Nay, if we both speak together, how shall we hear one another? as I said before. Your intent, and your only way, you should ha' said, was to run away with her, and that by her only instigation, to avoid the tie of marriage with master Talboy; that is to say, to shun the match that I had made for her; that is to say, rather to disobey me, than to displease herself. Wherein (although she did not altogether transgress the law), she did both offend and prejudice me, an instrument, nay, I may say, a pillar thereof. And you, in assisting her, furthering, and conveying her away, did not only infringe the law in an unlawful departure from your master, but in a higher point, that is to say, *top and top gallows high.* I would ha' found a jury should ha' found it so.

Mar. But sir, an't please you.

Clack. Must we then both speak together? Have I not borne with thee to speak all thou pleasest in thy defence? Have I not broke mine own rule, which is to punish before I examine, and so to have the law the surer on my side? and dost thou still persist? hold your own peace, or, as I am a justice of the king's, I will unsay what I said before, and set a *Currat Lex* at you, sirrah, that shall course you up the heavy hill. Oh, is your tongue fallen into your leg now? Do not you know I have acquitted you? provided—as I said before. Go your way in, and see that the gentlemen, who, I think, were got in sack, christened in sack, nursed with sack, and fed up to grey heirs with only sack: see, I say, that they want no sack. My son Oliver (I thank him) has brought me a pair of such guests.

Enter SCENTWELL.

O, master Scentwell! good news?

Scent. Of beggarly news the best you have heard.

Clack. That is to say, you have found my niece among the beggars. That is to say,——

Scent. True, Sir Oliver, I found her——

Clack. Now, if we both speak together, who shall hear one another?

Scent. I thought your desire was to be inform'd.

Clack. I can inform myself, sir, by your looks. I have taken a hundred examinations in my days of felons, and other offenders, out of their very countenances, and wrote them down *verbatim* to what they would have said. I am sure it has serv'd to hang some of 'em, and whip the rest.

Scent. Justice Clack still! he must talk all: his clack must only go.

Clack. But to the point; you have found my niece: you have left her at your own house, not only to shift her out of her disguise, but out of her shame, to come no nearer me, until I send her pardon.

Scent. Most true, sir. But the company she was in——

Clack. Again! Do not I know the company? Beggars, rogues, vagabonds, and hedge-birds.

Scent. But do you know whom, or how many we have taken? and how the rest escap'd?

Clack. A needless knowledge: Why should we take more than herself? or how could you take those that could escape?

Enter MARTIN.

Mar. Sir, the old gentlemen within, sent me to wait upon you; without you (they say) they need not my service.

Clack. Tell 'em then, I'll wait on them presently. [*Exit* MARTIN.

Scent. But, sir, we have taken with her such beggars, such rogues, such vagabonds, and such hedge-birds, (since you call 'em so,) as you never knew or heard of, though now the country swarms with them under every hedge, as if an innumerable army of 'em were lately disbanded without pay. Hedge-birds, said you? hedge lady-birds, hedge-cavaliers, hedge-soldier, hedge-lawyer, hedge-fidlers, hedge-poet, hedge-players, and a hedge-priest among 'em. Such we have taken for the principals: but to see how the multitude escap'd us, was more sport than pity. How, upon a watch-word given, they in the instant vanish'd by more several ways than there were legs among 'em; how the cripples leap'd over pales and hedges; how the blind found their way through lakes and ditches; how a doxy flew with two children at her back, and two more perhaps in her belly——

Clack. A hedge priest have you taken, say you?

Scent. Yes, sir, an old Patrico, an ancient prophet, to tell fortunes, and cozen our poor country-people of their single money.

Enter OLIVER.

Oliv. Sir, master Oldrents, in that he enjoys not your company, begins to doubt of his welcome.

Clack. Who led him into that doubt? I, or you that brought him hither?

Oliv. Sir, his own desire and love to you brought him hither, I but shew'd him the way.

Clack. You reason fairly: tell him I come.

Oliv. Pray, sir, be pleas'd to do so; for he says—

Clack. Nay, if we both talk together——

Oliv. Who shall hear one another.

[*Exit* OLIVER.

Clack. But are there players among the apprehended?

Scent. Yes, sir, and they were contriving to act a play among themselves just as we surpriz'd 'em, and spoil'd their sport.

Clack. Players! I'll pay them above all the rest.

Scent. You shall do well in that; to put 'em in stock to set up again.

Clack. Yes, I'll put 'em in stocks, and set 'em up to the whipping-post. They can act Justices, can they? I'll act a Justice among them: that is to say, I will do justice upon them; that is to say——

Scent. Pray, sir, be not severe; they act Kings and Emperors as well as Justices; and justice is blind, they say: you may therefore be pleas'd to wink a little. I find, that you have merry old gentlemen in your house, that are come far to visit you. I'll undertake, that these players, with the help of their poet, in a device which they have already studied, and a pack of cloaths which I shall supply them with, shall give your guests much content, and move compassion in you towards the poor strollers.

Clack. But you know my way of justice (and that's a sure way) is to punish them first, and

be compassionate afterwards, as I find 'em upon their examination.

Scent. But for your guests sakes, who (I know) do favour and affect the quality of actors very much, permit 'em, sir; it will enlarge your entertainment exceedingly.

Clack. And perhaps save me the expence of a runlet of sack the while. Well, sir, for that respect, and upon your undertaking that they shall please, I will prorogue my justice on the rogues; and so to my merry gentlemen, whom I will prepare to see their interlude again after supper. But pray, master Scentwell, as you have found my niece, look to her, and see her decently brought home.

Scent. In her own best apparel: but you must prorogue your displeasure to her too.

Clack. I will do so, until my scarce welcome guests be gone.

Enter RANDAL.

Ran. Sir, my master sends you word, and plainly, that without your company, your entertainment 'stinks. He has commanded me to saddle his nags, and away to-night. If you come not at once, twice, thrice, he's gone presently, before supper; he'll find an host at an inn worth an hundred of you.

Clack. Good friend, I will now satisfy your master, without telling him he has a saucy knave to his man. [*Exit* CLACK.

Ran. Thank your worship.

Scent. Do you hear, friend, you serve master Oldrents.

Ran. I could ha' told you that; and the best housekeeper my master is, of any gentleman in the county he dwells in; and the best master to a man, as I, the worst of twenty, can say for him, and would be ashamed to say less.

Scent. Your name is Randal.

Ran. Forgive me! Are you so wise? You are too young to be my godsire; and I hope not old enough to be a witch. How know you that I am Randal? Were you ever at my master's house in Nottinghamshire, or at Dunghilford, where I was born?

Scent. No; but I have notes to know you by.

Ran. I was never twelve mile from thence in my life, before this journey: God send me within ken of our own kitchen smoke again.

Scent. Your master's steward's name is Springlove.

Ran. Master Springlove, an't please you, there is not an honester gentleman between this and the head of him; and my heart's with him wherever he is. Know you him too?

Scent. Yes, and your master's daughters too.

Ran. Whaw!

Scent. And that they are all from home, your master knows not where.

Ran. Whaw, whaw, know you that too?

Scent. Yes, and the two young gentlemen that are with them, master Vincent and master Hilliard.

Ran. Whaw, whaw, again; you know 'em all, I think: but know you where they all are?

Scent. Even here by, at my own house.

Ran. Whaw——

Scent. And they knowing that your master is here, and master Hearty too——

Ran. Whaw, whaw.

Scent. And yourself too; they directed me to find you, Randal, and bring you to 'em.

Ran. Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw——Why do we not go then?

Scent. But secretly; not a word to any body.

Ran. Mum——will you go then?

Enter MARTIN.

Mar. O, master Oldrent's man, pray, let me intreat you into the buttery.

Ran. Will you go, master gentleman?

Mar. Indeed, it is my master's desire, and he commanded me.

Ran. Now, when it is supper-time, did he? To fill my belly with thin drink, to save his meat? It's the manner in churls houses. Will you go, master gentleman?

Mar. In troth, my master is so merry with yours within——

Ran. Shite o' your master; my master's steward's a better man: I'll to him at this gentleman's house, and all the rest. Whaw, whaw.

Scent. Randal, you forget.

Ran. Mum again then: Why would you not go then? [*Exit* SCENTWELL *and* RANDAL.

Mar. The man's as mad as his master! The strangest strangers that ever came to our house!

Enter TALBOY.

Tal. Well, Martin, for confessing thy fault, and the means thou mad'st whereby she is taken, I am friends with thee; but I shall never look upon her, or thee—but with grief of mind, however I bear it outwardly. Oh——

Mar. You bear it very manfully, methinks.

Tal. Ay, you think so, and I know so—but what I feel, I feel. Wou'd one of us two had never both seen one another!—Oh——

Mar. You speak very good sense, sir. But does my master continue his merry humour with the old gentlemen within?

Tal. Yes. Justice Clack's clack goes as merrily as any.

Mar. Well said, sir; now you speak merrily too: but I cou'd say somewhat that wou'd still him. And, for your comfort, I'll tell you; mistress Amie is fallen in love with one of the beggars.

Tal. Then have I nothing else to do, but to laugh at thee as long as I live. Ha, ha, ha—— To let a beggar cozen thee of her! Ha, ha, ha, a beggar! I shall die merrily yet. Ha, ha, ha.

Enter CLACK, OLDRENTS, HEARTY, OLIVER.

Clack. A hey, boys, a hey: this is right: that is to say, as I wou'd have it; that is to say——

Tal. A beggar! Ha, ha, ha———

Mar. Ha, ha, ha———

Clack. A hey, boys, a hey; they are as merry without as we were within. A hey, master Oldrents and master Hearty! The virtue of your company turns all to mirth and melody, with a hey trololly, lolly, lolly. Is't not so, master Hearty?

Old. Why thus it shou'd be. How was I deceiv'd! Now I see you are a good fellow.

Oliv. He was never so before. If it be a lightning before death, the best is, I am his heir.

Tal. } Ha, ha, ha———
Mar. }

Clack. Again, boys, again; that is to say, a hey, boys, a hey——

Hear. What is the motive of your mirth, nephew Martin? Let us laugh with you.

Old. Was that spoke like my friend Hearty? Lack we motives to laugh? Are not all things, any thing, every thing, to be laugh'd at? And if nothing were to be seen, felt, heard, or understood, we wou'd laugh at it too.

Clack. You take the loss of your mistress merrily, master Talboy.

Tal. More merrily than you will take finding of her. Ha, ha, ha——A beggar, ha, ha, ha——

Clack. Can I be sad to find her, think you?

Mar. He thinks you will be displeased with her, and chide her.

Clack. You are deceived, master Talboy; you are wide, master Talboy; above half your length, master Talboy. Law and justice shall sleep, and mirth and good fellowship ride a circuit here to-night. A hey, master Oldrents, a hey, master Hearty, and a hey, son Oliver, and a hey, nephew Talboy, that wou'd ha' been, and a hey, my clerk Martin, and a hey for the players. When come they? Son Oliver, see for master Scentwell, that is no readier with his new company.

Tal. Players! Let's go see too; I never saw any players. [*Exeunt* TALBOY *and* MARTIN.

Oliv. This is the first fit that ever he had of this disease; and if it be the last, I say, as I said before, I am his heir. [*Exit.*

Old. But is there a play to be expected, and acted by beggars?

Clack. That is to say, by vagabonds; that is to say, by strolling players; they are upon their purgation; if they can present any thing to please you, they may escape the law; that is, (a hey,) if not, to-morrow, gentlemen, shall be acted, [33] *Abuses stript and whipp'd* among 'em; with a hey, master Hearty, you are not merry.

Enter SCENTWELL.

And a hey, master Scentwell, where are your *Dramatis Personæ*; your *Prologus*, and your *Actus Primus*, ha? Have they given you the slip for fear of the whip? a hey.

Scent. A word aside, an't please you——

[SCENTWELL *takes* CLACK *aside, and gives him a paper.*

Old. I have not known a man in such a humour.

Hear. And of his own finding! he stole it indeed out of his own bottles, rather than be robb'd of his liquor; misers use to tipple themselves so.

Old. He does so outdo us, that we look like staid men again, Hearty; fine sober things.

Hear. But how long will it last? he'll hang himself to-morrow for the cost we have put him to.

Old. I love a miser's feast dearly; to see how thin and scattering the dishes stood, as if they fear'd quarreling!

Hear. And how the bottles, to escape breaking one another, were brought up by one at once!

Old. How one of the serving-men, untrain'd to wait, spilt the white-broth!

Hear. And another, stumbling at the threshold, tumbled in his [34] dish of rouncevals before him.

Old. And, most suitable to the niggardliness of his feast, we shall now have an entertainment, or play, presented by beggars.

Clack. Send 'em in, master Scentwell. [*Exit* SCENTWELL.] Sit, gentlemen, the players are ready to enter; and here's a bill of their plays; you may take your choice.

Old. Are they ready for them all in the same cloaths? Read them, good Hearty.

Hear. First, here's *The two lost Daughters.*

Old. Put me not in mind of the two lost daughters, I pr'ythee; What's the next?

Hear. *The vagrant steward.*

Old. Nor of a vagrant steward; sure some abuse is meant me.

Hear. *The old 'squire and the fortune-teller.*

Old. That comes nearer me; away with it.

Hear. *The beggars prophecy.*

Old. All these titles may serve to one play of a story that I know too well; I'll see none of them.

Hear. Then here's *The merry Beggars.*

Old. Ay, that, and let 'em begin.

Enter TALBOY *and* OLIVER.

Tal. The players are coming in, and mistress Amie and your man Martin are to be actors among 'em.

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[33] —— *Abuses stript and whipp'd.*—The title of a popular satire, by Geo. Withers, printed 1613. See a specimen of his poetry, and an account of the author, in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 190.

[34] —— *dish of rouncevals*—*i. e.* a sort of peas. S.

Clack. A hey, then for that too; some merry device sure. [35 *A flourish of shalms.* Hark! the beggars' hautboys; now they begin.

Old. See, a most solemn prologue.

Enter Poet for Prologue.

To knight, to 'squire, and to the gentiles here,
We wish our play may with content appear;
We promise you no dainty wit of court,
Nor city pageantry, nor country sport;
But a plain piece of action short and sweet,
In story true; you'll know it when you see't.

Old. True stories and true jests do seldom thrive on stages.

Clack. They are best to please you with this tho', or a hey, with a whip for them to-morrow.

Old. Nay, rather than they shall suffer, I will be pleas'd, let them play their worst. [*A flourish.*

Enter Patrico, with Lawyer habited like OLDRENTS.

See our Patrico among 'em.

Hear. That offered you a doxy in the barn.

Pat. Your children's fortunes I have told,
That they shall beg ere they be old;
And will you have a reason why?
'Tis justice in their destiny———

Clack. Justice, ha! Are you meddling with Justices already?

Pat. Your grandfather, by crafty wile
Of bargaining, did much beguile
A thriftless heir of half the lands
That are descended to your hands;
And then by law, not equity,
Forc'd him and his posterity
To woe and shameful beggary.

Law. That was no fault of mine, nor of my children.

Pat. But our forefathers debts and crimes,
Although forborn till future times,
Are not so paid; but what needs more,
I wish you happy in your store. [*Exit.*

Old. Do'st note this, Hearty?

Hear. You said you would be pleas'd, let 'em play their worst.

Lawyer walks sadly, beats his breast, &c. To him enter Soldier, like HEARTY, *and seems to comfort him.*

Old. It begins my story, and by the same fortune-teller that told me my daughters' fortunes, almost in the same words; I know him now; and he speaks in the play to one that personates me as near as they can set him forth.

Clack. How like you it, sir? you seem displeas'd; shall they be whipp'd yet? A hey, if you say the word.

Old. O, by no means; sir, I am pleas'd.

Sol. Sad for the words of a base fortune-teller! Believe him! hang him; I'll trust none of 'em; They have all whims, and double meanings, In all they say.

Old. Whom does he talk or look like now?

Hear. It is no matter whom; you are pleas'd, you say.

Sol. Ha' you no sack i' th' house? Am not I here?
And never without a merry old song?

SING.

Old sack, and old songs, and a merry old crew,
Will fright away cares when the ground looks blue.

And can you think on gypsy fortune-tellers?

Law. I'll think as little of 'em as I can.

Sol. Will you abroad then? But here comes your steward.

Enter SPRINGLOVE.

Old. Bless me! Is not that Springlove?

Hear. Is that you that talks to him, or that coxcomb I, do you think? Pray let them play their play; the Justice will not hinder 'em, you see; he's asleep.

Spring. Here are the keys of all my charge, sir; and
My humble suit is, that you will be pleas'd
To let me walk upon my known occasions this summer.

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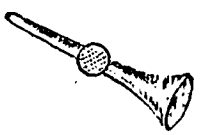
35 —— *a flourish of shalms.*—"The shalm, or shawm, was a wind instrument like a pipe, with a swelling protuberance in the middle. In "Commenius's *Visible World*, translated by Hoole, 1659, the Latin word *gingras* is translated by *shawn*; and the form of the instrument is represented as in the annexed figure, viz.



The Earl of Northumberland's Household Book, p. 440.

A noise, *i. e.* a concert of *shames* is mentioned in *Laugh and lie down; or, The Worldes Folly*, 1605. 4to. Sign. F 4.

Law. Fie! Canst not yet leave off those vagrancies?
But I will strive no more to alter nature;
I will not hinder thee, nor bid thee go.
Old. My own very words at his departure.
Hear. No matter, pray attend.
Law. Come, friend, I'll take your counsel.
[*Exeunt Lawyer and Soldier.*
Spring. I've striven with myself to alter nature in me
For my good master's sake, but all in vain;
For beggars, cuckoo-like, fly out again,
In their own notes and season.

Enter RACHEL, MERIEL, VINCENT, HILLIARD.

Rach. Our father's sadness will not suffer us
To live in his house.
Mer. And we must have a progress.
Vin. Th' assurance of your loves hath engag'd us
Hil. To wait on you in any course.
Rach. Suppose we'll go a begging.
Vin. } We are for you.
Hil. }
Spring. And that must be your course, and suddenly,
To cure your father's sadness; who is told
It is your destiny; which you may quit,
By making it a trick of youth and wit.
I'll set you in the way.
All four. But how? but how? [*All talk aside.*
Old. My daughters and their sweethearts too! I see
The scope of their design, and the whole drift
Of all their action now, with joy and comfort.
Hear. But take no notice yet; see a whim more of it;
But the mad rogue that acted me, I must make drunk anon.
Spring. Now? Are you all resolv'd?
All four. Agreed, agreed.
Spring. You beg to absolve your fortune, not for need. [*Exeunt.*
Old. I must commend their act in that; pr'ythee let's call 'em, and end the matter here: The purpose of their play is but to work my friendship, or their peace with me: and they have it.
Hear. But see a little more, sir.

Enter RANDAL.

Old. My man Randal too! Has he a part with them?
Ran. They were well set to work, when they made me a player. What is that I must say? And how must I act now! O, that I must be steward for the beggars in master steward's absence; and tell my master he's gone to measure land for him to purchase.
Old. You, sir? Leave the work you can do no better; (I can forbear no longer,) and call the actors back again to me.
Ran. With all my heart; and glad my part is so soon done.

Enter Patrico.

Pat. Since you will then break off our play,
Something in earnest I must say;
But let affected rhyming go;
I'll be no more a Patrico.
My name is Wrought-on——start not; but if you
Desire to hear what's worth your best attention,
More privately, you may draw nearer me.
[OLDRENTS *goes to him.*
Hear. Hear no more fortunes.
Old. You shall give me leave.
Pat. I am grandson to that unhappy Wrought-on,
Whom your grandfather craftily wrought out
Of his estate; by which all his posterity
Were since expos'd to beggary. I do not charge
You with the least offence in this; but now
Come nearer me, for I must whisper to you.
[*Patrico takes* OLDRENTS *aside.*
I had a sister, who among the race
Of beggars was the fairest. Fair she was
In gentle blood, and gesture to her beauty,
Which cou'd not be so clouded with base clothing,
But she attracted love from worthy persons;
Which (for her meanness) they express'd in pity,
For the most part; but some assaulted her
With amorous, tho' loose desires, which she
Had virtue to withstand; only one gentleman
(Whether it were by her affection, or
His fate to send his blood a begging with her,
I question not) by her, in heat of youth,
Did get a son, who now must call you father.
Old. Me?
Pat. You. Attend me, sir: Your bounty then
Dispos'd your purse to her; in which, besides
Much money, (I conceive by your neglect,)
Was thrown this holy relick: Do you know it?
Old. The *Agnus Dei* that my mother gave me
Upon her death-bed! Oh, the loss of it
Was my sore grief; and now with joy it is
Restor'd by miracle! Does your sister live?
Pat. No, sir; she dy'd within a few days after
Her son was born, and left him to my care:
On whom I to this day have had an eye
In all his wand'rings.
Old. Then the young man lives!

Enter SPRINGLOVE, VINCENT, HILLIARD, RACHEL, MERIEL.

Pat. Here, with the rest of your fair children sir.
Old. My joy begins to be too great within me!
My blessing, and a welcome to you all.
Be one another's, and you all are mine.
Vin. } We are agreed on that.
Hil. }
Rach. Long since. We only stood till you shook off your sadness.
Mer. For which we were fain to go a begging, sir.

Old. Now I can read the justice of my fate, and yours——

Clack. Ha! Justice? Are they handling of Justice?

Old. But more applaud great Providence in this.

Clack. Are they jeering of Justices? I watch'd for that.

Hear. Ay, so methought: no, sir, the play is done.

Enter SCENTWELL, AMIE, OLIVER, MARTIN.

Scent. See, sir, your niece presented to you.

[SPRINGLOVE *takes* AMIE.

Clack. What, with a speech by one of the players?
Speak, sir, and be not daunted; I am favourable.

Spring. Then, by your favour, sir, this maiden is my wife.

Clack. Sure, you are out o' your part; that is to say, you must begin again.

Spring. She's mine by solemn contract, sir.

Clack. You will not tell me that. Are not you my niece?

Amie. I dare not, sir, deny 't; we are contracted.

Clack. Nay, if we both speak together, how shall we hear one another?

Mar. I must disprove the contract.

Tal. That is my part to speak.

Scent. None can disprove it; I am witness to it.

Clack. Nay, if we all speak,——as I said before.

Old. Hear me for all, then:—Here are no beggars, (you are but one, Patrico) no rogues, nor players, but a select company, to fill this house with mirth: these are my daughters; these their husbands; and this that shall marry your niece, a gentleman, my son. I will instantly estate him in a thousand pound a year to entertain his wife, and to their heirs for ever. Do you hear me now?

Clack. Now I do hear you, and I must hear you: that is to say, it is a match; that is to say ——as I said before.

Tal. And must I hear it too——Oh——

Old. Yes, tho' you whine your eyes out.

Hear. Nephew Martin, still the child with a suck-bottle of sack. Peace, lamb, and I'll find a wife for thee.

Old. Now, Patrico, if you can quit your function
To live a moderate gentleman, I'll give you
A competent annuity for your life.

Pat. I'll be withal your faithful beadsman, and spend my whole life in prayers for you and yours.

Clack. And now, clerk Martin, give all the beggars my free pass, without all manner of correction: that is to say, with a hey, get 'em gone.

Oliv. Are not you the gentleman that chalenge'd me, in right of your friend here?

Vin. Your inspection's good, sir.

Rach. And you the gentleman (I take it) that would have made beggar-sport with us two at once.

Mer. For twelve pence a-piece, sir.

Oliv. I hope we are all friends. [more,

Spring. Now, on my duty, sir, I'll beg no
But your continual love, and daily blessing.

Old. Except it be at court, boy; where, if ever I come, it shall be to beg the next fool royal's place that falls.

Spring. A begging epilogue yet wou'd not be,
Methinks, improper to this comedy.

EPILOGUE.

Tho' we are now no beggars of the crew,
We count it not a shame to beg of you.
The Justice here has given his Pass free
To all the rest unpunish'd; only we
Are under censure, till we do obtain
Your suffrages, that we may beg again,
And often, in the course we took to-day,
Which was intended for your mirth, a play;
Not without action, and a little wit;
Therefore we beg your Pass for us and it.

EXPLANATION OF THE CANT TERMS

USED IN THIS PLAY.

Autem mort—a woman married; for *autem*, in the Beggars' language, is a church. Dekkar's *Belman*, Sign. E.

Bien bowse—good drink.

Bing awast—get you hence. *Ibid.* Sign. N.

Bleater—mutton.

Bowsing ken—the ale-house.

Casson—beef.

Clapper dudgeons—beggars born.

Couch a hogshead—lie down asleep. *Ibid.*

Crib—the stomach.

Crowse—crowse is a north-country word, signifying *sprightly, merry*. So, in the third Pageant of *The Chester Whitsun Plays*, MSS. Harl. 2013.

> " ——— cattes *crowse*,
> Here is a rotten, there a mouse."

Also, in *The Coarse North Country Proverb*:

> " As *crowse* as a new-washen louse." S.

Darkman—the night.

Dell—a young wench undebauched. Dekkar's *Belman*, Sign. D 4.

Doxy—a strumpet. *Ibid.* Sign. E.

Gage—a quart-pot. *Ibid.* Sign. N.

Gan—a mouth. *Ibid.* Sign. N.

Gentry cofe's feast—gentleman's feast.

Glaziers—eyes. *Ibid.* Sign. N.

Grunter—pig.

Harmanbeck—a constable. *Ibid.*

Ken—a house. *Ibid.*

Lage—water. *Ibid.* Sign. N.

Lap—porridge.

Margery prater—a hen. *Ibid.* Sign. N.

Mort—a woman, or wench.

Nigling—companying with a woman. *Ibid.* Sign. N.

Pannum—bread.

Patrico—amongst beggars, is their priest; every hedge being his parish; every wandering harlot and rogue his parishioners. The service is only the marrying of couples; which he does in a wood, under a tree, or in the open field: and the solemnity of it, says Dekkar, is this: —" The parties to be wedded, find out a dead horse, or any other beast, and standing one on the one side, and the other on the other, the Patrico bids them live together till death them part: and so, shaking hands, the wedding-dinner is kept at the next alehouse they stumble into; where the musick is nothing but knocking with cannes, and their dances none but drunken brawles."

Peck—meat. Dekkar's *Belman*, Sign. N.

Poplars of yarrum—butter milk.

Prats—buttocks. *Ibid.* Sign. N.

Quarron—the belly.

Queer cove—a constable.

Queer cuffin—a justice of peace.

Ruffin—the devil. *Ibid.* Sign. N.

Ruff peck—bacon. *Ibid.* Sign. N.

Rum boose—wine. *Ibid.* Sign. N.

Salmon—or rather *salomon*, the Beggars Oath. *Ibid.* Sign. T 3.

Skew—a cup. *Ibid.* Sign. N.

Skipper—a barn. *Ibid.*

Stampers—shoes. *Ibid.*

Strummel—straw. *Ibid.*

Tib of the buttery—a goose.

Toure—see, look out.

Upright man—See a Description of an Upright Man. Dekkar's *Belman of London*, C 4.

Walking morts—are older than doxies, and profess themselves to be widows. See Dekkar's *Belman*, Sign. E.

EDITION.

A Joviall Crew; or, the Merry Beggars. Presented in a Comedie, at the Cock-pit, in Drury Lane, in the year 1641. Written by Richard Brome.

Hic totus volo rideat Libellus. MART.

London: Printed by J. Y. for F. D. and N. E. and are to be sold at The Gun, in Ivy Lane.

THE

OLD COUPLE.

BY

THOMAS MAY, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir ARGENT SCRAPE, *an old covetous rich Knight.*
EARTHWORM, *an old miserly Niggard.*
Mr FREEMAN.
EUGENY, *Sir* ARGENT SCRAPE'S *Nephew.*
EUPHUES, (FREEMAN'S *Nephew,*) SCUDMORE'S *Friend.*
THEODORE, EARTHWORM'S *virtuous Son.*
SCUDMORE, *supposed to be slain by* EUGENY.
FRUITFUL, *the Lady* COVET'S *Chaplain* (SCUDMORE *disguised.*)
BARNET.
DOTTEREL, *a Gull, married to Lady* WHIMSEY.
TRUSTY, *the Lady* COVET'S *Steward.*
JASPER, EARTHWORM'S *Servant.*
Three Neighbours of EARTHWORM'S.
Officers.

The Lady COVET, *betrothed to Sir* ARGENT SCRAPE.
MATILDA, (EARTHWORM'S *Niece,*) SCUDMORE'S *Love.*
ARTEMIA, (FREEMAN'S *Daughter,*) EUGENY'S *Love.*
The Lady WHIMSEY, *married to* DOTTEREL.

ACT I.

EUGENY *solus.*

Eug. This is the hour which fair Artemia
Promis'd to borrow from all company,
And bless me only with it; to deny
Her beauteous presence to all else, and shine
On me, poor me! Within this garden here,
[1] This happy garden once, while I was happy,
And wanted not a free access unto it;
Before my fatal and accursed crime
Had shut these gates of paradise against me;
When I, without controul, alone might spend
With sweet Artemia in these fragrant walks
The day's short-seeming hours; and ravish'd, hear
Her sweet discourses of the lilly's whiteness;
The blushing rose, blue-mantled violet,
Pale daffodil, and purple hyacinth:
With all the various sweets and painted glories
Of Nature's wardrobe; which were all eclips'd
By her diviner beauty. But, alas!
What boots the former happiness I had,
But to increase my sorrow? My sad crime
Has left me now no entrance but by stealth,

[1] *This,* &c.—Former editions,

"This happy garden, once while I was happy." S. P.

When death and danger dog my vent'rous steps.
But welcome danger, since thou find'st so fair
A recompence, as my Artemia's sight.

ARTEMIA, EUGENY.

Art. And art thou come, my dearest Eugeny?
Has thy true love broke through so many hazards
To visit me? I pr'ythee chide my fondness,
That did command thee such a dangerous task.
I did repent it since, and was in hope
Thou would'st not come.
Eug. Why hop'd Artemia so?
Wouldst thou not see me then? Or can the hazard
Of ten such lives as mine is, countervail
One glance of favour from thy beauteous eyes?
Art. Why dost thou use that language to a heart
Which is thy captive, Eugeny, and lives
In nothing happy but in thee?
Eug. Ah! love,
There lies my greatest sorrow; that the storms
Of spiteful fortune, which o'erwhelm my state,
Should draw thy constant goodness to a suff'ring:
A goodness worthy of the happiest man.
Art. Those storms of fortune will be soon o'er-blown,
When once thy cause shall be but truly known;
That chance, not malice, wrought it; and thy pardon
Will be with ease obtain'd.
Eug. It may be, love,
If old Sir Argent do deal truly in it.
Art. But keep thyself conceal'd; do not rashly
Venture two lives in one: or when thou com'st,
Let it be still in silence of the night.
No visitation then, or other strange
Unlook'd-for accident, can bar our joys.
The moon is now in her full orb: and lends
Securer light to lovers than the sun:
Then only come. But pr'ythee tell me, love,
How do'st thou spend thy melancholy time?
Eug. Within the covert of yon shady wood,
Which clothes the mountain's rough and craggy top;
A little hovel built of boughs and reeds
Is my abode: from whence the spreading trees
Keep out the sun, and do bestow in lieu
A greater benefit, a safe concealment.
In that secure and solitary place,
I give my pleas'd imagination leave
To feast itself with thy supposed presence;
Whose only shadow brings more joy to me,
Than all the substance of the world beside.
Art. Just so alone am I; nay, want the presence
Of mine own heart, which strays to find out thee.
But who comes to thee to supply thy wants?
Eug. There Artemia names my happiness;
A happiness, which, next thy love, I hold
To be the greatest that the world can give;
And I am proud to name it. I do there
Enjoy a friend, whose sweet society
Makes that dark wood a palace of delight;
One stor'd with all that can commend a man;
In whom refined knowledge and pure art,
Mixing with true and sound morality,
Is crown'd with piety.
Art. What wonder's this
Whom thou describ'st?
Eug. But I in vain, alas!
Do strive to make with my imperfect skill
A true dissection of his noble parts:
He loses, love, by all that I can say;
For praise can come no nearer to his worth,
Than can a painter with his mimick sun
Express the beauty of Hyperion.
Art. What is his name?
Eug. His name is Theodore,
Rich Earthworm's son; lately come home from travel.
Art. Oh heavens! his son! Can such a caitif wretch,
Hated and curs'd by all, have such a son?
The miser lives alone, abhorr'd by all,
Like a disease; yet cannot so be 'scap'd:
But, canker-like, eats through the poor men's hearts
That live about him: Never has commerce
With any, but to ruin them; his house
Inhospitable as the wilderness,
And never look'd upon, but with a curse.
He hoards, in secret places of the earth,
Not only bags of treasure, but his corn;
Whose every grain he prizes 'bove a life;
And never prays at all, but for dear years.
Eug. For his son's sake, tread gently on his fame.
Art. Oh! love, his fame cannot be redeemed
From obloquy; but thee I trust so far,
As highly to esteem his worthy son.
Eug. That man is all, and more than I have said:
His wond'rous virtues will hereafter make
The people all forgive his father's ill:
I was acquainted with *him* long ago
In foreign parts. And, now I think on't, love,
He'll be the fittest man to be acquainted
With all our secrecies, and be a means
To further us; and think I trust his truth,
That dare so much commend his worth to thee.
Art. He is my neighbour here; that house is Earthworm's,
That stands alone, beside yon grove of trees:
And fear not, dearest love, I'll find a means
To send for him; do you acquaint him first.
[*Exeunt.*

EUPHUES, DOTTEREL, BARNET.

Euph. Then shall I tell my cousin that you are
A younger brother, Mr Dotterel?
Dot. Oh, yes, by any means, sir.
Euph. What's your reason?
Dot. A crotchet, sir, a crotchet that I have:
Here's one can tell you I have twenty of 'em.

Bar. Euphues, dissuade him not; he is resolv'd
To keep his birth and fortunes both conceal'd;
Yet win her so, or no way: He would know
Whether himself be truly lov'd, or no,
And not his fortunes only.
Euph. Well, access
Have already found; pursue it, sir;
But give me leave to wonder at your way.
Another wooer, to obtain his love,
Would put on all his colours; stretch t' appear
At his full height, or a degree beyond it;
Belye his fortunes; borrow what he wanted;
Not make himself less than he truly is.
What reason is there, that a man possest
Of fortunes large enough, that may come boldly
A welcome suitor to herself and friends,
And, ten to one, speed in his suit the fair
And usual way; should play the fool and lose
His precious time in such a hopeless wooing?
Dot. Alas, sir, what is a gentleman's time?
Bar. Euphues, he tells you true; there are some brains
Can never lose their time, whate'er they do:
Yet I can tell you, he has read some books.
Dot. Do not disparage me.
Bar. I warrant thee;
And in those books, he says, he finds examples
Of greatest beauties, that have so been won.
Euph. Oh! in Parismus, and the Knight o' th' Sun:
Are those your authors?
Dot. Yes, and those are good ones:
Why should a man of worth, though but a shepherd,
Despair to get the love of a king's daughter?
Euph. I pr'ythee, Barnet, how hast thou screw'd up
This fool to such a monstrous confidence?
Bar. He needs no screwing up; but let him have
His swing a little.
Euph. He shall have it freely:
But you have seen your mistress, Mr Dotterel;
How do you find her? coming?
Dot. That's all one,
I know what I know.
Bar. He has already got
Some footing in her favour.
Euph. But I doubt
He'll play the tyrant; make her dote too long,
Wear the green-sickness is his livery,
And pine a year or two.
Dot. She's not the first
That has done so for me.
Euph. But if you use
My cousin so, I shall not take it well.
Dot. Oh, I protest I have no such meaning, sir.
See, here she comes! the Lady Whimsey too.

Enter Lady WHIMSEY, ARTEMIA.

L. Whim. I thought, sweet-heart, th' had'st wanted company.
Art. Why, so I did; yours, madam.
L. Whim. Had I known
Your house had been so full of gallants now,
I would have spar'd my visit. But 'tis all one,
I have met a friend here.
Euph. Your poor servant, madam.
L. Whim. I was confessing of your cousin here
About th' affairs of love.
Euph. [2] Your ladyship, I hope, will shrieve her gently.
L. Whim. But I tell her
She shall not thank me now for seeing her,
For I have business hard-by. I am going
A suitor to your old rich neighbour here,
Earthworm.
Euph. A suitor! He is very hard
In granting any thing, especially
If it be money.
L. Whim. Yes, my suit's for money;
Nay, all his money, and himself to boot.
Bar. His money would do well, without himself.
L. Whim. And with himself.
Bar. Alas! your ladyship
Should too much wrong your beauty, to bestow it
Upon one that cannot use it, and debar
More able men their wishes.
Euph. That's true, Barnet,
If she should bar all other men; but that
Would be too great a cruelty.
Art. Do you hear my cousin, madam?
L. Whim. Yes, he will be heard:
Rather than fail, he'll give himself the hearing.
But pr'ythee, Euphues, tell me plainly now
What thou dost think of me. I love thy freeness
Better than any flattery in the world.
Euph. I think you wond'rous wise.
L. Whim. In what?
Euph. In that
That makes or mars a woman, I mean love.
L. Whim. Why, pr'ythee?
Euph. I think you understand so well
What the true use of man is, that you'll ne'er
Trouble your thoughts with care, or spoil your beauty

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[2] *Your ladyship, I hope, will* shrieve *her gently—i. e. shrive* her, hear her at confession. So, in Shakspeare's *King Richard III.*

"What, talking with a priest, lord Chamberlain?
Your lordship hath no *shriving* work in hand." S.

See also Note 67 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Vol. I. p. 118.

With the green-sickness, to obtain a thing
Which you can purchase a discreeter way.
Art. How do you like this, madam?
L. Whim. Wond'rous well;
'Tis that I look'd for. But what entertainment
Would old rich Earthworm give us, do you think?
Bar. Unless your presence, madam, could infuse
A nobler soul into him, 'tis much fear'd
'Twould be but mean.
L. Whim. Because (you'll say) he's covetous:
Tut! I can work a change in any man:
If I were married to him, you should see
What I would make him.
Euph. I believe we should,
If cuckolds horns were visible. [*Aside.*
Art. But could
Your ladyship be pleas'd with such a husband?
L. Whim. Who could not well be pleas'd with such a fortune?
Art. Wealth cannot make a man.
L. Whim. But his wealth, lady, can make a woman.
Euph. Yet, I doubt, old Earthworm
Would prove too subtle to be govern'd so:
You'll find him, madam, an old crabbed piece;
Some gentle fool were better for a husband.
Art. Fie, cousin, how thou talk'st!
L. Whim. He's in the right:
Fools are the only husbands; one may rule 'em.
Why should not we desire to use men so
As they would us? I have heard men protest
They would have their wives silly, and not study'd
In any thing, but how to dress themselves;
And not so much as able to write letters.
Just such a husband would I wish to have;
So qualify'd, and not a jot beyond it;
He should not have the skill to write or read.
Art. What could you get by that?
L. Whim. I should be sure
He could not read my letters; and for bonds,
When I should have occasion to use money,
His mark would serve.
Art. I am not of your mind;
I would not have a fool for all the world.
Bar. No, fairest lady, your perfections
None but the wisest and the best of men
Can truly find and value.
Dot. And I protest, lady,
I honour you for not loving a fool.
L. Whim. You would love a wife, it seems, that loves not you?
Euph. A tart jest, Barnet!
Bar. But he feels it not. [*Aside.*
Euph. Fie, Mr Dotterel, 'tis not nobly done
In you, to hate a fool: A generous spirit
Would take the weakest part; and fools, you know,
Are weakest still.
Dot. Faith, Mr Euphues,
I must confess, I have a generous spirit;
And do a little sympathize with fools:
I learn'd that word from a good honest man.
But hark you, cousin Barnet, this same lady
Is a brave woman.
Bar. Are you taken with her?
Dot. I love a wit with all my heart
Bar. 'Tis well;
He is already taken off, I see,
From fair Artemia, or may be soon,
Upon this t'other I may build a fortune.
Euph. But, madam, if your ladyship should marry
Upon those terms, 'twere better that you took
Old Earthworm's son.
L. Whim. Has he a son, I pr'ythee?
Euph. Yes, lately come from travel, as they say,
We have not seen him yet; he has kept close
Since his arrival; people give him out
To be his father's own.
L. Whim. Nay, then I swear
I'll none of him; if he be covetous,
And young, I shall be troubled too long with him:
I had rather have the old one.
Art. Here's my father.

Enter Mr FREEMAN.

Free. Health to this good society; I am sorry
That my poor house must not to-day enjoy
The happiness to entertain you all.
We are invited to th' old Lady Covet's;
And thither must our company remove.
L. Whim. Sir, I'll be govern'd by you. I was bold
To come and see Mrs Artemia.
Free. She's much beholden to your ladyship
For doing her that honour.
Euph. Tell me, uncle;
I hear Sir Argent Scrape is at her house.
Free. Nephew, 'tis true; and, which thou'lt wonder at,
That marriage, which we talk'd of as a jest,
In earnest now's concluded of; and shall
To-morrow morning be solemnized.
Euph. Betwixt Sir Argent, and the Lady Covet?
I do not think it strange; there's but one hedge
Has a long time divided them; I mean,
Their large estates; and 'tis th' estate that marries.
Free. But is't not strange; nay, most unnatural;
And I may say ridiculous, for those years
To marry, and abuse the ordinance;
My Lady Covet is, at least, fourscore;
And he, this year, is fourscore and fifteen:
Besides, he has been bed-rid long, and lame
Of both his feet.
Euph. Uncle, he's not too old
To love; I mean, her money; and in that
The chiefest end of marriage is fulfill'd:
He will increase and multiply his fortunes;
Increase, you know, is the true end of marriage.
Free. They have already almost the whole country.

Euph. But you shall see how now they'll pro-
Free. Is such a marriage lawful? [pagate.
Euph. Ah! good uncle,
Dispute not that, the church has nought in this;
Their lawyer is the priest that marries them;
The banns of matrimony are the indentures;
Bounds and land-marks are the ring that joins them.
Art. But there's no love at all.
Euph. Yes, pretty cousin,
If thou art read in amorous books, thou'lt find
That Cupid's arrow has a golden head;
And 'twas a golden shaft that wounded them.
Free. Well thither we must go; but, pr'ythee, nephew,
Forbear thy jesting there.
Euph. I warrant you;
I'll flatter the old lady, and persuade her
How well she looks: But when they go to-bed,
I'll write their epitaph.
Free. How, man! their epitaph?
Their epithalamium, thou mean'st.
Euph. No, sirs,
Over their marriage-bed I'll write their ages;
And only say, Here lies Sir Argent Scrape,
Together with his wife, the Lady Covet.
And whosoever reads it, will suppose
The place to be a tomb, no marriage-bed.
L. Whim. How strangely thou art taken with this wedding,
Before thou see'st it!
Euph. And then, let me see,
To fit them for an Hymenæal song;
Instead of those so high and spirited strains,
Which the old Grecian lovers us'd to sing,
When lusty bridegrooms rifled maiden-heads,
I'll sing a quiet dirge; and bid them sleep
In peaceful rest; [3] and bid the clothes, instead
Of earth, lie gently on their aged bones——
Free. Thou'lt ne'er have done. Well gallants, 'tis almost
The time that calls us: I must needs be gone.
L. Whim. We'll wait upon you, sir.
Free. Your servant, madam.
[*Exeunt Lady* WHIMSEY, FREEMAN, DOTTEREL, *and* BARNET.
Art. Stay, cousin, I have a request to thee.
Euph. Thou canst not fear that I'll deny it thee:
Speak it, 'tis done.
Art. Why then, in short, 'tis this:
Old Earthworm, cousin, has a son, they say,
Lately come home; his name, as I have heard,
Is Theodore.
Euph. Yes, I have heard of him.
Art. I would intreat you, by some means or other,
To draw him hither; I'd fain speak with him:
Ask not the cause, but do what I request:
You may hereafter know.
Euph. Well, I'll not question't,
But bring him hither, though I know him not.
Art. Cousin, farewel; I shall be look'd for straight. [*Exit* ARTEMIA.

Manet EUPHUES.

Euph. Rich Earthworm's son! why, in the name of wonder,
Should it be her desire to speak with him?
She knows him not: Well, let it be a riddle;
I have not so much wit as to expound it;
Nor yet so little, as to lose my thoughts,
Or study to find out, what the no reason
Of a young wench's will is: Should I guess,
I know not what to think; she may have heard
That he's a proper man, and so desire
To satisfy herself? What reason then

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[3] —— *and bid the clothes, instead*
Of earth, lie gently on their aged bones——]—These lines seem a parody on the following one in *Bonduca*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 4. S. 3:

"—— *lie lightly on my ashes, gentle earth.*"

The time when Prior wrote his beautiful Ode to the memory of Colonel George Villiers, drowned in the river Piava, in the county of Friuli, 1703, is so near the period in which Mr Pope composed his elegy to the memory of an unfortunate lady, that it is difficult to say which of these great men borrowed from the other. It appears certain, however, that one of them, in the following lines, was indebted to his friend, unless it can be supposed, that both of them were obliged to the above line of Beaumont and Fletcher. Prior says:

"Lay the dead hero graceful in a grave
(The only honour he can now receive;)
And fragrant mould upon his body throw;
And plant the warrior laurel o'er his brow;
Light lie the earth; and flourish green the bough."

Mr Pope writes thus:

"What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb;
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
And thy green turf *lie lightly on thy breast.*"

Can she alledge to him? Tut, that's not it;
Her beauty, and large dower, need not to seek
Out any suitors: and the odious name
Of his old wretched father would quite choke it:
Or have some tattling gossips, or the maids,
Told her perchance that he's a conjurer?
He goes in black; they say he is a scholar;
Has been beyond sea too: there it may lie:
And he must satisfy her longing thought,
What, or how many husbands she shall have;
Of what degree, upon what night she shall
Dream of the man; [4] when she shall fast, and all
In the churchyard, to see him passing by, all
Just in those clothes that first he com[illegible]
These things may be. But why should s[illegible]
To be her instrument? Some of the m[illegible],
Or maids, might do't as well. Well, sin[illegible] you be
Us'd me, fair cousin, I will sound yo[illegible]
Or't shall go hard. The fellow may [illegible] her
Therefore I'll watch him too, and str[illegible]
But, now I think on't, I'll solicit him
By letter first, and meet him afterward. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

EARTHWORM, THEODORE.

Earth. I do not more rejoice in all my stores,
My wealthy bags, fill'd garners, crouded chests,
And all the envy'd heaps that I have glean'd,
With so long care and labour; than I do
In thy most frugal nature, Theodore,
Concurring just with mine: In thee, my son,
I see, methinks, a perpetuity
Of all the projects which my soul has hatch'd,
And their rich fruits. I see my happiness,
When I consider what great hoards of wealth,
With long care rak'd together, I have seen
Even in a moment scatter'd; when I view
The gaudy heirs of thriving aldermen
Fleeting, like short liv'd bubbles, into air;
And all that fire expiring in one blaze,
That was so long a kindling. But do thou,
Do thou, my son, go on, and grow in thrift;
It is a virtue that rewards itself.
'Tis matterless, in goodness who excels:
He that hath coin, hath all perfections else.

Theod. Sir, I am wholly yours; and never can
Degenerate from your frugality:
Or, if my nature did a little stray,
Your good example would direct it still,
Till it were grown in me habitual.

Earth. 'Twill be a greater patrimony to thee
Than all my wealth: Strive to be perfect in't;
Study the rules: one rule is general;
And that is, Give away nothing, son;
For thrift is like a journey; every gift,
Though ne'er so small, is a step back again.
He that would rise to riches or renown,
Must not regard though he pull millions down.

Theod. That lesson, sir, is easy to be learn'd.

Earth. Laugh at those fools that are ambitious
Of empty air; to be stil'd liberal!
That sell their substance for the breath of others,
And with the flattering thanks of idle drones
Are swelled, while their solid parts decay.
What clothes to wear, the first occasion
Of wearing clothes, will teach a wise man best.

Theod. True, sir; it teacheth us how vain a thing
It is for men to take a pride in that,
Which was at first the emblem of their shame.

Earth. Thou hit'st it right; but can'st thou be content
With my poor diet too?

Theod. Oh, wond'rous well!
'Twas such a diet which that happy age,
That poets stile the golden, first did use.

Earth. And such a diet, to our chests will bring
The golden age again.

Theod. Beside the gain
That flows upon us, health and liberty
Attend on these bare meals: if all were blest
With such a temperance, what man would fawn,
Or to his belly sell his liberty?
There would be then no slaves, no sycophants
At great men's tables. [5] If the base Sarmentus,
Or that vile Galba, had been thus content,
They had not borne the scoffs of Cæsar's board.
He whose cheap thirst the springs and brooks can quench,
How many cares is he exempted from?
He's not indebted to the merchant's toil,

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[4] —— *when she shall fast*, &c.—These customs are still preserved by the inferior ranks of females in different parts of the kingdom. Among others, they frequently fast on Saint Agnes'-eve, and at the same time make use of several singular rites and ceremonies; all which are described and ridiculed in Gay's comedy of *The Wife of Bath*. See also, Brand's *Observations on popular Antiquities*, 1777, p. 387.

[5] —— *If the base* Sarmentus,
Or that vile Galba, *&c.*

"—— quæ nec *Sarmentus* iniquas
Cæsaris ad mensas, nec vilis *Galba* tulisset." Juv. *Sat.* VI. S.

Nor fears that pirates' force, or storms, should rob him
Of rich Canaries, or sweet Candian wines:
He smells, nor seeks, no feast; but in his own
True strength contracted lives; and there enjoys
A greater freedom than the Parthian king.
Earth. Thou mak'st me more in love with my blest life.
Theod. Besides, pure chearful health ever attends it;
Which made the former ages live so long.
With riotous banquets sicknesses came in;
When death 'gan muster all his dismal band
Of pale diseases, such as poets feign
Keep centinel before the gates of hell,
And bade them wait about the gluttons tables;
Whom they, like venom'd pills, in sweetest wines
Deceiv'd, swallow down, and hasten on
(What most they would eschew) untimely death.
But from our tables here, no painful surfeits,
No fed diseases, grow, to strangle nature
And suffocate the active brain; no fevers,
No apoplexies, palsies, or catarrhs
Are here; where nature, not entic'd at all
With such a dangerous bait as pleasant cates,
Takes in no more than she can govern well.
Earth. But that which is the greatest comfort, son,
Is to observe, with pleasure, our rich hoards
Daily increase, and stuff the swelling bags.
Come, thou art mine, I see! Here, take these keys. [*Gives* THEODORE *the keys.*
These keys can shew thee such amazing plenty,
Whose very sight would feed a famish'd country.
I durst not trust my servants.
Theod. Me you may,
Who equal with my life do prize your profit.
Earth. Well, I'll go in; I feel myself half sleepy,
After the drink I took. [*Exit.*
Theod. 'Twill do you good, sir.
Work sweetly, gentle cordial! and restore
Those spirits again, which pining avarice
Has 'reft him of. Ah me! how wond'rous thin,
How lean and wan he looks! How much, alas!
Has he defrauded his poor genius,
In raking wealth, while the pale grisly sighs
Of famine dwell upon his aged cheeks.
Oh Avarice! than thee, a greater plague
Did ne'er infest the life of wretched man!
Heaven aid my work! That rare extraction
Which he has drank, beside the nourishment,
Will cast him in a safe and gentle sleep,
While I have liberty to work my ends;
And, with his body's cure, a means I'll find
To cure his fame, and, which is more, his mind.
Jasper!

Enter JASPER.

Jas. Sir!
Theod. Are those disguises ready
Which I bespoke?
Jas. They are all fitted, sir.
Theod. Then, at the hour which I appointed thee,
Invite those people, Jasper; but be true
And secret to me.
Jas. As your own heart, sir.
Theod. Take this. I will reward thy service better,
As soon as these occasions are dispatch'd.
Jas. I thank you, sir. I have a letter for you,
Left here but now, from Mr Euphues,
Old Mr Freeman's nephew.
Theod Give it me,
I will anon peruse it; but my haste
Permits not now: Eugeny waits my coming.
[*Exit* THEODORE.
Jas. I like this well: yet if I should prove false
To my old master, for my young master's sake,
Who can accuse me? For the reason's plain,
And very palpable; I feel it here:
This will buy ale; so will not all the hoards
Which my old master has. His money serves
For nothing but to look upon; but this
Knows what the common use of money is.
Well, for my own part, I'm resolv'd to do
Whatever he commands me: he's too honest
To wrong his father in it: if he should,
The worst would be his own, another day. [*Exit.*

EUGENY *solus.*

Eug. Just thus, in woods and solitary caves,
The ancient hermits liv'd; but they liv'd happy!
And, in their quiet contemplations, found
More real comforts than society
Of men could yield; than cities could afford;
Or all the lustres of a court could give:
But I have no such sweet preservatives
Against the sadness of this desart place.
I am myself a greater wilderness
Than are these woods, where horror and dismay
Make their abodes: while different passions
By turns do reign in my distracted soul.
Fortune makes this conclusion general;
All things shall help th' unfortunate man to fall.
First, Sorrow comes, and tells me I have done
A crime, whose foulness must deserve a sea
Of penitent tears, to wash me clean again.
Then Fear steps in, and tells me, if surpriz'd,
My wretched life is forfeit to the law.
When these have done, enters the tyrant Love,
And sets before me the fair Artemia;
Displays her virtues and perfections;
Tells me that all those graces, all those beauties,
Suffer for me, for my unhappiness;
And wounds me more in her, than in myself.
Ah, Theodore! would I could ever sleep
But when thou com'st; for in myself I find
No drop of comfort!—Welcome, dearest friend!

Enter THEODORE.

Theod. Pardon the slowness of my visit, friend;
For such occasions have detain'd me hence,
As, if thou knew'st, I know thou would'st excuse.

Eug. I must confess, I thought the hours too long;
But the fruition of thy presence now
Makes me forget it all.
Theod. Collect thyself,
Thou droop'st too much, my dearest Eugeny,
And art too harsh and sour a censurer
Of that unhappy crime, which thou wert forc'd
Lately to act. I did allow in thee
That lawful sorrow that was fit; but let
Well-grounded comforts cure thee. Nought extreme
Is safe in man.
Eug. 'Tis time must work that cure.
Theod. But why thy pardon is not yet obtain'd,
Let me be free in my conjectures to thee.
Eug. Speak, friend, as to thyself.
Theod. Sir Argent Scrape,
Your old rich kinsman, who to-morrow morning
Is to be married to the Lady Covet——
Eug. Is that match come about? Oh, avarice!
What monsters thou begett'st in this vile age!
Theod. Sir Argent Scrape, I say, is next heir male,
On whom thy whole estate was long ago
Entail'd.
Eug. 'Tis true.
Theod. He must inherit it, should thy life fail.
Eug. 'Tis granted.
Theod. Then, friend, hear,
What not a bare conjecture, but strong grounds
Move me to utter. Think upon that word
Thou spok'st so lately: Think what avarice
Can make her bondmen do; that such a price
As fifteen hundred pounds a year, will make
Him labour, not thy pardon, but thy death.
Eug. Can there be such a miscreant in nature?
Theod. I should not think so, if I weigh'd him only
As he's thy kinsman. I have been inform'd,
He labours under-hand to apprehend thee,
Just at the assizes now, and has laid plots
To stop all pardons, which in that short time
Might be procur'd; and then what bribes may do,
In hastening execution, do but consider.
If this be false, some courtiers have abus'd
His fame: And pardon me, my dearest friend,
If I suspect the worst, for fear of thee.
Eug. When I consider what accurst effects
Proceed from wretched avarice, I begin
To feel a fear.
Theod. This very age hath given
Horrid examples lately. Brothers have been
Betray'd by brothers, in that very kind:
When pardons have been got by the next heirs,
They have arriv'd too late. No tie so near,
No band so sacred, but the cursed hunger
Of gold has broke it, and made wretched men
To fly from nature, mock religion,
And trample under feet the holiest laws.
Eug. He has been ever noted for that vice;
Which, with his age, has still grown stronger in him. [last
Theod. Ah, Eugeny! how happy were that Age of a man, when ong experience
Has taught him knowledge, taught him [illegible] rance,
And freed him from so many loose desires
In which rash youth is plung'd, vice [illegible] vice——
But hark, hark, friend! what ravish[illegible] that?
Eug. Ha! wond'rous sweet! 'tis [illegible] joining thicket.

SONG.

This is not the Elysian grove;
Nor can I meet my slaughter'd love
Within these shades. Come, Death, and be
At last as merciful to me,
As in my dearest Scudmore's fall,
Thou shewd'st thyself tyrannical.
Then did I die when he was slain:
But kill me now, I live again:
And shall go meet him in a grove,
Fairer than any here, above.

Oh! let this woful breath expire!
Why should I wish Evadne's fire,
Sad Portia's coals, or Lucrece' knife,
To rid me of a loathed life?
'Tis shame enough that grief alone
Kills me not now, when thou art gone!
But, life, since thou art slow to go,
I'll punish thee for lasting so;
And make thee piece-meal every day
Dissolve to tears, and melt away.

Theod. Ah, Eugeny! some heavenly nymph descends
To make thee musick in these desert woods;
To quench, or feed, thy baleful melancholy;
It is so sweet, I could almost believe,
But that 'tis sad, it were an angel's voice.
Eug. What, in the name of miracle, is this?
Theod. Remove not thou; I'll make discovery
Within this thicket.
Eug. Ha! what means thy wonder?
What dost thou see?
Theod. I know not how to tell thee:
Now I could wish myself to be all eyes,
As erst all ears. I see a shape as fair,
And as divine, as was the voice it sent;
But clouded all with sorrow: a fair woman,
If by a name so mortal I may term her.
In such a sorrow sate the Queen of Love,
When in the wood she wail'd Adonis' death;
And, from her crystal-dropping eyes, did pay
A lover's obsequy.
Eug. Let me come near.
Theod. Sure, black is Cupid's colour: Death and he
Have chang'd their liveries now, as, in the fable,
They did their quivers once.
Eug. Ah! woe is me!
Theod. What means that woe?

Eug. Ah, Theodore! my guilt
Pursues me to the woods! No place can keep
The monuments of my misdeeds away.
Theod. I understand you not.
Eug. It is Matilda,
The slaughter'd Scudmore's love, his virtuous love;
Whose life by me, unhappily, was spilt.
The sad melodious ditty, which so late
Did pierce our ravish'd ears, was but the note
Of this fair turtle for her slaughter'd mate:
In which, perchance, amidst her woes, she sends
Black curses up against my spotted self:
But I with prayers and blessings will repay
Whate'er thou vent'st 'gainst me. Oh! do not wish
More wretchedness to my distracted soul
Than I already feel! sad sighs and tears
Are all the satisfaction that is left
For me to make to thy dead love and thee.
Theod. Those lips can vent no curses; 'twould take off
Much from the sweetness of her virtuous sorrow.
Where lives this lovely maid?
Eug. In the next village.
Theod. Has she a father living?
Eug. No, friend; he died
When she was in her infancy. Her mother,
Two years ago deceas'd, and left her all
The substance that she had; which was not great,
But does maintain her. In that little house,
E'er since this fatal accident, she lives
A miracle of truth and constancy,
Wailing her loves; and now, it seems, was come
To vent her woful passions to the woods.
Theod. How happy had he been in such a love,
If fate had spar'd his life! But he is dead;
And time at last may wear this sorrow off, [*Aside.*
And make her relish the true joys of love.
But why do I thus wander in my thoughts?
This passion must be curb'd in the beginning:
'Twill prove too stubborn for me, if it grow.
Eug. Come, let us to my cave, as we intended,
Ere this sad object stay'd us.
Theod. Sad indeed;
Believe me, friend, I suffer with thee in it:
But we were wounded in two different kinds.
Come, let's be gone; though—I could still—dwell here. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MATILDA.

Mat. Methought I heard a noise within the wood;
As if men talk'd together, not far off;
But could discover none. [a]The time has been,
In such a solitary place as this,
I should have trembled at each moving leaf;
But sorrow, and my miserable state,
Have made me bold. If there be savages,
That live by rapine in such woods as these,
As I have heard in ancient times there were,
My wretched state would move their pity, rather
Than violence. I'll confidently go,
Guarded with nothing but my innocence. [*Exit.*

Enter FRUITFUL, TRUSTY.

Fruit. Come, master Steward, you have had a time
Of sweating for this wedding.
Trus. I have ta'en
A little pains to-day; your's, Mr Fruitful,
Is yet to come: I mean your sermon.
Fruit. Yes, but the pains are past; and that's the study.
But to our business that more concerns us:
Is the deed ready written that my lady
Must seal to-day?
Trus. Do you believe she'll seal it?
Fruit. I warrant you; I have so follow'd her,
And laid it to her conscience, that I dare
Hazard my life 'tis done.
Trus. Well, here's the deed: 'tis plainly written.
Fruit. I'll peruse 't anon.
I know the other feoffees are as true
And honest men, as any are i' th' world.
[*Exit* TRUSTY.

Enter FREEMAN, EUPHUES, BARNET, DOTTREL, *Lady* WHIMSEY.

Free. Save you, Mr Fruitful!
Fruit. Worthy Mr Freeman!
Free. How does my lady, sir? I have made bold
To bring her company.
Fruit. Please you draw near, sir;
I will go up and signify unto my lady
That you are here. [*Exit* FRUITFUL.
Bar. What's he? her chaplain, Euphues?
Euph. Oh, yes.

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[a] *The time has been*, &c.—So, *Macbeth*, A. 5. S. 5:

> "I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
> *The time has been*, my senses would have cool'd
> To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
> Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
> As life were in't. I have supt full with horrors!
> Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
> Cannot once start me."

L. Whim. She uses praying then, it seems?
Euph. Yes, madam, and fasting too; but gives no alms.
L. Whim. Cannot he teach her that?
Euph. 'Tis to be doubted:
But he has other ways, which are far safer;
To speak against the fashion; against painting
Or fornication. If he were your chaplain,
He would inveigh as much 'gainst covetousness.
L. Whim. He would hurt me little in that. But has he learning?
Euph. No surely, madam; he is full of knowledge,
But has no learning at all: he can expound,
But understands nothing. One thing in him
Is excellent: Though he do hate the bishops,
He would not make them guilty of one sin,
Which was to give him orders; for he hates
Orders as much as them.
Free. Well, I have heard,
Though he came lately to her, he has got
A great hand over her; and sways her conscience
Which way he list.
Euph. Uncle, 'tis very easy
To rule a thing so weak as is her conscience.
I'll undertake, that a twin'd thread would do it
As well as a strong cable. If he could
Rule her estate too, he would have a place on't.
Free. Why, that will follow t' other.
Euph. I think not:
Rather, her conscience follows her estate;
Oppression had not else increas'd it so.
She wrong'd a worthy friend of mine, young Scudmore;
And, by mere fraud and bribery, took away
His whole estate; five hundred pound a year.
Free. I must confess, 'twas a foul cause indeed;
And he, poor man, lack'd means to prosecute
The cause against her. But he feels it not
At this time, nephew.
Bar. Was't that Scudmore, sir, [man,
Whom Eugeny, Sir Argent Scrape's young kins-
Unfortunately kill'd?
Free. The same. Well, let
All these things pass: we come now to be merry.
L. Whim. Let's eat up her good cheer: a niggard's feast
Is best, they say.
Dot. Shall we have wine good store?
Bar. Oh! fear not that.
Dot. Hold belly, hold, i' faith!
Bar. Yes, and brain too.
Dot. Nay, for my brain,
Let me alone; I fear not that; no wine
Can hurt my brain.
L. Whim. Say you so, Mr Dotterel? Why such a brain I love.
Dot. Madam, I am glad I had it for you.
L. Whim. For me, sir!
Dot. Yes, lady,
'Tis at your service; so is the whole body.
Did I not tickle her there, old lad?
Bar. Yes, rarely.
L. Whim. Shall I presume to call you servant, then?
Dot. Oh lord! madam! if I were worthy to be!
L. Whim. Nay, I know you have good courtship, servant:
Wear this for my sake. [*Gives him a scarf.*
Dot. 'Tis your livery, madam.
Bar. Well, th' art a happy man, if thou knew'st all.
Euph. Madam, I see your ladyship can tell
How to make choice in dealing of your favours.
Dot. It pleases you to say so, good Mr Euphues.
Euph. Why, sir, I speak of the lady's judgment.
Dot. 'Twas more of her courtesy than my desert.

Enter Lady COVET *on Crutches.*

Euph. Here comes the lady bride.
Free. Joy to your ladyship!
L. Cov. I thank you, sir; y' are very welcome all.
Free. I have made bold to bring my friends along,
As you commanded, lady.
L. Cov. They are most welcome.
Euph. Methinks your ladyship looks fresh to-day,
And like a bride indeed.
L. Cov. Ah, Mr Euphues!
You, I perceive, can flatter.
Euph. Does your glass
Tell you I flatter, madam?
L. Cov. Bestow this
Upon young maids; but let me tell you, sir,
Old folks may marry too. It was ordain'd,
At first, to be as well a stay to age,
As to please youth. We have our comforts too,
Though we be old.
Euph. Madam, I doubt it not:
You are not yet so old, but you may have
Your comfort well; and if Sir Argent Scrape
Were but one threescore years younger than he is—
Bar. What a strange *but* thou mak'st!
Euph. You would perceive it.
L. Whim. Servant, could you find in your heart to marry
Such an old bride?
Dot. No, mistress, I protest
I had rather have none.
L. Whim. What age would you desire
To chuse your wife of?
Dot. Just as old as you are.
L. Whim. Well, servant, I believe you can dissemble.
L. Cov. Will 't please you to draw near? Sir Argent stays,
Expecting within.
Free. We'll wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

Manent BARNET, DOTTEREL.

Bar. To what strange fortune, friend, are some men born?
I mean by thee; surely when thou wert young,
The fairies dandled thee.
Dot. Why, pr'ythee, Barnet?
Bar. That ladies thus should doat upon thy person.
Dost thou not see how soon the Lady Whimsey
Is caught in love with thee?
Dot. But is she, think'st thou?
Bar. Is she! come, thou perceiv'st it well enough;
What else should make her court thee, and bestow
Her favours openly? And such a lady,
So full of wit as she is too! Would she
Betray the secrets of her heart so far;
But that love plays the tyrant in her breast,
And forces her?
Dot. True, and, as thou sayest, Barnet,
She's a brave witty lady; and I love
A wit with all my heart. What would she say
If she should know me truly; that thus loves,
And thinks I am but a poor younger brother?
Bar. Why still the greater is thy happiness;
Thou may'st be sure she loves thee truly now,
And not thy fortunes.
Dot. Has she found me out,
For all I sought to hide myself?
Bar. The more [seen.
Thy worth appears, the more her judgment's
Oh! 'tis a gallant lady! Well, she might
Have cast her eye on me, or Euphues;
But 'twas not our good fortune!
Dot. Do not despair;
Some other woman may love thee as well;
Come, thou hast worth, Barnet, as well as I.
Bar. Nay, nay, abuse not your poor friends; but, tell me,
What dost thou think of young Artemia now?
Dot. Of her! a foolish girl, a simple thing;
She'd make a pretty wife for me! I confess
I courted her; but she had not the wit
To find out what I was, for all my talk.
Bar. And that was strange she should not; but 'tis fate
That governs marriages.
Dot. Let her repent,
And know what she hath lost, when 'tis too late.
But dost thou think this gallant Lady Whimsey
Will marry me?
Bar. Mak'st thou a doubt of that?
'Tis thy own fault, boy, if thou hast her not.
Dot. That I protest it shall not be; but, tell me;
Shall I express my love to her in verse
Or prose?
Bar. In which you will.
Dot. I am alike at both of them, indeed.
Bar. I know thou art.
Dot. Come, let's go in.
Bar. Thou long'st to see thy mistress?
Dot. [7] We'll drink her health in a crown'd cup, my lad. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

THEODORE, *Neighbours with sacks.*

Theod. Come, neighbours, pray draw near; my fellow Jasper
Has told you wherefore you were sent for hither.
1*st Neigh.* Ay, I thank you, friend.
2*d Neigh.* And my good master too.
Theod. My master, touch'd with sorrow and remorse
For that unhappy error of his life,
That fault (alas!) which by too true a name
Is termed misery; determines now,
By deeds of tender charity, to make
The wronged poor amends; and to the world
Declare the fruits of a reformed life:
And first your pardon, neighbours, he would beg,
And, next to Heaven, be reconcil'd to you.
1*st Neigh.* Now, blessing on his heart!
2*d Neigh.* Good tender soul!
3*d Neigh.* I ever thought him a right honest man.
Theod. He, that before did churlishly engross
And lock those blessings up, which from the hand
Of Heaven were shower'd upon him, has at last
Found their true use; and will henceforth redeem
The former mispent time. His wealthy stores
Shall be no longer shut against the poor;
His bags seal'd up no longer, to debar
The course of fitting bounty. To you all,
Of corn and money, weekly he'll allow,
In recompence, a greater quantity
By far, than men of greater rank shall do:
Nor will he come himself to take your thanks,
Till, as he says, he has deserv'd them better.
Mean time, by me, he pours his bounty forth;
Which he desires with greatest secrecy

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[7] *We'll drink her health in a crown'd cup.*—I suppose he means a bumper, a cup fill'd till the wine rises above the top of it. Such a character as Dotterel is hardly made to allude to the *pocula coronata* of the Romans.

May be perform'd; for all vain-glorious shows,
And ostentation, does his soul abhor:
He sounds no trumpet to bestow his alms;
Nor in the streets proclaims his charity,
Which makes the virtue vice; nor would he have
The world take notice of you at his doors.
1st Neigh. See, see, religious man!
2d Neigh. Ah, neighbour;
Some in the world have been mistaken in him!
Theod. Nor would he have you blaze his bounty forth,
And praise him openly. Forbear it, neighbours;
Your private prayers only, he desires,
And hearty wishes: for true charity,
Though ne'er so secret, finds a just reward.
I am his servant, newly entertain'd;
But one, to whom he does commit the trust
Of his desires in this; and I should wrong
His goodness strangely, if I should keep back
The least of what his bounty doth intend.
Come in with me; I'll fill your sacks with corn,
And let you see what money he bestows.
Omnes Neigh. We'll pray to Heaven to reward his goodness. [*Exeunt.*

EUPHUES, BARNET.

Euph. Our Dotterel then is caught?
Bar. He is, and just
As [8] Dotterels use to be: the lady first
Advanc'd toward him, stretch'd forth her wing, and he
Met her with all expressions; and is caught
As fast in her lime-twigs, as he can be,
Until the church confirm it.
Euph. There will be
Another brave estate for her to spend.
Bar. Others will be the better for't; and if
None but a Dotterel suffer for't, what loss
Of his can countervail the least good fortune
That may from thence blow to another man?
Euph. She spent her t'other husband a great fortune.
Bar. Dotterel's estate will find her work again
For a great while; two thousand pounds a year
Cannot be melted suddenly; when 'tis,
Men can but say, her prodigality
Has done an act of justice; and translated
That wealth, which Fortune's blindness had misplaced
On such a fellow. What should he do with it?
Euph. And thou say'st right; [9] some men were made to be
The conduit-pipes of an estate; or rather,
The sieves of Fortune, through whose leaking-holes
She means to scatter a large flood of wealth,
Besprinkling many with refreshing showers:
So usurers, so dying aldermen
Pour out at once, upon their sieve-like heirs,
Whole gusts of envy'd wealth; which they together
Through many holes let out again in showers,
And with their ruin water a whole country.
But will it surely be a match?
Bar. As sure
As the two old death's-heads to-morrow morning
Are to be join'd together.
Euph. Who, Sir Argent and his lady?
Bar. Yes, if she keep touch
In what she promis'd me; I'll undertake
Her Dotterel shall be sure, and given to her
In matrimony.
Euph. Given to his wife?
I see thou mean'st in Dotterel to bring back
The antient Spanish custom, where the women
Inherited the land, rul'd the estates;
The men were given in marriage to the women
With portions, and had jointures made to them:
Just so will be his case; he will be married
Unto a brave subjection. How the fool
Is caught in his own noose! What confidence
Had he, that he would never marry any,
But such, forsooth, as must first fall in love
With him, not knowing of his wealth at all?
Bar. Well, now he's fitted: he begun at first
With fair Artemia.
Euph. He might have told
Her of his wealth, and miss'd her too; or else
I am deceiv'd in her; true virtuous love
Cannot be bought so basely: she besides
Has been in love, I'm sure; and may be still,
Though he be fled the land. But, now I think on't,
I must go see whether old Earthworm's son

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[8] *Dotterels.*—*A Dotterel* is a silly kind of bird, which imitates the actions of the fowler, till at last he is taken: if the fowler stretches out a leg, the bird will do so too. See Ben Jonson's *Devil is an Ass*, A. 4. S. 6. and Beaumont and Fletcher's *Sea Voyage*, Vol. IX. p. 118. edit. 1778.

[9] —— *some men*, &c.—So, Mr Pope;

"Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
This year a reservoir to keep and spare;
The next, a fountain, spouting thro' his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst."

Moral Essays, Ep. 3. l. 170.

Has yet perform'd what she desir'd; she stays
At home.
Bar. I'll in, and see how Dotterel
Courts his brave mistress: I left him composing
A sonnet to her. There are the old couple
Within too.
Euph. If a man could get to hear
Their way of courting, 'twould be full as strange
As Dotterel's is ridiculous: but stay,
[*Sir* ARGENT SCRAPE, *Lady* COVET, *brought in chairs.*
Here come the lovely bride and bridegroom forth:
Pr'ythee let's venture to stay here a little,
Behind the hangings, man: we shall be sure
To hear their love; they are both somewhat deaf,
And must speak loud.
Bar. Content, I'll stay with thee.
Sir Arg. Leave us a while. Now, madam,
you have seen,
So have your learned counsel, that I deal
Squarely with you; my personal estate
Is no less worth than I profess'd, when first
I mov'd my loving suit.
Bar. I marry, sir! a loving suit indeed!
Euph. Let 'em go on in their own proper
dialect.
L. Cov. I find it;
And should be loth but to requite your truth
In the same kind: you seem'd at first to question
How strong my title was in that estate
Which was young Scudmore's once; 'tis a fair
manor.
Euph. 'Tis true, old rottenness, too good for you.
L. Cov. My counsel can inform you that I kept it,
And did enjoy possession while he liv'd;
And now he's dead, who should recover it?
The heirs are poor and beggarly.
Sir Arg. Nay, I think
We need not fear their suing against us.
L. Cov. If they should stir, a little piece of
money
Would stop their mouths.
Euph. A little piece of dirt
Will stop your mouth ere long; and then the suit
Will go against thee, mischief!
Bar. Pr'ythee, peace;
Thou art not merry now, but cholerick.
Euph. I think of my wrong'd friend.
L. Cov. But you were saying
You made no doubt but shortly to enjoy
Your kinsman Eugeny's estate; that were
A fair addition to your land; they say
It goes at fifteen hundred pounds a year.
Sir Arg. 'Tis true, and 'tis well worth it.
L. Cov. But what hopes have you to gain it
shortly?
Sir Arg. He, you know,
By Scudmore's death, has forfeited his life
Unto the law; and the estate's entail'd
On me, as the next heir.
L. Cov. But he is fled.
Sir Arg. No, no; I know he lurks not far
from hence;
And I shall shortly learn the very place
By some intelligence: I have provided
My secret scouts; and then you know th' assizes
Are now at hand; the time will be too short
To get a pardon, specially as I
Have laid some friends to stall it underhand.
Euph. Here's a new mischief, Barnet!
Bar. And a strange one.
L. Cov. And then you must not spare a little
money
To hasten execution at an hour
Unusual. Those things may well be done,
Else what were money good for?
Sir Arg. You say right.
If 'twere once come to that, I fear it not.
L. Cov. Well, sir, I see all's right and straight
between us.
You understand how welcome you are hither;
I need not tell it o'er again.
Sir Arg. No, lady;
I will be bold to say, I do not come
Now as a stranger, but to take possession
Both of your house and you.
Euph. He cannot speak
Out of that thriving language, in his love.
L. Cov. Will you go in again? our guests,
perhaps,
Think the time long.
Sir Arg. With all my heart:
A cup of sack would not do much amiss.
L. Cov. We'll have it with a toast. Who's
near there, ho!

Enter Servants, and carry them out.

Bar. What a strange kind of pageant have we
seen?
Euph. Barnet, I cannot tell whether such
strange
Unsatiable desires in these old folks,
That are half earth already, should be thought
More impious, or more ridiculous.
Bar. They are both alike.
Euph. But such a monstrous
Unnatural plot as his, to apprehend
His kinsman, I ne'er heard of! If I knew
Where Eugeny remain'd, though 'twere his for-
tune
To kill a friend of mine, I'd rescue him
From this unnatural and wolfish man.
Bar. That would betray his life to satisfy
His avarice, not justice of the law.

Enter DOTTEREL, *Lady* WHIMSEY.

Here comes another piece of matrimony,
That may be shortly.
Euph. 'Tis better far than t'other:
They are the last couple in hell.
Dot. Save you, gallants!
Bar. You are the gallant, sir, that on your arm
Do wear the trophies of a conquer'd lady.
Euph. Madam, I had almost mistaken my sa-
lutation,
And bid God give you joy.

L. Whim. Of what, I pr'ythee?
Euph. Of this young gallant, call him by what name
Or title you are pleas'd, husband or servant.
Bar. He may be both, sir: he is not the first
Has been a husband and a servant too.
Dot. I am her servant, sir; and I confess
Have an ambition, and so forth.
L. Whim. How now, servant!
Euph. I tell you truly, madam, 'tis reported,
(And those reports are fatal still you know,)
That Mr Dotterel and you are purpos'd
To bear th' old knight and lady company,
To-morrow, to the church.
L. Whim. That I confess; and so will you, I think.
Euph. Nay, but to do
As they do, madam, tie the lasting knot.
L. Whim. Do you hear, servant? This it is to have
So proper a servant: every one supposes
I must needs be in love.
Dot. I would you were
As deep in Cupid's books as I.
Euph. That is
In Cupid's favour. You are a happy man.
L. Whim. My servant has been searching Cupid's books,
I think, to find that sonnet that he gave me.
Are you content that I should shew your poetry?
Dot. Do, mistress; I am not asham'd on't:
But you shall give me leave to read it to 'em.
'Tis but a sonnet, gentlemen, that I fitted
To my fair mistress here.
Euph. Let us be happy to hear it, sir.
Dot. Take it, as it is:

He reads.

Dear, do not your fair beauty wrong;
In thinking still you are too young.

Euph. How! too young!
Bar. Let him alone; I know the song.

Dot. *The rose and lillies in your cheek*
Flourish, and no more ripeness seek:
Your cherry lip, red, soft, and sweet,
Proclaims such fruit for taste most meet:
Then lose no time; for love has wings,
And flies away from aged things.

How do you like it, gentlemen?
Euph. Very well. The song's a good one.
Bar. Oh, monstrous!
Never man stole with so little judgment.
Euph. Of all the love-songs that were ever made,
He could not have chose out one more unfit,
More palpably unfit, that must betray
His most ridiculous theft.
L. Whim. Who would have thought
My servant should suppose, I think myself
Too young to love, that have already had
One husband!
Euph. Oh, excuse him, gentle madam;
He found it in the song.
Bar. And, it should seem,
He could get no other song but this.
L. Whim. Surely, a woman of five-and-thirty year old
Is not too young to love!
Bar. Oh, spare him, madam!
Euph. Let's raise him up. I think the sonnet's good;
There's somewhat in't to th' purpose. Read it again. [*He reads it again.*
Euph. ——— *for taste most meet.*
Very good; and there he tickled it!
Mark'd you that, madam! The two last of all?
Then lose no time, for love hath wings.
He gives you fitting counsel.
L. Whim. Yes, I like it.
Dot. I thought, when they understood it, they would like it.
I am sure, I have heard this song prais'd ere now.
L. Whim. This does deserve a double favour, servant.
Dot. Let this be the favour, sweet mistress. [*Kisses her.*
Euph. How some men's poetry happens to be rewarded!
L. Whim. Shall we go in? But, pr'ythee, Euphues,
What is the reason sweet Artemia,
Thy cousin, is not here?
Euph. I know not, madam;
But her pretence was business. I am going
To visit her. If you go in to keep
Th' old couple company, I'll fetch her to you.
L. Whim. I pr'ythee do! Farewell. Come, servant,
Shall we go in?
Dot. I'll wait upon you, mistress. [*Exeunt.*

THEODORE, ARTEMIA.

Theod. I will acquaint him, lady, with the hour;
And to his longing ear deliver all
Your sweet salutes; which is the only air
Of life and comfort Eugeny takes in.
Your constant love and virtues, sweetest lady,
Are those preservatives, which from his heart
Expel the killing fits of melancholy;
And do, in spite of fortune, quicken him.
Art. Oh, would those comforts could arrive at him,
That from my wishing thoughts are hourly sent!
Theod. Such virtuous wishes seldom are in vain.
Art. I should be far more sad in the behalf
Of my dear Eugeny, but that I know
He does enjoy your sweet society,
Which he beyond all value does esteem.
Theod. His own is recompence enough for mine,
And I the gainer in it; did not grief

For his misfortune stain that perfect joy
Which I could take in his dear company.
Art. If I should speak, sir, how he values you,
I should too much oppress your modesty.
Theod. Our friendship, fairest lady, is more old,
And he more true, than that his heart so long
Should be unknown to me. I'll not be long
Before I visit him, to let him know
What hour shall make him happy in your sight.
My longer stay, sweet lady, might be more
Observ'd, and pry'd into. Let me be bold
To leave you now, but be your servant ever.
Art. All happiness attend you, worthy sir.
[*Exit* THEODORE.
Would I myself might go, as well as send,
And see that seeming solitary place,
That place of woe. Sure, it would be to me
No desert wood, while Eugeny were there;
But a delightful palace. Here at home,
The more that company comes in, the more
I am alone, methinks; wanting that object
On which my heart is fix'd, I cannot be
Possess'd of any thing. Nothing can be
My comfort, but a hope that these sad clouds
Of our misfortunes will at last blow over.
But mischief's like a cockatrice's eyes;
Sees first, and kills; or is seen first, and dies.

Enter EUPHUES.

Euph. How dost thou, couz'? I wrote a letter for thee [hundred
To Earthworm's son; has the young Ten-i'-th'
Been here?
Art. I thank you, cousin; the gentleman
Was with me, and but newly parted hence.
Euph. H' has got a title then, by coming hither:
But he may be a gentleman; his wealth
Will make it good.
Art. His virtues make it good:
Believe it, cousin, there's a wealthy mind
Within that plain outside.
Euph. How is this?
Have your quick eyes found out his worth already?
Art. They must be blind that cannot, when they know him.
Well, cousin, you may laugh at me.
Euph. By no means; I know your judgment's good.
Art. As good as 'tis,
It must content a woman. When you know him,
You'll find a man that may deserve your friendship,
And far above all slighting.
Euph. I am sorry
I came not soon enough; but pr'ythee, cousin,
What are the ways have taken thee so soon?
Art. What taking do you mean? You promis'd me
You would not ask the cause I sent for him;
Though you shall know hereafter. But I hope
You do not think I am in love with him?
Euph. I'll look upon the man, and then resolve you.
Art. Well do: perhaps you'll know him better then.
He knows you well.
Euph. Me? Has he told you how?
Art. Did you ne'er meet one Theodore, at Venice?
Euph. Can this be he?
Art. Yes, very well; although
He be old Earthworm's son, and make no shew
At home. [worth
Euph. And have you found out so much
In him already?
Art. How do you esteem him?
We women well may err.
Euph. I smell a rat;
And, if my brain fail not, have found out all
Your drifts, though ne'er so politickly carry'd.
Art. I know your brain, cousin, is very good;
But it may fail.
Euph. It comes into my head
What old Sir Argent Scrape told to his lady.
[*Aside.*
His kinsman Eugeny lurk'd hereabouts:
He was her sweet-heart once, and may be still;
I think she's constant, though she keep it close.
This Theodore and he were fain'd for friendship.
I have collected, cousin, and have at you.
Art. Let's hear it, pray.
Euph. You shall. This Theodore
I do confess a most deserving man:
And so, perchance, your lover Eugeny
Has told you, cousin. Ha! do you begin
To blush already? I am sure those two
Were most entirely friends. And I am sorry
To hear what I have heard to day, concerning
Young Eugeny.
Art. What, pr'ythee, cousin? Tell me.
Euph. Now you are mov'd; but I may err, you know.
Art. Good cousin, tell me what.
Euph. Nay, I believe
I shall worse startle you; though you would make
Such fools as I believe he is in France.
Yes, yes, it may be so; and then, you know
He's safe enough.
Art. Oh, cousin, I'll confess
What you would have me, do but tell me this.
Euph. Nay, now, I will not thank you; I have found it.
And though you dealt in riddles so with me,
I'll plainly tell you all, and teach you how
You may, perchance, prevent your lover's danger.
Art. Oh, I shall ever love you.
Euph. Well, come in;
I'll tell you all, and by what means I knew it.

ACT IV.

EARTHWORM, JASPER.

Earth. Out, villain! how could any fire come there,
But by thy negligence? I do not use
To keep such fires as should at all endanger
My house, much less my barn.
Jas. I know not, sir;
But there I'm sure it was, and still continues,
Though without danger now; for the poor people,
Ere this, have quench'd it.
Earth. There my wonder lies.
Why should the people come to quench my fire?
Had it been a city, where one house
Might have endanger'd all, it justly then
Might have engag'd the people's utmost aid,
And I ne'er bound to give them thanks at all:
But my house stands alone, and could endanger
No other building. Why should all the people
Come running hither so, to quench the fire?
They love not me.
Jas. Sure, sir, I cannot tell;
Perhaps the people knew not what to do,
And might be glad to see a sight.
Earth. Methought,
As I came by, I saw them wond'rous busy;
Nay more; methought I heard them pray for me,
As if they lov'd me. Why should they do so?
I ne'er deserv'd it at the people's hands.
Go, Jasper, tell me whether it be quench'd,
And all secure; I long to hear the news.

Enter THEODORE.

Theod. I come to bring you happy tidings, sir.
The fire is quench'd, and little hurt is done.
Earth. That's well, my son.
Theod. But, sir, if you had seen
How the poor people labour'd to effect it;
And, like so many salamanders, rush'd
Into the fire, scorching their clothes and beards,
You would have wonder'd justly, and have thought
That each man toil'd to save his father's house,
Or his own dear estate; but I conceive,
'Twas nothing but an honest charity
That wrought it in them.
Earth. Ha! a charity!
Why should that charity be shew'd to me?
Theod. If I mistake not strangely, he begins
To apprehend it.
Earth. As I came along,
I heard them pray for me; but those good prayers
Can never pierce the skies in my behalf;
But will return again, and ever lodge
Within those honest breasts that sent them forth.
Theod. Surely it works.
Earth. Oh! all the world but I are honest men!
Theod. What is't that troubles you?
Your goods are safe; there's nothing lost at all.
You should rejoice, methinks. You might have suffer'd
A wond'rous loss in your estate!
Earth. Ah, son!
'Tis not the thought of what I might have lost,
That draws these tears from me.
Theod. Does he not weep?
Or do my flattering hopes deceive my sight?
He weeps, and fully too: large showers of tears
Bedew his aged cheeks. Oh happy sorrow,
That makes me weep for joy! Never did son
So justly glory in a father's tears.
Sir, you are sad, methinks.
Earth. No sadness, son,
Can be enough to expiate the crimes
That my accursed avarice has wrought.
Where are the poor?
Theod. Why, sir, what would you do?
Earth. Ask me not, Theodore. Alas, I fear
Thou art too much my son; my bad example
Has done thee much more harm than all the large
Increase of treasure I shall leave behind
Can recompence. But leave those wretched thoughts,
And let me teach thee a new lesson now:
But thou art learned, Theodore, and soon
Wilt find the reasons of it.
Theod. Do you please
To speak it, sir, and I will strive to frame
Myself to follow.
Earth. Where are all the poor?
Jasper, go call them in. Now, pr'ythee learn
(For this late accident may truly teach
A man what value he should set on wealth;)
Fire may consume my houses; thieves may steal
My plate and jewels; all my merchandize
Is at the mercy of the winds and seas;
And nothing can be truly term'd mine own,
But what I make mine own by using well.
Those deeds of charity which we have done,
Shall stay for ever with us; and that wealth
Which we have so bestow'd, we only keep:
The other is not ours.
Theod. Sir, you have taught me
Not to give any thing at all away.
Earth. When I was blind, my son, and did miscall
My sordid vice of avarice true thrift:
But now forget that lesson; I pr'ythee do;
That cozening vice, although it seem to keep
Our wealth, debars us from possessing it;
And makes us more than poor.
Theod. How, far beyond
All hope, my happy project works upon him!

Enter Neighbours.

Earth. Y'are welcome, neighbours; welcome heartily!

I thank you all; and will hereafter study
To recompence your undeserved love.
My house shall stand more open to the poor,
More hospitable, and my wealth more free
To feed and cloathe the naked hungry souls.
I will redeem the ill that I have done
(If Heaven be pleas'd to spare my life awhile)
With true unfeigned deeds of charity.
1st Neigh. We thank your worship.
2d Neigh. We know full well
Your worship has a good heart toward us.
Earth. Alas, you do not know it; but have had
Too sad a cause to know the contrary.
Pray, do not thank me, till you truly find
How much my heart is chang'd from what it was;
Till you, by real and substantial deed,
Shall see my penitence, and be fully taught
How to forget, or pardon, all the errors
Of that, my former, miserable life.
Jasper, go in with them; shew them the way
Into my house.
Jas. I think I had need to shew 'em;
No poor folks heretofore have us'd this way.
Earth. And I'll come to you, neighbours, presently.
1st Neigh. Long may you live.
2d Neigh. All happiness betide you.
3d Neigh. And a reward four-fold in th' other world.
Earth. How dost thou like this musick, Theodore?
I mean, the hearty prayers of the poor,
Whose curses pierce more than two-edged swords.
What comfort like to this, can riches give!
What joy can be so great, as to be able
To feed the hungry, cloathe the naked man?
Theod. Now, sir, you think aright; for to bestow
Is greater pleasure far than to receive.
Earth. No vice, so much as avarice, deprives
Our life of sweetest comforts, and debars
So much the fair society of men.
I taught thee once far otherwise; but now
Study this last and better lesson, son.
Theod. With more delight than e'er I did the former.
You never yet knew scholar covetous.
Earth. And, now I think on't, Theodore, I have
A niece, the daughter of my only sister;
Her mother died a widow, two years since.
How she has left her orphan daughter there,
I do not know; if she have left her ill,
I'll be a father to her. Pr'ythee, go
Enquire her out, and bring her to my house,
How well soe'er the world may go with her.
Bounty's a spice of virtue. Whoso can,
And won't relieve the poor, he is no man.
Theod. Where lives she, sir?
Earth. 'Tis not a mile from hence,
In the next village. Thou ne'er saw'st her yet:
But fame has spoke her for a virtuous maid.
Young Scudmore, while he liv'd, and was possest
Of his estate, thought to have marry'd her;
Whose death, they say, she takes most heavily,
And with a wond'rous constant sorrow mourns.
Theod. Sure, 'tis the same fair maid. [*Aside.*
Earth. Her name's Matilda.
Theod. The very same! I can enquire her out; [*Aside.*
And, if you please, will presently about it.
Earth. Do, while I my neighbours visit. He doth live
Mighty, that hath the power and will to give.
[*Exit.*
Theod. This is the same fair nightingale, that tun'd
Her sweet sad accents lately to the woods,
And did so far enthral my heart: but that
Fond love is vanish'd. Like a kinsman now
I'll comfort her, and love her virtuous soul.
Oh, what a blessed change this day has wrought
In my old father's heart! You Powers that gave
Those thoughts, continue them! This day will I
Still celebrate as my nativity. [*Exit.*

Lady COVET, FRUITFUL.

L. Cov. But is that lawful, to convey away
All my estate, before I marry him?
Fruit. 'Tis more than lawful, madam: I must tell you
'Tis necessary; and your ladyship
Is bound in conscience so to do; for else
'Twill be no longer yours: but all is his
When he has marry'd you. You cannot then
Dispose of any thing to pious uses;
You cannot shew your charity at all,
But must be govern'd by Sir Argent Scrape:
And can you tell how he'll dispose of it?
L. Cov. 'Tis true: perchance he'll take my money all,
And purchase for himself, to give away
To his own name, and put me while I live
To a poor stipend.
Fruit. There you think aright.
You can relieve no friends, you can bequeath
Nothing at all, if he survive you, madam;
As 'tis his hope he shall.
L. Cov. That hope may fail him.
I am not yet so weak, but I may hop
Over his grave.
Fruit. That is not in our knowledge.
But if you do survive him, as I hope,
Madam, you will, there is no law at all
Can bar you of your thirds in all his land;
And you besides are mistress of your own.
And all the charitable deeds which you
After your death shall do, as building schools
Or hospitals, shall go in your own name:
Which otherwise, Sir Argent Scrape would have;
And with your riches build himself a fame.
L. Cov. I grant 'tis true: but will it not seem strange
That I should serve him so?

Fruit. Strange, madam! no;
Nothing is now more usual; all your widows
Of aldermen, that marry lords, of late,
Make over their estates; and, by that means,
Retain a power to curb their lordly husbands.
When they, to raise the ruins of their houses,
Do marry so, instead of purchasing
What was expected, they do more engage
Their land in thirds for them.
L. Cov. Well, I must trust
The feoffees then: but they are honest men.
Fruit. You need not fear them; they are zealous men;
Honest in all their dealings; and well known
In London, madam. Will you seal it now?

Enter TRUSTY.

L. Cov. Yes, have you it?
Fruit. 'Tis here: here's Mr Trusty too,
Your steward, madam; he and I shall be
Enough for witnesses.
L. Cov. 'Tis true: give me
The seal. So, now dispose of it as I
Intended, Mr Fruitful. [*Seals and delivers.*
Fruit. I will, madam.
L. Cov. Trusty, come you along with me.
[*Exeunt.*

Manet FRUITFUL.

Fruit. Now all our ends are wrought; this is the thing
Which I so long have labour'd to effect.
Old covetous lady, I will purge your mind
Of all this wealth, that lay so heavy there!
And, by evacuation, make a cure
Of that your golden dropsy, whose strange thirst
Could ne'er be satisfy'd with taking in.
You once had wealth—But soft, let me consider!
If she should marry old Sir Argent Scrape,
We could not keep it; for his money then
Would make a suit against us, and perchance
Recover her's again: Which to prevent,
I will go spoil the marriage presently.
The sight of this will soon forbid the banns,
And stop his love. Then she wants means to sue us.
Be sure to keep thine adversary poor,
If thou would'st thrive in suits. The way to 'scape
Revenge for one wrong, is to do another:
The second injury secures the former.
I'll presently to old Sir Argent Scrape,
And tell him this; he's meditating now
What strange additions to his large revenue
Are coming at one happy clap; what heaps
Of wealth, to-morrow, he shall be possess'd of:
What purchases to make; how to dispose
Of her and her's. But soft, the cards must turn:
The man must be deceived; and she, much more:
To cozen the deceitful is no fraud. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir ARGENT SCRAPE.

Sir Arg. Methinks a youthful vigour doth possess
My late stiff limbs; and, like a snake, I feel
A second spring succeed my age of winter.
Oh gold! how cordial, how restorative
Art thou! What though thou can'st not give me legs,
Nor active hands; alas, I need them not;
Possest of thee, I can command the legs,
The hands, the tongues, the brains, of other men,
To move for me. What need he hands or brains,
That may command the lawyer's subtilty,
The soldier's valour, the best poet's wit,
Or any writer's skill? Oh gold! to thee
The sciences are servants: the best trades
Are but thy slaves, indeed, thy creatures rather:
For thee they were invented, and by thee
Are still maintained. 'Tis thou alone that art
The nerves of war; the cement of the state;
And guide of human actions. 'Tis for thee
Old Argent lives. Oh, what a golden shower
Will rain on me to-morrow! Let me see;
Her personal estate alone will buy
Upon good rates a thousand pound a year.
Where must that lie? Not in our country here.
Not altogether; no, then my revenue
Will have too great a notice taken of it;
I shall be rais'd in subsidies, and sess'd
More to the poor: No, no, that must not be.
I'll purchase all in parcels, far from home,
And closely as I can; a piece in Cornwall;
In Hampshire some; some in Northumberland,
I'll have my factors forth in all those parts,
To know what prodigals there be abroad,
What pennyworths may be had: so it shall be.

Enter FRUITFUL.

Sir Arg. Ha! Mr Fruitful! welcome. How go squares?
What do you think of me to make a bridegroom?
Do I look young enough?
Fruit. Sir, I am come
To tell you news, such news as will, perhaps,
A little trouble you; but if your worship
Should not have known it, 'twould have vex'd you more.
Sir Arg Vex'd me! What's that can vex me now? speak man.
Fruit. I thought that I was bound in conscience, sir,
To tell it you; 'tis conscience and the love
I bear to truth, makes me reveal it now.
Sir Arg. What is the business? speak.
Fruit. Do not suppose
That I am treacherous to my Lady Covet,
To whom I do belong, in uttering this.
In such a case, I serve not her, but Truth;
And hate dishonest dealing.
Sir Arg. Come to th' purpose.
Fruit. Then thus it is: My Lady Covet, sir,
Merely to cozen you, has past away

Her whole estate; you shall not get a penny
By marrying her.
Sir. Arg. How man? is 't possible?
Fruit. 'Tis very certain, sir; I, for a need,
Could shew you the conveyance; for my hand
Is as a witness there; so is her steward's.
Sir Arg. Oh horrible deceit!
Fruit. Ask her, herself;
If she deny it, I can justify it;
So can her steward too.
Sir Arg. You make me mad.
Fruit. I keep you from being so, by a mature
Prevention of your cozening.
Sir Arg. O what hopes
Am I fall'n from? Who would believe these false
Deceitful creatures?
Fruit. Sir, I could but wonder
That she would cheat so honest a gentleman,
That came a suitor to her for pure love.
Sir Arg. Love! Mischief of love!
Fruit. Alas, I know
It was not her estate that you sought after,
Your love was honester; and then that she
Should cozen you!
Sir Arg. She shall not cozen me:
I'll have my horse-litter made ready straight,
And leave her house.
Fruit. But when you see her, sir,
It may be, your affection will return.
If you should leave her only upon this,
The world would think that you were covetous;
And covetousness is such a sin, you know.
Sir Arg. You do not mock me, do you?
Fruit. Who I, sir?
I know your worship does abhor the sin
Of covetousness; but I confess indeed
'Twould vex a man to have been cozen'd so.
Sir Arg. Have I liv'd all this while, to be o'erreach'd
And cheated by a woman? I'll forsake her
Immediately.
Fruit. Sir, 'tis a happy thing
When men can love with such discretion,
As to forsake, when they shall see just cause.
Some are so fond in their affections,
That, though provok'd by all the injuries
That can be offer'd, they can never leave
The mistress of their hearts.
Sir Arg. I warrant her,
For any such affection in old Argent.
Fruit. I do believe it, sir; you are too wise.

Enter Lady COVET.

L. Cov. How do you, sir?
Sir Arg. E'en as I may:
You do not mean I shall be e'er the better
For you.
L. Cov. How's this? I do not understand
What you should mean.
Sir Arg. You may, if you consider:
But if you do not, I'll explain it to you.
Have I deserv'd such dealing at your hands?
L. Cov. As what?
Sir Arg. As that you should speak one thing to me,
And mean another. But I'll make it plainer;
You seem'd to love me, and for love it seems,
Thinking to marry me, have made away
All your estate.
L. Cov. How's this?
Sir Arg. Nay, 'tis too true,
Or else your chaplain does you wrong.
L. Cov. Oh villain!
Sir Arg. Nay, villain him no villains; is it so,
Or not?
Fruit. If she deny it to you, sir,
I can produce her hand, and have the deed.
L. Cov. Oh monstrous villainy! Oh impudence!
Can'st thou abuse me thus, that first of all
Did'st counsel me to do it?
Fruit. I confess
I gave you way, and for the time did wink
At your false dealing; but at last my conscience
Would not permit me to conceal it longer.
I have discharg'd it now, and told the truth.
Sir Arg. 'Twas well done of you, sir; well, I'll away.
Madam, seek out some other man to cheat,
For me you shall not.
L. Cov. Stay, sir, my estate
Shall still be good; the feoffees will be honest.
Fruit. Ay, that they will, to keep what is their own.
L. Cov. Oh monstrous wickedness! was e'er the like
Heard of before?
Fruit. I know the feoffees minds.

Enter FREEMAN, EUPHUES, BARNET, DOTTEREL, *Lady* WHIMSLY.

Free. How fare you, madam? Wherefore look you sadly
At such a joyful time?
L. Cov. Oh Mr Freeman,
I am undone, and ruin'd.
Fruit. No, good madam,
We'll see you shall not want.
Free. How's this?
Fruit. You shall have a fair competence allow'd you.
Euph. What riddle have we here?
L. Cov. Out, thou ungracious, dissembling villain!
Fruit. An indifferent means
Will keep your ladyship; for you are past
Those vanities which younger ladies use;
You need no gaudy clothes, no change of fashions,
No paintings nor perfumes.
Euph. I would fain know the bottom of this.
L. Whim. Servant, can you discover
What this should mean?
Dot. No, mistress, I protest, with all the wit I have.
Fruit. And for your house,
You shall have leave to stay here, till we have
Provided for you.

L. Cov. Oh, my heart will break!
Euph. Here is the finest turn that e'er I saw.
Sir Arg. I will resolve you, gentlemen:—This lady.
To cozen me in marriage, had, it seems,
Past her estate away; into what hands
'Tis fall'n, I know not; nor I care not, I.
Fruit. 'Tis fallen into the hands of wise men, sir,
That know how to make use of what is theirs.
L. Cov. This hypocrite persuaded me to do't,
And then discover'd all, as if on purpose
He sought my ruin.
Fruit. No, not I, good madam;
'Twas for your soul's health: I have done you good,
And eas'd you of a burden, and a great one.
So much estate would have been still a cause
Of cares unto you; and those cares have hinder'd
Your quiet passage to a better life.
Euph. Excellent devil! how I love him now!
Never did knavery play a juster part.
Fruit. And why should you, at such an age as this,
Dream of a marriage? A thing so far
Unfit, nay most unnatural and prophane;
To stain that holy ordinance, and make it
But a mere bargain! For two clods of earth
Might have been join'd as well in matrimony!
'Tis for your soul's health, madam, I do this.
Euph. How much was I mistaken in this chaplain!
I see h' has brains.
Free. Though 't be dishonesty
In him, yet justly was it plac'd on her!
And I could even applaud it.
L. Whim. I protest, I love this chaplain.
Dot. So do I, sweet mistress, or I am an errant fool.
L. Cov. But yet I hope,
The feoffees may prove honest: I'll try them.
Fruit. I'll go and bring them to your ladyship.
[*Exit* FRUITER.
Sir Arg. I'll stay no longer; make my litter ready.
Lady, farewel; and to you all!
Free. Nay, sir,
Then let me interpose; let me intreat you
By all the rites of neighbourhood, Sir Argent,
Make not so sudden a departure now.
What though the business have gone so cross,
You may part fairly yet. Stay till to-morrow;
Let not the country take too great a notice
Of these proceedings and strange breach; 'twill be
Nothing but a dishonour to you both.
Pray sir, consent; give me your hand, Sir Argent.
Sir Arg. At your intreaty, sir, I'll stay till morning.
Free. Before that time, you may consider better. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

MATILDA, THEODORE.

Mat. I'll not refuse my uncle's courtesy,
But go and see his house. I should before
Have done that duty to him; but I thought
My visits were not welcome; since he liv'd
So close and privately.
Theod. Sweet cousin, you'll find
A happy alteration in my father;
And that there dwells a kind and honest soul
Within his breast. Though wretched avarice,
The usual fault of age, has heretofore
Too much kept back the good expressions
Of such-like thoughts, he now will make amends
To all the world; and has begun already
With his poor neighbours.
Mat. Cousin, I shall be
Too bad a guest at this sad time; and bring
Nothing but sorrow to my uncle's house.
Theod. You'll be yourself a welcome guest to him;
And I shall think our roof exceeding happy,
If it may mitigate that killing grief
Which your so solitary life too much
Has nourish'd in you. Cousin, feed it not;
'Tis a disease that will, in time, consume you.
I have already given the best advice,
That my poor knowledge will afford, to ease
Your troubled thoughts. If time, which Heaven allows
To cure all grief, should not have power to do it;
If death of father, mother, husband, wife,
Should be lamented still, the world would wear
Nothing but black; sorrow alone would reign
In every family that lives, and bring
Upon poor mortals a perpetual night.
You must forget it, cousin.
Mat. Never can I
Forget my love to him.
Theod. Nor do I strive
To teach you to forget that love you bear
To his dear memory; but that grief which lies
Wrapt in amongst it, and turns all to poison,
Making it mortal to that soul that tastes it;
'Tis that, sweet cousin, which I hope that time
May, by degrees, extinguish. Will you please
To walk along? My father, long ere this,
Expects us, I am sure, and longs to see you.
[*Exeunt.*

EUGENY *in the Officers hands.*

Eug. I blame you not at all, that by the law
And virtue of your places, are requir'd
To apprehend me.
Off. We are sorry, sir, we were enforc'd to seize you.

Eug. But I wonder
What curious eye it was that search'd so far
Into my secret walks, that did discover
This dark abode of mine, and envy'd me
My solitary sorrow; such a life
As I enjoy'd, a man might well afford
To his most great and mortal enemy.
Off. 'Twas a plain fellow, sir, that brought us hither,
In the King's name, and left us when we had you.
But, sir, we wish you all the good we may.
Eug. I thank you, friends; I cannot tell at all
Whom to suspect; nor will I further vex
My thoughts in search of such a needless thing.
I call to mind what once my Theodore
Told me by way of a surmise: but sure
It cannot be so foul. Shall I entreat you
To carry me to old Sir Argent Scrape,
My kinsman? I would only speak with him
Before I go to prison: and let one,
If you can spare a man, go run for me
To Mr Earthworm's house, and bid his son
Meet me with old Sir Argent; he lies now
At my Lady Covet's house: I have about me
What will reward your pains, and highly too.
Off. It shall be done, as you would have it, sir.
Eug. I dare not send to fair Artemia:
The sight of her, and of so dear a sorrow
As she would shew, would but afflict me more.
Perchance I may come safely off; till then
I would conceal this accident from her.
But fame is swiftest still, when she goes laden
With news of mischief: she too soon will hear;
And in her sorrow I shall doubly suffer.
Thus are we Fortune's pastimes; one day live
Advanc'd to heaven by the people's breath;
The next, hurl'd down into th' abyss of death.

Enter EUPHUES, ARTEMIA.

Euph. But are you sure 'tis hereabouts he lives?
Ha! who is that? 'Tis he, and in the hands
Of officers! Cousin, the mischief's done
Before we come.
Art. O my dear Eugeny!
Eug. Artemia too! Ah me! she swoons: Help, help!
Look up, my love! There is no fear at all
For me; no danger; all is safe, and full
Of hope and comfort.
Euph. She begins to come
Unto herself again.
Eug. But pray, sir, tell,
How came you hither, noble Euphues?
Euph. I never knew the place; but now, by her
Instructions, found it out: I came to hear
Her company; and her intent of coming
Was to inform you of a danger near;
Of such a monstrous mischief, as perchance
You scarce can credit. Old Sir Argent Scrape,
By me, and by another gentleman,
Was over-heard to say, that he had scouts,
And had laid certain plots to apprehend
His kinsman Eugeny, just before th' assizes:
Besides, what further means he did intend,
Closely to work your death, he then declar'd,
To the old covetous lady, whom he came
A suitor to.
Eug. Prophetic Theodore, how right thou wert!
Euph. This thing, when I had heard,
I told it her; and we with speed made hither;
But ere we came, the mischief was fulfill'd.
Eug. I thank you, sir, for this discovery:
Howe'er I speed, pray pardon me, if I
Shall, by the hand of justice, die your debtor.
How soon from virtue, and an honour'd spirit,
Man may receive what he can never merit!
Be not thou cruel, my Artemia;
Do not torment me with thy grief, and make
Me die before my time; let hope a while
Suspend thy sorrow; if the worst should fall,
Thy sorrow would but more enfeeble me;
And make me suffer faintly, for thy sake.
Art. If worst should fall, my love (which Heaven forefend)
How could I chuse but suffer?
Euph. I will hope
Your safety yet may well be wrought; and knowing
Sir Argent's mind, you know what ways to trust.
Art. Good cousin, help us with thy counsel now,
If thou dost love my life.
Euph. Fear it not, cousin;
If I may aid you, sir, in any thing,
You shall command it.
Eug. Sir, I cannot thank you
So much as it deserves; this timely favour,
If not in life, yet shall at least in death
Endear me to you.
Art. Do not name that word, my dearest love!
Euph. You must be speedy, sir, in all your courses now.
Eug. Then let me beg
That you would meet me at my Lady Covet's.
I'll ring Sir Argent Scrape so loud a peal,
As shall, perchance, awake his bed-rid soul;
And rouze it, though so deeply sunk in dross;
Drown'd, and o'erwhelm'd with muck. Go you together,
And leave me to my way.
Art. Farewel, dear love! [*Exeunt.*

Enter BARNET, *Lady* WHIMSEY.

Bar. Madam, 'tis sure; I know your ladyship is so possess'd.
L. Whim. I think he loves me well,
And will not now start back from marrying me.
Bar. That is the happy hour he only longs for.
But if so strange a thing should come to pass,
(Which yet I think impossible,) that this
Your marriage should break off, I will give back
Into your hand this bond, which I receiv'd;
And 'tis worth nothing, madam, as you know
By the condition.

L. Whim. True, I fear it not;
But I durst trust you, if 'twere otherwise.
Bar. He waits the hour when you will please to tie
The happy knot with him.
L. Whim. He shall no longer
Wait for it now; I'll go confirm him.
Bar. But think not, gentle madam, [10]that I shark,
Or cheat him in it; I have to a sum,
Greater than this, from him, as good a title
As right can give; though my unhappy fortunes
Made me forbear the trial of my title,
While his old crafty father was alive:
He held from me a farm of greater value,
As all the neighbours know; I then forbore it;
And will do still, since by an easier way
I may have satisfaction. But here comes
One that has lost a marriage.

Enter TRUSTY, *Lady* COVET.

L. Cov. Tell me, Trusty, what say the feoffees?
Trus. They'll say nothing, madam;
Make me no answer; but, that they know how
To manage their own fortunes.
L. Cov. All the world
Conspires against me; I am quite undone.
Trus. I promise you truly, madam, I believe
They mean little better than plain knavery.
L. Cov. Ay, 'tis too true.
L. Whim. How does your ladyship?
I was in hope to-day we should have seen you
A joyful bride.
L. Cov. Ah, madam, 'twas my folly
To dream of such a thing; 'tis that has brought me
To all this sorrow, and undone me quite.
L. Whim. I hope not so. But, madam, I confess,
The marriage could have done you little good;
One of your years, and then a man so old!
L. Cov. Oh, do not mention it; I am justly punish'd.
L. Whim. Pardon me, madam; I must make so bold
As leave you for a while. Come, Mr Barnet,
Shall we go see the party?
Bar. I wait you, madam. [*Exeunt.*
L. Cov. My sorrow will not leave me. But, alas!
'Tis a deserved punishment I suffer
For my unjust oppressions: I detain'd
Scudmore's estate injuriously, and had
No conscience to restore what was not mine:
And now all's ta'en away! What then I would not,
I cannot now perform, though I desire.

Enter FREEMAN, ARTEMIA.

Free. Fear not, Artemia, there shall no means
Be left untry'd to save the gentleman.
I did approve thy choice, and still will do,
If fortune will consent. My Lady Covet,
Are you sad still?
L. Cov. Never had any woman
A greater cause of sorrow, Mr Freeman;
For I protest, it does not trouble me
So much, that by this cheat I lose the power
Of my estate, as that I lose all means
Of charity, or restitution,
To any person whom I wrong'd before.
Free. Why then, you make a true and perfect use
Of such a cross, and may hereafter take
True comfort from it.
L. Cov. If my conscience
Were satisfy'd, I could forsake the rest.

Enter EUPHUES.

Euph. My cousin, I perceive, has made more haste
Hither than I: but I have seen a pageant
That, in the saddest time, would make one laugh.
Free. What, pr'ythee?
Euph. I have seen your neighbour Earthworm
In such a mood, as you would wonder at,
And all that ever knew him heretofore.
He is inveighing 'gainst Sir Argent Scrape,
For being so basely covetous, as thus,
For hope of lucre, to betray his kinsman:
A thing that he himself would scorn as much,
He does protest, as can be.
Free. I have known
It otherwise; what may not come to pass,
When Earthworm is a foe to avarice?
Euph. But he, they say, has made it good in deeds.
Free. He has been so exceeding bountiful
Now to our poor, and vows to be so still,
That we may well believe he is quite chang'd,
And strives to make amends for what is past.
He has, they say, a brave and virtuous son,
Lately come home, that has been cause of all.
Euph. It well may be: I know young Theodore.
Uncle, he is of strange abilities;
And to convert his father was an act
Worthy of him.

Enter Servant, and Sir ARGENT *in his Chair.*

Serv. Madam, Sir Argent Scrape would take his leave
Of you.
L. Cov. When it pleases him.

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[10] *That I shark*—i. e. collect my prey like the shark-fish. So, in *Hamlet:*

"*Shark'd* up a troop of landless resolutes." S.

Sir Arg. Get me my litter
Ready presently: I will be gone, madam,
I now am come to give you loving thanks
For my good chear; and so bid you farewel.
But let me tell you this before we part:
Things might have been carried another way,
For your own good: but you may thank yourself
For what has happen'd now.
L. Cov. If you suppose
It had been for my good to marry you,
You are deceiv'd; for that, in my esteem,
(Though once I was so foolish to give way
To that ridiculous motion) had brought with it
As great a misery, as that which now
Is fall'n upon me.
Sir Arg. How! as great a misery as to be beggar'd?
L. Cov. Yes, sir, I'll assure you,
I am of that opinion, and still shall be:
But know, Sir Argent, though I now want power
To give you that which you still gap'd for, wealth,
I can be charitable, and bestow
Somewhat upon you that is better far.
Sir Arg. Better than wealth! what's that?
L. Cov. Honest counsel.
Let my calamity admonish you
To make a better use of your large wealth,
While you may call it yours. Things may be chang'd:
For know, that hand that has afflicted me,
Can find out you. You do not stand above it.
Sir Arg. I hope, I shall know how to keep mine own.
Euph. I do begin to pity the poor lady.
Free. This has wrought goodness in her. Who are these?

Enter EARTHWORM *and* THEODORE.

My neighbour Earthworm? Lord! how he is chang'd!
Earth. 'Twas basely done, and like a covetous wretch,
I'll tell him to his face: What care I for him?
I have a purse as well as he.
Euph. How's this?
Earth. Betray a kinsman's life to purchase wealth!
Oh detestable!
Euph. Oh miraculous change!
Do you not hear him, uncle?
Earth. Mr Freeman, happily met.
Free. Sir, I am glad to see you.
Earth. I have been long your neighbour, sir; but liv'd
In such a fashion, as I must endeavour
To make amends hereafter for, and strive
To recompence with better neighbourhood.
Free. It joys me much to see this change in you.
Earth. Pardon my boldness, madam, that I make
This intrusion.
L. Cov. Y'are welcome, Mr Earthworm.
Euph. Let me be bold then, noble Theodore,
To claim our old acquaintance.
Theod. I shall think it
My honour, worthy sir, to hold that name.
Earth. Is that Sir Argent Scrape in the chair yonder?
Free. Yes, sir.
Earth. Oh, fie upon him! But soft,
He will be told on't now. [EUGENY *brought in.*
Sir Arg. Ha! Eugeny! Why have they brought him hither?
Eug. I am come.
Methinks these looks of mine, inhuman wretch!
Though I were silent, should have power to pierce
That treacherous breast, and wound thy conscience,
Though it be hard and senseless as the idol
Which thou ador'st, thy gold.
Sir Arg. Is this to me, kinsman, you speak?
Eug. Kinsman! Do not wrong
That honest name with thy unhallowed lips.
To find a name for thee, and thy foul guilt,
Has so far pos'd me, as I cannot make
Choice of a language fit to tell thee of it.
Treacherous, bloody man! that has betray'd
And sold my life to thy base avarice!
Sir Arg. Who, I betray you?
Eug. Yes, can you deny it?
L. Cov. I'll witness it against him, if he do.
'Twas his intent, I know.
Euph. And so do I; I overheard his counsels.
Earth. Out upon him, unworthy man!
Euph. I could e'en laugh to hear old Earthworm chide.
Eug. But think upon the deed;
Think on your own decrepid age; and know,
That day, by nature's possibility,
Cannot be far from hence, when you must leave
Those wealthy hoards that you so basely lov'd,
And carry nothing with thee, but the guilt
Of impious getting; then if you would give
To pious uses what you cannot keep,
Think what a wretched charity it is;
And know, this act shall leave a greater stain
On your detested memory, than all
Those seeming deeds of charity can have
A power to wash away; when men shall say,
In the next age, This goodly hospital,
This house of alms, this school, though seeming fair,
Was the foul issue of a cursed murder;
And took foundation in a kinsman's blood.
The privilege that rich men have in evil,
Is, that they go unpunish'd to the devil.
Sir Arg. Oh! I could wish the deed undone again:
Ah me! What means are left to help it now?
Free. Sure the old man begins to melt indeed.
Eug. Now let me turn to you, my truer friends,
And take my last farewell.

Enter FRUITFUL *and* TRUSTY.

Euph. My noble chaplain!

What pranks comes he to play now? I had thought
His business had been done.
Fruit. Health to you, madam!
L. Cov. How can you wish me health, that have so labour'd
To ruin me in all things?
Fruit. No, good madam;
'Twas not your ruin, but your good I sought:
Nor was it to deprive you of your means,
But only rectify your conscience.
Free. How's this?
Euph. Another fetch! this may be worth the hearing.
Fruit. Madam, you convey'd away,
To three good honest men, your whole estate.
L. Cov. They have not prov'd so honest; I had thought
I might have trusted them.
Fruit. Then give me hearing:
They by the virtue of that deed possess'd,
Have back again convey'd it all to you.
L. Cov. Ha!
Fruit. Madam, 'twas done before good witnesses,
Of which your steward, here, was one.
Trus. Most true.
Fruit. And all the other are well known to you;
Here is the deed.
Free. Let me peruse it, madam.
L. Cov. Good Mr Freeman, do.
[FREEMAN *reads it to himself.*
Euph. What plot is this?
Fruit. One manor only they except from hence,
Which they suppose you did unjustly hold
From the true heir: his name was Scudmore, madam.
L. Cov. I do confess I did unjustly hold it;
And since have grieved me much, that while I might,
I made not restitution.
Fruit. He was poor,
And by the law could not recover it;
Therefore this means was taken: By this deed
They have convey'd it hither, where it ought
Of right to be: Are you content with this?
And all the rest of your estate is yours.
L. Cov. With all my heart.
Free. Madam, the deed is good.
L. Cov. For that estate, which justly is pass'd over
To Scudmore's heir, I am so well content,
As that, before these gentlemen, I promise
To pay him back all the arrearages
Of whatsoever profits I have made.
Fruit. I thank your ladyship: Now know your chaplain,
That wanted orders. [*Discovers himself.*

L. Cov. Mr Scudmore living!
Euph. My friend, how could'st thou keep conceal'd so long
From me?
Scud. Excuse it, noble Euphues.
Art. Oh happiness! beyond what could be hop'd!
My Eugeny is safe, and all his griefs
At quiet now.
Eug. Is this a vision,
A mere fantastick shew? or do I see
Scudmore himself alive? then let me beg
Pardon from him.
Scud. Long ago 'twas granted;
Thy love I now shall seek: But though a while,
For these my ends, I have conceal'd myself,
I ever meant to secure thee from danger.
Eug. What strange unlook'd-for happiness this day
Has brought forth with it!
Scud. To tell you by what means
I was most strangely cur'd, and found a way
How to conceal my life, will be too long
Now to discourse of here; I will anon
Relate at large. But one thing much has griev'd me,
That my too long concealment, has been cause
Of so much sorrow to my constant love,
The fair Matilda. Sir, she is your niece,
Let me intreat my pardon, next to her,
From you.
Farth. You have it: Go, good Theodore,
And bring her hither, but prepare her first:
Too sudden apprehension of a joy
Is sometimes fatal.
Theod. I'll about it gladly. [*Exit.*
Sir Arg. Dear cousin, Eugeny, if I yet may be
Thought worthy of that name, pardon my crime,
And my whole life, how short soe'er it be,
Shall testify my love to be unfeign'd.
Eug. I do forgive you freely. Now to you,
Grave sir, in whose rich bounty it must lie,
To make me happy, in conferring on me
So bright a jewel as Artemia,
'Tis your consent I beg.
Free. You have it freely;
Her heart, I know, she gave you long ago,
And here I give her hand,
Eug. A richer gift
Than any monarch of the world can give:
Bless'd happines! [11] Gently, my joys, distil,
Lest you do break the vessel you should fill.

Enter BARNET, DOTTEREL, *Lady* WHIMSEY.

Euph. Here comes another couple, to make up
The day's festivity. Joy to you, madam!
L. Whim. Thanks, noble Euphues.
Dot. We have ty'd the knot,

[11] *Gently, my joys, distil.*—See Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. X. p. 194.

That cannot be undone: this gentleman is witness of it.

Bar. Yes, I saw it finish'd.

L. Whim. Mrs Artemia, as I suppose, I may pronounce as much to you?

Art. You may, as much as I shall wish your ladyship.

Enter THEODORE *and* MATILDA.

Scud. Here comes the dearest object of my soul,
In whom too much I see my cruelty,
And chide myself: Oh pardon me, dear love,
That I too long a time have tyrannis'd
Over thy constant sorrow.

Mat. Dearest Scudmore,
But that my worthy cousin has prepar'd
My heart for this, I should not have believ'd
My flattering eyes.

Scud. To know brave Theodore,
Next to enjoying thee, was my ambition;
Which now affinity hath blest me with.

Eug. His friendship, worthy Scudmore, is a treasure.

Theod. I shall endeavour to deserve your loves.

Earth. Come, leave your compliments, at all hands, now,
And hear an old man speak; I must intreat
This favour from all this noble company,
Especially from you, good Mr Freeman,
Although this be your daughter's wedding-day,
That you would all be pleas'd to be my guests,
And keep with me your marriage festivals.
Grant my request.

Free. 'Tis granted, sir, from me.

Eug. And so, I think, from all the company.

Earth. Then let's be merry, Earthworm's jovial now;
And that's as much as he desires from You.
[*To the Pit.*

EDITION.

The Old Couple; a Comedy. By Thomas May, Esq. London: Printed by J. Cottrel, for Samuel Speed, at the Signe of the Printing Press in St Paul's Church-yard. 1658. 4to.

ANDROMANA;

OR,

THE MERCHANT'S WIFE.

BY

JAMES SHIRLEY.

This play was printed in the year 1660, *and hath the letters J. S. in the title-page. Chetwood, in his* British Theatre, *p.* 47, *says, that it was revived in* 1671, *when a prologue was spoken before it, in which were the following lines:*

" 'Twas Shirley's muse that labour'd for its birth,
Tho' now the sire rests in the silent earth."

The plot is taken from the story of Plangus, in Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia. The same subject had before been made use of by Beaumont and Fletcher, in their play of Cupid's Revenge.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EPHORBAS, *King of Iberia.*
PLANGUS, *his Son.*
EUBULUS, ANAMEDES, RINATUS, } *three Lords, and Counsellors to the King.*
INOPHILUS, *Son to* RINATUS, *and Friend to the Prince.*

ZOPIRO, NICETES, ARAMNES, } *Captains.*
ARTESIO, *an informing Courtier.*

ANDROMANA, *a Merchant's Wife.*
LIBACER, *her Servant.*
Messenger.
Captains and Soldiers.

SCENE—IBERIA.

ANDROMANA;

OR, THE

FATAL AND DESERVED END

OF

DISLOYALTY AND AMBITION.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter NICETES *and* ARAMNES.

Nice. I have observ'd it too;
But the cause is as unknown to me,
As actions done in countries
Not found out yet.
Aram. Some wench, my life to a brass farthing.
Nice. As like as may be:
We soldiers are all given that way; especially
When our blood boils high, and pulses beat
Alarms to Cupid's battles; we're apter
To sally on a young flaming girl,
Than on an enemy that braves it before our trenches.
Aram. I ask it not to know his privacies;
For if his freedom doth not acquaint me with them,
Let them be secret still—yet I could wish
An opportunity to tell him, a little circumspection
Would be handsome, and set a gloss upon all.
Times might be chosen of less public notice:
It looks so poorly in a prince to be thus careless
Of his own affairs: men do so talk on't—
Here comes Inophilus; if any body knows,
It must be he.

Enter INOPHILUS.

Ino. Your servant, captains. Saw you the prince to-day?
Nice. Not we: we hop'd to hear of him from you.
Ino. 'Tis strange a man adorn'd with so much Wisdom, should on the sudden fall off from the Care of his own fame! I am his friend, and so I know are you; but to speak plainly to you, He's grown my wonder now, as much as other mens.
I, that have found a sweetness in his company Beyond whatever lovers dream of in a mistress, That as he spoke, methought have smell'd the air Perfum'd; nor could have wish'd a joy greater Than living with him, next those of heav'n; And those preferr'd the more, because I knew Plangus would be there.
I say, even I, of late, am grown out of love With any thing that's mortal; since I have found Plangus so far beneath (I will not say My expectations) but the assurances All good men had of future gallantry.
He's melancholy now, and hath thrown off The spirit which so well became him; and all that Sweetness which bewitch'd men's hearts, Is grown so rugged, so incomposed to all commerce, Men fear he'll shortly quarrel with himself.
Nay more, he doth not answer the fondness Of his father's love with half that joy He us'd to do.
Aram. 'Tis now about a week I have observ'd This alteration; it shakes him like an ague Once in two days; but holds him longer Than a fit o' th' gout. They whisper about the court As if the king had chid him for it, And now at length found his haunts.

Ino. A poor discovery! Who might not find 'em out,
That would be so uncivil? I was about
To follow him, but thought it an ignoble way,
Beneath the name of friendship, and so desisted.
About four days ago, meeting him i' th' long gallery,
I ask'd him how he did? Taking me by the hand,
He wrung it, and after a sigh or two, told me,
"Not very well——" But he had business, and so we parted.
I saw him not again in twenty hours after;
And then I ask'd him where he'd been so long?
He told me (as if he was ashamed
To deny me such a poor request) I must not know:
And when I told him, his often absence was observ'd;
Is it? (saith he) I cannot help it; but it shall
No more be so; and at the last he stole away:
Since when I saw him not.

Nice. O this wicked peace! Inophilus,
Is there no hopes of war?
To lye at home to see our armours rust;
We could keep the prince sober and merry too,
If he would but exchange his court for a camp.

Ino. The king is old, and doats upon his son;
Is loth to venture him to danger:
Yet at this time there is occasion.
The Argives have refus'd to pay their tribute,
And are, for certain, preparing for invasion:
Some say they have got into Iberia already.

Aram. Nay, then there's hopes;
If we could but find the prince with a buff coat again,
I should be once more merry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter EPHORBAS *the King*, RINATUS, EUBULUS, *and* ARAMNES, *three Lords.*

Eph. See the ambassadors entertain'd
With such an evenness as should be us'd to men
We neither fear nor love; let neither
Too much obsequiousness teach them insolency,
Nor any ill usage brand us with incivility:
Stay you, Rinatus. [*He sighs.*
[*Exeunt* EUBULUS *and* ARAMNES.
——Open thy bosom, and receive torrents of sorrow,
That lie like rocks of lead upon my soul;
Honest Rinatus, experience bids me trust thee
With a mighty secret. Thou canst not chuse
But know, my son, of late, is much retir'd.
I do not like that youth should be thus melancholy:
Let them enjoy themselves; for age will come,
Whose impotency will deny all pleasures.
I do believe he loves me. Hah?

Rin. Yes, doubtless, better than sick men health;
Or those who are pen'd up in darkness
Love the sun.

Eph. I speak not as if I thought he did not;
For thou know'st I humour him, afford him
Liberty enough; I never chide him, nor express
The least dislike of any action. Am not I a gentle father?
Methinks were I a son again to such a father,
I should not think he liv'd too long; should'st thou, Rinatus?

Rin. No more doth he, upon my soul:
One command of yours would make him venture upon
Light'ning, nay almost make him act a sin;
A thing he fears to name.

Eph. I do believe thee:
But yet, methinks, should he be grown so impious,
There might be found excuses.
A crown is a temptation; especially so near one:
'Tis not with princes as with other sons;
And I am told too——
Hath not my hand the palsy?
Doth a crown become grey hairs? To be a king
Might make some men forswear all conscience.
But I know Plangus hath far nobler thoughts—
And yet an empire might excuse a parricide.

Rin. Sir! sure you are a stranger to your son;
For, give me leave to say, your fears are vain:
So great a virtue as the prince's,
Cannot anticipate his hopes by any sin.
Honour and duty have been acquainted with him
Now too long to be divorc'd.
Some sycophants there are
(Such creatures still will haunt the court) I know
Love not the prince, because he loves not them.
Sir, shut your ears to them, they will betray you
To your ruin. Jealousy's a disease
Should be below a king, as that which seizeth
On the basest spirits. Oh, shut it from your soul!
One may read in story what dire effects
The fury hath brought forth. Kings make away
Their only sons, and princes their fathers;
And when they have done, they may despair at leisure.

Eph. I do not think Plangus
Hath plots, or on my crown, or me;
He was virtuous always, and is still, I hope:
But why is he so much from court then, and alone too?
I do but ask the question.

Rin. It can be no design, believe me, sir;
For crowns are won by other courses.
Aspirers must grow popular, be hedg'd about
With their confederates; then would he flatter you,
Be jolly still, as if no melancholy thought were in him.
A guilty conscience would then teach him policy,
And he would seek to take suspicion from all his carriages;
Innocence makes him careless now.

Eph. Thou hast almost resolv'd me,
The tempest in my soul is almost laid,

And wants but time to calm it.
Youth hath its whimsies, nor are we
To examine all their paths too strictly.
We went awry ourselves when we were young.
Rin. Sir!
Eph. Thou may'st be gone, Rinatus.
[*Exit* RINATUS.

SCENE III.

EPHORBAS *solus.*

The blessing of an honest servant!
This Rinatus is truer unto me.
He loves the king as well as I Ephorbas;
And may I live but to reward him!
For he's too honest for a court.

Enter ARTESIO.

How now, Artesio? thy looks speak strong amazement;
I am with child to hear the news: Pr'ythee
Be quick in the delivery.
Art. The prince, an't please your majesty—
Eph. What of him, Artesio?
Art. I have observ'd is much retir'd of late.
Eph. So have I too; this is no news.
Art. And I can whisper in your ear the cause.
'Twas chance, no policy of mine, betray'd his privacies:
Ill offices are not the engines I desire to rise by;
Only love to the young prince makes me reveal them.
Eph. Nay, nay, without apology;
If it were treason, it should not go down
The sooner for all the gilded preparation.
Nor am I of so feminine a humour,
As to mistrust affection delivered bluntly:
Plain meaning should be plainly told;
Bad wares may have false lights, good can abide the day.
Art. But I know
The nature of my office;
Though kings still hug suspicion in their bosoms,
They hate the causers; love to hear secrets too,
Yet the revealers still fare the worse,
Being either thought guilty of ends or weakness;
And so esteem'd by those they tell them to,
Either unfit or dangerous to be trusted.
Perhaps, sir, when the prince and you are friends again,
You'll tell me, that had my love been real,
I should have whisper'd the prince's errors to himself—
Eph. Without a syllable of prologue more,
Or I shall verify your fears.
Art. In this brave city (take it as brief as may be)
There lives a beauty, fit to command
Them that command the world,
And might be Alexander's mistress, were he yet alive,
And had added empires as large as his desires:
She's but a private merchant's wife;
Yet the prince is so far graveli'd in her affection
I fear—
Eph. Then there is hopes I may recall him:
Love is a childish evil, though the effects
Are dangerous. A prince's errors grown publick,
Will be scandalous. Poor boy! perhaps
The jealous husband may commit a murder;
I would not have him cut off so young:
Love should be princes recreation, not their business.
What physick must we give him for his cure?
Art. I dare not counsel you;
But in my poor judgment some gentle
Fatherly persuasions will work upon so good a nature.
Eph. Could'st thou but possibly effect
How I might take him napping?
Art. That is beyond my skill:
But I can shew you the house, and time
He walks from hence in, which will be
About an hour hence; for then her husband
Comes home from the Ryalto.
Eph. Time will not tarry for a king; let's go.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Ino. What is become of this young prince? or where
Doth he bestow himself? Doth he walk invisible?
Where have I been to look him? the horses
Are in the stables, his page and I at home too,
That us'd to be as inseparable companions.——

Enter NICETES, ARAMNES.

Aram. Well met, gentlemen! where is the hermit Plangus?
Nice. We cannot tell, nor have we been to seek him.
If at the court, we should hear presently;
If not, we might be too officious in his search,
And our enquiry might make his absence
But so much the more notorious;
And I'm confident he's well:
His virtue guards him still from all mischances.
Ino. Though his company's the deafest thing I love,
Yet for his good I could digest his absence,
But that I doubt a mighty mischief might spring
From this small grain of indiscretion.
The king is old, and there are knaves about the court,
That (if he knew it not) would tell him so:
And men conscious to themselves of a deficiency,
Are still most jealous of a growing worth.
Perhaps a thinking father (for plodding
Is old age's sickness) may take notice of
His son's retirement, and misconstrue it so:
Nothing is impossible—Heaven send it otherwise!
Aram. This care becomes you, sir;
But I dare swear 'tis needless: the king
Is but an ill dissembler; and had he

But the least thought of such a thing, he'd hide it
Less than the sun conceals his brightness:
Besides, a man as great as Ephorbas is,
Whose rule of living hath been directed by
The line of virtue, cannot mistrust that vice
In his own son, of which himself was never guilty;
Had his younger years been tainted with
Inordinate desires, or had his crown been
The effect of some audacious crime, perhaps
His guilty conscience might have mistrusted;
But 'tis impossible where there is no guilt,
To fear a punishment.

Ino. You speak my hopes:
But this for certain, gentlemen, the king,
Who was admired for his matchless sleeping,
Whose night no noise disturb'd, and it was difficult
To wake before his hour, sleeps but unquietly of late,
Will start at mid-night, and cry Plangus:
Is greedy after news, and walks unevenly,
And sometimes on the sudden looks behind him;
And when one speaks to him, scarcely marks one syllable.
Surely the mind of some distemper shakes
His soul into his looseness.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord, the prince desires
To meet you half an hour hence i' th' gallery.

Ino. Me?

Mess. Yes, my lord.

Ino. I shall. Your servant, captains.

All. Yours, my lord.

[*Exeunt at several doors.*

SCENE V.

PLANGUS, ANDROMANA.

Plan. It cannot be so late.

And. Believe 't, the sun is set, my dear,
And candles have usurp'd the office of the day.

Plan. Indeed, methinks a certain mist,
Like darkness, hangs on my eye-lids.
But too great lustre may undo the sight:
A man may stare so long upon the sun, that he
May look his eyes out; and certainly 'tis so with me;
I have so greedily swallow'd thy light,
That I have spoil'd my own.

And. Why shouldst thou tempt me to my ruin thus?
As if thy presence were less welcome to me,
Than day to one, who ('tis so long ago
He saw the sun) hath forgot what light is.
Love of thy presence makes me wish this absence.
Phœbus himself must suffer an eclipse,
And clouds are still foils to the brightest splendor:
Some short departure will (like a river stopt)
Make the current of our pleasures run
The higher at our next meeting.

Plan. Alas, my dearest! tell those so,
That know not what it is to part from blessing;
Bid not him surfeit to taste health's sweetness,
That knows what 'tis to groan under a disease.

And. Then let us stand and out-face danger,
Since you will have it so; despise report,
And contemn scandals into nothing,
Which vanish with the breath that utters 'em;
Love is above these vanities. Should
The innocent thing my husband take thee here,
He could not spite me but by growing jealous;
And jealousy's black effect would be a cloister
Perhaps to kill me too: But that's impossible,
I cannot die so long as Plangus loves me.
Yet say this piece of earth should play the coward,
And fall at some unlucky stroke,
Love would transport my better half to its center,
Plangus' heart, and I should live in him.
But, sir, you have a fame to lose, which should be
A prince's only care and darling,
Which should have an eternity beyond his life:
If he should take that from you, I should
Be kill'd indeed.

Plan. Why dost thou use
These arguments to bid me go,
Yet chain me to thy tongue, while the angel-like
Musick of thy voice entring my thirsty ears,
Charms up my fears to immobility?
'Tis more impossible for me to leave thee,
Than for this carcase to quait away its grave-stone,
When it lies destitute of a soul to inform it.
Mariners might with far greater ease
Hear whole shoals of Sirens singing,
And not leap out to their destruction,
Than I forsake so dangerous a sweetness.

And. I will be dumb then.

Plan. I will be deaf first. I've thought a way now,
I'll run from hence, and leave my soul behind me.
It shall be so—and yet it shall not neither:
What! shall a husband banish a prince his house
For love? A husband! 'tis but an airy title;
I will command there shall be no such thing,
And then Andromana is mine, or his, or any man's
She will be gelt. These ceremonies
Fetter the world, and I was born to free it.
Shall man, that noble creature, be afraid
Of words, things himself made?
Shall sounds, a thing of seven small letters, give
Check to a prince's will?

And. Did you not promise my father
Have you not sworn too, you would not stay beyond the time?
Have oaths no more validity with princes?
Let me not think so.

Plan. Come, I will go, that I shall not be in vain;
But let us kiss at parting, it may be our last, perhaps.

—I cannot now move one foot, though all the furies
Should whip me forward with their snakes.
Woman, thou stol'st my heart, just now thou stol'st it.
A cannon bullet might have kiss'd my lips
And left me as much life.
[*The King having listen'd, comes in softly.*
—Are we betray'd?
What art? speak, or resolve to die.
King. A well-wisher of the prince's.
Plan. The king?—It cannot be! [*He starts.*
King. Though thou hast thrown all nature off,
I cannot what's my duty. Ungracious boy!
Had'st been the offspring of a sinful bed,
Thou might'st have claim'd adultery as inheritance;
Lust would have been thy kinsman, and what enormity
Thy looser life could have been guilty of,
Had found excuse in an unnatural conception.
Pr'ythee hereafter seek another father:
Ephorbas cannot call him son, that makes lust his deity.
Had I but known—(but we are hoodwink'd still
To all mischances) I should have had a son,
That would make it his study to embrace corruption,
And take delight in unlawful sheets,
I would have hugg'd a monster in mine arms
Before thy mother.—Good o heavens!
What will this world come to at last?
When princes, that should be the patterns
Of all virtue, lead up the dance to vice!
What shall we call our own, when our own wives
Banish their faith, and prove false to us?
Have I with so much care promis'd myself
So pleasing a spring of comfort, and are all
Those blossoms nipt, and buds burnt up by the fire
Of lust and sin?—
Have I thus long laboured against
The billows, that did op[illegible] my growing hopes,
And must I perish in the haven's mouth?
No gulph but this to be devoured in?
Could not youth's inclination find out
Another rock to split itself upon?
Had'st thou lugg'd drunkenness, the wit
Or mirth of company might have excus'd it.
Prodigality had been a sin a prince
Might have been proud in, compar'd to this.
Or had thy greener years incited thee to treason
And attempt a doubting father's crown,
It had been a noble vice.
Ambition runs through the veins of princes;
It brings forth acts great as themselves and it;
Spurs on to honour, and resolves great things.
But this, this treachery is such a thing,
Sin is too base a name for't. A prince
(I might say my son, but let that pass)
Any where to show himself to nought
But darkness, and black chambers, whose motions
Like some planet are all excentric,
Not two hours together in his own sphere,
The court?—but I am tame to talk thus;
Begone with as much speed as a coward would
Avoid his death; and never more presume
To look upon this woman, this whore,
Thou losest both thy eyes and me else.
[PLANGUS *is going out, but comes again.*
Plan. Sir, the reverence that I owe my father,
And the injury I have done this gentlewoman,
Had charm'd me up to silence; but I must
Speak something for her honour:
When I have done, command me to the altar.
Whilst (I confess) you tainted me with sin,
I did applaud you, and condemn myself,
It look'd like a father's care.—But when
You us'd that term of whore to her that stands there,
I would have given ten thousand kingdoms
You had had no more relation to me,
Than hath the northern to the southern pole.
I should have flown to my revenge swifter than lightning.
But I forbare, and pray imagine not what I had done.
King. Upon my life, she is very handsome.
[*Aside.*
Plan. To be a whore is more unknown to her,
Than what is done in the Antipodes;
She is so pure she cannot think a sin,
Nor ever heard the name to understand it.
King. No doubt, these private meetings
Were to read her moral lectures, and teach her Chastity.
Plan. Nay, give me leave, sir,
I do not say my addresses have been all so virtuous;
For whatsoever base desires a flaming beauty
Could kindle in a heart, were all alive in me,
And prompted me to seek some ease, by quenching
Burnings hotter than Ætna.
Imagine but a man that had drunk mercury,
And had a fire within his bones,
Whose blood was hotter than the melted ore;
If he should wish for drink, nay steal it too,
Could you condemn him?
Eph. Marry'd, do they say? [*Aside.*
Plan. I did endure a heat seas could not cool;
It would have kill'd a salamander.
Then, taught both impudence and wit,
I singled out my foe, us'd all the arts
That love could think upon, and in the end
Found a most absolute repulse.
King. Well, Plangus, youth excuses the first fault,
But a relapse exceeds all pardon.
[*Exeunt King and* PLANGUS.

SCENE IV.

And. Curst be old age, and he that first number'd fourscore!

What devil has betray'd us to a doating fool?
Did I but now promise myself what hopes
Ambitious thoughts could reach; and shall I sink
Down to my first foundation without the pleasure of
A tasted greatness? Death and disgrace!
I dare provoke the utmost of your malice,
After the sweetness of some sharp revenge.

Enter LIBACER *in haste.*

Lib. Madam, my master.
And. You may both hang together.
Lib. Why, this it is, if a man should kill his father
For you, he should be thus rewarded; as soon as
Your turn's served, I may be hang'd that did it.
And. Since he is dead; how was it done?
Lib. Why, nothing; only as he was taking water
At the Ryalto, his foot slip'd a little,
And he came tumbling in the sea;
Whence he was taken up, but not alive.
And. Heav'n prospers not these courses,
I see it plainly; let them be acted with as much closeness,
Or to what end soever, they never thrive. Libacer,
We are undone, undone; the king hath found
His son here, and I have lost him to eternity.
Lib. You women are the shallowest creatures;
You never look beyond the present.
Rome was not built in one day, madam;
Greatness is never sweet that comes too easily.
Should Plangus be a fool now, and obey his father—
Pox o' this virtue, it spoils most men living.
We have hopes yet; revenge is something;
And if my old trade fail not,
Princes are mortal as well as other men;
Yet my soul inspires me with half a confidence
That Leon hath not dy'd in vain. I use to see
As far into mischief as another: I'll go to him,
And if I bring him not within this half hour,
As hot and eager on the scent as e'er he was,
Take me and hang me at my coming home.
—Madam, here is a messenger from court.
[*As he is going out he meets* ARTESIO.
And. If from thence, I may be bold to ask,
How Plangus, the noblest prince alive, doth?
Art. Madam, as well as soldiers can
That are sick for honour; I suppose by this time
H'ath left the court, and is gone in quest for glory,
Which he intends to ravish from young Argo's brow,
The valiant leader of the Argives' army.
And. I'm confident then, sir,
Your business is not to me; if any body else
Hath sent you, sir, be pleas'd to spare the message,
And tell them, I neither have learn'd the tricks
O' th' court, nor yet intend it: I want no new gowns,
And have heard men forswear themselves
In better language, and to better purpose
Than gaining of a lady's honour.
Art. Madam, my business is from the king,
Who doth intreat you would be pleas'd to bless
The court this afternoon with your fair presence,
And bring an answer; I must not stay for one.
[*Exit* ART.
And. Now we do see an end of all our mischiefs;
The prince is gone from court, and the king
Hath sent for us; Doth not the name
Strike terror to thy curdling blood?
Lib. No, by my troth, not at all:
As far as I see, you're better than you were.
I'll lay my life the old man would turn gamester.
Take my counsel, play deep or not at all:
Not an ace under a kingdom. Your grace,
I hope, will remember your poor friends.
And. If I do find any such thing,
Let me alone to melt his ice
Go, get me mourning with all haste. [*Exit* LIB.
Let froward fortune do her worst; I shall
Create my greatness, or, attempting, fall;
And when I fall, I will deserve my ruin. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter PLANGUS, NICETES, ARAMNES.

Nice. What, sir, and are you melancholy, when fate
Hath shower'd a happiness so unexpected on us?
This ugly sneaking peace is the soldier's rock
He splits his fortunes on. Bawdry's a virtue to't.
Pox o' these beaver-hats, they make one's head ake [knock
Worse than a cap of steel; and bear not off a
The tenth part so well.
Plan. You're mad for fighting, gentlemen,
And we shall have enough of it.
The Argives, fifty thousand strong,
Have like a whirlwind borne down all before 'em;
And I, with thirteen thousand, that remain
Yet undisbanded of the last expedition,
Have command to fight that multitude
Of old tough soldiers: while ours,
In a month or two, won't have pick'd up that valour
That in this idle time hath slipt from 'em.
They have forgot what noise a musket makes,
And start if they but hear a drum:
Are these fellows either enow, or fit,

On whom a kingdom's safety should be built?
Indeed were they to encounter some mistress,
Or storm a brothel-house, perhaps they'd venture;
But for my part, I yield; nor would I oppose my father:
If he sees good we perish, I am already sacrific'd;
Yet our enemies shall dearly purchase their victory.
Pray look to your charge, Nicetes, and you
Arammes, with all care and speed; and when you come
Into the field, then let me see this countenance,
That frowning smile, and I shall like it.
I love a man runs laughing upon death—
But we lose time in talk. [*Ex.* NIC. ARAM.

SCENE II.

Enter INOPHILUS.

Ino. Your servant, captains. Sir, pray a word with you.
Plan. Pr'ythee be short, Inophilus, thou know'st my business.
Ino. Sir, I am mad to see your tameness:
A man bound up by magic is not so still as you;
Nothing was ever precipitated thus,
And yet refus'd to see it's ruin.
Plan. Thou art tedious, I shall not tarry.
Ino. You are made general.
Plan. I know it.
Ino. Against the Argives.
Plan. So.
Ino. With thirteen thousand men, no more, sir.
Plan. I am glad on't, the honour is the greater.
Ino. The danger is the greater; you will be kill'd, sir,
And lose your army.
Plan. Is this all? I care not.
Ino. But so do I, and so do all your friends.
I smell a rat, sir; there's juggling in this business;
I am as confident of it as I am alive.
The king might within this twenty-four hours
Have made a peace on fair conditions.
Plan. But dishonourable.
Ino. And would not.
On a sudden useth the ambassadors scurvily,
And provokes the Argives, yet himself
In no posture of defence.
Plan. But——
Ino. Pray give me leave, sir.
After this, you are on a sudden created general,
And pack'd away with a crowd of unhewn fellows,
Whose courage hangs as loose about them
As a slut's petticoats. Sir, he had other spirits
In the court created for such perils.
Excuse me, I know you fear not to meet destruction;
But brave men are sure to perish,
Where well the persons were of less concernment.
He might have let you staid till you had gather'd
An army fit for your command, and sent
Some petty things upon this expedition,
Whose loss would have been nothing, and of whom
It might have been recorded in our story
As an honour, that they died monuments
Of the king's folly. But let that pass;
You'll say perhaps, you only have a spirit
Fit for such undertakings——I wish you had not;
Your want then would not be half so grievous.
But here's the prodigy! you must fight them presently.
Come, 'tis a project put into the king's head
By some who have a plot on you and him.
Plan. It may be so, Inophilus, and I believe
All this is true you tell me, and it might startle
A man were less resolv'd than I.
But danger and I have been too long acquainted
To shun a meeting now; I am engag'd,
And cannot any ways come off with reputation.
Hadst told me this before, perhaps I might
Have thought on't—and yet I should not neither.
If the king thinks I am grown dangerous,
'Tis all one to me which way he takes me from his fears,
He could not do it handsomer than thus;
It makes less noise now—
But come, I must not fear such things, Inophilus:
The king hath more virtue and honour than
To do these actions, fit only for guilty souls;
Nor must I fear when my Inophilus fights by me.
Ino. Troth, sir, for all your compliment,
If you have no valour but what owes itself to my company,
You're like to make cold breakfast of your enemies:
I have other business than to throw away
My life, when there is so much odds against it:
I'll stay at home, and pray for you, that's all, sir.
Plan. How! wilt not go then, Inophilus?
Ino. The time hath been, I thought it better sport
To bustle through a bristly grove of pikes;
When I have courted rugged danger with
Hotter desires than handsome faces,
And thought no woman half so beautiful
As bloody gaping wounds:
But, sir, to go and cast away myself now,
Would not be gallant, nor an action worth my envy:
'Tis weakness to make those that seek
My ruin, laugh at my folly, with jaws stretch'd
Wider than the gulph that swallows us.
I know when honour calls me, and when treason
Counterfeits her voice.
Plan. Well, stay at home and freeze,
And lose all sense of glory in a mistress' arms.
Go, perish tamely, drunk with sin and peace;
And may'st thou, since thou dar'st not die with them,
Outlive thy noble friends.
Ino. I thank you, sir, but I cannot be angry.

SCENE III.

Enter NICETES *and* ARAMNES, *with some Captains and Soldiers.*

Nice. Yonder's the bones o' th' army rally'd up
Together, but they look'd rather as if
They came home from being soundly beaten.
Methinks such tatter'd rogues should never conquer,
Victory would look so scurvily among 'em,
They'd so bedaub her, if she wore clean linen.
Cap. Sir, we wear as sound hearts in these torn
Breeches, as e'er a courtier of them all.
We are not afraid of spoiling our hands for want
Of gloves, nor need we almond-butter when
We go to bed. And though my lieutenant
Is pleased to be a little merry, you shall see us die
As handsomely in these old cloaths as those wear better,
And become our wounds as well, and perhaps
Smell as sweet when we are rotten.
Plan. We hope it.——Captains and fellow-soldiers,
We are proud of this occasion to try your valours;
You shall go no farther than your prince doth,
I'll be no bringer up of rears.
Let not the number of the foe affright you,
The more they are, the more will the honour be.
The lion scorns to prey upon a hare,
Nor is the blinking taper fit to try eagles eyes.
The weight of glory makes our danger light;
When victory comes easily, 'tis half a shame
To conquer. [*Soldiers shout, and exeunt.*
Ino. I'll stay at home, and grieve, that so many
Daring souls should die on such advantage.
[*Exit* INOPHILUS.

SCENE IV.

Enter the King solus.

King. Her husband dead too!——Fates, let me die,
I am too happy to remain long thus
Without a ruin, great as the height I fell from.
Plangus was my only obstacle, but him I have
Remov'd——But love commanded,
His presence would have countermanded all attempts;
I need not fear his magick at this distance.
His looks and actions were one entire enchantment,
And powerful over a lady's heart.
I sent for her, but she's not come yet.
Who waits without?

Enter ARTESIO.

Art. There's a mourning lady, sir,
Would speak with the king.
King. Admit her, and begone.

SCENE V.

Enter ANDROMANA *in mourning, with a hood over her face, which she throws up when she sees the King.*

King. So riseth Phœbus from the gloomy night,
(While pale-fac'd Dian maketh haste to hide
Her borrow'd glory in some neighb'ring cloud,
Envying the beauty of the new-born day)
When darkness crowds into the other world.
Madam, why kneel you? You, at whose name
[*She kneels.*
Monarchs themselves might tremble, and mortals
Bow with rev'rence great as they pay to altars:
Scepters should break in pieces and adore you;
At whose sight the sun and moon should blush
Themselves to blood and darkness, and falling
From their sphere, crush the audacious world to atoms,
For daring to behold a lustre so much greater
Than their own.
And. Sir, give me leave to wonder
What sin I have committed, which calling
Down the vengeance of the gods,
Hath made me author of all this blasphemy.
Sir, I beseech your majesty, if you are angry
With your creature, speak some cruel word and blast me.
Scorn me not into the other world, where I have
Sins enough of my own to blush for, and shall not need
To dye his cheeks for other mens offences.
King. Lady, though Parthian darts are not so sharp
As are those killing words, yet that breath which
Utters them, is sweeter than the morning dew.
I'll be dumb, for praises cannot add, but rather
Diminish Andromana's worth.
And. I wonder now no longer at this language,
'Tis such as kings are bred in.
But I beseech you, sir, if there be aught
You will command your servant; if Andromana
Must do or suffer any thing, for great Ephorbas,
Lay by yourself a minute, and remember
A merchant's wife must hear you.
King. Your husband Leon's dead, I hear, lady——
[*She weeps.*
Nay, spare those pearls, madam, cast not away
Such treasure upon the memory of one,
Who, if the best of men, deserves them not.
Come, come, forget these sorrows, lady,
And wear not mourning weeds before the world's
Destruction; hide not those fair eyes, whose splendour
Would enrich our court.
Madam, though none there be in court
Can merit such a beauty, yet I myself
Have taken pains to search a husband for you;
What think you of myself?
And. Great sir, your care is like yourself,
All noble, but suits with me no better
Than Phœbus' horses did with Phaeton;

Ruin'd the world and him. First, sir,
You do debase yourself to honour her,
Whose worth is less considerable than lovers' oaths:
My husband's ashes are scarce cold yet,
And would your majesty have me forsake
My honour, and his memory, so soon?
I have not paid oblations due to his ashes yet.
King. You compliment away the worth we know
You have, Andromana: what say you to the prince?
And. I say he is the prince, and great Ephorbas' son;
He's Plangus: and if you think there yet remains
A title that can be either better or greater,
I think him worthy of it.
King. But dost think him worthy, Andromana?
And. O heavens! Is Jove worth heav'n?
Or doth the sun deserve to be a light
To all the world? Can virtue deserve honour?
Or labour, riches? Can gods merit altars?
It might have been a puzzling question
To them whose ears have not been bless'd
With Plangus' worth. But this, 'tis so below him—
King. But say he loves thee.
And. I dare not say so: [things
For when I think a prince pretends to such poor
As I am, I feel an ice runs through my veins,
And my blood curdles into flakes of snow,
And bids me fear him; not with an awe, or reverence,
But as a spotted sinful thing, which is the worse
For being great. 'Tis such a fear, as I
Should conceive against an armed ravisher.
King. These things may be expected, lady, I confess,
From blood that boils in flames hot as the sun
In scorching Libra, or sturdy Hercules,
When he unmaiden'd fifty in one night;
But from a man whose years have tam'd those vices,
Whose love is dotage and not lust,
Who doth adore a handsome virtue, and pays
His vows to 't, you should have other hopes.
Plangus is young, a soldier, and by consequence
Something which youth excuses. But Ephorbas
Hath left those toys behind him, when he shook off
His youth.
And. Sir, now my fears are out.
O virtue! are there just Powers which men adore,
And throw away their prayers upon, that lend
Their eyes to human actions? or was the name
Of heaven invented to still petty sinners?
Sir, sure I am mistaken,
You are not great Ephorbas, sir, whose virtue
Is a theme of wonder to all neighbour nations;
Pray help me to him, I would see that angel;
The kingdom's honour, and good men's sanctuary.
But if you are the man, whom I have pray'd for
Oftner than I have slept; pray, sir, belie not
A virtue which I have hitherto admired.
King. I see you are a stranger, lady, give me leave to say so
To Ephorbas; but if a lady of thy melting years
Can love this grayness, I vow, my scepter,
Throne, kingdom, and myself are thine;
Thou'rt fit to be a queen. [*She starts back.*
And. A queen! sir, have your subjects anger'd you?
Have they rebell'd, or done some sin that wants a name?
I'll cleave to' th' pavement till I have begg'd a vengeance
Great as their crime; but this you mention
Is a punishment, which your subjects must
Study years to curse you for; no sin deserves it.
You would blind my eyes with throwing gold before 'em,
Or set me up so high on the steep pinnacle
Of honour's temple, that you would have me
Not be able to look down on my own simplicity.
You can create me great, I know, sir, but good you cannot;
You might compel, entice me too perhaps to sin:
But can you allay a gnawing conscience,
Or bind up bleeding reputation?
I did never hear that physick could afford
A remedy for a wounded honour.
Eph. Th'art a fool, Andromana.
You must be mine, consider on't.
And. Sir, you may command your vassal.
King. That's kindly said.
And. But—I humbly take my leave;
Goodness protect you! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Enter RINATUS, EUBULUS, *and* ARAMNES.

Eph. Wait on that lady forth.
Rin. Would there were not a woman in the world,
So we had our prince again! Sir, are you mad?
Or have forgot you are a father? You have undone us all.
Eph. Why, what's the matter?
Rin. O sir, the prince——
Eph. He is not dead, Rinatus, is he?
Rin. Sir, if he be, 'tis you have murder'd him:
Was it for this you were so jealous t'other day?
May my Inophilus never pretend to virtue,
I'll teach him a more thriving art.
Come to the window a little, sir, and hear
How the good people curse you; as cold weather
As 'tis, some are so hard at it they sweat again.
Eph. Pr'ythee unriddle; hast thou drank hemlock
Since I saw thee last?
Rin. I would not be in my wits for any thing
I' th' world, my grief would kill me, if I were:
He's mad that will speak sense or reason,

Now you have thrown away our prince thus:
Whose innocence was clearer than his own eyes:
Can you think how you have murdered so much virtue,
And not blush yourself to death?
Eph. I think indeed I sent him general
Against the Argives; but, 'twas his own desire.
Rin. 'Twas not his own desire, sir, to have
But thirteen thousand men, sir, was it?
Was that army fit to oppose great Argo?
There came a messenger just now, that saw the prince
Not sixteen miles from hence (for thither is the foe march'd)
Draw up his men to engage the enemy.
Eph. For Heav'n's sake, Rinatus, post him back again,
Bid him retreat; command my son from me,
Not to go on till greater forces follow him.
If it be possible redeem the error;
I'd give my kingdom, life, or any thing,
It were to do again.
Rin. I'm glad to see this now; Heav'n send
It ben't too late!
Eph. Nay, stand not prating. [*A horn within.*
Rin. 'Tis from the army, sir. O Heaven, I fear!
Eph. If from the army, pr'ythee put on better looks.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Your son, nay more, your dying son,
Commanded me to bring you word,
He dy'd true to his honour, king, and countrymen;
Nor let me stay to see the brightest lamp go out,
That ever grac'd this orb. [*The king faints.*
Rin. O heaven, the king! why this is worse, sir,
Than the other; let us not lose you both.
Eph. Let me but hear how 'twas he made his exit,
And then my glass is run, I will not live
One minute longer.
Mess. Sir, thus it was———
'Tis scarce three hours ago since the brave
Plangus march'd from Lixa with an army,
Whose souls were richer than their cloaths by far,
Though their valour had put on all the bravery
That soldiers ever wore. The prince, whose presence
Breath'd new fire into these flaming spirits,
Resolv'd to meet the enemy with his handful,
And with a winged speed fell down to th' Elean streights,
Determining there to try it with him.
His soldiers also, true sons of war, contemning
So great odds, when victory and their country
Was to crown the conquerors, whetted
Their eager valours with impatient expectation
Of the enemy; who trusting to his multitude came on
Wing'd both with scorn and anger, to see that paucity
Should dare dispute victory against their odds.
Plangus, who though he saw, yet could not fear
Destruction, and scorn'd to avoid it,
When the king commanded him to meet it,
Marshal'd his army to the best advantage,
And having given Zopiro the left wing,
The body to Evarnes, himself chose out the right;
Because he would be opposite to Argo.
And keeping a reserve, as great as could be hop'd for
From so small a company, not above five hundred men,
He gave the command of them to Zenon,
Who with his fellows took it ill they should be so long idle,
And had not the honour to be thought worthy
To die with the most forward, and would, no question, have
Refus'd the charge; but that the smiling prince
Promis'd them they should have time to die.
Words here were needless, nor had he time to use them.
Rin. What, was Inophilus idle all this while?
Mess. I only heard the prince wish, just as
He spurr'd his horse against the valiant Argo,
He had fewer by a thousand men:
So he had Inophilus.
Rin. O traiterous boy!
Mess. The prince and Argo met;
And like two mighty tides encounter'd. Here death
Put on her sable livery, and the two gallants,
Whose valour animated each army, bandyed a long time
With equal force, till at last great Argo fell;
And on a sudden, multitudes of men
Accompany'd him, so that the wing
Went presently to rout and execution.
Zopiro also, and Evarnes, having slain
Their opposite leaders, breathe death and destruction
To their trembling foes.
Thus flush'd with victory and blood, the Iberians
Revell'd through the flying field, till there came on
The enemy's reserve of twenty thousand men,
Who fresh and fiery, grinded their teeth for anger
At their fellows' overthrow, and pouring on
Our weary soldiers, [illegible] the stream of victory.
But the prince's valour and good fortune, soon
Overcame this opp[illegible] and having rallied
His broken troops, [illegible] relieve his friends
Who had far'd worse, [illegible] presently he saw
Evarnes, who had pil'd up [illegible] about him,
As an obelisk of his own [illegible] and victory,
Fall bleeding at his foot, and [illegible] kiss'd it
With his dying lips, intreated him to save
Himself for a more happy day, and fled.
'Twas not long after the gallant Zenon
(Who had perform'd that day deeds of eternal fame, [illegible] charg'd
And with his few, spight of opposition, thrice

And routed some thousands of the enemy)
Expir'd; which when the prince beheld,
Weeping for anger, he flew amongst his enemies,
Sustain'd only by the greatness of his courage,
For blood and strength had both forsook him;
He spent that spark of life was left in him,
In slaughter and revenge, when leaning on
His weapon's point, that dropp'd with blood as fast
As he, he then conjur'd me with all speed
Only to tell the king I saw him die
Worthy of his father and himself.
[*A horn without. A shout.*
Eph. Oh heaven! what mean these acclamations?
[*A shout again.*
What, do the Iberians welcome their bloody
Conquerors with so much joy?

SCENE VII.

Enter PLANGUS, INOPHILUS, *and* ZOPIRO, *Captains.*

Eph. Oh! oh! [*He faints.*
Rin. O cowardly boy! (for that base word includes
All baseness) doth not shame kill thee,
Or fear chill thy dastard blood to an ice,
At sight of that most noble injur'd ghost?
'Tis well, dear Plangus (if thy divinity deserve not
A more lasting name) that thou art come
To take revenge on that most traiterous son,
In's father's presence, who detests his baseness
More than thyself can do——
Plan. Excuse us, dear Rinatus,
That wonder froze to such a silence,
If when we expected such a welcome
As had that Roman son, whose mother
Dy'd for joy to see him, we found so cold
An entertainment, something made us look'd upon
So like an inconvenience, that we could not
But put on some small amazement.
Eph. And do I hear thee speak again,
And see thee, or only dream a happiness,
Whose reality stars and my genius deny me?
Or art thou Plangus' angel come to rouse
Me from despair?
Plan. Sir, pray believe it; and be not
Backward in th' entertainment of these soldiers,
If you esteem it a happiness;
In a word, you owe a conqueror:
And the ambitious Argives have paid their
Lives, as sacrifices to your offended sword.
Eph. A messenger of comfort to a despairing lover,
Is a less acceptable thing, than this thy presence;
If what my fellow told me were untruth,
Thy welcome sight hath amply made amends
For those tormenting fears he put me to.
But if it were not, let me know what chance
Redeem'd you.
Plan. If you have heard how things then went
When I sent away that messenger——
Eph. Yes, I have heard it.
Plan. Then know, when death and our own fates
Had sworn our ruin, and we like some strong wall that
Long resists the iron vomits of the flaming cannon,
At last shakes itself into a dreadful ruin
To those who throw it down; so had the Iberians,
With valour great as the cause they fought for,
Strove with a noble envy, who should at first
Out-go his fellow in slaughtering the Argives:
At last oppress'd with multitude and toil,
We sunk under the unequal burden;
Then was our emulation chang'd, and who before
Strove to outdo each other, now eagerly contended
To run the race of death first.
Sir, there it was I (and many other braver captains)
Fell, being one wound from head to foot.
O then it was Inophilus came in,
With about twenty other gallants, and with what speed
The nimble light'ning flies from east to west,
Redeem'd this bleeding trunk, which
The insulting Argive had encompass'd,
Blown up with victory and pride;
He with a gallantry like none but great Inophilus,
Being bravely back'd by his own soldiers,
Whose actions spoke them more than men,
Had not Inophilus been by, redeem'd the honour
Of a bleeding day. And thus were our troops,
As little now as their valour great,
Enrich'd with victory, blood, and jewels,
Of which the opposite army wanted no store,
Return'd with the renown of an atchievement,
As full of glory and honour to the conquerors,
As ruin to the Argives.
Ino. My liege,
Had this action and my merit been so great
As our prince would make it, I then might
Own it, and expect reward.——
But it was so small, so much below my duty,
That I must, upon my knees, beg pardon
That I came no sooner.
Eph. This is a prodigy
Beyond whatever yet was wrote in story.
Inophilus, we have been too backward
In cherishing thy growing virtue, we will
Hereafter mend it.
And, dear Rinatus, be proud of thy brave son,
And let the people honour the remaining army;
We shall esteem it as a favour done to us;
We have a largess for your valorous captains,
You have not fought in vain.
This day, let our court put on its greatest jollity,
And let none wear a discontented brow;
For where a frown is writ, we'll think it reason
To say, that face hath characters of treason.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter PLANGUS, *and* INOPHILUS.

Ino. But, sir, when you consider she's a woman——

Plan. O dear Inophilus!
Let earth and heav'n forget there are such things;
Or if they ever name them, let it be with a curse
Heavy as are the ills they act. A mandrake's note
Would ring a better peal of music in my ears,
Than those two syllables pronounc'd again.

Ino. Pray, sir, put off this humour,
This peevish pet, and reason tamely. Sir, you
Have lost a wench, and will you therefore lose
Yourself too? Hear me but patiently a word or two.

Plan. Pr'ythee go teach the galley-slaves that word,
Things that dare own no thought beyond their chains,
And stand in fear of whipping, and wanting bread.
Bid them be tame and patient that fry in sulphur:
'Tis a word I have forsworn to know the meaning of;
Or if I must, 'tis but to shun it, and hate it more.
Oh! were thy wrongs as great as mine, Inophilus,
Or didst thou love but half so well as Plangus,
Thou would'st instil into me the poison of revenge.
And puff me up with thought of vengeance,
Till I did burst, and, like a breaking cloud,
Spread a contagion on those have injur'd me.

Ino. Why, this were handsome in some country-fellow,
Whose soul is dirty as the thing he's mad for:
'Twere pretty in a lady that had lost her dog;
But——

Plan. I know what thou would'st say,
But for Plangus: Oh! 'tis for none but him to be so.
Those that have injur'd me are persons
I once held dearer than my eyes; but how much
Greater was my love, so much more is the offence;
Wounds from our friends are deepest.
Had any but my father—And yet methinks
That name should have protected me;
Or was it made only to secure offenders?
My life was his, he gave it me: my honour too
I could have parted with; but 'las, my love
Was none of mine, no more than vows made to a deity,
And not perform'd—And for that creature,
Who must be lost for ills through which
I must make way to my revenge,
Had she betray'd my honour to any thing
But him that gave me being,
She had made me half amends, in that my way
To vengeance had been open. Now I am spurr'd
Forward to revenge by fury, and yet
Held in by the rein of a foolish piety,
That doth no man good but them that use it not.
'Tis like the miser's idol, it yielded him
No gold till he had broke the head off.
Nay, Inophilus, one secret more,
And the horror of it blow thee from earth to heaven,
Where there are no such things as women:
'Twill turn thy soul the inside outward.
I cannot get it out. Pr'ythee what is't, Inophilus?

Ino. Alas! I know not, sir.

Plan. Do but imagine the worst of ills
Earth ever groan'd under; a sin nothing but woman,
Nay, such a woman as Andromana durst think on;
And it is that.

Ino. How revenge transports you!
Princes have lost their mistresses before,
Nay, and to those have not such right to them
As hath Ephorbas to what Plangus hath.
Who could command her, if not Ephorbas?

Plan. But I have—Oh Inophilus!—I burst—
Yet it will out—dost thou not see it here?
[*Unbuttons his doublet.*
Oh! I have known Andromana as
Ephorbas did last night.——

Ino. Why, sir,
The sin done by your father is not yours,
If you could not help it.——

Plan. Why, there it is: 'Tis that which gnaws me here.
But I swore by all the gods, that she was
As innocent from my unclean embraces, as is
The new-fall'n snow, or ermines that will meet
Ten deaths before one spot: I made my father think
The thoughts of angels were less innocent than she.
No, it was I betray'd him; his virtue was too great
Not to have suspected it. How do I look, Inophilus?

Ino. Like some blest man that griev'd for other's sins
And could, out of a good nature, part with half
His own whiteness, to purge the other's stains.

Plan. Now thou sooth'st, and like some flattering glass,
Present'st me to advantage. I am, in short,
One born to make Iberia unhappy.
Had I as black a face as is my soul,
You'd find in respect of it Ægyptians were snow-white.
Methinks I hear Heaven tell me I am slow,
And it is time I had begun revenge.
Ephorbas has done him wrong, who loved him
More than heaven or his happiness, and would
Have run out of the world to have left him free,
Whatever he would lay claim to, but Andromana;

Nay, she also had been his, so 't could have been without a sin.
But she knew the sin she acted, and yet did it;
And lives free from the stroke of thunder.
Is there such a thing as heaven, or such a one
As Justice dwells there? and can I ask the question?
O the tameness of a conscience loaded with sin!
Which reasons and talks when it should do.
But I will be reveng'd, and thus I begin,—Inophilus, [*He draws.*
Be sure, when I am dead, to meet my ghost,
And do as that instructs thee. 'Twill tell all the particulars
Of my revenge, who must die first, who last, and
What way too. I have my lesson perfect.
[*He leans the pummel on the ground to fall on it:* INOPHILUS *kicks it by with his foot.*
Ino. Is this the revenge befits great Plangus?
Plan. Had this been done two days ago—
Thou durst as well have met the lightning
Naked, as have oppos'd my will thus.
Ino. Hear me; [*He draws.*
Ask me no questions, nor answer me; or if you do,
By Heav'n I'll never speak more.
It is revenge you'd have, and 'tis a great one,
A very noble one, to kill yourself. [more.
Be confident, your greatest foes wish nothing
When after-ages come to hear your story,
What will they say? Just as they did of Cato,
He durst not look great Cæsar in the face:
So Plangus was afraid, and died.
A very pretty story, and much to a man's credit:
For shame, dear Plangus (let friendship use that title)
Shew your great soul the world believes you're master of
(And I dare swear you are) in this action.
Nay, rally up yourself, and fight it stoutly.
Shake from your mind revenge, and having laid
That passion by, put on that virtue
The world admires in you; 'tis now the time to shew it.
The sun broke from a cloud, doubles his light;
And fire, the more resisted, flames more bright.
Andromana has injur'd you; scorn her therefore,
And shew she had done nothing; I'd not do her the favour
To have one thought for her, or be troubled
At what she did—As for your father, sir,
Besides the tie of nature, he knows not
He hath wrong'd you; or if he doth,
'Tis love that caus'd him; a word that once
Made an excuse with Plangus for what offence soever.
Plan. Thou hast wrought upon me,
And I am resolved to live a day or two more:
But if I like it not——
Well, I will go try to sleep a little—perhaps that may—— [by me,
I'm strangely melancholy——pr'ythee lie down
Inophilus, I'm safe while in thy company.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter PLANGUS, *as from sleep.*

Plan. Lord! how this spirit of revenge still haunts me,
And tempts me with such promis'd opportunity,
And magnifies my injuries!
Sometimes it calls me coward, and tells me
Conscience, in princes who are injur'd like myself,
Is but an excuse they find, for what is in truth
Poorness of spirit, or something baser.
It tells me, 'tis a sin to be good when all the world is bad.
It makes me look upon myself, whilst wearing
This garb of virtue, like some old antiquary
In cloaths that are out of fashion in Iberia.
But I will not yield to it: I know it is a greater glory
To a man's self (and he that courts opinion
Is of a vulgar spirit) to disobey than satisfy
An appetite which I know is sinful.
Good Heaven guard me, how am I tempted

Enter ANDROMANA.

To put on my former temper! but thus
I fling it from me. [*Throws away his sword.*

SCENE III.

And. Why how now, prince?
If you part with your darling so easily,
There is small hopes but you have thrown
All love behind you.
Plan. Heaven, how she's alter'd!
I that once swore Jove from the well-tun'd sphere
Ne'er heard such harmony as I did, when she spake;
Methinks I can now, in comparison of her voice,
Count scritch-owls' musick, or the croaking toad.
And. Who is't you speak of, sir?
Plan. Tempt me not, madam, with another word;
For by Heaven, you know I am apt, being incens'd——
Wake not those wrongs that bellow louder in my soul
Than wretches in the brazen bull, or Jove
Who speaks in thunder; those wrongs my goodness
Had half laid aside; or if you do,
I have a soul dares what you dare tempt me to.
And. Sir, I must speak,
Though Jove forbad me with a flash of lightning.
You think perhaps, sir, I have forgot my Plangus?
But, sir, I have infinitely injur'd you,
And could not satisfy my conscience,
(If I should say my love too, I should not lie)
Till I had ask'd your pardon.
Plan. Madam, the fault's forgiven and forgotten,

Without you move me to remember't with
A worse apology. Live and enjoy your sins,
And the angry gods: Nay, the severest plague
I wish you, is, that you may die
Without one cross (for afflictions commonly teach
Virtues to them that know them not while prosperous)
Secure, without one thought or sense of a repentance.
And. Methinks you have a steely temper on, to that
Which the other day you wore, when you were
More soft than down of bees. But, sir,
If you but knew the reason why I have done
The action, which you perhaps call treason
To our loves, you would forbear such language.
Plan. Reason! no doubt the man that robs a church,
Or profanes altars, hath reason for what he doth;
To satisfy your lust, you have that reason, madam.
And. That I have loved you once,
I call Heav'n, my own heart, and you to witness:
Now, by that love, by all those vows have pass'd
Betwixt us, hear me.
Plan. O Heaven! is that a conjuration!
Things you have broke with as much ease
As politicians do maxims of religion.
But I will hear, to know you and to hate you more.
Speak on.
And. You know whilst Leon liv'd, whose due they were,
I out of love resign'd my love and honour unto you.
Plan. Lust, madam.
And. I know not, sir:
Your eloquence gave it that title then.
How many dangers walk'd I fearless through
To satisfy your pleasures? Your very will;
Nay more, your word; nay, if I thought by sympathy
A thought of yours, that I imagin'd you
Might blush to speak, I made it straight my own,
And wak'd and studied as much to put it into act,
As doth a gamester upon loss to compass money.
At last we were betray'd, sir, to your father's spies,
Who deny'd us afterwards those opportunities
We stole before, befriended by my husband's ignorance.
Now was I brought to that which is the worst of ills,
A seeing, but not enjoying of that which I held dearest.
To see you daily, and to live without you,
Was a death many degrees beyond my own
I knew the love was great, so great I durst not own it.
Nay more, I knew it was noble too, so noble,
I knew my husband being dead, you would not stick
To ask your father's leave for public marriage.
Plan. Heaven and the gods can witness I intended it.
And. Nay, farther yet, I knew your father's love,
Which would not have deny'd you any thing,
Would also have granted that.
Plan. Madam, you riddle strangely.
And. When I had forecast these easy possibilities,
I yet foresaw one thing that cross'd our designs,
That was a sense of honour I had in me.
Methought in honour I could not condescend
You should debase yourself so low.
It pleas'd me better to be your mistress, than your queen;
And stol'n embraces, without the scandal
Of a public eye, were sweeter than those
Which might bring upon me (for rising greatness
Is still envy'd) the rancour of the people, and
Consequently distates against their prince.
Sir, now we may act safely what might have been
Less secure. Your father's name gives a protection;
Or if that startle you, we'll call him husband.
Plan. Are you in earnest?
And As serious as love can be.
Plan. Then I want words to tell you how I hate you:
I would sooner meet Megara 'tween a pair of sheets.
And can you think I should have so small piety,
As to be false unto my father's bed?
That I lov'd you once, I confess with shame;
And that I should have done so still, had you
Preserv'd those flames I think of now with horror.
But for those sins, and whatsoever else
I must repent, I shall no doubt have great occasion,
When I shall see the kingdom envelop'd
In those swarms of plagues your sins call down,
And feel a share of them myself.
For Heaven's sake, madam! for my father's sake,
Nay, for my own too, if that have any interest,
Learn now at last a virtue, that may make us
As happy as many as hitherto unfortunate,
And render your story to posterity so burnish'd
With your shining goodness, that their eyes may not
Perceive the error of your former years.
Perhaps I then shall have a reverence for you,
As great as my son hath for a father's wife.
You wonder, lady, to see my talk thus different
From what you saw me half an hour ago.
I look'd upon myself as one that had lost
A blessing—But Heaven hath been happier to me;
For I am now so far from thinking you one,
That I look upon you as a plague,
No sin of good Ephorbas could deserve.
But love to you——
And. Sir!
Plan. Answer me not in words, but deeds;

I know you always talk'd [1] unhappily,
And if your heart dare do what's ill,
I know it can well teach your tongue excuses.
[*Exit* PLANGUS.

SCENE IV.

And. And is my love then scorn'd?
The chaos of eternal night possess my breast,
That it may not see to startle at any
Undertakings, though they would make
Medusa's snakes curl into rings for fear.
If greatness have inspired me with thoughts
Of a more brave revenge, they shall be acted.
A husband's murder was such a puny sin,
I blush to speak it; but it was great enough
For a merchant's wife: a queen must be more
Daring in her revenge, nor must her wrath
Be pacify'd under a whole kingdom's ruin.

SCENE V.

Enter LIBACER.

And. My better genius, thou art welcome as
A draught of water to a thirsty man:
I ne'er had need of thee till now.
Muster those devils dwell within thy breast,
And let them counsel me to a revenge as great,
As is my will to act it.
Lib. Madam, leave words.
The rest you take in breathing makes your anger cool.
Out with it, and if I do it not; if I startle
At any ill to do you service, though it be
To kill my mother, let me be troubled with
The plague of a tender conscience, and lie sick
Of repentance a half year after.
And. What need I tell thee more? Plangus must die;
And after him Ephorbas, because he is his father.
Lib. Madam, he shall. But give me leave to ask you,
How he, for whom alone of all the world
You had a passion, is now become
An object of your hatred, so great, as others
Must die because they have relation to him?
And. The air is hot yet with those words
I proffer'd him in satisfaction,
And he refus'd it: What need I speak?
Is't safe that he should live knows so much by us?
Lib. He had been happy, had he never known
What virtue meant. I wonder that paltry thing
Is not banish'd earth, it ne'er did any good yet.
Beggary's a blessing to't; who e'er grew rich by virtue?
Madam, we are not troubled with it.——
But to our business, I have thought a way.
You know his father loves him. 'Tis he shall ruin him,
And let's alone for him.
And. Pish! pish! that cannot be.
Lib. These women are always with their cannots.
What cannot be? [2] Have you but read the Sophy?
You will find that Haly (O how I hug that fellow's name!)
Ruin'd great Mirza by his father, and his father by his son.
That great politician, while all the court
Flam'd round about him, sat secure, and laugh'd,
Like those throw fireworks among the waving people,
That have nothing but fire and smoke about them,
And yet not singe one hair. Indeed he fell at last,
'Tis true, but he was shallow in that part o' th' plot.
What have we his example, but to learn by it?
Praise Plangus to Ephorbas then so far,
That first he may fear for his kingdom;
And if you do proceed till he grew jealous
Of his bed, 'twill do the better.
The king is coming, I must be gone.
[*Exit* LIBACER.

SCENE VI.

Enter EPHORBAS.

Eph. How fares Andromana?
I'm glad this greatness sits so well about thee;
My court was blest that hour I knew thee first.
We'll live and still grow happy; we shall flourish
Like some spreading tree, that shall ne'er cease
Till its proud height o'erlook the skies.
I hope I bade fair for a boy to-night.
How happy should I count myself, could I
But leave my kingdom something that had
Thy image in't!
And. Sir, never think
Iberia can be happy in another son,
When such a prince as Plangus lives the heir;
Who is the subject of all men's prayers, nay,
The deserver too. There's not a man or woman
In the kingdom hath one good wish within their breast,
But they straight bestow it upon Plangus; a prince,

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[1] *Unhappily.—Mischievously*, or *wickedly*.—So, in *All's Well that ends Well*, A. 4. S. 5:

"A shrewd knave and an *unhappy*."

See also Mr. Steevens's Note on *Henry VIII.* A. 1. S. 4.

[2] —— *Have you but read* the Sophy?—A Tragedy by Sir John Denham, acted at Black Fryars, and printed in folio 1642.

Whom mothers shew their little children, as something
They should learn betime to worship and admire.
Eph. I know, Andromana, but——
And. Sir, virtue's perfection [bear,
Is at the height in him. Whatever after-ages
Or give the name of worth to, must, if compar'd to him,
Be but as foils to set his glory off the brighter.
Nor are the men only thus taken with him;
There's not a lady in the land but sighs
With passion for him, and dreams on him a-nights.
Husbands grow jealous of him, yet with joy
That they are Plangus' rivals.
Eph. All this is nothing. Men talk'd as loud of
Me when I was young.
And. Yea, but they say, sir,
You were not half so mincing in your carriage,
Nor so majestic. Besides——
Eph. I hope they do not make comparisons.
[*Starts.*
And. Sir, I thought we could not have discours'd on a more
Welcome theme than what is full of Plangus.
Eph. No more you cannot.
Let him as a less star enjoy his splendor,
But it must not be so great to darken me.
But pr'ythee do they compare us then?
And. You're discompos'd, sir, I have done.
Eph. Nay, nothing but the remembrance of a foolish dream.
What say they?
And. Why, sir, some went so far
To say, they wond'red a lady of my years
Could marry the father, though a king,
When I might have had Plangus himself.
Eph. They did not——
And. Then I confess I blush'd, and had been out
Of temper, but that I thought it might be
The court fashion to talk boldly.
Eph. This story jump'd just with my dream to-night;[3]
Methought I saw him threat'ning to kill me,
'Cause thou hadst married me——
But the young saucy boy shall know, I hold
My scepter strong enough to crush him into atoms.
Did they not name Inophilus?
And. I think they did.
He had some share of praises too, but it was so,
As gleanings to a loading cart,
They sometimes fell beside.
Eph. Then I am satisfied. 'Tis an aspiring youth;
'Tis something that unites Plangus and him so.
I must be speedy in resolves. [*Exit* EPHORBAS.

SCENE VII.

And. Who waits without there?

Enter LIBACER.

Oh! art thou come? Stay, let me breathe, or else——
Lib. Nay, spare your pains, I know it all;
I saw him drink it with as great greediness,
As usurers do unthrifts lands, or jealous husbands
Confirm their cuckoldships by ocular testimony.
And. It took most rarely,
Beyond our hopes. I'll leave the rest to thee,
Thou art so fortunate in all designs.
Go on and prosper.
Lib. And I'll attend for an opportunity to meet
With Plangus, and betray him to ruin
As great as unavoidable. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter EPHORBAS, *solus.*

Eph. For aught I know, my bed may be the next;
Men are not bad by halves, nor doth
One mischief stop a man in his career of sin.
There's as much reason i' th' one, as the other.
Doth he affect my kingdom, 'cause I'm old?
No, that's not it; he knows I must die shortly.
'Tis not a desire of rule, and glory of their bending knees,
Makes him forget his duty——
He may as well covet Andromana, 'cause she's handsome,
He satisfies a lust alike in both—Well, let him be
My rival in the kingdom; 'tis but what
He was born to, and I must leave it him;
But for my wife, he must excuse me,
Nay he shall—— [*He pauseth.*
Yet now I think on't better, the grounds are slender,
And my suspicions slight; no evidence against him
But the people's love, and that's no fault of his,
Unless deserving be a crime.—Who's without there?

Enter LIBACER.

Go call in Plangus, and bid him not stay,
For I must speak with him. [*Exit King.*

[3] See Note 17 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, A. 1. S. 3. Vol. I. p. 139.

SCENE II.

Lib. Nay, then all's dash'd if once he comes to parly.
I must not have them talk. But here he is.

SCENE III.

Enter PLANGUS.

Lib. All health and happiness attend the prince.
Plan. Pray tell me if you saw the king?
Be short, for I am very melancholy.
Lib. He parted hence just now, but
With such a fury revelling in his looks,
There had been less danger in a basilisk.
Plan. Went he this way?
Lib. Yes, sir.
[*He is going out, but turns short.*
Plan. But dost not thou know what mov'd him?
Lib. I heard some such words as these:
My rival in the kingdom——There's evidence against him——
The people's love——Deserving is a crime——
And somewhat else my fear made me forget.
Plan. Who was there with him lately?
Lib. I cannot tell: but about a quarter of an hour ago
He ask'd for you; and every time he nam'd you
He seem'd angry.
Plan. Named me! Thou art mistaken.
Lib. I had almost forgot, sir,
I have a message to you from Andromana.
Plan. I will not hear one syllable.
Lib. No; so she told me; but charg'd me to speak it,
Or die; for it concern'd your life, which she held dearer
Than her own.
Plan. I value it not; but speak the mystery.
Lib. When first her lips began to move, a blush
O'erflow'd her face, as if her heart had sent
Her tainted blood to seek a passage out.
Then, with a show'r of tears, she told me how
Inordinate desires had made her but this morning
Tempt you to th' acting of a sin she would not name;
And that your virtue had so wrought upon her,
She had not left one thought unchang'd.
She loves you still, but with affection
That carries honour, and converted thoughts.
And next, she bade me whisper in your ear,
(For time was short) that if you loved her
Or yourself, or intended to cherish
The people's growing hopes, you should not come
When the king sent for you.
For something had incens'd him so highly
Against you, that there was mighty danger in it.
She bade me haste, for time would not permit her
To say more. I was scarce out o' th' chamber,
When your father came and ask'd for you,
And bade me seek you out with speed.
Sir, I should be most proud to serve you.
Plan. I thank thee, friend; but pr'ythee tell thy mistress,
Innocence knows no fear: 'tis for guilty souls
To doubt their safety. If she would have me safe,
My only way is by present appearance
To clear myself; for I believe, my false accusers
Wish nothing more, than that I should be absent.
Lib. The devil's in him sure, he guesseth so right. [*Aside.*
She told me so, sir, and would have wish'd you to it;
But that there was a way to serve you better by.
She saith Ephorbas told her, a few minutes hence
He'd call a council, where they'd consult about you.
The place is hang'd so, that behind the wall, sir,
You may stand secure, and hear what passeth;
And according to what they determine, you may
Provide for your safety; only for more security
She wisheth you would arm yourself——
Sir, pray resolve, she'll pacify the king,
That you appear not presently.
Plan. Well I will be persuaded:
Tell her, I'm resolv'd, I will not come.
Lib. Happiness attend you! Half an hour hence
I'll wait upon you. [*Exit* LIBACER.
Plan. We shall reward thee.

SCENE IV.

Plan. Whence should this kindness come? and on a sudden too?
A strange alteration!—She who a day ago
Forgot the vows her soul was fetter'd in,
And but this morning tempted me to a sin
I can scarce think on without fear, should on
An instant be careful for my safety,
And that from a principle of virtue too.

SCENE V.

Enter INOPHILUS.

Ino. Who was that with you, sir, just now?
Plan. An honest fellow certainly; but one I know not.
Ino. An honest fellow call you him?
If he have not rogue writ in great letters in's face,
I have no physnomy. Pray, sir, what was
His business to you?
Plan. A message from Andromana;
Who, out of love, desires me not to go to
My father, because something hath put him
In a fume against me.
Ino. Did the king send for you?
Plan. He did so.
Ino. But upon her intreaty, you forbore to go?
Plan. What then?
Ino. Then you are mad, sir,

And tacitly conspire to your own ruin.
Do, take an enemy's advice, and die the object
Both of their joy and scorn.
Where are your senses, sir? Or pray, whence springs
This friendship of Andromana's? Alas! you should not
Measure her malice by the smallness of your own.
She has injur'd you, she knows it, sir;
And though at present she enjoys her treachery,
She may soon fall beside it; Ephorbas is not
Immortal, nor can she promise to herself
Security, when you have power to call her ills in question.
Were't nothing else, her safety would make her
To plot your death. I hinder you in talking;
But pray begone, and when you see your father,
Speak boldly to him, or you are gone for ever.

Plan. I tell thee once again, Inophilus,
Since I have said I would not go, both heav'n and thee
Shall want a motive to make me stir one foot.
Were danger just before me, running
With open jaws upon me; and had my word been giv'n
To remain here, I would be forc'd from life
Before my place.

Ino. Here is a bravery now would make a man
Forswear all gallantry, to fool away your life thus
In a humour———I met the court just now, sir,
As full of whispers, every man's eyes spoke strong amazement.
My father's sent for, with two other lords,
Eubulus and Anamedes; and the court gates are lock'd.
Resolve, sir, and command me something, wherein
I may have an occasion to serve you.

Plan. Then I resolve to do as I am caution'd.
Walk in; I'll tell thee more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter EPHORBAS *and* LIBACER.

Eph. What was his answer then?

Lib. Tell him, I am resolv'd I will not come.
Those were the very words, sir.

Eph. 'Twas very pretty; resolute methinks.
If he be grown so stubborn already,
The next we must expect is action.

Lib. But yet he bids me, if you ask'd why he came not,
To find some excuse or other.

Eph. He could find none himself then.
Call in the lords, we must be sudden in our execution:
But pr'ythee one thing more, who was there with him?

Lib. Nobody; but I met going to him young Inophilus;
And heard one servant tell another, in great haste,
Their lord would speak with some o' th' captains of the army. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter RINATUS, EUBULUS, *and* ANAMEDES.

Eph. Sit down, my lords; we have business with you,
Requires your hands and hearts, both speed and counsel;
Our danger's such, that I could wish 't had flown
Upon us without warning, for so cross the fates are,
Our safety must be bought at such a price,
That we must lose what is as dear to us
Almost as it. 'Tis Plangus' death or mine
Must secure the other's life—Nay, startle not:
If I am grown as wearisome to you
As to him, your calling is in vain, my lords;
Nor shall I labour longer to preserve
A life deny'd me by the gods and you.
But if there's any here who hath a son
Brought to these years, with so much care and love
As mine hath been, think what a grief it is
To lose him, and shed one tear with me.
But for that son to plume himself with feathers
Pluck'd from his father's wings, would melt one's eye-balls.
Yet Plangus, who hath vizarded his ends
With virtue, finding it useless now, hath thrown
It from him, and openly attempts my crown and life.
When mischief's wheel once runs, how fast it speeds,
Headlong to put in act the blackest deeds!
Were my crown his, had he my life to give,
Though he would let me, I would scorn to live.

Eub. Sir, we are called upon a great affair,
And if it be true, the speed of our resolves
Shall be as great as it.
Your majesty hath reign'd so happily, and long,
We will not think a time beyond it.
And such, so great your virtue still hath been,
Strangers have been enamour'd, and admir'd it.
Our enemies, that could have wish'd it less,
Yet have sate down with envy, nor attempted
Aught against you, knowing (I'm confident)
By such unjust attempts the gods would be their foes.
Methinks 'tis therefore much less likely
That Plangus, who hath hitherto been found
A miracle of filial piety,
And one that we may say was born the heir
To all your virtues, all your goodness,
As well as the kingdom; who counts it glory
As much to be an honest man, as a great prince:
I say, for him, who as he is your son,
And as we hitherto have found him full
Of worth and honour, we cannot but behold

As him in whom the spreading hopes of all
Iberia grow, and promise to themselves
A still green happiness, that ne'er shall know
What autumn, or a naked winter means.
For him, that hath scarce yet put off
Those cloaths which still wear the badges
Of the great danger he was in, not for
Himself, my liege, but you and us; for had
He wish'd the ruin of his father and his country,
The Argives would have done that for him,
And he not have been call'd in question.
But when we must remember with what wings
He flew to meet the torrent, both against
The counsel of his friends, and his own hopes;
How love to you and us spurr'd him on forward
To those impossibilities, which nothing
But love and valour durst have attempted.
Why then, methinks, 'tis strange, yea very strange,
Thus in a moment t' have flung all nature off,
And all religion; and that, sir, against you,
Whom we all well know and think, with fear,
(But our fading hopes spring fresh from Plangus)
Must shortly pay your tribute to the grave.
Nor that we doubt your majesty hath cause
To apprehend a danger; only 'tis wish'd,
Those who inform'd you were examin'd strictly,
And Plangus sent for to answer for himself.
Slanders, like mists, still vanish at the sight
Of innocents, who bring their lies to light.

Eph. If an oration could have made him clear,
No doubt, my fears are vain, and we shall be
Still sleeping in security, as great
And lasting as Plangus and his 'complices
Can wish upon us, nor wake till we are bound
In the securest chains, death's fetters.
That I am old is true, and Plangus knows it.
He would have catch'd a cannon-bullet sooner else
Between his naked hands, than have provok'd
My fury: but age hath froze me
To an icy numbness: yet shall he know
My veins have fire as well as his, and when
Incens'd, my eyes shoot as much poison too.
What you alledge about his battle 'gainst the Argives
As an excuse, it is a proof against him.
Though thieves rob others, yet they fight themselves
For those that rob, when strangers set on them,
And all unite against a common enemy.
Had Plangus' private interests not held
Him to us, no doubt he'd left us naked
Of all defence; but an intestine fury,
To see the Argives bear away the fruits
Of all his labours, all his treasons,
Shot him into despair, and made him play
A game was almost lost, rather than give all o'er.
Besides, that action hath endear'd him to the people;
Gain'd him the soldiers hearts with so great ease,
The danger's nothing in respect o'th' rise
He takes from hence to climb up to his ends.
And for the virtue that hath gull'd us all,
I'd blush to speak it; that a son of mine
Should ever be so base to seek a cloak
For what he doth, but that I have disclaim'd
All my relations to him, and would adopt
A cannibal sooner for a son than he.
The evidence we have is what we wish were less,
Then might I hug my Plangus, and be me;
But since the fates and his own ills deny
That intercourse, what can remain,
But that we should proceed to sentence
Speedy as themselves, and stop the ill, which may
Strike when 'tis night, or while 'tis call'd to-day.
He knows his guilt too well, and hath deny'd
To come, that so he might be justify'd.
Once disobey'd as father, the next thing
Will be rebellion to me as his king.

SCENE VIII.

Enter LIBACER.

Lib. As sure as death, this is one
Of the rogues that hath his roguery to act,
And comes in like something that hath brought news
In the latter end of a play. Now shall we have
Some strange discovery——How the rogue stares!

Lib. No sooner had we shut the gates, my liege,
Than an uncertain rumour spread among the people
That Plangus was in danger.
When if you ever saw a hive of bees,
How if you stir but one the whole swarm moves,
And testify their anger; so strait whole crowds
Of people, the greatest half not knowing what
They came for, swarmed to the gates, and with
Confus'd cries, hindered themselves from being understood;
Till some having divers times cried Plangus;
Some their prince, all with one note,
Made up a common voice, and so continued,
Till some captains with one or two selected troops
Made up to them, and having promised them
They would secure the prince, desired them
To withdraw.
And when they came so nigh as to be heard,
They did in earnest what the other had
Attempted with so much noise and failed in;
For they told the porter, in plain soldiers language,
They would either see Plangus safe, or force
The gates upon him. He, in this exigence,
Hath sent to know your pleasure.

Eph. How say you now, my lords?
Where is the innocence, the love to you and us?
For my part, I will meet the danger;
Tame expectation is beneath a king.
Only let me intreat you to see my queen safe.
'Tis pity she should smart who hath no sin
To answer for, but calling me her husband.
Plangus—Iberia shall be thine—But

With curses of the angry gods, and a kind
Injur'd dying father.
[*He goes to stab himself,* RINATUS *stays him.*
Rin. Heav'n bless you, sir, what a despair is this?
Because you hate a hangman, you will be
Your executioner yourself. Believe me,
That which presents so great danger to you
I look upon with joy. There is no subject
That loves you, or the prince, but must be glad
To see the zeal Iberians bear to a true virtue,
When heading under an unjust oppression;
No doubt their love had been as great to you,
Had you been in like danger—Besides, my lord,
You are not sure 'tis with the prince's consent,
The soldiers do this. My life for yours
You will be safe, let the worst come——
Let us go meet your fears.
[*They begin to rise, when at the instant* ANDROMANA *enters undress'd, and in a fright.*
And. Happy am I, my lord, [*She weeps.*
This sudden fright hath rescu'd me from being made
The subject of some villain's lust, who
With his sword drawn, just now was forcing me
To lewd embraces; if you command to search the court,
He cannot be far hence, for he ran that way.
Rin. O impudence!
That durst attempt a sin (darkness and woods
Have too many eyes for) in the open court.
[PLANGUS *stirs behind the hangings.*
I shall be with you——The devil hath
Armour on———
[RINATUS *draws, and runs at him.*
Eph. Drag him to torture———
[*They fetch him out.*
My son! why have I liv'd to see this?
Away with him to death; the air will grow infectious.
Why stay you?

SCENE IX.

Enter ZOPIRO *and* INOPHILUS, *with Soldiers.*

Ino. Unhand the prince, or else by Heav'n he treads
Into his grave that moves a foot to touch him.
Madam, though Plangus' noble self was blind,
And could not see the deep black darkness of your
Hellish actions; his friends had eyes about them.
Was this your love? this your repentance?
This your advice, your counsel? I must confess, had I,
And these his noble friends here, been rul'd by him,
Ere this he'd been a sacrifice to your revenge and you.
Why stand you mute, sir? Want you a tongue to justify
Your innocence our swords and we maintain?
And now, my liege, we turn to you,
Whom we have serv'd as truly
As ever subjects did any prince alive;
And whilst you're worthy, we will do so still;
But we'll be no man's slaves alive,
Much less be his that is another's, while this base witch
(For so she is) constrains you to do actions
Children would blush at, and wise men laugh at,
Which will after leave you both to repentance
And despair. This beggar, whom t'other day
You took up as some lost thing,
Gave your honour to, and in that our safety,
That knew less to be good than devils do, and hath
Ills lodg'd in her, that would make hell beyond that
The furies dwell in: Banish her hence,
Send her to some place, where murders, rapines,
Or sins yet unheard of, do inhabit,
And where she can do us no mischief.
Do you betake yourself
To your former virtue, and restore the prince
To those affections you once had for him,
We then perhaps may live to see Iberia happy.
Eph. Why am I forc'd thus to declare his shame,
Which at the bound strikes me, and is made my own?
You know not how well Plangus can dissemble:
He is an hypocrite, I need not tell you more,
Those three syllables comprehend all ill.
My queen, just now, 'scap'd from his base attempt,
Wherein he would have forc'd her to have damn'd
Herself and him, and dishonour'd me.
What meant that armour on, and why so guarded?
Where was a danger threat'ned him?
Or doth he think his conscience could not
Sting him through it?
I wish he might live, my lords: but as nature,
That as he is my son, bids me preserve him;
So honour, which pleads to the king stronger
Than nature can, tells me, for that very reason,
I can less pardon him than something born
A stranger to my blood——But I deserve
To die, as well as he; if he be grown
A burden to the earth, I am so too,
That gave the monster being.
Wherefore, let me be drawn to execution too,
For fathers are guilty of their children's ills.
Ino. Would Plangus then have forc'd Andromana?
Yes, so would Daphne have ravish'd Phœbus:
I'll undertake goats are less salt than she——
But for his armour—Can any man that breathes
One common air with her not need an armour?
Brass walls cannot be security enough.
Why speak you not, sir? are you dumb too?
Plan. It is for them to speak are sure to be believ'd,
And not for him that is condemn'd as guilty;

Words can excuse slight faults.
If mine are esteem'd such, that all my actions,
A speaking duty of one and twenty years,
Speak not enough to clear me, silence shall.
I have no more to say, therefore,
But to bid you do your duty to the king,
And ask him pardon for the intemperate zeal:
Heav'n knows I wish't it not, nor would I buy
My safety at one of my father's angry thoughts,
Much less his fears, for those I fall by.
Obey my father, and if ye love me, gentlemen,
Shed not one tear for Plangus:
For I am timely taken from those plagues
This woman's crying sins must bring
Upon Iberia, and make you wish,
That you had dy'd as soon and innocent as I.

And. That I was nothing I confess; that what I am,
I owe to Ephorbas; nay, that the greatness
I am now in, tells me it is too high
To be secure, my fears bear witness.
I wish my life would excuse Plangus his,
At least my blood wash off the blackness of his guilt,
Heav'n knows it should not be one minute
Ere he should be restor'd to his former virtues;
But since it cannot be, I'll in and weep,
Not for my self, but him. [*Exit.*

Ino. Millions of plagues go with thee.
Sir, you shall along with us, we will not
Trust you, or to the king, or her. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

LIBACER *solus.*

Lib. What politician was there ever yet,
Who swimming through a sea of plots and treasons,
Sunk not at last i' th' very haven's mouth?
And shall I do so too? No, my thoughts prompt me,
I shall be told in story, as the first
That stood secure *upon the* dreadful ruins
He had thrown down beneath him. Yet I am nigh
The precipice I strive to shun with so much care.
I have betray'd Plangus, 'tis true, and still
Have found a growing fortune; but so long
As jealousy binds up Ephorbas' thoughts
From searching deeper, 'tis not well
That Plangus lives at all: though he be disgrac'd.
H'has friends enow about the king, and they will find
A time to pacify him, which will be my undoing:
He must not therefore live. Andromana
Is of that mind too; but how to compass it—
Or when perhaps I have, what will become of me?
Nothing more usual than for those folks
Who have by sinister means reach'd to the top
O' th' mountain of their hopes, but they throw down
And forget the power that rais'd them;
Indeed necessity enforceth them, lest others climb
By the same steps they did, and ruin them.
I must not therefore trust her womanship.
Who, though I know she cannot stand without me now,
Yet when she's queen alone,
Fortune may alter her, and make her look upon me
As one whose life whispers unto her own guilt.
It is not safe to be the object of a princess' fear;
Then she will find others will be as apt
To keep her up, as I to raise her;
I will prevent her first.
Time is not ripe yet, but when it is
(For I must walk on with her a little farther)
I will unravel all this labyrinth
Ev'n to the king himself. Then let her accuse me,
Though she should damn herself to hell,
I know she'll be believ'd no more, than
Plangus hath been hitherto.
Thus shall I still grow great, though all the world
Be to a dreadful ruin madly hurl'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

PLANGUS *solus.*

Plan. I can no longer hold, 'tis not i' th' power
Of fate to make me less; bid me out-stare
The sun, out-run a falling star,
Feed upon flames, or pocket up the clouds;
Or if there be a task mad Juno's hate
Could not invent to plague poor Hercules,
Impose it upon me, I'll do't without a grudge:
Condemn me to a gally, load me with chains,
Whose weight may so keep me down, I can scarce
Swell under my burden to let out a sigh,
I would o'ercome all. Were there a deity
That men adore, and throw their prayers upon,
That would lend just ears to human wishes,
I would grow great by being punished, and be
A plague myself, so that when people curst
Beyond invention, to their prodigious rhetoric
This epiphonema should be added,
" Become as miserable as wretched Plangus."
I have been jaded, basely jaded, by those tame fools
Honour and piety, and now am wak'd into revenge,
Breathing forth ruin to those first spread
This drowsiness upon my soul.

A woman! O heaven! had I been gull'd
By any thing had borne the name of man;
But this will look so sordidly in story,
I shall be grown discourse for grooms and foot-boys,
Be balladed, and sung to filthy tunes——
But do I talk still? well, I must leave
This patience—And now, Ephorbas,
Since thou hast wrought me to this temper,
I'll be reveng'd with as much skill as thou
Hast injur'd me. I'll to these presently,
For my hour-glass shall not run ten minutes longer,
And having kill'd myself before thee,
I'll pluck my heart out, tell thee all
My innocence, and leave thee hem'd in with
A despair thicker than Ægyptian darkness.
I know thou canst not choose but die for grief.
But here he is. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

EPHORBAS *solus.*

Eph. Riddle upon riddle! I have dream'd this night
Plangus was cloath'd like innocence, all white;
And Andromana then methoughts was grown
So black, nothing but all one guilt was shewn.
What shall I do? Shall I believe a dream?
Which is a vapour born along the stream
Of fancy, and sprung up from the gross fumes
Of a full stomach, sent to the upper rooms
O' th' brain by our ill genius, to spoil our sight,
And cloud our judgments like a misty night.
Why do I doubt? 'tis ominous to stay
Demurring, when the way is plain: Is day
Or night best to judge colours? shall I stand,
Trying the water's soundness, when the land
Presents firm footing? Truth by day appears,
And I from tapers hope to find my fears
Oppos'd. And yet methinks 'tis very strange,
A son of mine should suddenly thus change,
And throw his nature off; I did not so
When I was young. I am resolv'd to know
The truth, and clear this mist from fore my eyes,
If 't can be done by care, by gold, or spies.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

ANDROMANA *sola.*

And. So badgers dig the holes,
And foxes live in them: Of all factors,
State-factors are the worst, and yet least to themselves
Of all their labour. This Libacer is wading
To the throat in blood to do me service:
Tame fool! can he imagine I remove
A husband and a son, to suffer him
To live still and upbraid my ills?

Enter LIBACER.

Lib. It is resolv'd.
But here she is, I must speak fairly for a while.
And. How doth it succeed now, my darling?
Shall we be great? great alone?
Lib. As great as pride and fullness of revenge
Can swell us.—Hark in your ear, madam,
I'll tell you all our plot, but softly,
For perhaps the jealous walls may echo
Back the treason. [*They whisper.*

SCENE V.

Enter PLANGUS *with his sword drawn.*

Plan. I bore whilst I could, but now 'tis grown
Too great to be contain'd in human breast,
And it shall out, tho' hoop'd with walls of brass.
Are they at it? I stood once a list'ning at their intreaty,
This time at my own I'll stand and hearken.
[*Steps aside.*
And. It is impossible.
Lib. I tell you no. I'll aggravate the injuries,
And tell him how basely poor it was
For a father to betray his son so.
And. His piety shall never——
Lib. But his fury shall. I'll stab the king himself, and bring
Those witnesses shall swear 'twas Plangus.
Plan. Nay then, 'tis time to strike——
There, carry thy intents to hell.
[*He stabs* LIBACER.
And. Help! murder! murder! a rape! a rape!

Enter EPHORBAS.

Eph. What dismal note was that?
And. Sir, there you see your martyr,
Whose force being too weak to save my honour,
His fidelity was greater, and dy'd a loyal sacrifice,
Offer'd by the impious hand of that vile man.
Eph. O Heav'n! doth not the earth yet gape and swallow thee?
Thy life shall be my crime no longer; I gave it thee,
And thus resume it with a thousand curses.
[*He stabs* PLANGUS.
Plan. Sir, I at length am happy
To the height of all my wishes.
I am a going suddenly—from all [*Faints.*
My troubles, all your fears—
But I will tell my story first—
How you have wrong'd, and been wrong'd yourself.
This woman—to be short—
Hath twin'd like ivy with my naked limbs
Before she marry'd you—
And would—Oh—in spite of death
I will go on—*have tempted me to bed her since;*
Upon refusal she turn'd her love to hate,
And plots my ruin—And—

Next your death—I can no more—
I kill'd the instrument—farewel—
——————Forgive me— [*Dies.*
Eph. Can this be true, Andromana?
And. Do you believe it?
Eph. I wish I had not cause—
And. Sir, every syllable was true he told you;
Whose words I thus confirm.
[*She takes* PLANGUS's *dagger, flings it at* EPHORBAS, *and kills him.*
Eph. I'm slain! mercy, Heaven.
And. You should have come a little sooner.

Enter INOPHILUS.

Ino. Do I see well? or is the prince here slain?
And. He is, and 'cause you love him,
Carry that token of my love to him. [*Stabs* INO.
I know he'll take it kindly that you take
So long a journey only to see him.
Ino. It was the devil struck, sure,
A woman could not do it.—Plangus, oh! [*Dies.*

SCENE VI.

Enter RINATUS, EUBULUS, ANAMEDES.

Rin. Heaven defend us! what a sight is here?
The king, the prince, both slain? what, and my son too?
Only this woman living?—Speak out,
Scritch-owl, witch, how came they by their deaths?
And. By me; how else?
Rin. Let's torture her.
And. I can prevent you; I would not live a minute longer,
Unless to act my ills again, for all Iberia.
[*Stabs herself.*
I have lived long enough to boast an act,
After which no mischief shall be new— [*Dies.*
Rin. Let's in, and weep our weary lives away;
When this is told, let after-ages say,
But Andromana none could have begun it,
And none but Andromana could have done it.
[*Exeunt.*

EDITION.

Andromana; or, The Merchant's Wife. The Scene Iberia. By J. S. London: Printed for John Bellinger; and are to be sold at his shop, in Clifford's Inn Lane, in Fleet-street. 1660. 4to.

THE

MAYOR OF QUINBOROUGH.

BY

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

This play, although it was not published sooner than the year 1660, *is supposed to be one of the earliest productions of the author, Thomas Middleton.* [1] *Mr Malone imagines it to have been written about the same time that* Pericles *and* Robert *of* Huntingdon *appeared, each of these plays having a chorus in the same manner as* Raynulph *in the present performance. The regulation of the metre seems to have been intirely neglected; some liberties have therefore been necessarily taken to restore the play nearer to the state in which it is presumed the author left it.*

GENTLEMEN,

You have the first flight of him, I assure you. This *Mayor* of *Quinborough*, whom you have all heard of, and some of you beheld upon the stage, now begins to walk abroad in print; he has been known sufficiently by the reputation of his wit, which is enough, by the way, to distinguish him from ordinary Mayors; but wit, you know, has skulk'd in corners for many years past, and he was thought to have most of it that could best hide himself. Now whether this magistrate fear'd the decimating times, or kept up the state of other Mayors, that are bound not to go out of their liberties during the time of their mayoralty, I know not; 'tis enough for me to put him into your hands, under the title of an honest man, which will appear plainly to you, because you shall find him all along to have a great pique to the rebel Oliver. I am told his drollery yields to none the English drama did ever produce; and though I would not put his modesty to the blush, by speaking too much in his commendation, yet I know you will argee with me, upon your better acquaintance with him, that there is some difference in point of wit, betwixt the *Mayor* of *Quinborough* and the *Mayor* of [2] *Huntingdon.*

[1] Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays, p. 283.

[2] Huntingdon, the place where Oliver Cromwell was born and resided many years of his life. Some allusion here seems to be lost.

THE

MAYOR OF QUINBOROUGH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CONSTANTIUS.
AURELIUS AMBROSIUS.
UTHER PENDRAGON.
VORTIGER.
HENGIST.
HORSUS.
DEVONSHIRE, STAFFORD, } *British Lords.*
Gentlemen.
SIMON.
OLIVER.
Taylor.
Barber.
AMINADAB.
Footmen.
Soldiers.
Cheaters.
CASTIZA.
ROXENA.
Ladies.
RAYNULPH, *Monk of Chester.*
GERMANUS, LUPUS, } *Monks.*
Graziers.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter [3] RAYNULPH.

Ray. What Raynulph, monk of Chester, can
Raise from his polychronicon,
That raiseth him, as works do men,
To see long-parted light again,
That best may please this round fair ring,
With sparkling diamonds circled in,
I shall produce. If all my powers
Can win the grace of two poor hours,
Well apaid I go to rest.
Ancient stories have been best;
Fashions, that are now call'd new,
Have been worn by more than you;
Elder times have us'd the same,
Though these new ones get the name:
So in story, what's now told
That takes not part with days of old?
Then to approve time's mutual glory,
Join new time's love to old time's story. [*Exit.*

Shouts within; then enter VORTIGER.

Vor. Will that wide-throated beast, the multitude,
Never leave bellowing? Courtiers are ill
Advised when they first make such monsters.
How near was I to a scepter and a crown?
Fair power was even upon me, my desires
Were casting glory, till this forked rabble,
With their infectious acclamations,
Poison'd my fortunes for Constantine's sons

[3] *Raynulph.*—Raynulph Higden was the compiler of the Polychronicon, as far as the year 1357 thirty-first of Edward III. It was translated into English by Trevisa, and compleated and printed by Caxton in folio, 1482.

Well, though I rise not king, I'll seek the means
To grow as near to one as policy can,
And choak their expectations.—Now, good lords,

Enter DEVONSHIRE *and* STAFFORD.

In whose kind loves and wishes I am built
As high as human dignity can aspire,
Are yet those trunks, that have no other souls
But noise and ignorance, something more quiet?
Devon. Nor are they like to be, for aught we gather,
Their wills are up still; nothing can appease them,
Good speeches are but cast away upon them.
Vor. Then, since necessity and fate withstand me,
I'll strive to enter at a straighter passage;
Your sudden aid and counsels, good my lords.
Staf. They are ours no longer than they do you service.

Enter CONSTANTIUS *(as a Monk, attended by other Monks),* VORTIGER *stays him.*

Vor. Vessels of sanctity, be pleas'd a while
To give attention to the general peace,
Wherein Heav'n is serv'd too, though not so purely.
Constantius, eldest son of Constantine,
We here seize on thee for the general good,
And in thy right of birth.
Con. On me! for what, lords?
Vor. The kingdom's government.
Con. Oh Powers of blessedness,
Keep me from growing downwards into earth again:
I hope I am farther on my way than so; set forwards.
Vor. You must not.
Con. How!
Vor. I know your wisdom
Will light upon a way to pardon us,
When you shall read in every Briton's brow
The urg'd necessity of the times.
Con. What necessity can there be in the world,
But prayer and repentance? and that business
I am about now.
Vor. Hark, afar off still—
We lose and hazard much—Holy Germanus,
And reverend Lupus, with all expedition
Set the crown on him.
Con. No such mark of fortune
Comes near my head.
Vor. My lord, we are forc'd to rule you.
Con. Dare you receive Heaven's light in at your eye-lids,
And offer violence to religion?
Take heed, the very beam let in to comfort you
May be the fire to burn you. On these knees,
Hard'ned with zealous prayers, I entreat you
Bring not my cares into the world again.
Think with how much unwillingness and anguish
A glorified soul parted from the body
Would to that loathsome gaol again return:
With such great pain a well-subdued affection
Re-enters worldly business.
Vor. Good my lord;
I know you cannot lodge so many virtues,
But patience must be one. As low as earth
We beg the freeness of your own consent,
Which else must be constrain'd; and time it were
Either agreed or forc'd. Speak, good my lord,
For you bind up more sins in this delay
Than thousand prayers can absolve again.
Con. Were't but my death,
You should not kneel so long for't.
Vor. 'Twill be the death of millions if you rise not,
And that betimes too—Lend your help, my lords,
For fear all come too late.
Con. This is a cruelty
That peaceful man did never suffer yet.
To make me die again, that once was dead,
And begin all that ended long before.
Hold, Lupus and Germanus, you are lights
Of holiness and religion; can you offer
The thing that is not lawful? Stand not I
Clear from all temporal charge by my profession?
Ger. Not when a time so violent calls upon you.
Who is born a prince, is born a general peace,
Not his own only; Heaven will look for him
In others actions, and will require him there,
What is in you religious, must be shown
In saving many more souls than your own.
Con. Did not great Constantine, our noble father,
Deem me unfit for government and rule,
And therefore [4] prais'd me into this profession?
Which I have held strict, and love it above glory.
Nor is there want of me, yourselves can witness,
Heaven hath provided largely for your peace,
And bless'd you with the lives of my two brothers;
Fix your obedience there, leave me a servant.
All. Long live Constantius, son of Constantine,
King of Great Britain!
Con. I do feel a want
And extream poverty of joy within;
The peace I had is parted 'mongst rude men:
To keep them quiet I have lost it all.
What can the kingdom gain by my undoing?
That riches is not best, though it be mighty,
That's purchas'd by the ruin of another;
Nor can the peace, so filch'd, ever thrive with them;

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4 *Prais'd me.*—Probably we should read *pray'd me;* that is, *desired me to go into this profession,* or *pressed me.* S. P.

And if't be worthily held sacrilege
To rob a temple, 'tis no less offence
To ravish meditations from the soul
(The consecrated altar in a man.)
And all their hopes will be beguil'd in me;
I know no more the way to temporal rule,
Than he that's born and has his years come to him
In a rough desart; well may the weight kill me,
And that's the fairest good I look for from it.
Vor. Not so, great king; here stoops a faithful servant
Would sooner perish under it with cheerfulness,
Than your meek soul should feel oppression
Of ruder cares; such common coarse employments
Cast upon me your servant, upon Vortiger;
I see you are not made for noise and pains,
Clamours of suitors, injuries, and redresses,
Millions of actions, rising with the sun,
Like laws still ending, and yet never done,
Of power to turn a great man to the state
Of his marble monument, with over-watching.
To be oppress'd is not requir'd of you, my lord,
But only to be king. The broken sleeps
Let me take from you, sir; the toils and troubles,
All that is burthenous in authority,
Please you lay it on me; and what is glorious
Receive it to your own brightness.
Con. Worthy Vortiger,
If't were not sin to grieve another's patience
With what we cannot tolerate ourself,
How happy were I in thee, and thy love!
There's nothing makes man feel his miseries
But knowledge only. Reason, that is plac'd
For man's director, is his chief afflictor:
For though I cannot bear the weight myself,
I cannot have that barrenness of remorse
To see another groan under my burthen.
Vor. I am quite blown up a conscionable way:
There's even a trick of murth'ring in some pity.
The death of all my hopes I see already.
There was no other likelihood; for religion
Was never friend of mine yet. [*Aside.*
Con. Holy partners in strictest abstinence,
Cruel necessity hath forc'd me from you.
We part, I fear, for ever: but in mind
I will be always here; here let me stay.
Devon. My lord, you know the times.
Con. Farewell, blest souls; I fear I shall offend:
He that draws tears from you, takes your best friend. [*Exeunt all but* VORTIGER.
Vor. Can the great motion of ambition stand,
Like wheels false wrought by an unskilful hand?
Then Time, stand thou too: let no hopes arrive
At their sweet wishfulness, till mine set forwards.
Would I could stay thy existence as I can
Thy glassy counterfeit in hours of sand,
I'd keep thee turn'd down, till my wishes rose;
Then we'd both rise together.
What several inclinations are in nature?
How much is he disquieted, and wears royalty
Disdainfully upon him! like a curse:
Calls a fair crown the weight of his afflictions!
When here's a soul would sink under the burthen.
Yet well recovered—I will use all means
To vex authority from him, and in all
Study what most may discontent his blood,
Making my mask my zeal to th' public good.
Not possible a richer policy
Can have conception in the thought of man.

Enter two Graziers.

1st Graz. An honourable life inclose your lordship!
Vor. Now, what are you?
2d Graz. Graziers, if't like your lordship.
Vor. So it should seem by your inclosures.
What's your affair with me?
1st Graz. We are your petitioners, my lord.
Vor. For what? Depart; petitioners to me!
You have well deserv'd my grace and favour.
Have you not a ruler after your own election?
Hye you to court,
Get near and close; be loud
And bold enough: you cannot chuse but speed. [*Exit.*
2d Graz. If that will do't,
We have throats wide enough, we'll put them to't. [*Exeunt.*

Dumb show. *Fortune discovered; in her hand a round ball full of lots: then enter* HENGIST *and* HORSUS, *with others: they draw lots; and having opened them, all depart save* HENGIST *and* HORSUS, *who kneel and embrace: then enter* ROXENA, *seeming to take leave of* HENGIST *in great passion, but more especially and warily of* HORSUS, *her lover; she departs one way,* HENGIST *and* HORSUS *another.*

Enter RAYNULPH.

Ray. When Germany was overgrown
With sons of peace, too thickly sown,
Several guides were chosen then
By destin'd lots, to lead out men;
And they whom fortune here withstands,
Must prove their fates in other lands.
On these two captains fell the lot;
But that which must not be forgot,
Was Roxena's cunning grief;
Who from her father, like a thief,
Hid her best and truest tears,
Which her lustful lover wears,
In many a stol'n and wary kiss
Unseen of father: maids do this,
Yet highly scorn to be call'd strumpets too;
But what they lack of't I'll be judg'd by you. [*Exit.*

Enter VORTIGER, *Felt-maker, Button-maker, and Grazier, petitioners.*

Vor. This way his majesty comes.
All. Thank your good lordship.
Vor. When you hear yon door open—

All. Very good, my lord.
Vor. Be ready with your several suits, put forward.
Graz. That's a thing every man does naturally, sir,
That is a suitor, and doth mean to speed.
Vor. 'Tis well you are so deep learn'd; take no denials.
All. No, my good lord.
Vor. Not any, if you love
The prosperity of your suits; you mar all utterly,
And overthrow your fruitful hopes for ever,
If either fifth or sixth, nay tenth repulse,
Fasten upon your bashfulness.
All. Say you so, my lord?
We can be troublesome if we list.
Vor. I know it.
I felt it but too late in the general sum
Of your rank brotherhood, which now I thank you for.
While this vexation is in play, I'll study
For a second; then a third to that: one still
To vex another, that he shall be glad
To yield up power; if not, it shall be had. [*Exit.*
B. Mak. Hark! I protest, my heart was coming upwards:
I thought the door had opened.
Graz. Marry, would it had, sir.
B. Mak. I have such a treacherous heart of my own, 'twill throb
At the very fall of a farthingale.
Graz. Not if it fall on the [5] rushes.
B. Mak. Yes truly, if there be
No light in the room, I shall throb presently.
The first time it took me, my wife was in the company:
I remember the room was not half so light as this;
But I'll be sworn I was a whole hour in finding her.
Graz. By'r lady y'had a long time of throbbing of it then.
B. Mak. Still I felt men, but I could feel no women;
I thought they had been all sunk. I have made a vow for 't,
I'll never have meeting while I live, by candlelight again.
Graz. Yes, sir, in lanthorns:
But I'll never trust candle naked again.
Graz. Hark, hark! stand close: it opens now indeed!
B. Mak. Oh majesty, what art thou! I'd give any man
Half my suit to deliver my petition; it is in the behalf
Of button-makers, and so it seems by my flesh.

Enter CONSTANTIUS, *and two Gentlemen.*

Con. Pray do not follow me, unless you do it
To wonder at my garments: there's no cause
I give you why you should; 'tis shame enough,
Methinks, to look upon myself:
It grieves me that more should. The other weeds
Became me better; but the lords are pleas'd
To force me to wear these: I would not else.
I pray be satisfied; I call'd you not.
Wonder of madness! Can you stand so idle,
And know that you must die?
1st Gent. We are all commanded, sir;
Besides, it is our duties to your grace,
To give attendance.
Con. What a wild thing is this?
No marvel why you tremble at death's name,
When you'll not see the cause why you are fools.
For charity's sake, desist here, I pray you:
Make not my presence guilty of your sloth.
Withdraw, young men, and find you honest business.
2d Gent. What hopes have we to rise by following him?
I'll give him over shortly.
1st Gent. He's too nice,
Too holy for young gentlemen to follow
That have good faces, and sweet running fortunes.
Con. Eight hours a day in serious contemplation,
Is but a bare allowance; no higher food
To the soul, than bread and water to the body;
And that's but needful; then more would do better.
B. Mak. Let us all kneel together; 'twill move pity.
I have been at the begging of a hundred suits.
Con. How happy am I in the sight of you!
Here are religious souls that lose not time.
With what devotion do they point at heaven,
And seem to check me that am too remiss!
I bring my zeal among you, holy men:
If I see any kneel, and I sit out,
That hour is not well spent. Methinks, strict souls,
You have been of some order in your times.
Graz. Graziers and braziers some, and this is a felt-maker.
B. Mak. Here's his petition and mine, if it like your grace.
Graz. Look upon mine, I am the longest suitor,
I was undone seven years ago.
Con. You have mock'd my good hopes; call you these petitions?
Why there's no form of prayer among them all.

[5] *Rushes*—With which anciently rooms used to be strewed.

B. Mak. Yes, in the bottom there's half a line prays for your majesty,
If you look on mine.
Con. Make your requests to Heaven, not to me.
B. Mak. 'Las! mine's a supplication for brass buttons, sir.
F. Mon. There's a great enormity in wool,
I beseech your grace consider it.
Graz. Pastures rise two-pence an acre, what will this world come to?
B. Mak. I do beseech your grace.
Graz. Good your grace.
Con. Oh! this is one of my afflictions
That with the crown enclos'd me, I must bear it.
Graz. Your grace's answer to my supplication.
B. Mak. Mine, my lord.
Con. No violent storm lasts ever, that's the comfort of it.
F. Mon. Your highness's answer.
Graz. We are almost all undone, the country beggar'd.
B. Mak. See, see, he points at heaven, as who should say
There's enough there; but 'tis a great way thither.
There's no good to be done, I see that already;
We may all spend our mouths like a company of hounds
In chase of a royal deer, and then go home
And fall to cold mutton bones, when we have done.
Graz. My wife will hang me, that's my currish destiny. [*Exeunt.*
Con. Thanks, Heaven! 'tis over now: we should never know rightly
The sweetness of a calm, but for a storm.
Here's a wish'd hour for contemplation now;
All's still and silent; here is a true kingdom.

Enter VORTIGER.

Vor. My lord.
Con. Again?
Vor. Alas! this is but early
And gentle to the troops of businesses
That flock about authority: you must forthwith
Settle your mind to marry.
Con. How, to marry?
Vor. And suddenly, there's no pause to be given,
The people's wills are violent, and covetous
Of a succession from your loins.
Con. From me there can come none; a profess'd abstinence
Hath set a virgin seal upon my blood,
And alter'd all the course; the heat I have,
Is all inclos'd within a zeal to virtue,
And that's not fit for earthly propagation;
Alas! I shall but forfeit all their hopes,
I'm a man made without desires, tell them.
Vor. I prov'd them with such words, but all were fruitless:
A virgin of the highest subject's blood
They have pick'd out for your embrace, and send her,
Bless'd with their general wishes, into fruitfulness.
Lo! where she comes, my lord.

Enter CASTIZA.

Con. I never felt
Th' unhappy hand of misery till this touch;
A patience I could find for all but this.
Cas. My lord, your vow'd love ventures me but dangerously.
Vor. 'Tis but to strengthen a vexation politic.
Con. That's an uncharitable practice, trust me, sir.
Vor. No more of that.
Cas. But say he should affect me, sir,
How should I 'scape him then? I have
But one faith, my lord, and that you have already,
Our late contract is a divine witness to't.
Vor. I am not void of shifting-rooms and helps
For all projects that I commit with you. [*Exit.*
Cas. This is an ungodly way to come to honour,
I do not like it: I love lord Vortiger,
But not these practices, they're too uncharitable.
Con. Are you a virgin?
Cas. Never yet, my lord, known to the will of man.
Con. Oh blessed creature!
And does too much felicity make you surfeit?
Are you in soul assur'd there is a state
Prepar'd for you, for you, a glorious one,
In midst of heav'n, now in the state you stand in?
And had you rather, after much known misery,
Cares and hard labours, mingled with a curse,
Throng but to the door, and hardly get a place there?
Think, hath the world a folly like this madness?
Keep still that holy and immaculate fire,
Your chaste lamp of eternity; 'tis a treasure
Too precious for death's moment to partake,
This twinkling of short life. Disdain as much
To let mortality know you, as stars
To kiss the pavement: y'have a substance
As excellent as theirs, holding your pureness.
They look upon corruption, as you do,
But are stars still; be you a virgin too.
Cas. I'll never marry. What though my truth be engag'd
To Vortiger? forsaking all the world
I save it well, and do my faith no wrong.
Y'have mightily prevail'd, great virtuous sir,
I am bound eternally to praise your goodness;
My thoughts henceforth shall be as pure from man,
As ever made a virgin's name immortal.
Con. I will do that for joy, I never did,
Nor ever will again.
[*As he kisses her, enter* VORTIGER *and Gentlemen.*
Gent. My lord, he's taken.
Vor. I am sorry for't, I like not that so well,
They're something too familiar for their time, methinks.
This way of kissing is no way to vex him;
Why I, that have a weaker faith and patience,

Could endure more than that, coming from a woman.
Dispatch, and bring his answer speedily. [*Exit.*
Gent. My lord, my gracious lord!
Con. Beshrew thy heart.
Gent. They all attend your grace.
Con. I would not have them;
'Twould please me better if they'd all depart
And leave me to myself, or put me out
And take it to themselves.
Gent. The noon is past,
Meat's on the table.
Con. Meat! away, get from me,
Thy memory is diseas'd; what saint's eve's this?
Gent. Saint Agatha's, I take it.
Con. Is it so?
I am not worthy to be serv'd before her;
And so return, I pray.
Gent. He'll starve the guard
If this be suffer'd; if we set court bellies
By a monastery clock, he that breaks a fellow's pate now
Will not be able to crack a louse within this twelvemonth. [*Exit.*
Con. 'Tis sure forgetfulness, and not man's will,
That leads him forth into licentious ways;
He cannot certainly commit such errors,
And think upon them truly as they are acting.
Why's abstinence ordain'd, but for such seasons?

Enter VORTIGER.

Vor. My lord, y'have pleas'd to put us to much pains,
But we confess 'tis portion of our duty: [you.
Will your grace please to walk? dinner stays for
Con. I have answer'd that already.
Vor. But, my lord,
We must not so yield to you, pardon me,
'Tis for the general good, you must be rul'd, sir,
Your health and life is dearer to us now;
Think where you are, at court, this is no monastery.
Con. But, sir, my conscience keeps still where it was.
I may not eat this day.
Vor. We have sworn you shall,
And plentifully too; we must preserve you, sir,
Though you be wilful; 'tis no slight condition
To be a king.
Con. Would I were less than man!
Vor. You will make the people rise, my lord,
In great despair of your continuance,
If you neglect the means that must sustain you.
Con. I never eat on eves.
Vor. But now you must,
It concerns others healths that you take food;
I have chang'd your life, you well may change your mood.
Con. This is beyond all cruelty.
Vor. 'Tis our care, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter VORTIGER *and* CASTIZA.

Cas. My lord, I am resolv'd, tempt me no farther,
'Tis all to fruitless purpose.
Vor. Are you well?
Cas. Never so perfect in the truth of health
As at this instant.
Vor. Then I doubt my own,
Or that I am not waking.
Cas. Would you were then,
You'd praise my resolution.
Vor. This is wondrous!
Are you not mine by contract?
Cas. 'Tis most true, my lord,
And I am better bless'd in't than I look'd for,
In that I am confin'd in faith so strictly;
I am bound, my lord, to marry none but you,
You'll grant me that; and you I'll never marry.
Vor. It draws me into violence and hazard,
I saw you kiss the king.
Cas. I grant you so, sir;
Where could I take my leave of the world better?
I wrong'd not you in that, you will acknowledge
A king is the best part of it.
Vor. Oh my passion! [sir,
Cas. I see you something yielding to infirmity;
I take my leave.
Vor. Why, 'tis not possible! [gone
Cas. The fault is in your faith; time I were
To give it better strengthening.
Vor. Hark you, lady.
Cas. Send your intent to the next monastery;
There you shall find my answer ever after,
And so with my last duty to your lordship,
For whose prosperity I will pray as heartily
As for my own. [*Exit.*
Vor. How am I serv'd in this?
I offer a vexation to the king,
He sends it home into my blood with 'vantage,
I'll put off time no longer, I have brought him
Into most mens neglects, calling his zeal
A deep pride hallowed over, love of ease
More than devotion, or the publick benefit;
Which catcheth many men's beliefs. I am stronger too
In people's wishes, their affections point [illegible]
I lose much time and glory, that redeem'd
She that now flies returns with joy and wonder,
Greatness and woman's wish ne'er keep assured [but

Dumb show. *Enter two villains, to them* VORTIGER, *who seems to solicit them with gold, then swears them, and exit. Enter* CONSTANTIUS *meditating, they rudely strike down his book, draw their swords, he kneels and spreads his arms, they kill him, hurry him off. Enter* VORTIGER, DEVONSHIRE, *and* STAFFORD, *in conference; to them the villains presenting the head, he seems sorrowful, and in rage stabs them both. Then they crown* VORTIGER, *and fetch in* CASTIZA, *who comes unwillingly; he hales her, and they crown her;* AURELIUS *and* UTHER, *brothers of* CONSTANTIUS, *seeing him crowned, draw and fly.*

Enter RAYNULPH.

Ray. When nothing could prevail to tire
The good king's patience, they did hire
Two wicked rogues to take his life,
In whom, a while there fell a strife
Of pity and fury; but the gold
Made pity faint, and fury bold.
Then to Vortiger they bring
The head of that religious king,
Who feigning grief, to clear his guilt,
Makes the slaughterers blood be spilt.
Then crown they him, and forc'd the maid,
That vow'd a virgin-life, to wed.
Such a strength great power extends,
It conquers fathers, kindred, friends.
And since fates pleas'd to change her life,
She proves as holy in a wife.
More to tell, were to betray
What deeds in their own tongues must say;
Only this, the good king dead,
The brothers poor in safety fled. [*Exit.*

Enter VORTIGER (*crown'd*), *a Gentleman meeting him.*

Gent. My lord.
Vor. I fear thy news will fetch a curse,
It comes with such a violence.
Gent. The people are up in arms against you.
Vor. Oh this dream of glory!
Sweet power, before I can have time to taste thee,
Must I for ever lose thee? What's the imposthum
That swells them now?
Gent. The murder of Constantius.
Vor. Ulcers of realms! they hated him alive,
Grew weary of the minute of his reign,
Call'd him an evil of their own electing,
And is their ignorant zeal so fiery now,
When all their thanks are cold? The mutable hearts
That move in their false breasts! provide me safety,
Hark, I hear ruin threaten me with a voice
That imitates thunder.

Enter a second Gentleman.

2d Gent. Where's the king?
Vor. Who takes him?
2d Gent. Send peace to all your royal thoughts, my lord!
A fleet of valiant Saxons newly landed
Offer the truth of all their service to you.
Vor. Saxons! my wishes, let them have free entrance,
And plenteous welcomes from all hearts that love us;
They never could come happier.

Enter HENGIST, HORSUS, *and Soldiers.*

Hen. Health, power, and victory to Vortiger!
Vor. There can be no more pleasure to a king,
If all the languages earth speak were ransack'd.
Your names I know not, but so much good fortune
[6]And warranted worth lightens your fair aspects,
I cannot but in arms of love enfold you.
Hen. The mistress of our births hope, fruitful Germany,
Calls me Hengistus, and this captain Horsus,
A man low-built, but yet in deeds of arms
Flame is not swifter: we are all, my lord,
The sons of fortune, she hath sent us forth
To thrive by the red sweat of our own merits:
And since, after the rage of many a tempest,
Our fates have cast us upon Britain's bounds,
We offer you the first-fruits of our wounds.
Vor. Which we shall dearly prize; the mean'st blood spent
Shall at wealth's fountain make its own content.
Hen. You double vigour in us then, my lord,
Pay is the soul of such as thrive by th' sword.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter VORTIGER *and Gentlemen. Alarm and skirmishes.*

1*st Gent.* My lord, the Saxons bring a fortune with them
Stay any Roman success.
Vor. On, speak, forwards,
I will not take one minute from thy tidings.
1*st Gent.* The main supporters of this insurrection
They have taken prisoners; and the rest so tame,
They stoop to the least grace that flows from mercy.
Vor. Never came power guided by better stars,
Than these men's fortitudes: yet they're misbelievers,
Which to my reason is wondrous.

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[6] *And warranted worth lightens your fair aspects.*—Alluding to the story of Pope Gregory's admiring the beauty of the English youths at Rome.——Beda *Hist.* c. i. S. P.

Enter HENGIST *and* HORSUS, *with Prisoners.*

You've given me such a first taste of your worth,
'Twill never from my love; when life is gone,
The memory sure will follow, my soul still
Participating immortality with it.
But here's the misery of earth's limited glory,
There's not a way reveal'd to any honour
Above the fame which your own merits give you.
Hen. Indeed, my lord, we hold, when all's
summ'd up,
That can be made for worth to be express'd,
The fame that a man wins himself is best,
That he may call his own; honours put to him,
Make him no more a man than his clothes do,
And are as soon ta'en off; for in the warmth
The heat comes from the body, not the weeds:
So man's true fame must strike from his own deeds.
And since by this event which fortune speaks us,
This land appears the fair predestin'd soil
Ordain'd for our good hap, we crave, my lord,
A little earth to thrive on, what you please,
Where we'll but keep a nursery of good spirits
To fight for you and yours.
Vor. Sir, for our treasure,
'Tis open to your merits, as our love;
But for y' are strangers in religion chiefly,
(Which is the greatest alienation can be,
And breeds most factions in the blood of men)
I must not yield to that.

Enter SIMON *with a hide.*

Hen. S'precious, my lord,
I see a pattern, be it but so little
As yon poor hide will compass.
Vor. How, the hide!
Hen. Rather than nothing, sir.
Vor. Since y' are so reasonable,
Take so much in the best part of our kingdom.
Hen. We thank your grace.—Rivers from
bubbling springs
Have rise at first, and great from abject things.
Stay yonder fellow, he came luckily,
And shall fare well for't, whate'er he be,
We'll thank our fortune in rewarding him.
Hor. Stay, fellow.
Sim. How, fellow! 'tis more than you know
Whether I be your fellow or no, I am sure
You see me not.
Hen. Come, what's the price of your hide?
Sim. Oh unreasonable villain!
He would buy the house over a man's head—
I'll be sure now to make my bargain wisely,
They may buy me out of my skin else—
Whose hide would you buy, mine or the beast's?
There is little difference in their complexions,
I think mine is the blacker of the two;
You shall see for your love, and buy for your
money.
A pestilence on you all, how have you deceiv'd me?
You buy an ox hide! you buy a calf's gather—
They are all hungry soldiers, and I took them
For honest shoe-makers.
Hen. Hold, fellow, pr'ythee hold;
Right a fool worldling that kicks at all good for-
tune.
Whose man art thou?
Sim. I am a servant, yet a masterless man, sir.
Hen. Pr'ythee how can that be?
Sim. Very nimbly, sir;
My master is dead, and now I serve my mistress;
Ergo, I am a masterless man; she's now a widow,
And I am the foreman of her tan pit.
Hen. Hold you, and thank your fortune, not
your wit.
Sim. Faith, and I thank your bounty, and not
your wisdom!
You are not troubled with wit neither greatly,
it seems—
Now, by this light, a nest of yellow-hammers!
What will become of me? If I can keep
All these without hanging myself,
I am happier than a hundred of my neighbours.
You shall have my skin into the bargain,
Then if I chance to die like a dog,
The labour will be sav'd of fleaing me;
I'll undertake, sir, you shall have
All the skins in our parish at this price,
Mens and womens.
Hen. Sirrah, give good ear to me;
Now take the hide and cut it into the slend'rest
thongs
That can bear strength to hold.
Sim. That were a jest i' faith: spoil all the
leather?
Sin and pity! why 'twould shoe half your army.
Hen. Do it, I bid you.
Sim. What, cut all this into thongs? Hum,
This is like the vanity of your Roman gallants
That cannot wear good suits, but they must have
them
Cut and slash'd in giggets, that the very crimson
taffaties
Sit blushing at their follies. I would
I might persuade you from this humour of cutting,
'Tis but a swaggering condition and nothing pro-
fitable:
What if it were but well pink'd? 'twould last
Longer for a summer suit.
Hen. What a cross lump of ignorance have I
lighted on!
I must be forc'd to beat my drift into him—
Look you, to make you wiser than your parents,
I have so much ground given me as this hide
will compass,
Which, as it is, is nothing.
Sim. Nothing, quoth a?
Why, 'twill not keep a hog.
Hen. Now with the vantage
Cut into several pieces, 'twill stretch far
And make a liberal circuit.
Sim. A shame on your crafty hide!
Is this your cunning? I have learn'd more knavery
Now than I shall claw off while I live.
I'll go purchase land by cow-tails and [illegible]
the parish,

Three good bulls pizzles would set up a man for ever;
This is like a pin a day to set up a haberdasher of small wares.
Hen. Thus men that mean to thrive, as we must learn,
Set in a foot at first.
Sim. A foot d' you call it?
The devil's in that foot that takes up all this leather.
Hen. Dispatch, and cut it carefully, with all the advantage, sirrah.
Sim. You could never have lighted upon such a fellow
To serve your turn, captain; I have such a trick
Of stretching too, I learn'd it of a tanner's man
That was hang'd last sessions at Maidstone.
I'll warrant you I'll get you a mile and a half
More than y'are aware of.
Hen. Pray serve me so as oft as you will, sir.
Sim. I am casting about for nine acres to make
A garden plot out of one of the buttocks.
Hen. 'Twill be a good soil for nose-gays.
Sim. 'Twill be a good soil for cabbages, to stuff out the guts
Of your followers there.
Hen. Go, see it carefully perform'd;
It is the first foundation of our fortunes
On Britain's earth, and ought to be embrac'd
With a respect near link'd to adoration.
Methinks it sounds to me a fair assurance
Of large honours and hopes; does it not, captain?
Hor. How many have begun with less at first,
That have had emperors from their bodies sprung,
And left their carcasses as much in monument
As would erect a college?
Hen. There's the fruits
Of their religious shew too, to lie rotting
Under a million spent in gold and marble.
Hor. But where shall we make choice of our ground, captain?
Hen. About the fruitful flanks of uberous Kent,
A fat and olive soil, there we came in.
Oh captain, he has given he knows not what.
Hor. Long may he give so!
Hen. I tell thee, sirrah, he that begg'd a field
Of fourscore acres for a garden-plot,
'Twas pretty well; but he came short of this.
Hor. Send over for more Saxons.
Hen. With all speed, captain.
Hor. Especially for Roxena.
Hen. Who! My daughter?
Hor. That star of Germany, forget not her, sir:
She is a fair and fortunate maid;
Fair she is, and fortunate may she be;
But in maid lost for ever. My desire
Has been the close confusion of that name.
A treasure 'tis, able to make more thieves
Than cabinets set open to entice;
Which learn them theft that never knew the vice.
Hen. Come, I'll dispatch with speed.
Hor. Do, forget none.
Hen. Marry, pray help my memory.
Hor. Roxena, you remember?
Hen. What more, dear sir? [*A shouting heard.*
Hor. I see your memory's clear, sir.
Hen. Those shouts leap'd from our army.
Hor. They were too cheerful
To voice a bad event.
Hen. Now, sir, your news?

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Roxena the fair—
Hen. True, she shall be sent for.
Gent. She's here, sir.
Hen. What say'st?
Gent. She's come, sir.
Hor. A new youth begins me o'er again.
Gent. Follow'd you close, sir,
With such a zeal as daughter never equall'd.
Expos'd herself to all the merciless dangers
Set in mankind or fortune; not regarding
Aught but your sight.
Hen. Her love is infinite to me.
Hor. Most charitably censur'd: 'tis her cunning,
The love of her own lust, which makes a woman
Gallop down hill as fearless as a drunkard.
There's no true loadstone in the world but that:
It draws them through all storms by sea or shame.
Life's loss is thought too small to pay that game.
Gent. What follows more of her will you take strongly?
Hen. How!
Gent. Nay, 'tis worth your wonder.
Her heart, joy-ravish'd with your late success,
Being the early morning of your fortunes,
So prosperously new opening at her coming,
She takes a cup of gold, and, 'midst the army,
Teaching her knee a reverend chearfulness,
Which well became her, drank a liberal health
To the king's joys and yours, the king in presence;
Who with her sight, but her behaviour chiefly,
Or chief but one or both, I know not which;
But he's so far 'bove my expression caught,
'Twere art enough for one man's time and portion
To speak him and miss nothing.
Hen. This is astonishing!
Hor. Oh! this ends bitter now. Our close hid flame
Will break out of my heart: I cannot keep it.
Hen. Gave you attention, captain? How now, man?
Hor. A kind of grief about these times of the moon still,
I feel a pain like a convulsion,
A cramp at heart, I know not what name fits it.
Hen. Nor never seek one for it, let it go
Without a name; would all griefs were serv'd so.

Flourish. Enter VORTIGER, ROXENA, *&c.*

Hor. A love-knot already? arm in arm!
Vor. What's he lays claim to her?
Hen. In right of father-hood
I challenge an obedient part.
Vor. Take it, and send back the rest.
Hen. What means your grace?
Vor. You'll keep no more than what
Belongs to you?
Hen. That's all, my lord, it all belongs to me,
I keep the husband's interest till he come;
Yet out of duty and respect to majesty,
I send her back your servant.
Vor. My mistress, sir, or nothing.
Hen. Come again,
I never thought to hear so ill of thee.
Vor. How, sir, so ill?
Hen. So beyond detestable.
To be an honest vassal is some calling,
Poor is the worst of that, shame comes not to't;
But mistress, that the only common bait
Fortune sets at all hours, catching whore with it,
And plucks them up by clusters. There's my sword, my lord;
And if your strong desires aim at my blood,
Which runs too purely there, a nobler way
Quench it in mine.
Vor. I ne'er took sword in vain;
Hengist, we here create thee earl of Kent.
Hor. Oh, that will do't.
Vor. What ails our friend? Look to him.
Rox. Oh, 'tis his epilepsy; I know it well:
I help'd him once in Germany; comes it again?
A virgin's right hand stroak'd upon his heart
Gives him ease straight; but it must be a pure virgin,
Or else it brings no comfort.
Vor. What a task
She puts upon herself, unurged purity!
The truth of this will bring love's rage into me.
Rox. Oh, this would mad a woman; there's no proof
In love to indiscretion.
Hor. Pish! this cures not.
Rox. Dost think I'll ever wrong thee?
Hor. Oh most feelingly!
But I'll prevent it now, and break thy neck
With thy own cunning. Thou hast undertaken
To give me help, to bring in royal credit
Thy crack'd virginity; but I'll spoil all,
I will not stand on purpose, though I could,
But fall still, to disgrace thee.
Rox. What, you will not?
Hor. I have no other way to help myself;
For when th' art known to be a whore, impostress,
I shall be sure to keep thee.
Rox. Oh, sir, shame me not:
You've had what is most precious; try my faith;
Undo me not at first in chaste opinion.
Hor. All this art shall not make me feel my legs.
Rox. I pr'ythee do not wilfully confound me.
Hor. Well, I am content for this time to recover,
To save thy credit, and bite in my pain;
But if thou ever fail'st me, I will fall,
And thou shalt never get me up again.
Rox. Agreed 'twixt you and I, sir—See, my lord,
A poor maid's work! the man may pass for health now,
Among the clearest bloods, and those are nicest.
Vor. I have heard of women brought men on their knees,
But few that e'er restor'd them—How now, captain?
Hor. My lord, methinks I could do things past man,
I'm so renew'd in vigour; I long most
For violent exercise to take me down:
My joy's so high in blood, I'm above frailty.
Vor. My lord of Kent!
Hen. Your love's unworthy creature.
Vor. Seest thou this fair chain? Think upon the means
To keep it link'd for ever.
Hen. Oh! my lord,
'Tis many degrees sundred from my hope;
Besides, your grace has a young virtuous queen.
Vor. I say, think on it.
Hor. If this wind hold, I fall to my old disease.
Vor. There's no fault in thee but to come so late:
All else is excellent: I chide none but fate.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter HORSUS *and* ROXENA.

Rox. I have no conceit now that you ever lov'd me,
But as lust led you for the time.
Hor. See! see!
Rox. Do you pine at my advancement, sir?
Hor. Oh barrenness
Of understanding! what a right love is this?
'Tis you that fall; I that am reprehended,
What height of honours, eminence of fortune,
Should ravish me from you?
Rox. Who can tell that, sir?
What's he can judge of a man's appetite
Before he sees him eat? Who knows the strength
Of any's constancy, that never yet was tempted?
We can call nothing our own, if they be deeds to come,
They're only ours, when they are pass'd and done.

How blest are you above your apprehension,
If your desire would lend you so much patience,
T' examine the adventurous condition
Of our affections, which are full of hazard,
And draw in the times goodness to defend us!
First, this bold course of ours cannot last *long*;
Nor ever does in any without shame;
And that, you know, brings danger; and the greater
My father is in blood, as he is well risen,
The greater will the storm of his rage be
Against his blood's wronging: I have cast for this.
'Tis not advancement that I love alone:
'Tis love of shelter, to keep shame unknown.

Hor. Oh, were I sure of thee, as 'tis impossible
There to be ever sure where there's no hold,
Your pregnant hopes should not be long in rising.

Rox. By what assurance you have held me thus far,
Which you found firm, despair you not in that.

Hor. True; that was good security for the time:
But in a change of state, when y're advanc'd,
You women have a French toy in your pride,
You make your friend come crouching; or perhaps,
To bow in th' hams, the better he is put
To complement three hours with your chief woman,
Then perhaps not admitted, no nor ever,
That's the more noble fashion. Forgetfulness
Is the most pleasing virtue they can have,
That do spring up from nothing; for by the same
Forgetting all, they forget whence they came;
An excellent property of oblivion.

Rox. I pity all the fortunes of poor women
In my own unhappiness. When we have given
All that we have to men, what's our requital?
An ill-fac'd-jealousy, that resembles much
The mistrustfulness of an insatiate thief,
That scarce believes he has all, though he has stripp'd
[7] The true man naked, and left nothing on him
But the hard cord that binds him. So are we
First robb'd, and then left bound by jealousy.
Take reason's advice, and you'll find it impossible
For you to lose me in this king's advancement,
Who's an usurper here, and as the kingdom,
So shall he have my love by usurpation;
The right shall be in thee still. My ascension
To dignity, is but to waft thee higher;
And all usurpers have the falling-sickness;
They cannot keep up long.

Hor. May credulous man
Put all his confidence in so weak a bottom,
And make a saving voyage?

Rox. Nay, as gainful as ever man yet made.

Hor. Go, take thy fortunes, aspire with my consent,
So thy ambition will be sure to prosper.
Speak the fair certainties of Britain's queen
Home to thy wishes.

Rox. Speak in hope, I may,
But not in certainty.

Hor. I say in both.
Hope, and be sure I'll soon remove [8] the lett
That stands between thee and thy glory.

Rox. Life of love!
If lost virginity can win such a day,
I'll have no daughter but shall learn my way.
[*Exit.*

Hor. 'Twill be good work for him that first instructs them.
May be some son of mine, got by this woman too,
May match with their own sisters.—Peace, 'tis he.

Enter VORTIGER.

Invention, fail me not; 'tis a gallant credit
To marry one's whore bravely.

Vor. Have I power
Of life and death, and cannot command ease
In my own blood? After I was a king,
I thought I never should have felt pain more;
That there had been a ceasing of all passions
And common stings, which subjects use to feel,
That were created with a patience fit
For all extremities: But such as we
Know not the way to suffer; then, to do it,
How most prepost'rous 'tis?—Tush! riddles, riddles,
I'll break through custom. Why should not the mind
(The nobler part that's of us) be allow'd
Change of affections, as our bodies are
Change of food and raiment? I'll have it so.
All fashions appear strange at first production;
But this would be well follow'd—Oh captain!

Hor. My lord, I grieve for you: I scarce fetch breath,
But a sigh hangs at the end of it: but this
Is not the way, if you'd give way to counsel.

Vor. Set me right then, or I shall heavily curse thee
For lifting up my understanding to me,
To shew that I was wrong. Ignorance is safe;
I then slept happily. If knowledge mend me not,
Thou hast committed a most cruel sin,
To wake me into judgment, and then leave me.

Hor. I will not leave you, sir; that were rudely done.
First, y' have a flame too open and too violent,
Which, like blood-guiltiness in an offender,

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7 *The true man.*—See Note 88 on *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Vol. I. p. 125.
8 *The lett.*—The hindrance or prevention. See Note 48 on *Damon and Pithias*, Vol. I. p. 35.

Betrays him, when nought else can. Out with it, sir,
Or let some cunning coverture be made
Before your practice enters: 'twill spoil all else.
Vor. Why, look you, sir, I can be as calm as silence
All the while music plays. Strike on, sweet friend,
As mild and merry as the heart of innocence.
I pr'ythee take my temper. Has a virgin
A heat more modest?
Hor. He does well to ask me:
I could have told him once—Why, here's a government,
There's not sweeter amity in friendship
Than in this league 'twixt you and health.
Vor. Then, since
Thou find'st me capable of happiness,
Instruct me with the practice.
Hor. What will you say, my lord,
If I ensnare her in an action of lust?
Vor. Oh, there were art to the life; but 'tis impossible:
I pr'ythee flatter me no farther with it.
Fy! so much sin as goes to make up that,
Will never prevail with her. Why, I'll tell you, sir,
She's so sin-killing modest, that if only
To move the question were enough adultery
To cause a separation, there's no gallant
So brassy impudent durst undertake
The words that shall belong to't.
Hor. Say you so, sir?
There's nothing made in the world, but has a way to't;
Though some be harder than the rest to find,
Yet one there is, that's certain; and I think,
I have took the course to light on it.
Vor. Oh, I pray for't.
Hor. I heard you lately say (from whence, my lord,
My practice receiv'd life first) that your queen
Still consecrates her time to contemplation;
Takes solitary walks.
Vor. Nay, late and early
Commands her weak guard from her, which are but
Women at strongest.
Hor. I like all this, my lord.
And now, sir, you shall know what net is us'd
In many places to catch modest women;
Such as will never yield by prayers or gifts.
Now there be some will catch up men as fast;
But those she-fowlers nothing concern us:
Their birding is at windows; ours abroad,
Where ring-doves should be caught, that's married wives,
Or chaste maids; what the appetite has a mind to.
Vor. Make no pause then.
Hor. The honest gentlewoman,
When nothing will prevail (I pity her now)
Poor soul, she's entic'd forth by her own sex
To be betray'd to man, who [9] in some garden-house
Or remote walk, taking his lustful time,
Binds darkness on her eye-lids, surprizes her;
And having a coach ready, turns her in,
Hurrying her where he list for the sin's safety,
Making a rape of honour without words,
And at the low ebb of his lust, perhaps
Some three days after, sends her coach'd again
To the same place; and, which would make most mad,
She's robb'd of all, yet knows not where she's robb'd;
There's the dear precious mischief.
Vor. Is this practis'd?
Hor. Too much, my lord, to be so little known,
A springe to catch a maidenhead after sun-set;
Clip it and send it home again to the city,
There 'twill ne'er be perceiv'd.
Vor. My raptures want expression.
I conceit enough to make me fortunate, and thee great. [*Exit.*
Hor. I praise it then, my lord—I knew 'twould take. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter CASTIZA *with a book, and two Ladies.*

Cas. Methinks you live strange lives!
When I see it not, it grieves me less.
You know how to ease me then;
If you but knew how well I lov'd your absence,
You would bestow it upon me without asking.
1st Lady. Faith, for my part, were it no more
For ceremony than for love, you should
Walk long enough without my attendance,
And so think all my fellows, though they say nothing.
Books in womens hands are as much [10] against
The hair, methinks, as to see men wear stomachers,
Or night-railes. She that has the green-sickness,
And should follow her counsel, would die
Like an ass, and go to the worms like a sallad;
Not I, so long as such a creature as man is made:
She is a fool that knows not what he is good for.
[*Exeunt Ladies.*
Cas. Though among life's elections, that of virgin
I did speak noblest of; yet it has pleas'd the king
To send me a contented blessedness
In that of marriage, which I ever doubted.

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9 *In some garden house.*—See extract from Stubbes, as quoted in *The Miseries of inforced Marriage*, Vol. II. p. 182.

10 *Against the hair.*—See Note 42 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, Vol. I. p. 155.

Enter VORTIGER *and* HORSUS *disguised.*

I see the king's affection was a true one;
It lasts and holds out long; that's no mean virtue
In a commanding man, though in great fear
At first I was enforc'd to venture on it.
Vor. 'All's happy, clear, and safe.
Hor. The rest comes gently on.
Vor. Be sure you seize on her full sight at first,
For fear of my discovery.
Hor. Now, fortune and I am sped.
Cas. Treason! treason!
Hor. Sirrah, how stand you? Prevent noise and clamour,
Or death shall end thy service.
Vor. A sure cunning.
Cas. Oh, rescue! rescue!
Hor. Dead her voice; away, make speed.
Cas. No help? no succour?
Hor. Louder yet? extend
Your voice to the last rack: you shall have leave now;
Y'are far from any pity.
Cas. What's my sin?
Hor. Contempt of man, and he's a noble creature,
And takes it in ill part to be despis'd.
Cas. I never despis'd any.
Hor. No? you hold us
Unworthy to be lov'd: what call you that?
Cas. I have a lord disproves you.
Hor. Pish, your lord?
Y'are bound to love your lord, that is no thanks to you;
You should love those you are not tied to love:
That's the right trial of a woman's charity.
Cas. I know not what you are, nor what my fault is.
If it be life you seek, whate'er you be,
Use no immodest words, and take it from me.
You kill me more in talking sinfully,
Than acting cruelly. Be so far pitiful,
To end me without words.
Hor. Long may you live,
'Tis the wish of a good subject; 'tis not life
That I thirst after. Loyalty forbid
I should commit such treason. You mistake me:
I have no such bloody thought: only your love
Shall content me.
Cas. What said you, sir?
Hor. Thus plainly,
To strip my words as naked as my purpose,
I must and will enjoy thee—Gone already?
Look to her; bear her up; she goes apace:
I fear'd this still, and therefore come provided.
There's that will fetch life from a dying spark,
And make it spread a furnace—she's well straight.—
Pish, let her go; she stands, upon my knowledge,
Or else she counterfeits, I know the virtue.
Cas. Never did sorrows in afflicted woman
Meet with such cruelties. Such hard-hearted ways
Human invention never found before.
To call back life to live, is but ill taken
By some departing soul: then to force mine
Back to an eternal act of death in lust,
What is it but most execrable?
Hor. So, so:
But this is from my business. List to me:
Here you are now far from all hope of friendship,
Save what you make in me: 'scape me you cannot;
Send your soul that assurance: that resolv'd on,
You know not who I am, nor ever shall:
I need not fear you then; but give consent,
Then with the faithfulness of a true friend,
I'll open myself to you, fall your servant,
As I do now in hope, proud of submission,
And seal the deed up with eternal secresy,
Not death shall pluck it from me, much less
The king's authority or torture.
Vor. I admire him.
Cas. Oh, sir, whate'er you are, I teach my knee
Thus to requite you; be content to take
Only my sight, as ransom for my honour,
And where you have but mock'd my eyes with darkness,
Pluck them quite out; all outward lights of body
I'll spare most willingly, but take not from me
That which must guide me to another world,
And leave me dark for ever: fast without
That cursed pleasure, which will make two souls
Endure a famine everlastingly.
Hor. This almost moves. [*Aside.*
Vor. By this light he'll be taken. [*Aside.*
Hor. I'll wrestle down all pity—What? will you consent?
Cas. I'll never be so guilty.
Hor. Farewell words then,
You hear no more of me, but thus I seize you.
Cas. Oh! if a power above be reverenc'd by thee,
I bind thee by that name, by manhood, nobleness,
And all the charms of honour.
[VORTIGER *snatches her away.*
Hor. Ah, ha, here's one caught
For an example: never was poor lady
So mock'd into false terror: with what anguish
She lies with her own lord! now she could curse
All into barrenness, and beguile herself by it.
Conceit's a powerful thing, and is indeed
Plac'd as a palate to taste grief, or love,
And as that relishes, so we approve:
Hence comes it that our taste is so beguil'd,
Changing pure blood for some that's mix'd and soil'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter HENGIST.

Hen. A fair and fortunate constellation reign'd
When we set foot here, for from his first gift

(Which to a king's unbounded eyes seem'd nothing)
The compass of a hide, I have erected
A strong and spacious castle, yet contain'd myself
Within my limits, without check or censure.
Thither, with all th' observance of a subject,
The liveliest witness of a grateful mind,
I purpose to invite him and his queen,
And feast them nobly. [*A noise without.*
Bar. We will enter, sir;
'Tis a state business, of a twelve-month long,
The chusing of a mayor.
Hen. What noise is that?
Tay. Sir, we must speak with the good earl of Kent;
Though we were never brought up to keep a door,
We are as honest, sir, as some that do.

Enter a Gentleman.

Hen. Now, sir, what's the occasion of their clamours?
Gent. Please you, my lord, a company of townsmen
Are bent against all denials and resistance
To have speech with your lordship, and that you
Must end a difference, which none else can do.
Hen. Why then there's reason in their violence,
Which I ne'er look'd for: first let in but one,
[*Exit Gentleman.*
And as we relish him the rest come on.
'Tis no safe wisdom in a rising man
To slight off such as these; nay, rather these
Are the foundations of a lofty work;
We cannot build without them, and stand sure.
He that first ascends to a mountain's top
Must begin at the foot.—Now, sir, who comes?

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. They cannot yet agree, my lord, of that;
They say 'tis worse now than it was before,
For where the difference was but between two,
Upon this coming first they're all at odds.
One says, he shall lose his place in the church by't;
Another will not do his wife that wrong;
And by their good wills they would all come first.
The strife continues in most heat, my lord,
Between a country barber and a taylor
Of the same town, and which your lordship names,
'Tis yielded by consent that he shall enter.
Hen. [11] Here's no sweet coil, I am glad they are so reasonable;
Call in the barber, if the tale be long,
He'll cut it short I trust, that's all the hope.

Enter Barber.

Now, sir, are you the barber?
Bar. Oh most barbarous!
A corrector of enormities in hair, my lord,
A promoter of upper lips, or what your lordship,
In the neatness of your discretion, shall think fit
To call me.
Hen. Very good, I see you have this without book;
But what's your business?
Bar. Your lordship comes to a very high point indeed,
The business, sir, lies about the head.
Hen. That's work for you.
Bar. No, my good lord, there is a corporation,
A body, a kind of body.
Hen. The barber is out at the body, let in the taylor;
This 'tis to reach beyond your own profession;
When you let go your head, you lose your memory:
You have no business with the body.
Bar. Yes, sir,
I am a barber-chirurgeon, I have had
Something to do with it in my time, my lord,
And I was never so out of the body
As I have been of late: send me good luck,
I'll marry some whore but I'll get in again.

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[11] *Here's no sweet coil.*—It is observed by Dr. Warburton, (see Note to *First Part of Henry IV.* A. 5. S. 3,) that in Shakspeare's time the negative in common speech was used to design, ironically, the excess of a thing; and this assertion is fully confirmed by the several examples produced by Mr Steevens in proof of it. The following might be added to those already given. A. 5. S. 1:

"*Here's no abuse* to the common wealth."

Ben Johnson's *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 4. S. 7:

"*O here's no foppery!*"

Massinger's *City Madam*, A. 1. S. 1:

"*Here's no gross flattery.*"

Middleton's *Chuyst Mayd of Cheapside*, p. 30:

"*Here's no unconscionable villainy!*"

Enter Taylor.

Hen. Now, sir, a good discovery come from you.

Tay. I will rip up the linings to your lordship,
And shew what stuff 'tis made of; for the body
Or corporation—

Hen. There the barber left indeed.

Tay. 'Tis piec'd up of two fashions.

Hen. A patch'd town the whilest.

Tay. Nor can we go through stitch, my noble lord,
The choler is so great in the one party.
And as in linsey-woolsey wove together, * *
One piece makes several suits, so, upright earl,
Our linsey-woolsey hearts make all this coil.

Hen. What's all this now? I am ne'er the wiser yet,

Enter Glover.

Call in the rest. Now, sirs, what are you?

Glov. Sir, reverence on your lordship,
I am a glover.

Hen. What needs that then?

Glov. Sometimes I deal in dog's leather, sir, reverence the while.

Hen. Well, to the purpose, if there be any towards.

Glov. I were an ass else, saving your lordship's presence;
We have a body, but our town wants a hand,
A hand of justice, a worshipful master mayor.

Hen. This is well handled yet, a man may take
Some hold on it. You want a mayor?

Glov. Right, but there's two at fisty-cuffs about it,
Sir, as I may say at daggers drawing,
But that I cannot say, because they have none;
And you being earl of Kent, our town does say,
Your lordship's voice shall part and end the fray.

Hen. This is strange work for me—Well, sir, what be they?

Glov. The one is a tanner.

Hen. Fie, I shall be too partial,
I owe too much affection to that trade
To put it to my voice—What is his name?

Glov. Simon.

Hen. How, Simon too?

Glov. Nay, 'tis but Simon one, sir,
The very same Simon that sold your lordship a hide.

Hen. What sayest thou?

Glov. That's all his glory, sir, he got his master's
Widow by it presently, a rich tanner's wife,
She has set him up; he was her fore-man
A long time in her other husband's days.

Hen. Now let me perish in my first aspiring,
Of the pretty simplicity of his fortune
Do not most highly take me; 'tis a presage, methinks,
Of bright succeeding happiness to mine,
When my fate's glow-worm casts forth such a shine.
And what are those that do contend with him?

Tay. Marry, my noble lord, a fustian-weaver.

Hen. How! he offer
To compare with Simon! he a fit match for him!

Bar. Hark, hark, my lord, here they come both
In a pelting chafe from the town-house.

Enter SIMON *and* OLIVER.

Sim. How, before me? I scorn thee,
Thou wattle-fac'd sindg'd pig.

Oliv. Pig? I defy thee,
My uncle was a Jew, and scorn'd the [12] motion.

Sim. I list not brook thy vaunts, compare with me?
Thou spindle of concupiscence, 'tis well known
Thy first wife was a flax-wench.

Oliv. But such a flax-wench would I might never want
At my need, nor any friend of mine:
My neighbours knew her, thy wife was but
An hempen halter to her.

Sim. Use better words,
I'll hang thee in my year else,
Let who will chuse thee afterwards.

Glov. Peace, for shame,
Quench your spirit, do not you see his lordship?

Hen. What, master Simonides?

Sim. Simonides?
What a fair name hath he made of Simon!
Then he's an ass that calls me Simon again,
I am quite out of love with it.

Hen. Give me thy hand,
I love thy fortunes, and like a man that thrives.

Sim. I took a widow, my lord,
To be the best piece of ground to thrive on.
And by my faith, my lord, there's a young Simonides,
Like a green onion, peeping up already.

Hen. Th'hast a good lucky hand.

Sim. I have somewhat, sir.

Hen. But why to me is this election offer'd?
The chusing of a mayor goes by most voices.

Sim. True, sir, but most of our townsmen are so hoarse
With drinking, there's not a good voice among them all.

Hen. Are you content to put it to all these then?
To whom I liberally resign my interest,
To prevent censures.

Sim. I speak first, my lord.

Oliv. Though I speak last, my lord, I am not least;

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[12] *Motion.*—Or more likely *the mention*, that is, *the very name of a Pig.* S. P.

If they will cast away a town-born child,
They may, it is but dying some forty years
Before my time.
Hen. I leave you to your choice a while. [*Exit.*
All. Your good lordship.
Sim. Look you, neighbours, before you be too hasty,
Let Oliver the fustian-weaver stand
As fair as I do, and the devil do him good on't.
Oliv. I do, thou upstart callymoocher, I do;
'Tis well known to the parish I have been [up
'Twice alecunner; thou mushroom, thou shot'st
In a night, by lying with thy mistress.
Sim. Faith, thou art such a spiny baldrib,
All the mistresses in the town will never get thee up.
Oliv. I scorn to rise by a woman as thou didst,
My wife shall rise by me.
Glov. I pray leave your communication,
We can do nothing else.
Oliv. [13] I gave that barber a fustian-suit,
And twice redeem'd his cittern: he may remember me.
Sim. I fear no false measure but in that taylor;
The glover and button-maker are both cock-sure;
That collier's eye I like not:
Now they consult, the matter is in brewing.
Poor Gill, my wife, lies longing for the news,
'Twill make her a glad mother.
All. A Simon, a Simon.
Sim. Good people, I thank you all.
Oliv. Wretch that I am!
Tanner, thou hast curried favour.
Sim. I curry! I defy thy fustian fume.
Oliv. But I will prove a rebel all thy year,
And raise up the seven deadly sins against thee.
[*Exit.*
Sim. The deadly sins will scorn to rise by thee,
If they have any breeding, as commonly
They are well brought up, 'tis not for every scab
To be acquainted with them; but leaving the scab,
To you, good neighbours, now I bend my speech,
First, to say more than a man can say,
I hold it not fit to be spoken; but to say
What a man ought to say, there I leave you also.
I must confess your loves have chosen a weak and unlearned man:
That I can neither write nor read, you all can witness;
Yet not altogether so unlearned, but I can set my mark to a bond,
If I would be so simple; an excellent token of government.
Cheer you then, my hearts, you have done you know not what;
There's a full point. There you must all cough and hem. [*Here they all cough and hem.*
Now touching our common adversary the fustian-weaver,
Who threatens he will raise the deadly sins among us,
Let them come, our town is big enough to hold them,
We will not so much disgrace it; besides, you know,
A deadly sin will lie in a narrow hole;
But when they think themselves safest, and the web
Of their iniquity best woven, with the horse-strength of my justice
I will break through the look of their concupiscence,
And make the weaver go seek his shuttle.
Here you may cough and hem again,
If you'll do me the favour.
[*They cough and hem again.*
Why, I thank you all, and it shall not go unrewarded.
Now for the deadly sins, pride, sloth, envy, wrath;
As for covetousness and gluttony, I'll tell you
More of that when I come out of my office;
I shall have time to try what they are;
I will prove them soundly: and if I find gluttony
And covetousness to be directly sins,
I'll bury the one in the bottom of a chest,
And the other in the end of my garden.
But, sirs, for leachery, I'll tickle that home myself,
I'll not leave a whore in the town.
Bar. Some of your neighbours must seek their Wives in the country then.

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[13] *I gave that barber a fustian suit,*
And twice redeem'd his cittern: he may remember me.—A Lute or *Cittern* formerly used to be part of the furniture of a barber's shop, and, as Sir John Hawkins in his Notes on Walton's *Complete Angler*, p. 236, observes, answered the end of a newspaper, the now common amusement of waiting customers. In an old book of Enigmas, to every one of which the author has prefixed a wooden cut of the subject of the Enigma, is a barber, and the cut represents a barber's shop, in which there is one person sitting in a chair, under the barber's hands; while another, who is waiting for his turn, is playing on the Lute; and on the side of the shop hangs another instrument, of the Lute or *Cittern* kind. This custom will explain the following passage in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, A. 3. S. 5, where Morose crys out, "That cursed barber!—I have married his *Cittern*," that is common to all men; again, Lord Falkland's *Marriage Night*, A. 1. S. 1:

"—— He has travel'd and speaks languages,
As a barber's boy plays o' th' gittern."

Sim. Barber, be silent,
I will cut thy comb else. To conclude,
I will learn the villany of all trades;
My own I know already; if there be any knavery
In the baker, I will bolt it out; if in the brewer,
I will taste him thoroughly,
And piss out his iniquity at his own suckhole:
In a word, I will knock down all enormities
Like a butcher, and send the hide
To my fellow tanners.
All. A Simonides, a true Simonides indeed.

Enter HENGIST *and* ROXENA.

Hen. How now, how goes your choice?
Tay. This is he, my lord.
Sim. To prove I am the man, I am bold to take
The upper hand of your lordship:
I'll not lose an inch of my honour.
Hen. Hold, sirs, there's some few crowns
To mend your feast, because I like your choice.
Bar. Joy bless you, sir!
We'll drink your health with trumpets.
Sim. Ay, with sack-buts,
That's the more solemn drinking for my state.
No malt this year shall fume into my pate.
[*Exit cum suis.*
Hen. Continues still that favour in his love?
Rox. Nay, with increase, my lord, the flame grows greater,
Though he has learn'd a better art of late
To set a skreen before it.

Enter VORTIGER *and* HORSUS.

Hen. Speak lower.
Hor. Heard every word, my lord.
Vor. Plainly?
Hor. Distinctly;
The course I took was dangerous, but not failing,
For I convey'd myself behind the hangings
Even just before his entrance.
Vor. 'Twas well ventur'd. [longing
Hor. I had such a woman's first and second
In me to hear her, how she'd bear her mock'd
After she was return'd to privacy, [abuse
I could have fasted out an ember-week,
And never thought of hunger, to have heard her;
Then came your holy Lupus and Germanus.
Vor. Two holy confessors.
Hor. At whose first sight
I could perceive her fall upon her breast,
And cruelly afflict herself with sorrow;
I never heard a sigh till I heard hers,
Who after her confession, pitying her,
Put her into a way of patience,
Which now she holds, to keep it hid from you,
There's all the pleasure that I took in't now,
When I heard that, my pains was well remembered.
So with applying comforts and relief,
They have brought it lower, to an easy grief;
But yet the taste is not quite gone.
Vor. Still fortune
Sits bettering our inventions.

Enter CASTIZA.

Hor. Here she comes.
Cas. Yonder's my lord; oh! I'll return again,
Methinks I should not dare to look on him.
Hor. She's gone again.
Vor. It works the kindlier, sir.
Go now and call her back, she winds herself
Into the snare so pretily, 'tis a pleasure
To set toils for her.
Cas. He may read my shame
Now in my blush. [*Aside.*
Vor. Come, y'are so link'd to holiness,
So taken with contemplative desires,
That the world has you, yet enjoys you not;
You have been weeping too.
Cas. Not I, my lord.
Vor. Trust me, I fear you have; y'are much to blame
To yield so much to passion without cause.
Is not some time enough for meditation?
Must it lay title to your health and beauty,
And draw them into time's consumption too?
'Tis too exacting for a holy faculty.
My lord of Kent!—I pr'ythee wake him, captain,
He reads himself asleep, sure.
Hor. My lord!
Vor. Nay,
I'll take away your book and bestow't here.
Hen. Your pardon, sir.
Vor. Lady, you that delight in virgin stories,
And all chaste works, here's excellent reading for you;
Make of that book as made men do of favours,
Which they grow sick to part from. And now, my lord,
You that have so conceitedly gone beyond me,
And made so large use of a slender gift
Which we ne'er minded; I commend your thrift.
And that your building may to all ages
Carry the stamp and impress of your wit,
It shall be call'd [14] Thong-Castle.
Hen. How, my lord,
Thong-Castle! there your grace quits me kindly.
Vor. 'Tis fit art should be known by its right name; [fame.
You that can spread my gift, I'll spread your
Hen. I thank your grace for that.
Vor. And, loved lord,
So well we do accept your invitation,
With all speed we'll set forwards.
Hen. Your honour loves me. [*Exeunt.*

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14 *Thong-Castle.*—See Lambarde's *Perambulation of Kent* 1596, p. 195. Jeffrey of Monmouth's *British History*, B. vi. c. 11.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter SIMON *and all his Brethren, a Mace and Sword before him, meeting* VORTIGER, CASTIZA, HENGIST, ROXENA, HORSUS, *two Ladies.*

Sim. Lo I, the mayor of Quinborough by name,
With all my brethren, saving one that's lame,
Are come as fast as fiery mill-horse gallops
To greet thy grace, thy queen, and her fair troilops.
For reason of our coming do not look,
It must be done, I find it i' th' town-book;
And yet not I myself, I cannot read,
I keep a clerk to do those jobs for need.
And now expect a rare conceit before Thong-Castle, see thee;
Reach me the thing to give the king, the other too I pr'ythee:
Now here they be, for queen and thee, the gift all steel and leather:
But the conceit of mickle weight, and here they come together:
To shew two loves must join in one, our town presents by me
This gilded scabbard to the queen, this dagger unto thee.

Vor. Forbear your tedious and ridiculous duties;
I hate them, as I do the riots of your
Inconstant rabble; I have felt your fits,
Sheath up your bounties with your iron wits.
[*Exit cum sociis.*

Sim. Look, sirs, is his back turn'd?

All. It is, it is.

Sim. Then bless the good earl of Kent, say I,
I'll have this dagger turn'd into a pye,
And eaten up for anger, every bit on't.
And when this pye shall be cut up by some rare cunning pye-man,
They shall full lamentably sing, Put up thy dagger, Simon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter HENGIST, HORSUS, VORTIGER, DEVONSHIRE, STAFFORD, CASTIZA, ROXENA, *Ladies.*

Hen. A welcome, mighty lord, may appear courtier,
More full of toil and talk, shew and conceit,
But one more stor'd with thankful love and truth
I forbid all the sons of men to boast of.

Vor. Why here's a fabric that implies eternity,
The building plain, but most substantial;
Methinks it looks as if it mock'd all ruin,
Saving that master-piece of consummation,
The end of time, which must consume even ruin,
And eat that into cinders.

Hen. There's no brass
Would pass your praise, my lord; 'twould last beyond it,
And shame our durablest metal.

Vor. Horsus!

Hor. My lord!

Vor. This is the time I have chosen; here's a full meeting,
And here I will disgrace her.

Hor. 'Twill be sharp, my lord.

Vor. Oh, 'twill be best.

Hor. Why, here's the earl her father.

Vor. Ay, and the lord her uncle, that's the height of it,
Invited both on purpose, to rise sick
Full of shame's surfeit.

Hor. And that's shrewd, by'r lady,
It ever sticks close to the ribs of honour;
Great men are never sound men after it,
It leaves some ach or other in their names still,
Which their posterity feels at every weather.

Vor. Mark but the least presentment of occasion,
As these times yield enough, and then mark me.

Hor. My observance is all yours, you know't, my lord—
What careful ways some take to abuse themselves!
But as there be assurers of mens goods
'Gainst storms or pirates, which gives adventurers courage,
So such there must be to make up man's theft,
Or there would be no woman-venturer left.
See, now they find their seats! what a false knot
Of amity he ties about her arm,
Which rage must part! In marriage 'tis no wonder,
Knots knit with kisses oft are broke with thunder.
Music! then I have done, I always learn
To give my betters place. [*Aside.*

Vor. Where's captain Horsus?
Sit, sit, we'll have a health anon to all good services.

Hor. They are poor in these days, th'had rather have
The carp than the health; he hears me not,
And most great men are deaf on that side.

Vor. My lord of Kent, I thank you for this welcome,
It came unthought of in the sweetest language
That ever my soul relish'd.

Hen. You are pleas'd, my lord,
To raise my happiness for slight deservings
To shew what power's in princes; not in us
Aught worthy, 'tis in you that makes us thus.
I am chiefly sad, my lord, your queen's not merry.

Vor. So honour bless me, he has found the way
To my grief strangely. Is there no delight——

Cas. My lord, I wish not any, nor is't needful,
I am as I was ever.
Vor. That's not so.
Cas. How? oh my fears! [*Aside.*
Vor. When she writ maid, my lord,
You knew her otherwise.
Devon. To speak but truth,
I never knew her a great friend to mirth,
Nor taken much with any one delight,
Though there be many seemly and honourable
To give content to ladies without taxing.
Vor. My lord of Kent, this to thy full deserts,
Which intimates thy higher flow to honour.
Hen. Which like a river, shall return in service
To the great master-fountain.
Vor. Where's your lord?
I miss'd him not 'till now; lady, and yours?
No marvel then we were so out of the way
Of all pleasant discourse; they are the keys
Of human music; sure at their nativities
Great nature sign'd a general patent to them
To take up all the mirth in a whole kingdom.
What's their employment now?
1st Lady. May it please your grace,
We never are so far acquainted with them;
Nothing we know but what they cannot keep,
That's even the fashion of them all, my lord.
Vor. It seems y' have great thought in their constancies,
And they in yours, you dare so trust each other.
2d Lady. Hope well we do, my lord, we have reason for it,
'Because they say brown men are honestest,
But she's a fool will swear for any colour.
Vor. They would for yours.
2d Lady. Troth 'tis a doubtful question,
And I'd be loth to put mine to't, my lord.
Vor. Faith, dare you swear for yourselves? that's a plain question.
2d Lady. My lord?
Vor. You cannot deny that with honour,
And since 'tis urg'd, I'll put you to't in troth.
1st Lady. May it please your grace—
Vor. 'Twould please me very well,
And here's a book, mine never goes without one,
She's an example to you all for purity;
Come, swear (I have sworn you shall) that you ne'er knew
The will of any man, besides your husband's.
2d Lady. I'll swear, my lord, as far as my remembrance.
Vor. How! your remembrance? that were strange.
1st Lord. Your grace
Hearing our just excuse, will not say so.
Vor. Well, what's your just excuse? Y'are never without some. [lord:
1st Lady. I am often taken with a sleep, my
The loudest thunder cannot waken me;
Not if a cannon's burden be discharg'd
Close by my ear. The more may be my wrong.
There can be no infirmity, my lord,
More excuseable in any woman.
2d Lady. And I am so troubled with the mother too,
I have often call'd in help, I know not whom.
Three at once have been too weak to keep me down.
Vor. I perceive, there's no fastening—Well, fair one then,
That never deceives faith's anchor of her hold,
Come at all seasons. Here, be thou the star
To guide those erring women, shew the way
Which I will make them follow—Why do'st start,
Draw back, and look so pale?
Cas. My lord!
Vor. Come hither; [sand,
Nothing but take that oath: thou'lt take a thou-
A thousand! nay a million, or as many
As there be angels registers of oaths.
Why look thee, over-fearful chastity,
(That sinn'st in nothing but in too much niceness)
I'll begin first and swear for thee myself.
I know thee a perfection so unstain'd,
So sure, so absolute; I will not pant on it,
But catch time greedily—By all those blessings
That blow truth into fruitfulness, and those curses
That with their barren breaths blast perjury,
Thou art as pure as sanctity's best shrine
From all man's mixture, save what's lawful, mine.
Cas. Oh Heaven forgive him, he has forsworn himself! [*Aside.*
Vor. Come, 'tis but going now my way.
Cas. That's bad enough. [*Aside.*
Vor. I have clear'd all doubts, you see.
Cas. Good, my lord, spare me.
Vor. How! it grows later than so. For modesty's sake,
Make more speed this way.
Cas. Pardon me, my lord,
I cannot.
Vor. What?
Cas. I dare not.
Vor. Fail all confidence in thy weak kind for ever.
Devon. Here's a storm
Able to make all of our name inhumid,
And raise them from their sleeps of peace and fame,
To set the honours of their bloods right, here,
Hundred years after. A perpetual motion
Has their true glory been from seed to seed,
And cannot be choak'd now with a poor grain
Of dust and earth. Her uncle and myself,
Wild in this tempest, as ever robb'd man's peace,
Will undertake, upon life's deprivation,
She shall accept this oath.
Vor. You do but call me then
Into a world of more despair and horror:
Yet since so wilfully you stand engag'd
In high scorn to be touch'd! with expedition
Perfect your undertakings with your fames,
Or, by the issues of abus'd belief,
I'll take the forfeit of lives, lands, and honours,
And make one ruin serve our joys and yours.

Cas. Why, here's a height of miseries never reach'd yet;
I lose myself and others.
Devon. You may see
How much we lay in balance with your goodness,
And had we more, it went; for we presume
You cannot be religious and so vile
Cas. As to forswear myself—'tis truth, great sir,
The honour of your bed hath been abus'd.
Vor. Oh, beyond patience!
Cas. But give me hearing, sir:
'Twas far from my consent; I was surpriz'd
By villainies, and so raught.
Vor. Hear you that, sirs?
Oh cunning texture to inclose adultery!
Mark but what subtle vail her sins put on.
Religion brings her to confession first,
Then steps in art to sanctify that lust.
'Tis likely you could be surpriz'd.
Cas. My lord!
Vor. I'll hear no more—our guard seize on those lords.
Devon. We cannot perish now too fast: make speed
To swift destruction. He breathes most accurst
That lives so long to see his name die first.
Hor. Here's no dear villainy! [*Aside.*
Hen. Let him intreat, sir,
That falls in saddest grief for this event,
Which ill begins the fortune of this building—my lord!
Rox. What if he should cause me to swear too, captain?
You know I am as far to seek in honesty
As the worst can be. I should be sham'd too.
Hor. Why, fool, they swear by that we worship not;
So you may swear your heart out, and ne'er hurt yourself.
Rox. That was well thought on: I had quite lost myself else.
Vor. You shall prevail in noble suits, my lord;
But this does shame the speaker.
Hor. I'll step in now,
Though it shall be to no purpose—Good, my lord,
Think on your noble and most hopeful issue
Lord Vortimer, the prince.
Vor. A bastard, sir:
I would his life were in my fury now.
Cas. That injury stirs my soul to speak the truth
Of his conception——Here, I take the book, my lord:
By all the glorify'd rewards of virtue
And prepar'd punishments for consents in sin,
A queen's hard sorrow ne'er supply'd a kingdom
With issue more legitimate than Vortimer.
Vor. This takes not out the stain of present shame:
Continuance crowns desert. She ne'er can go
For perfect honest that's not always so—
Beshrew thy heart for urging this excuse.
Th' hast justify'd her somewhat.
Hor. To small purpose.
Vor. Among so many women, not one here
Dare swear a simple chastity! Here's an age
To propagate virtue in. Since I have begun,
I'll shame you all together, and so leave you.
My lord of Kent!
Hen. Your highness?
Vor. That's your daughter?
Hen. Yes, my good lord.
Vor. Though I am your guest to-day,
And should be less austere to you or yours,
In this case pardon me: I may not spare her.
Hen. Then her own goodness friend her—she comes, my lord.
Vor. The tender reputation of a maid
Makes your honour, or else nothing can:
The oath you take is not for truth to man,
But to your own white soul; a mighty task!
What dare you do in this?
Rox. My lord, as much
As chastity can put a woman to,
I ask no favour. And t'approve the purity
Of what my habit and my time professeth,
As likewise to requite all courteous censure,
Here I take oath I am as free from man
As truth from falshood, or sanctity from stain.
Vor. Oh thou treasure that ravishes the possessor!
I know not where to speed so well again.
I'll keep thee while I have thee. Here's a fountain
To spring forth princes, and the seeds of kingdoms.
Away with that infection of black honour,
And those her leprous pledges.——
Here will we store succession with true peace;
And of pure virgins grace the poor increase.
[*Exeunt all but* HORSUS.
Hor. Ha, ha, he's well provided now: here struck my fortunes.
With what an impudent confidence she swore honest,
Having th' advantage of the oath! Precious whore!
Methinks I should not hear from fortune next
Under an earldom now. She cannot spend
A night so idly, but to make a lord
With ease methinks, and play.—The earl of Kent
Is calm and smooth, like a deep dangerous water.
He has some secret way; I know his blood;
The grave's not greedier, nor hell's lord more proud.
Something will hap; for this astonishing choice
Strikes pale the kingdom, at which I rejoice.
[*Exit.*

Dumb show. *Enter* LUPUS, GERMANUS, DEVONSHIRE, *and* STAFFORD, *leading* VORTIMER, *and crown him:* VORTIGER *comes to them in passion: they neglect him. Enter* ROXENA *in fury, expressing discontent;*

then they lead out VORTIMER. ROXENA *gives two villains gold to murder him: they swear performance, and go with her.* VORTIGER *offers to run on his sword;* HONSUS *prevents him, and persuades him. The Lords bring in* VORTIMER *dead:* VORTIGER *mourns, and submits to them: they swear him, and crown him. Then enters* HENGIST *with Saxons:* VORTIGER *draws, threatens expulsion, and then sends a parley; which* HENGIST *seems to grant by laying down his weapons; so all depart severally.*

Enter RAYNULPHUS.

Ray. Of Pagan blood a queen being chose,
Roxena hight, the Britains rose
For Vortimer, and crown'd him king:
But she soon poison'd that sweet spring.
Then unto rule they did restore
Vortiger; and him they swore
Against the Saxons. They (constrain'd)
Begg'd peace, treaty, and obtain'd.
And now in numbers equally
Upon the plain near Sal'sbury,
A peaceful meeting they decreen,
Like men of love, no weapon seen.
But Hengist, that ambitious lord,
Full of guile, corrupts his word,
As the sequel too well proves:—
On that your eyes; on us your loves. [*Exit.*

Enter HENGIST, *with Saxons.*

Hen. If we let slip this opportuneful hour,
Take leave of fortune, certainty, or thought
Of ever fixing: we are loose at root,
And the least storm may rend us from the bosom
Of this land's hopes for ever. But, dear Saxons,
Fasten me now, and our unshaken firmness
Will endure after-ages.

Sax. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Hen. Observe you not how Vortiger the king,
Base in submission, threatened our expulsion,
His arm held up against us? Is it not time
To make our best prevention? What should check me?
He has perfected that great work in our daughter,
And made her queen. She can ascend no higher,
Therefore be quick; dispatch. Here, every man
Receive into the service of his vengeance
An instrument of steel, which will unseen
Lurk, like a snake under the innocent shade
Of a spread summer-leaf, there fly you on.
Take heart, the commons love us; those remov'd
That are the nerves, our greatness stands improv'd.

Sax. Give us the word, my lord, and we are perfect.

Hen. That's true, the word, I lose myself—
[15] *Nemp your sexes:* it shall be that.

Sax. Enough, sir: then we strike.

Hen. But the king's mine: take heed you touch him not.

Sax. We shall not be at leisure: never fear it,
We shall have work enough of our own, my lord.

Hen. Calm looks, but stormy souls, possess you all.

Enter VORTIGER *and British Lords.*

Vor. We see you keep your words in all points firm.

Hen. No longer may we boast of so much breath
As goes to a word's making, than of care
In the preserving of it when 'tis made.

Vor. Y'are in a virtuous way, my lord of Kent:
And since both sides are met, like sons of peace:
All other arms laid by in signs of favour,
If our conditions be embraced—

Hen. They are.

Vor. We'll use no other but these only here.

Hen. Nemp your sexes.

B. Lords. Treason! treason!

Hen. Follow it to the heart, my trusty Saxons;
It is your liberty, your wealth, and honour.
Soft, you are mine, my lord.

Vor. Take me not basely, when all sense and strength
Lie bound up in amazement at this treachery.
What devil hath breath'd this everlasting part
Of falshood into thee?

Hen. Let it suffice
I have you, and will hold you prisoner
As fast as death holds your best props in silence.
We know the hard conditions of our peace,
Slavery or diminution; which we hate
With a joint loathing. May all perish thus,
That seek to subjugate or lessen us!

Vor. Oh, the strange nooks of guile and subtilty,
When man so cunningly lies hid from man!
Who could expect such treason from thy breast?

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[15] *Nemp your sexes.*—"The appointment being agreed to on both sides, Hengist, with a new design of villainy in his head, ordered his soldiers to carry, every one of them, a long dagger under their garments; and while the conference should be held with the Britons, who would have no suspicion of them, he would give them this word of command, *Nemet oure Saxas; at* which moment they were all to be ready to seize boldly every one his next man, and with his drawn dagger stab him. Accordingly, at the time and place appointed, they all met, and began to treat of peace; and when a fit opportunity for executing his villainy served, Hengist cried out *Nemet oure Saxas;* and the same instant seized Vortegirn, and held him by his cloak." Jeffrey of Monmouth's *British History*, translated by Aaron Thompson. 1718. 8vo. p. 194.

Such thunder from thy voice? Or tak'st thou pride
To imitate the fair uncertainty
Of a bright day, that teems a sudden storm,
When the world least expects one? but of all,
I'll ne'er trust fair sky in a man again:
There's the deceitful weather. Will you heap
More guilt upon you by detaining me,
Like a cup taken after a sore surfeit,
Even in contempt of health and heaven together?
What seek you?
Hen. Ransom for your liberty,
As I shall like of, or you ne'er obtain it.
Vor. Here's a most headlong dangerous ambition.
Sow you the seeds of your aspiring hopes
In blood and treason, and must I pay for them?
Hen. Have not I rais'd you to this height of pride?
A work of my own merit, since you enforce it.
Vor. There's even the general thanks of all aspirers:
When they have all a kingdom can impart,
They write above it still their own desert.
Hen. I have writ mine true, my lord.
Vor. That's all their sayings.
Have not I rais'd thy daughter to a queen?
Hen. You have the harmony of your pleasure for it;
You crown your own desires. What's that to me?
Vor. And what will crown yours, sir?
Hen. Faith, things of reason:
I demand Kent.
Vor. Why, y' have the earldom of it.
Hen. The kingdom of 't, I mean, without controul,
In full possession.
Vor. This is strange in you!
Hen. It seems y'are not acquainted with my blood,
To call this strange.
Vor. Never was king of Kent,
But who was general king.
Hen. I'll be the first then;
Every thing has beginning.
Vor. No less title?
Hen. Not if you hope for liberty, my lord.
So dear a happiness would not be wrong'd with slighting.
Vor. Very well; take it, I resign it.
Hen. Why I thank your grace.
Vor. Is your great thirst yet satisfied?
Hen. Faith, my lord,
There's yet behind a pair of teeming sisters,
Norfolk and Suffolk, and I have done with you.
Vor. Y' have got a dangerous thirst of late, my lord,
Howe'er you came by it.
Hen. It behoves me then
For my blood's health, to seek all means to quench it.
Vor. Them too?
Hen. There will be nothing abated, I assure you.
Vor. You have me at advantage. He whom fate
Does captivate, must yield to all. Take them.
Hen. And you your liberty and peace, my lord,
With our best love and wishes.—Here's an hour
Begins us Saxons in wealth, fame, and power.
[*Exit cum suis.*
Vor. Are these the noblest fruits and fairest requitals
From works of our own raising?
[16] Methinks the murther of Constantius
Speaks to me in the voice of it, and the wrongs
Of our late queen, slipp'd both into one organ.

Enter HORSUS.

Ambition, hell, my own undoing lust,
And all the brood of plagues conspire against me.
I have not a friend left me.
Hor. My lord, he dies
That says it, but yourself, were't that thief-king,
That has so boldly stol'n his honours from you,
A treason that wrings tears from honest manhood.
Vor. So rich am I now in thy love and pity,
I feel no loss at all; but we must part,
My queen and I to Cambria.
Hor. My lord, and I not named,
That have vow'd lasting service to my life's
Extremest minute?
Vor. Is my sick fate blest with so pure a friend?
Hor. My lord, no space of earth, nor breadth of sea
Shall divide me from you.
Vor. O faithful treasure!
All my lost happiness is made up in thee. [*Exit.*
Hor. I'll follow you through the world, to cuckold you;
That's my way now. Every one has his toy
While he lives here; some men delight in building,
A trick of Babel, which will ne'er be left;
Some in consuming what was rais'd with toiling;
Hengist in getting honour, I in spoiling. [*Exit.*

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[16] *Methinks*, &c.—Shakspeare seems to have imitated this in *The Tempest*, A. 3. S. 3:

"O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper."

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter SIMON *and his Brethren*, AMINADAB *his Clerk.*

Sim. Is not that rebel Oliver, that traitor to my year,
Prehended yet?
Amin. Not yet, so please your worship.
Sim. Not yet, say'st thou? how durst thou say,
Not yet, and see me present? thou malapert,
That art good for nothing but to write and read
Is his loom seiz'd upon?
Amin. Yes, if it like your worship,
And sixteen yards of fustian.
Sim. Good:
Let a yard be sav'd to mend me between the legs,
The rest cut in pieces, and given to the poor.
'Tis heretick fustian, and should be burnt indeed,
But being worn thread-bare, the shame will be
As great; how think you, neighbours?
Glov. Greater, methinks, the longer it is wore;
When being once burnt, it can be burnt no more.
Sim. True, wise, and most senseless. How now, sirrah,

Enter a Footman.

What's he approaching here in dusty pumps?
Amin. A footman, sir, to the great king of Kent.
Sim. The king of Kent? shake him by the hand for me.
Th'art welcome, footman; lo, my deputy shakes thee;
Come when my year is out, I'll do't my self.
If 'twere a dog that came from the king of Kent,
I keep those officers would shake him, I trow.
And what's the news with thee, thou well-stew'd footman?
Foot. The king, my master—
Sim. Ha?
Foot. With a few Saxons,
Intends this night to make merry with you.
Sim. Merry with me? I should be sorry else, fellow,
And take it in ill part, so tell Kent's king.
Why was I chosen, but that great men should make
Merry with me? there is a jest indeed;
Tell him I look'd for't, and me much he wrongs,
If he forget Sim that cut out his thongs.
Foot. I'll run with your worship's answer. [*Exit.*
Sim. Do, I pr'ythee.
That fellow will be roasted against supper,
He's half enough already, his brows baste him.
The king of Kent! the king of Kirsendom
Shall not be better welcome;
For you must imagine now, neighbours,
This is the time when Kent stands out of Kirsendom,
For he that's king here now was never kirsen'd.
This for your more instruction I thought fit,
That when you are dead you may teach your children wit.
Clerk!
Amin. At your worship's elbow.
Sim. I must turn you
From the hall to the kitchen to-night.
Give order that twelve pigs be roasted yellow;
Nine geese, and some three larks for piddling meat;
And twenty woodcocks; I'll bid all my neighbours.
Give charge the mutton come in all blood-raw,
That is infidels meat: the king of Kent is a pagan,
And must be serv'd so. And let those officers that seldom
Or never go to church, bring it in,
'Twill be the better taken. Run, run; come you hither
Now, take all my cushions down and thwack them
Soundly, after my feast of millers; for their buttocks
Have left a peck of flour in them; beat them carefully
Over a bolting-hutch, there will be enough
For a pan-pudding, as your dame will handle it.
Then put fresh water into both the bough-pots,
And burn a little juniper in the hall-chimney.
Like a beast as I was, I piss'd out the fire
Last night, and never dreamt of the king's coming.
How now, return'd so quickly?
Amin. Please your worship, here are
A certain company of players.
Sim. Ha, players!
Amin. Country comedians, interluders, sir,
Desire your worship's favour and leave
To enact in the town-hall.
Sim. In the town-hall?
'Tis ten to one I never grant them that;
Call them before my worship.

Enter Cheaters.

If my house will not serve their turn, I would
Fain see the proudest he lend them a barn.
Now, sirs, are you comedians?
2d Cheat. We are, sir, comedians, tragedians
Tragi-comedians, comi-tragedians, pastorists,
Humorists, clownists, satirists; we have them, sir,
From the hug to the smile, from the smile to the laugh,
From the laugh to the handkerchief.
Sim. You're very strong in the wrist, methinks;
And must all these good parts be cast away
Upon pedlers, and maltmen, ha?

1st Cheat. For want of better company, if it please your worship.
Sim. What think you of me, my masters?
Hum; have you audacity enough
To play before so high a person as my self?
Will not my countenance daunt you? for if
You play before me, I shall often look on you,
I give you that warning before hand:
Take it not ill, my masters, I shall laugh at you,
And truly when I am least offended with you;
It is my humour, but be not you abash'd.
1st Cheat. Sir, we have play'd before a lord ere now,
Though we be country actors.
Sim. A lord? ha, ha,
Thou'lt find it a harder thing to please a Mayor.
2d Cheat. We have a play wherein we use a horse.
Sim. Fellows, you use no horse-play in my house;
My rooms are rubb'd; keep it for hackney-men.
1st Cheat. We'll not offer it to your worship.
Sim. Give me a play without a beast, I charge you.
2d Cheat. That's hard; without a cuckold or a drunkard?
Sim. Oh, those beasts are often the best men
In a parish, and must not be kept out.
But which is your merriest play?
That I would hearken after.
2d Cheat. Your worship shall hear
Their names, and take your choice.
Sim. And that's plain dealing. Come begin, sir.
2d Cheat. The whirligig, the whibble, the car-widgen.
Sim. Hey-dey! what names are these?
2d Cheat. New names of late.
The wild-goose chase.
Sim. I understand thee now.
2d Cheat. Gull upon gull.
Sim. Why this is somewhat yet.
1st Cheat. Woodcock of our side.
Sim. Get thee further off then.
2d Cheat. The cheater and the clown.
Sim. Is that come up again?
That was a play when I was 'prentice first.
2d Cheat. Aye, but the cheater has learn'd more tricks of late,
And gulls the clown, with new additions.
Sim. Then is your clown a coxcomb; which is he?
1st Cheat. This is our clown, sir.
Sim. Fye, fye, your company
Must fall upon him and beat him; he's too fair, i' faith,
To make the people laugh.
1st Cheat. Not as he may be dress'd, sir.
Sim. Faith, dress him how you will, I'll give him
That gift, he will never look half scurvily enough.
Oh, the clowns that I have seen in my time!
The very peeping out of one of them would have
Made a young heir laugh, though his father lay a dying;
A man undone in law the day before [cond
(The saddest case that can be) might for his se-
Have burst himself with laughing, and ended all
His miseries. Here was a merry world, my masters!
Some talk of things of state, of puling stuff;
There's nothing in a play like to a clown,
If he have the grace to hit on it, that's the thing indeed;
The king shews well, but he sets off the king;
But not the king of Kent, I mean not so,
The king is one, I mean, I do not know.
2d Cheat. Your worship speaks with safety, like a rich man,
And for your finding fault, our hopes are greater,
Neither with him the clown, nor me the cheater.
[*Exeunt Players.*
Sim. Away then, shift; clown, to thy motley crupper.
We'll see them first, the king shall after supper.
Glov. I commend your worship's wisdom in that, Mr Mayor.
Sim. Nay, 'tis a point of justice, if it be well examin'd,
Not to offer the king worse than I'll see myself;
For a play may be dangerous; I have known
A great man poison'd in a play—
Glov. What have you, Mr Mayor?
Sim. But to what purpose many times, I know not.
F. Mak. Methinks they should not destroy one another so.
Sim. Oh, no, no; he that's poison'd is always
Made privy to it, that's one good order
They have among them. What joyful throat
Is that, Aminadab? what is the meaning of this cry? [*A shout within.*
Amin. The rebel is taken.
Sim. Oliver the puritan?
Amin. Oliver, puritan and fustian weaver altogether.
Sim. Fates, I thank you for this victorious day;
Bonfires of pease-straw burn, let the bells ring.
Glov. There's two in mending, and you know they cannot.
Sim. 'Las the tenor's broken! ring out the trebel. [OLIVER *is brought in.*
I am over-cloy'd with joy; welcome, thou rebel!
Oliv. I scorn thy welcome, I.
Sim. Art thou yet so stout?
Wilt thou not stoop for grace? then get thee out.
Oliv. I was not born to stoop but to my loom,
That seiz'd upon, my stooping days are done;
In plain terms, if thou hast any thing to say to me,
Send me away quickly, this is no biding-place,
I understand there are players in thy house,
Dispatch me, I charge thee, in the name of all
The brethren.
Sim. Nay, now, proud rebel, I will make thee stay,
And, to thy greater torment, see a play.

Oliv. Oh devil, I conjure thee [17] by Amsterdam.
Sim. Our word is past,
Justice may wink a while, but see at last.
[*The play begins.*] Hold, stop him, stop him.
Oliv. Oh that profane trumpet! oh, oh.
Sim. Set him down there, I charge you, officers.
Oliv. I'll hide my ears and stop my eyes.
Sim. [18] Down with his golls, I charge you.
Oliv. Oh tyranny, tyranny, revenge it tribulation!
For rebels there are many deaths, but sure the only way
To execute a puritan, is seeing of a play.
Oh I shall swound!
Sim. Which if thou dost, to spite thee,
A player's boy shall bring thee aqua-vitæ.

Enter first Cheater.

Oliv. Oh, I'll not swoon at all for't, though I die.
Sim. Peace, here's a rascal, list and edify.
1*st Cheat.* I say still he's an ass that cannot live
By his wits.
Sim. What a bold rascal's this?
He calls us all asses at first dash:
Sure none of us live by our wits, unless it be Oliver the puritan.
Oliv. I scorn as much to live by my wits
As the proudest of you all.
Sim. Why then you're an ass for company,
So hold your prating.

Enter second Cheater.

2*d Cheat.* Fellow in arms, welcome,
The news, the news?
Sim. Fellow in arms, quoth he?
He may well call him fellow in arms.
I am sure they're both out at elbows.
2*d Cheat.* Be lively, my heart, be lively, the booty
Is at hand, he's but a fool
Of a yeoman's eldest son; he's ballanc'd
On both sides, bully; he's going to buy
Houshold-stuff with one pocket, and to pay
Rent with the other.
1*st Cheat.* And if this be his last day, my chuck,
He shall forfeit his lease, quoth the one pocket,
And eat his meat in wooden platters, quoth the other.
Sim. Faith then he's not so wise as he ought to be,
To let such tatterdemallians get
The upper hand of him.

Enter Clown.

1*st Cheat.* He comes.
2*d Cheat.* Ay, but smally to our comfort,
With both his hands in his pockets; how is it possible
To pick a lock, when the key is on the inside of the door?
Sim. Oh neighbours, here's the part now
That carries away the play; if the clown miscarry,
Farewel my hopes for ever, the play's spoil'd.

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[17] —— *by Amsterdam.*—The toleration allowed to all religious sects in the United Provinces, on their throwing off the Spanish yoke, occasioned numbers of dissenters from the established religion of their country, to take refuge in different parts of the States of Holland. The chief place appears to have been Amsterdam, which is mentioned as such in several contemporary dramatic writers. See Ben Jonson's *Alchymist*, and *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, by Beaumont and Fletcher.

[18] *Down with his golls.*—*Golls* are hands. So, in Dekkar's *Wonderfull Yeare* 1603:

"But seeing the chiefe leader dropt at his feete, and imagining at first hee was wounded a little in the head, held up his *gowty golles* and blest himselfe," &c.

Dekkar's *Satiromastrix*, 1601:

"Hold, hold up thy hand; I ha' seen the day thou didst not scorn to hold up thy *golls*."

Middleton's *Chast Mayd in Cheape-side*, 1630, p. 21:

"—— what their *gols*
Can clutch, goes presently to their Molls and Dols."

Ben Jonsen's *Poetaster*, A. 5:

"Well said, my divine, deft Horace, bring the whorson detracting slaves to the bar, do: make 'em hold up their spread *golls*."

Massinger's *City Madam*, A. 4. S. 1:

"The news hath reach'd
The ordinaries, and all the gamesters are
Ambitious to shake the golden *golls*
Of worshipful Mr. Luke."

Clown. They say there is a foolish kind of a thing call'd a cheater
Abroad, that will gull any yeoman's son
Of his purse, and laugh in his face like an Irishman.
I would fain meet with some of these creatures;
I am in as good state to be gull'd now
As ever I was in my life, for I have two purses
At this time about me, and I would fain be
Acquainted with that rascal that would take
One of them now.
Sim. Faith, thou may'st be acquainted with two or three
That will do their good wills, I warrant thee.
1st Cheat. That way's too plain, too easy, I am afraid.
2d Cheat. Come, sir, your most familiar cheats take best,
They shew like natural things and least suspected;
Give me a round shilling quickly.
1st Cheat. It will fetch
But one of his hands neither, if it take.
2d Cheat. Thou art too covetous; let's have one out first, pr'ythee,
There's time enough to fetch out th' other after.
Thou liest, 'tis lawful current money. [*They draw.*
1st Cheat. I say 'tis copper in some countries.
Clown. Here is a fray towards,
But I will hold my hands, let who will part them.
2d Cheat. Copper? I defy thee, and now I shall disprove thee.
Look you, here's an honest yeoman's son of the country,
A man of judgment—
Clown. Pray you be covered, sir,
I have eggs in my cap, and cannot put it off.
2d Cheat. Will you be tried by him?
1st Cheat. I am content, sir.
Sim. They look rather as if they would be tried next sessions.
1st Cheat. Pray give your judgment of this piece of coin, sir.
Clown. Nay if it be coin you strive about,
Let me see it, I love money.
1st Cheat. Look on it well, sir.
[*They pick his pocket.*
2d Cheat. Let him do his worst, sir.
Clown. Y'had both need wear cut clothes, y'are so choleric.
2d Cheat. Nay rub it and spare not, sir.
Clown. Now by this silver, gentlemen,
It is good money, would I had an hundred of them.
2d Cheat. We hope well, sir—Th' other pocket,
And we are made men. [*Exeunt.*
Sim. Oh neighbours, I begin to be sick of this fool,
To see him thus couzen'd, I would make his case my own.
Clown. Still would I meet with these things call'd cheaters.
Sim. A whoreson coxcomb, they have met with thee.
I can no longer endure him with patience.
Clown. Oh my rent! my whole year's rent!
Sim. A murrain on you,
This makes us landlords stay so long for our money.
Clown. The cheaters have been here.
Sim. A scurvy hobby-horse, that could not leave
His money with me, having such a charge about him.
A pox on thee for an ass, thou play a clown?
I will commit thee for offering it—Officers,
Away with him.
Clown. What means your worship? why, you'll spoil the play, sir.
Sim. Before the king of Kent shall be thus serv'd,
I'll play the clown myself—away with him.
Clown. With me? if it please your worship it was my part.
Sim. But 'twas a foolish part
As ever thou play'dst in thy life: I'll make thee
Smoak for it; I'll teach thee to understand
To play a clown; thou shalt know every man
Is not born to it—away with him quickly,
[*Exit Clown.*
He'll have the other pocket pick'd else,
I heard them say it with my own ears.
See, he's come in another disguise
To cheat thee again.

Enter second Cheater.

2d Cheat. Pish, whither goes he now?
Sim. Come on, sir, let us see
What your knaveship can do at me now;
You must not think you have a clown in hand.
The fool I have committed too, for playing the part.
[*He throws off his gown, discovering his doublet with a sattin forepart and a canvas back.*
2d Cheat. What's here to do?
Glov. Fye, good sir, come away:
Will your worship base yourself to play a clown?
2d Cheat. I beseech your worship let us have our own clown,
I know not how to go forwards else.
Sim. Knave, play out thy part with me,
Or I'll lay thee by the heels all the days of thy life.
Why, how now, my masters, who is that laugh'd at me?
Cannot a man of worship play the clown
A little for his pleasure but he must be laugh'd at?
Do you know who I am? Is the king's deputy
Of no better account among you?
Was I chosen to be laugh'd at? Where's my clerk?
Amin. Here, if it please your worship.
Sim. Take a note of all those that laugh at me,
That when I have done I may commit them.
Let me see who dare do it now.—And now

To you once again, sir cheater; look you,
Here are my purse-strings, I do defy thee.
2d Cheat. Good sir, tempt me not; my part is so written,
That I should cheat your worship if you were my father.
Sim. I should have much joy to have such a rascal to my son.
2d Cheat. Therefore I beseech your worship pardon me;
The part has more knavery in it than when
Your worship saw it at first; I assure you
You'll be deceiv'd in it, sir; the new additions
Will take any man's purse in Kent, or Kirsendom.
Sim. If thou canst take my purse, I'll give it thee freely;
And do thy worst, I charge thee, as thou'lt answer it.
2d Cheat. I shall offend your worship.
Sim. Knave, do it quickly.
2d Cheat. Say you so? then there's for you, and here is for me.
[*Throws meal in his face, takes his purse, and exit.*
Sim. Oh bless me! neighbours, I am in a fog,
A cheater's fog, I can see nobody.
Glov. Run, follow him, officers.
Sim. Away, let him go; he will have all your purses
If he come back. A pox on your new additions;
They spoil all the plays that ever they come in;
The old way had no such roguery in it.
Call you this a merry comedy, when a man's eyes
Are put out in't? Brother Honey-suckle!
F. Mak. What says your worship?
Sim. I make you deputy,
To rule the town till I can see again,
Which will be within these nine days at farthest.
Nothing grieves me now, but that I hear
Oliver the rebel laugh at me; a pox
On your puritan face, this will make you
In love with plays as long as you live,
We shall not keep you from them now.
Oliv. In sincerity
I was never better pleas'd [19] at an exercise.
Ha, ha, ha!
Sim. Neighbours, what colour was the dust
The rascal threw in my face?
Glov. 'Twas meal, if it please your worship.
Sim. Meal! I am glad of it,
I'll hang the miller for selling it.
Glov. Nay, ten to one
The cheater never bought it; he stole it certainly.
Sim. Why, then I'll hang the cheater for stealing it,
And the miller for being out of the way when he did it.
F. Mak. Ay, but your worship was in the fault yourself;
You bid him do his worst.
Sim. His worst; that's true,
But the rascal hath done his best; for I know not how
A villain could put out a man's eyes better,
And leave them in his head, as he has done mine.
Amin. Where is my master's worship?
Sim. How now, Aminadab? I hear thee, though I see thee not.
Amin. You are couzened, sir; they are all professed
Cheaters; they have stolen two silver spoons,
And the clown took his heels with all celerity;
They only take the name of country-comedians
To abuse simple people with a printed play or two,
Which they bought at Canterbury for six-pence;
And what is worse, they speak but
What they list of it, and fribble out the rest.
Sim. [20] Here's no abuse to the common-wealth,
If a man could see to look into it.
But mark the cunning of these cheating slaves,
First they make Justice blind, then play the knaves.

Enter HENGIST.

Hen. Where's Mr Mayor?
Glov. Ods precious! brother,
The king of Kent is newly alighted.
Sim. The king of Kent!
Where is he? that I should live to this day,
And yet not live to see to bid him welcome!
Hen. Where is Simonides, our friendly host?
Sim. Ah, blind as one that had been fox'd a sevennight.
Hen. Why, how now, man?
Sim. Faith, practising a clown's part for your grace,
I have practis'd both my eyes out.
Hen. What need you practise that?
Sim. A man is never too old to learn, your grace
Will say so, when you hear the jest of it;
The truth is, my lord, I meant to have been merry,
And now it is my luck to weep water and oatmeal;
I shall see again at supper, I make no doubt of it.
Hen. This is strange to me, sirs.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Arm, arm, my lord!
Hen. What's that?
Gent. With swiftest speed, if ever you'll behold
The queen, your daughter, alive again.

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[19] *At an exercise.*—Alluding to the week-day sermons used by the Puritans, which they called *Exercises.* S. P.

[20] *Here's no abuse,* &c.—See Note 11, ante, p. 280.

Hen. Roxena?
Gent. They are besieged: Aurelius
Ambrose, and his brother, Uther,
With numbers infinite of British forces,
Beset their castle, and they cannot 'scape
Without your speedy succour.
Hen. For her safety I'll forget food and rest: away.
Sim. I hope your worship will hear the jest ere you go.
Hen. The jest! torment me not.
Sim. I'll follow you to Wales with a dog and a bell
But I will tell it you.
Hen. Unseasonable folly! [*Exit cum suis.*
Sim. 'Tis a sign of war, when great men disagree;
Look to the rebel well, till I can see,
And when my sight is recover'd I will have
His eyes pull'd out for a fortnight.
Oliv. My eyes? hang thee,
A deadly sin or two shall pluck them out first,
That is my resolution. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter AURELIUS *and* UTHER, *with Soldiers;* VORTIGER *and* HORSUS *above.*

Uth. My lord, the castle is so fortified—
Aur. Let wild-fire ruin it,
That his destruction may appear to him
In the figure of Heaven's wrath at the last day,
That murderer of our brother. Hence, away,
I'll send my heart no peace till it be consum'd.
Uth. There he appears again—behold, my lord.
Aur. Oh that the zealous fire on my soul's altar,
To the high birth of virtue consecrated,
Would fit me with a lightning now to blast him,
Even as I look upon him.
Uth. Good, my lord,
Your anger is too noble, and too precious
To waste itself on guilt so foul as his;
Let ruin work her will.
Vor. Begirt all round?
Hor. All, all, my lord, 'tis folly to make doubt of it;
You question things that horror long ago
Resolv'd us on.
Vor. Give me leave, Horsus, though——
Hor. Do what you will, sir, question them again,
I'll tell them to you.
Vor. Not so, sir,
I will not have them told again.
Hor. It rests then.
Vor. That's an ill word put in, when thy heart knows
There is no rest at all, but torment making.
Hor. True, my heart finds it; that sits weeping blood now
For poor Roxena's safety. You'll confess, my lord,
My love to you has brought me to this danger?
I could have liv'd like Hengist, king of Kent,
London, York, Lincoln, and Winchester,
Under the power of my command, the portion
Of my most just desert, enjoyed now
By pettier deservers.
Vor. Say you so, sir?
And you'll confess, since you began confession
(A thing I should have died ere I had thought on)
Y'have marr'd the fashion of your affection utterly,
In your own wicked counsel, there you paid me;
You were bound in conscience to love me after,
You were bound to't, as men in honesty,
That vitiate virgins, to give dowries to them;
My faith was pure before to a faithful woman.
Hor. My lord, my counsel——
Vor. Why, I'll be judg'd by these
That knit death in their brows, and hold me now
Not worth the acception of a flattery,
Most of whose faces smil'd when I smil'd once—
My lords!
Uth. Reply not, brother.
Vor. Seeds of scorn,
I mind you not, I speak to them alone
Whose force makes yours a power, which else were none.
Shew me the main food of your hate; which cannot be
The murder of Constantius, that crawls in your revenges;
For your loves were violent long since that.
1*st Lord.* And had been still,
If from that Pagan wound th'hadst kept thee free;
But when thou fled'st from Heav'n, we fled from thee.
Vor. This was your counsel now.
Hor. Mine? 'twas the counsel [it.
Of your own lust and blood, your appetite knows
Vor. May thunder strike me from these walls, my lords,
And leave me many leagues off from your eyes,
If this be not the man, whose Stygian soul
Breath'd forth that counsel to me, and sole plotter
Of all those false injurious disgraces,
That have abus'd the virtuous patience
Of our religious queen.
Hor. A devil in madness!
Vor. Upon whose life I swear, there sticks no stain
But what's most wrongful; and where now she thinks
A rape dwells on her honour, only I
Her ravisher was, and his the policy.
Aur. Inhuman practice!
Vor. Now you know the truth.
Will his death serve your fury?
Hor. My death?
Vor. Say, will it do it?
Hor. Say they should say 'twould do't?
Vor. Why, then it must.
Hor. It must?
Vor. It shall. Speak but the word, it shall be yielded up.

Hor. Believe him not; he cannot do it.
Vor. Cannot?
Hor. 'Tis but a false and base insinuation
For his own life, and like his late submission.
Vor. O sting to honour! alive or dead, thou goest
For that word's rudeness only. [*Stabs him.*
1st Lord. See, sin needs
No other destruction than it breeds
In its own bosom.
Vor. Such another brings him.
Hor. What! has thy vile rage stamp'd a wound upon me?
I'll send one to thy soul shall never heal for't.
Vor. How, to my soul?
Hor. It shall be thy master torment,
Both for the pain and the everlastingness.
Vor. Ha, ha, ha!
Hor. Dost laugh? take leave of it; all eternity
Shall never see thee do so much again.
Know, th'art a cuckold.
Vor. What!
Hor. You change too soon, sir.
Roxena, whom th'hast rais'd to thy own ruin,
She was my whore in Germany.
Vor. Burst me open, the violence of whirlwinds.
Hor. Hear me out first.
For her embrace, which my flesh yet sits warm in,
I was thy friend and follower.
Vor. Deafen me,
Thou most imperious noise that starts the world!
Hor. And to serve both our lusts, I practis'd with thee
Against thy virtuous queen.
Vor. Bane to all comforts!
Hor. Whose faithful sweetness, too precious for thy blood,
I made thee change for love's hypocrisy.
Vor. Insufferable!
Hor. Only to make my way to pleasure fearless,
Free, and fluent.
Vor. Hell's trump is in that throat.
Hor. It shall sound shriller.
Vor. I'll dam it up with death first.
[*They stab each other.* ROXENA *enters in fear.*
Rox. Oh for succour!
Who's near? Help me, save me, the flame follows me,
'Tis in the figure of young Vortimer, the prince,
Whose life I took by poison.
Hor. Hold out, breath, and I shall find thee quickly.
Vor. I'll tug thy soul out here.
Hor. Do, monster.
Rox. Ye tiger!
Vor. Monster!
Rox. My lord!
Vor. Toad! Pagan!
Hor. Viper! Christian!
Rox. Oh hear me,
Oh help me, my love, my lord, 'tis here.
Horsus, look up, if not to succour me,
To see me yet consum'd. Oh what is love,
When life is not regarded?
Vor. What strength's left I'll fix upon thy throat.
Hor. I have some force yet.
[*Both stab,* HORSUS *falls.*
Rox. No way to 'scape? Is this the end of glory?
Doubly beset with enemies, wrath and fire?
It comes nearer—rivers and fountains, fall.
It sucks away my breath: I cannot give
A curse to sin, and hear 't out while I live.
Help, help! [*She falls.*
Vor. Burn, burn, now I can tend thee.
Take time with her in torment; call her life
Afar off to thee: dry up her strumpet-blood,
And hardly parch the skin. Let one heat strangle her;
Another fetch her to her sense again;
And the worst pain be only her reviving.
Follow her eternally—Oh mystical harlot!
Thou hast thy full due. Whom lust crown'd queen before,
Flames crown her now a most triumphant whore.
And that end crown them all! [*He falls.*
Aur. Our peace is full
In yon usurper's fall; nor have I known
A judgment meet more fearfully.
Here, take this ring, deliver the good queen,
And those grave pledges of her murder'd honour,
(Her worthy father, and her noble uncle.)
How now! the meaning of these sounds?

Enter HENGIST, DEVONSHIRE, STAFFORD, *and Soldiers.*

Hen. The consumer has been here; she's gone, she's lost,
In glowing cinders now lie all my joys.
The headlong fortune of my rash captivity
Strikes not so deep a wound into my hopes
As thy dear loss.
Aur. Her father and her uncle!
1st Lord. They are indeed, my lord.
Aur. Part of my wishes.
What fortunate power has prevented me,
And ere my love came, brought them victory?
1st Lord. My wonder sticks in Hengist, king of Kent.
Devon. My lord, to make that plain which now I see
Fix'd in astonishment; the only name
Of your return and being, brought such gladness
To this distracted kingdom, that, to express
A thankfulness to Heaven, it grew great
In charitable actions; from which goodness
We taste our liberty, who liv'd engag'd
Upon the innocence of woman's honour,
(A kindness that even threatened to undo us;)
And having newly but enjoy'd the benefit
And fruits of our enlargement, 'twas our happiness
To intercept this monster of ambition,
Bred in these times of usurpation,

The rankness of whose insolence and treason
Grew to such height, 'twas arm'd to bid you battle:
Whom, as our fame's redemption, on our knees
We present captive.
Aur. Had it needed reason,
You richly came provided. I understood
Not your desents till now.—My honoured lords,
Is this that German Saxon, whose least thirst
Could not be satisfied under a province?
Hen. Had but my fate directed this bold arm
To thy life, the whole kingdom had been mine,
That was my hope's great aim. I have a thirst
Could never have been full quench'd under all
The whole must do 't, or nothing.
Aur. A strange draught!
And what a little ground shall death now teach you
To be content withal?
Hen. Why let it then;
For none else can: y' have nam'd the only way
To limit my ambition: a full cure
For all my fading hopes and sickly fears;
Nor shall it be less welcome to me now,
Than a fresh acquisition would have been
Unto my new-built kingdoms. Life to me
(Less it be glorious) is a misery.
Aur. That pleasure we will do you.—Lend him out;
And when we have inflicted our just doom
On his usurping head, it will become
Our pious care to see this realm secur'd
From the convulsions it hath long endur'd.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EDITION.

The Mayor of Quinborough: a Comedy. As it hath been often acted with much applause at Black Fryars, by his Majesty's servants. Written by Tho. Middleton. London: Printed for Henry Herringman; and are to be sold at his shop, at the Sign of the Blew Anchor, in the lower walk of the New Exchange. 1661. 4to.

GRIM, THE COLLIER OF CROYDON.

The initial letters J. T. are placed before this play, as those belonging to the author of it. What his name was, or what his condition, are alike unknown. It was printed in 12mo. 1662, *with two others,* Thorny Abby, *or* The London Maid, *and* The Marriage Broker, *in a volume entitled* Gratiæ Theatrales, *or* A Choice Ternary of English Plays. Chetwood *says, it was printed in* 1599, *and* Whincop, *in the year* 1606. *I cannot but suspect the fidelity of both these writers in this particular.*

PROLOGUE.

You're welcome: but our plot I dare not tell ye,
For fear I fright a lady with great belly:
Or should a scold be 'mong you, I dare say
She'd make more work, than the devil, in the play,
Heard you not never how an actor's wife,
Whom he, fond fool, lov'd dearly as his life,
Coming in 's way did chance to get [1] a Jape,
As he was tired in his devil's shape;
And how equivocal a generation
Was then begot, and brought forth thereupon?
Let it not fright you; this I dare to say,
Here is no lecherous devil in our play.
He will not rumple Peg, nor Joan, nor Nan,
But has enough at home to do with Marian;
Whom he so little pleases, she in scorn
Does teach his devilship to wind the horn.
But if your children cry when Robin comes,
You may to still them buy here pears or plumbs.
Then sit you quiet all, who are come in,
St Dunstan will soon enter and begin.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

St Dunstan, *Abbot of Glassenbury.*
Morgan, *Earl of London.*
Lacy, *Earl of Kent.*
Honorea, Morgan's *Daughter.*
Marian, *her Waiting-maid.*
Nan, Marian's *Maid.*
Musgrave, *a young Gentleman.*
Captain Clinton.
Miles Forrest, *a Gentleman.*
Ralph Savvy, *an Apothecary.*
Grim, *the Collier of Croydon.*
Parson Shorthose.
Clack, *a Miller.*
Joan, *a Country Maid.*
Pluto, } *Devils.*
Minos, }
Æacus, }
Rhadamanthus, }
Belphagor, }
Akercock, *or* Robin Goodfellow, }
Malbecco *his Ghost.*
Officers, Attendants, &c.

SCENE—ENGLAND.

[1] *A Jape.*—See Note 91 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Vol. I. p. 127.

[2]GRIM, THE COLLIER OF CROYDON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A place being provided for the Devils' Consistory, enter St DUNSTAN *with his beads, book, and crosier-staff, &c.*

St Dun. Envy, that always waits on virtue's train,
And tears the graves of quiet sleeping souls,
Hath brought me, after many hundred years,
To shew myself again upon the earth.
Know then (who list) that I am English born,
My name is Dunstan; whilst I liv'd with men,
Chief primate of the holy English church:
I was begotten in West Saxony:
My father's name was Heorston, my mother's Cinifred,
Endowed with my merit's legacy,
I flourish'd in the reign of seven great kings;
The first was Adelstane, whose niece Elfleda,
Malicious tongues reported, I defiled:
Next him came Edmond, then Edred, and Edwin:
And after him reign'd Edgar, a great prince,
But full of many crimes, which I restrain'd;
Edward his son, and lastly Egelred.
With all these kings was I in high esteem,
And kept both them and all the land in awe;
And, had I liv'd, the Danes had never boasted
Their then beginning conquest of this land.
Yet some accuse me for a conjurer,
By reason of those many miracles
Which Heaven for holy life endowed me with;
But whoso looks into [3]the golden legend,
(That sacred register of holy saints)
Shall find me by the pope canoniz'd,
And happily the cause of this report
Might rise by reason of a vision,
Which I beheld in great king Edgar's days,
Being that time abbot of Glassenbury,
Which (for it was a matter of some worth)
I did make known to few, until this day:
But now I purpose that the world shall see
How much those slanderers have wronged me;
Nor will I trouble you with courts and kings;
Or drive a feigned battle out of breath;
Or keep a coil myself upon the stage;
But think you see me in my secret cell,
Arm'd with my portass, bidding of my beads.
But on a sudden I'm o'ercome with sleep!
If aught ensue, watch you, for Dunstan dreams.

He layeth him down to sleep; lightning and thunder; the curtains drawn on a sudden; PLUTO, MINOS, ÆACUS, RHADAMANTHUS, *set in counsel; before them* MALBECCO'S *Ghost guarded with Furies.*

Plu. You ever-dreaded judges of black hell,
Grim Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamant,
Lords of Cocytus, Styx, and Phlegiton,
Princes of darkness, Pluto's ministers,
Know that the greatness of his present cause
Hath made ourself in person sit as judge,
To hear the arraignment of Malbecco's ghost.
Stand forth, thou ghastly pattern of despair,
And to this powerful synod tell thy tale,
That we may hear if thou canst justly say
Thou wert not author of thy own decay.

[4]*Mal.* Infernal Jove, great prince of Tartary,
With humble reverence poor Malbecco speaks;
Still trembling with the fatal memory
Of his so late concluded tragedy.
I was (with thanks to your great bounty) bred
A wealthy lord, whilst that I liv'd on earth;
And so might have continu'd to this day,
Had not that plague of mankind fall'n on me:
For I (poor man) join'd woe unto my name,
By choosing out a woman for my wife.
A wife? a curse ordained for the world
Fair Helena! fair she was indeed,
But foully stain'd with inward wickedness
I kept her bravely, and I lov'd her dear;
But that dear love did cost me life, and all.

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2 The story of this play is taken in part from Machiavel's *Belphegor*. S. P.

3 *The golden legend.*—*Legenda Aurea*, or *The Golden Legend*, translated out of the French, and printed by Caxton in folio, 1483.

4 *Malbecco's ghost.*—See the story of Malbecco in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. 3. c. 9, &c.

To reckon up a thousand of her pranks,
Her pride, her wasteful spending, her unkindness,
Her false dissembling, seeming sanctity,
Her scolding, pouting, prating, meddling,
And twenty hundred more of the same stamp,
Were but to reap an endless catalogue
Of what the world is plagu'd with every day.
But for the main of that I have to tell,
It chanced thus: Late in a rainy night
A crew of gallants came unto my house,
And (will I, nill I) would forsooth be lodg'd:
I brought them in, and made them all good cheer,
(Such as I had in store) and lodg'd them soft.
Amongst them one, [5] ycleped Paridell,
(The falsest thief that ever trod on ground)
Robb'd me; and with him stole away my wife.
I (for I lov'd her dear) pursu'd the thief;
And after many days in travel spent,
Found her amongst a crew of satyrs wild,
[6] Kissing and colling all the live-long night.
I spake her fair, and pray'd her to return;
But she in scorn commands me to be gone,
And glad I was to fly, to save my life;
But when I backward came unto my house,
I find it spoil'd, and all my treasure gone.
Desp'rate and mad, I ran, I knew not whither,
Calling and crying out on Heaven and fate;
Till seeing none to pity my distress,
I threw myself down headlong on a rock,
And so concluded all my ills at once.
Now, judge you, justice benchers, if my wife
Were not the instrument to end my life.

Plu. Can it be possible (you lords of hell)
Malbecco's tale of women should be true?
Is marriage now become so great a curse,
That whilome was the comfort of the world?

Min. Women, it seems, have lost their native shame,
As no man better may complain than I,
Though not of any whom I made my wife,
But of my daughter who procur'd my fall.

Æac. 'Tis strange what plaints are brought us every day
Of men made miserable by marriage;
So that amongst a thousand, scarcely ten
Have not some grievous actions 'gainst their wives.

Rha. My lord, if Rhadamant might counsel you,
Your grace should send some one into the world,
That might make proof if it be true or no.

Plu. And wisely hast thou counsell'd, Rhadamant.
Call in Belphagor to me presently;

[*One of the Furies goes for* BELPHAGOR.

He is the fittest that I know in hell,
To undertake a task of such import;
For he is patient, mild, and pitiful:
Humours but ill agreeing with our kingdom.

Enter BELPHAGOR.

And here he comes; Belphagor, so it is,
We in our awful synod have decreed,
(Upon occasions to ourselves best known)
That thou from hence shall go into the world,
And take upon thee the shape of a man;
In which estate thou shalt be married;
Choose thee a wife that best may please thyself,
And live with her a twelvemonth and a day;
Thou shalt be subject unto human chance,
So far as common wit cannot relieve thee;
Thou shalt of us receive ten thousand pounds,
Sufficient stock to use for thy increase:
But whatsoever happens in that time,
Look not from us for succour or relief;

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[5] *Ycleped.*—*Cleped* is *called, named.* Milton's *L'Allegro*, l. 11.

"But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In Heav'n *ycleap'd* Euphrosine."

The letter *y* is added, to lengthen it a syllable.

[6] *Kissing and colling.*—*Colling* is embracing round the neck. *Dare brachia cervici*, as Barret explains it in his *Alvearie* voce *colle*. The word is frequently to be found in ancient writers.

Erasmus *Praise of Folie*, 1549. Sign. B 2.

"——for els, what is it in younge babes that we doe kysse so, we doe *colle* so; we do cheryshe so, that a very enemie is moved to spare and succour this age."

Wily beguiled. 1606.

"I'll clasp thee, and clip thee; *coll thee*, and kiss thee; till I be better than naught, and worse than nothing."

The Witch, by Middleton. MSS.

"When hundred leagues in aire we feast and sing,
Daunce, kysse, and coll, use every thing."

The Woorkes of a Young Wit. 1577. P. 37.

"Then for God's sake, let young folkes *coll* and kisse,
When oldest folkes will thinke it not amisse."

This shalt thou do, and when the time's expired,
Bring word to us what thou hast seen and done.
Bel. With all my heart, my lord, I am content,
So I may have my servant Akercock
To wait upon me as if he were my man,
That he may witness likewise what is done.
Plu. We are contented; he shall go with thee.
Min. But what mean time decrees your majesty
Of poor Malbecco?
Plu. He shall rest with us
Until Belphagor do return again;
And as he finds, so will we give his doom.
[7] Come let us go and set our spyal forth,
Who for a time must make experiment,
If hell be not on earth, as well as here. [*Exeunt.*

[*It thunders and lightens; the Devils go forth;* DUNSTAN *rising, runneth about the stage, laying about him with his staff.*

St Dun. Satan, avaunt! thou art man's enemy;
Thou shalt not live amongst us so unseen,
So to betray us to the prince of darkness:
Satan, avaunt! I do conjure thee hence.
What dream'st thou, Dunstan? yea I dream'd indeed.
Must then the devil come into the world?
Such is belike the infernal king's decree;
Well, be it so; for Dunstan is content,
Mark well the process of the devil's disguise,
Who happily may learn you to be wise.
Women, beware; and make your bargains well.
The devil, to chuse a wife, is come from hell.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter MORGAN, *Earl of London,* LACY, *Earl of Kent, with* MILES FORREST.

Mor. My lord of Kent, your honour knows my mind,
That ever has, and still does honour you,
Accounting it my daughter's happiness,
(Amidst her other infelicities)
That you vouchsafe to love her as you do:
How gladly I would grant your lordship's suit
The Heavens can witness, which, with ruthless ears
Have often heard my yet unpitied plaints;
And could I find some means for her recovery,
None but yourself should have her to your wife.
Lacy. My lord of London, now long time it is
Since Lacy first was suitor to your daughter,
The fairest Honorea; in whose eyes
Honour itself in love's sweet bosom lies:
What shall we say, or seem to strive with Heaven,
Who speechless sent her first into the world?
In vain it is for us to think to loose
That which by nature's self we see is bound:
Her beauty, with her other virtues join'd,
Are gifts sufficient, tho' she want a tongue;
And some will count it virtue in a woman
Still to be bound to unoffending silence;
Tho' I could wish with half of all my lands,
That she could speak: but since it may not be,
'Twere vain to imprison beauty with her speech.
For. Have you not heard, my lords, the wondrous fame
Of holy Dunstan, abbot of Glassenbury?
What miracles he hath atchieved of late;
And how the rood of [8] Dovercot did speak,
Confirming his opinion to be true;
And how the holy consistory fell,
With all the monks that were assembled there,
Saving one beam whereon this Dunstan sate;
And other more such miracles as these.
They say he is of such religious life,
That angels often use to talk with him,
And tell to him the secrets of the heavens.
No question, if your honours would but to,
He could procure my lady for to speak.
Mor. Believe me, Forrest, thou hast well advised,
For I have heard of late much talk of him.
Lacy. Is not that Dunstan he who check'd the king
About his privy dealing with the nun,
And made him to do penance for the fact?
Mor. The same is he; for whom I straight will send.
Miles Forrest shall in post to Glassenbury,
And gently pray the abbot for my sake
To come to London; sure I hope the heavens
Have ordain'd Dunstan to do Morgan good.
Lacy. Let us dispatch him thither presently;
For I myself will stay for his return,
And see some end or other ere I go.

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[7] *Come let us go and set our spyal forth.*—*Spyal* is a *spy*, obsolete. So, in Ben Jonson's *Catiline* A. 4. S. 3:

> "I have those eyes and ears shall still keep guard
> And *spial* on thee, as they've ever done,
> And thou not feel it."

Roger Ascham's *Report and Discourse of the State of Germany*, p. 31:

"——He went into France secretly, and was there with Shirtly as a common launce knight, and named hymselfe Captaine Paul, lest the Emperours *spials* should get out hys doynges."

[8] *Dovercot.*—In the county of Essex, the mother church of Harwich.

Mor. Come then, lord Lacy; Forrest, come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter BELPHAGOR *attired like a Physician;* AKERCOCK, *his Man, in a tawny coat.*

Bel. Now is Belphagor, an incarnate devil,
Come to the earth to seek him out a dame:
Hell be my speed! and so, I hope, it will.
In lovely London are we here arrived.
Where, as I hear, the earl hath a fair daughter
So full of virtue, and soft modesty,
That yet she never gave a man foul word.
Aker. Marry, indeed, they say she cannot speak.
Bel. For this cause have I taken this disguise,
And will profess me a physician,
Come up on purpose for to cure the lady;
Marry, no[9] maid shall bind me but herself;
And she I do intend shall be my wife.
Aker. But, master, tell me one thing by the way;
Do you not mean that I shall marry too?
Bel. No, Akercock, thou shalt be still unwed:
For if they be as bad as is reported,
One wife will be enough to tire us both.
Aker. O, then you mean that I shall now and then
Have, as it were, a course at base with her.
Bel. Not so, not so; that's one of marriage plagues,
Which I must seek to shun, among the rest,
And live in sweet contentment with my wife;
That when I back again return to hell
All women may be bound to reverence me,
For saving of their credits, as I will.
But who comes here?

Enter Captain CLINTON.

Clin. This needs must tickle Musgrave to the quick,
And stretch his heart-strings farther by an inch,
That Lacy must be married to his love;
And by that match my market is near marr'd,
For Mariana, whom I most affect;
But I must cast about by some device
To help myself, and to prevent the earl.
Bel. This fellow fitly comes to meet with me,
Who seems to be acquainted with the earl.
Good fortune guide you, sir!
Clin. As much to you.
Bel. Might I entreat a favour at your hands?
Clin. What's that?
Bel. I am a stranger here in England, sir,
Brought from my native home, upon report
That the earl's daughter wants the use of speech;
I have been practised in such cures ere now,
And willingly would try my skill on her.
Let me request you so to favour me,
As to direct me to her father's house.
Clin. With all my heart, and welcome shall you be
To that good earl, who mourns his daughter's want;
But they have for a holy abbot sent,
Who can, men say, do many miracles,
In hope that he will work this wond'rous cure.
Bel. Whate'er he be, I know 'tis past his skill;
Nor any in the world, besides myself,
Did ever sound the depth of that device.

Enter MUSGRAVE.

Clin. Musgrave, well met; I needs must speak with you.
Mus. I came to seek you.
Clin. Tarry you a while.
Shall I entreat you, sir, to walk before
With this same gentleman? I'll overtake you.
[*Exeunt* BELPHAGOR *and* AKERCOCK.
This is the news; the earl of Kent is come,
And in all haste the marriage must be made.
Your lady weeps, and knows not what to do;
But hopes that you will work some means or other
To stop the wross proceedings of the earl.
Mus. Alas, poor Clinton! what can Musgrave do?
Unless I should by stealth convey her thence;
On which a thousand dangers do depend.
Clin. Well, to be brief, because I cannot stay,
Thus stands the case; if you will promise me,
To work your cousin Marian to be mine,
I'll so devise that you shall purchase her;
And therefore tell me if you like the match?
Mus. With all my heart, sir, yea and thank you too.
Clin. Then say no more, but leave the rest to me,
For I have plotted how it shall be done.
I must go follow yon fair gentleman,
On whom I build my hopes. Musgrave, adieu.
Mus. Clinton, farewel; I'll wish thee good success. [*Exeunt.*

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9 *Maid.*—Way; former edition. S. P.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter MORGAN, LACY, DUNSTAN, FORREST, HONOREA, MARIAN.

Mor. Thou holy man, to whom the higher Powers
Have given the gift of cures beyond conceit,
Welcome thou art unto earl Morgan's house;
The house of sorrow yet, unless by thee
Our joys may spring anew; which, if they do,
Reward and praise shall both attend on thee.
Lacy. And we will ever reverence thy name,
Making the chronicles to speak thy praise;
So Honorea may but have her speech.
Dun. My lords, you know the hallowed gift of tongues
Comes from the self-same power that gives us breath;
He binds and looseth them at his dispose;
And in his name will Dunstan undertake
To work this cure upon fair Honorea.
Hang there, my harp, my solitary muse,
Companion of my contemplation.
[*He hangs his harp on the wall.*
And, lady, kneel with me upon the earth,
That both our prayers may ascend to heaven.
[*They kneel down; then enters* CLINTON *with* BELPHAGOR, *terming himself* CASTILIANO, *and* AKERCOCK, *as* ROBIN-GOODFELLOW.
Clin. So shall you do the lady a good turn,
And bind both him and me to you for ever.
Bel. I have determin'd what I mean to do.
Clin. Here be the earls, and with them is the friar.
Bel. What is he praying?
Clin. So methinks he is;
But I'll disturb him. By your leave, my lords,
Here is a stranger from beyond the seas
Will undertake to cure your lordship's daughter.
Mor. The holy abbot is about the cure.
Bel. Yea, but, my lord, he'll never finish it.
Mor. How canst thou tell? what countryman art thou?
Bel. I am by birth, my lord, a Spaniard born,
And by descent came of a noble house;
Though for the love I bear to secret arts,
I never car'd to seek for vain estate,
Yet by my skill I have increas'd my wealth.
My name Castiliano, and my birth
No baser than the best blood of Castile.
Hearing your daughter's strange infirmity,
Join'd with such matchless beauty and rare virtue,
I cross'd the seas on purpose for her good.
Dun. Fond man, presuming on thy weaker skill,
That think'st by art to over-rule the heavens!
Thou know'st not what it is thou undertak'st.
No, no, my lord, your daughter must be cur'd
By fasting, prayer, and religious works;
Myself for her will sing a solemn mass,
And give her three sips of the holy chalice,
And turn my beads with aves and with creeds;
And thus, my lord, your daughter must be help'd.
Cas. Zounds, what a prating keeps the bald-pate friar!
My lord, my lord, here's church-work for an age!
Tush, I will cure her in a minute's space,
That she shall speak as plain as you or I.
[DUNSTAN'S *harp sounds on the wall.*
For. Hark, hark, my lord, the holy abbot's harp
Sounds by itself so hanging on the wall!
Dun. Unhallowed man, that scorn'st the sa-[10]cred read,
Hark how the testimony of my truth
Sounds heavenly music with an angel's hand,
To testify Dunstan's integrity,
And prove thy active boast of no effect.
Cas. Tush, sir, that music was to welcome me!
The harp hath got another master now;
I warrant you, 'twill never tune you more.
Dun. Who should be master of my harp but I?
Cas. Try then what service it will do for you.
[*He tries to play, but cannot.*
Dun. Thou art some sorcerer or necromancer,
Who by thy spells dost hold these holy strings.
Cas. Cannot your holiness unbind the bonds?
Then, I perceive, my skill is most of force.
You see, my lord, the abbot is but weak;
I am the man must do your daughter good.
Mor. What wilt thou ask for to work thy cure?
Cas. That without which I will not do the cure,
Herself to be my wife; for which intent
I came from Spain: then if she shall be mine,
Say so, or keep her else for ever dumb.
Mor. The earl of Kent, mine honourable friend,
Hath to my daughter been a suitor long,
And much it would displease both her and him
To be prevented of their wished love:
Ask what thou wilt beside, and I will grant it.
Cas. Alas, my lord, what should the dazzled

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10 —— *sacred read.*—See Note 12 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Vol. I. p. 112.

Do with so young a virgin as your daughter?
I dare stand to her choice 'twixt him and me.
Lacy. And I will pawn mine earldom with my love,
And lose them both, if I lose Honorea.
Cas. A match, my lords! We'll stand unto the choice.
Mor. I am contented, if the earl be pleased.
Lacy. I were not worthy of her did I doubt.
Cas. Then there it goes; fetch me a bowl of wine,
This is the match, my lord, before I work;
If she refuse the earl, she must be mine.
Mor. It is.
[*One brings him a cup of wine, he strains the juice of the herb into it.*
Cas. Now shall your lordships see a Spaniard's skill,
Who from the plains of new America
Can find out sacred simples of esteem
To bind and unbind nature's strongest powers.
This herb, which mortal men have seldom found,
Can I with ease procure me when I list;
And by this juice shall Honorea speak.
Here, lady, drink the freedom of thy heart:
And may it teach thee long to call me love!
[*She drinks.*
Now, lovely Honorea, thou art free,
Let thy celestial voice make choice of me.
Hon. Base alien! mercenary fugitive!
Presumptuous Spaniard! that with shameless pride
Dar'st ask an English lady for thy wife.
I scorn my slave should honour thee so much;
And for myself, I like myself the worse
That thou dar'st hope the gaining of my love.
Go, get thee gone, the shame of my esteem,
And seek some drudge that may be like thyself!
But as for you, good earl of Kent,
Methinks your lordship, being of these years,
Should be past dreaming of a second wife.
Fy, fy, my lord! 'tis lust in doting age,
I will not patronize so foul a sin.
An old man dote on youth! 'tis monstrous:
Go home, go home, and rest your weary head;
'Twere pity such a brow should learn to bud.
And lastly unto you, my lord, and father,
Your love to me is too much overseen,
That in your care and counsel should devise,
To tie your daughter's choice to two such grooms.
You may elect for me, but I'll dispose
And fit myself far better than both those;
And so I will conclude: you, as you please.
[*Exit* HONOREA *in a chafe.*
R. Good. Call you this making of a woman speak?
I think [illegible] all wish she were dumb again.
Cas. How now, my lord, what are you in a muse?
Lacy. I would to God her tongue were tied again.
Cas. Ay marry, sir, but that's another thing;
The devil cannot tie a woman's tongue;
I would the friar could do that with his beads.
But 'tis no matter; you, my lord, have promis'd,
If she refuse the earl, she should be mine.
Mor. Win her, and wear her, man, with all my heart!
Cas. Oh! I'll haunt her, till I make her stoop;
Come, come, my lord, this was to try her voice;
Let's in and court her; one of us shall speed.
R. Good. "Happy man be his dole that misseth her, say I.
Dun. My weaker senses cannot apprehend
The means this stranger us'd to make her speak;
There is some secret mystery therein,
Conceal'd from Dunstan; which the Heavens reveal,
That I may scourge this bold blaspheming man,
Who holds religious works of little worth!
[*Exeunt: manent* CLINTON *and* FORREST.
For. Now, captain Clinton, what think you of me?
Clin. Methinks, as yet, the jest holds pretty well;
The one hath taught her to deny himself,
The other woo'd so long he cannot speed.
For. This news will please young Musgrave.
Clin. Marry will it,
And I will hasten to acquaint him with them:
Come let's away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Parson SHORTHOSE, *and* GRIM *the Collier.*

Grim. No, Mr Parson, grief hath made my heart and me a pair of balance, as heavy as lead; every night I dream I am a town top, and that I am whipt up and down with the scourge-stick of love, and the metal of affection; and when I [12] wake, I find myself stark naked, and as cold as a stone; now judge how I am tumbled and tost; poor Grim the collier hath wish'd himself burnt up amongst his coals.
Short. O Grim, be wise, dream not of love!
Thy sorrows cannot Fancy move:
If Jug love thee, love her again;
If not, thy kindness then refrain.
Grim. I am not skill'd in your rhyming, Mr Parson; but that which is bred in the flesh will never come out of the bone; I have seen as much as another man; my travel should teach me: there's never a day in the week but I carry coals from Croydon to London; and now when I rise in the morning to harness my horses, and

[11] *Happy man be his dole.*—See Note 15 to *Damon and Pithias*, Vol. I. p. 78.
[12] *Wake.*—Former edition reads *work*. S. P.

load my cart, methinks I have a taylor sowing stitches in my heart: when I am driving my cart, my heart that wanders one way, my eyes they leer another, my feet they lead me I know not whither, but now and then into a slough over head and ears: so that poor Grim, that before was over shoes in love, is now over head and ears in dirt and mire.

Short. Well, Grim, my counsel shall suffice
To help thee; but in any wise
Be rul'd by me, and thou shalt see
As thou lov'st her, she shall love thee.

Grim. A lard! but do you think that will be so? I should laugh till I tickle to see that day, and forswear sleep all the next night after. Oh Mr Parson, I am so halter'd in affection, that I may tell you in secret, here's no body else hears me, I take no care how I fill my sacks; every time I come to London my coals are found faulty; I have been five times pilloried, my coals given to the poor, and my sacks burnt before my face. It were a shame to speak this; but truth will come to light. O Joan! thou hast thrown the coal-dust of thy love into my eyes, and stricken me quite blind.

Short. Now afore God the Collier chuseth well;
For beauty, Jug doth bear away the bell:
And I love her; then Collier, thou must miss,
For parson Shorthose vows, Jug shall be his.
But hear'st thou, Grim, I have that in my head,
To plot that how thou shalt the maiden wed.

Grim. But are you sure you have that in *your* head? O for a hammer to knock that out! one blow at your pate would lay all open to me, and make me as wise as you.

Short. Think'st thou I do so often look
For nothing on my learned book,
As that I cannot work the feat?
I warrant I'll the miller cheat;
And make Jug thine, in spite of him:
Will this content thee, neighbour Grim?

Grim. Content me! ay, and so highly, that if you do this feat for me, you hire me to you as one hireth an ox or an ass: to use, to ride, to spur, or any thing; yours to demand, miserable Grim! Joan's handmaid! for so I have called myself, ever since last May-day, when she gave me her hand to kiss.

Short. Well, let's away; and in all haste,
About it ere the day be past;
And ever after, if thou hast her,
Acknowledge me to be thy master.

Grim. I wool, sir; come let's away, the best drink in Croydon's yours; I have it for you, even a dozen of jugs, to Jug's health.

[*Exeunt both.*

Enter Earl MORGAN, *Earl* LACY, MARIAN.

Mor. My lord of Kent, the latter motion
Doth bind me to you in a higher degree
Than all those many favours gone before;
And now the issue of my help relies
Only on Mariana's gentleness,
Who, if she will, in such a common good,
Put to her helping hand, the match is made.

Lacy. You need not make a doubt of Marian,
Whose love unto her lady were enough,
Besides her cousin's and her own consent,
To move her to a greater thing than this.

Mar. My lords, if aught there be in Marian,
That may or pleasure you, or profit her,
Ye shall not need to doubt of my consent.

Mor. Gramercy, Marian; and indeed the thing
Is, in itself, a matter of no moment,
If it be weigh'd aright; and therefore this,
Thou know'st the bargain 'twixt me and the doctor,
Concerning marriage with my only daughter,
Whom I determined that my lord of Kent
Should have espoused: but I see her mind
Is only set upon thy cousin Musgrave,
And in her marriage to use constraint
Were bootless; therefore thus we have devised:
Lord Lacy is content to lose his part,
And to resign his title to young Musgrave.
But now the doctor *will* not yield *his right.*
Thus we determine to beguile his hopes:
Thou shalt this night be brought unto his bed
Instead of her, and he shall marry thee:
Musgrave shall have my daughter, she her will,
[13] And so shall all things sort to our content.

Lacy. And this thou shalt be sure of, Marian,
The doctor's wealth will keep thee royally;
Besides, thou shalt be ever near thy friends,
That will not see thee wrong'd by any man.
Say then, wilt thou resolve to marry him?

Mar. My lords, you know I am but young;
The doctor's fit for one of riper years;
Yet, in regard of Honoren's good,
My cousin's profit, and all your contents,
I yield myself to be the doctor's wife.

Mor. 'Tis kindly spoken, gentle Marian;

Enter CASTILIANO.

But here the doctor comes.

Lacy. Then I'll away,
Lest he suspect aught by my being here. [*Exit*

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[13] *And so shall all things sort to our content.—Sort* is, *so happen in the issue.* Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, A. 4. S. 4:

" —— you knew well
It could not *sort* with any reputation
Of mine."

Massinger's *Maid of Honour*, A. 2. S. 1:

" All *sorts* to my wishes."

Mor. Do, and let me alone to close with him.
Cas. May he ne'er speak, that makes a woman speak!
She talks now sure for all the time that's past.
Her tongue is like a scare-crow in a tree,
That clatters still with every puff of wind.
I have so haunted her from place to place,
About the hall, from thence into the parlour,
Up to the chamber, down into the garden;
And still she rails, and chafes, and scolds,
As if it were the sessions-day in hell.
Yet will I haunt her with an open mouth,
And never leave her till I force her love me.
Mor. Now, master doctor; what, a match or no?
Cas. A match, quoth you? I think the devil himself
Cannot match her; for if he could, I should.
Mor. Well, be content; 'tis I must work the mean
To make her yield whether she will or no.
My lord of Kent is gone hence in a chafe,
And now I purpose that she shall be yours;
Yet to herself unknown: for she shall think
That Musgrave is the man, but it shall be you.
Seem you still discontented, and no more.
Go, Mariana, call thy mistress hither.
Now when she comes, dissemble what you know,
And go away, as if you car'd not for her;
So will she the sooner be brought into it.
[*Exit* MARIAN.
Cas. My lord, I thank you for your honest care;
And, as I may, will study to requite it.

Enter HONOREA *and* MARIAN.

But here your daughter comes. No, no, my lord,
[14] 'Tis not her favour I regard, nor her;
Your promise 'tis I challenge, which I'll have:
It was my bargain. No man else should have her:
Not that I love her, but I'll not be wrong'd
By any one, my lord; and so I leave you.
[*Exit* CASTILIANO.
Mor. He's passing cunning to deceive himself;
But all the better for the after-sport.
Hon. Sir, did you send for me?
Mor. Honorea, for thee.
And this it is: Howe'er unworthily
I have bestowed my love so long upon thee,
That will so manifestly contradict me;
Yet, that thou may'st perceive how I esteem thee,
I make thyself the guardian of thy love,
That thine own fancy may make choice for thee.
I have persuaded with my lord of Kent,
To leave to love thee. Now the peevish doctor
Swears, that his int'rest he will ne'er resign;
Therefore we must by policy deceive him.
He shall suppose he lieth this night with thee;
But Mariana shall supply thy room;
And thou with Musgrave, in another chamber,
Shalt secretly be lodg'd. When this is done,
'Twill be too late to call that back again;
So shalt thou have thy mind, and he a wife.
Hon. But wilt thou, Mariana, yield to this?
Mar. For your sake, lady, I will undertake it.
Hon. Gramercy, Marian; and my noble father,
Now I acknowledge that indeed you love me.
Mor. Well, no more words, but be you both prepar'd:
The night draweth on; and I have sent in secret
For Musgrave, that he may be brought unseen,
To hide suspicion from their jealous eyes.
Hon. I warrant you. Come, Marian, let us go.
[*Exeunt* HONOREA *and* MARIAN.
Mor. And then my lord of Kent shall be my son.
Should I go wed my daughter to a boy?
No, no; young girls must have their wills restrain'd;
For if the rule be theirs all runs to nought.
[*Exit.*

Enter CLACK *the Miller with* JOAN.

Clack. Be not Jug, as a man would say, finer than five-pence, or more proud than a peacock; that is, to seem to scorn to call in at Clack's mill, as you pass over the bridge. There be as good wenches as you, be glad to pay me toll.
Joan. Like enough, Clack; I had as live they as I, and a great deal rather too. You that take toll of so many maids, shall never toll me after you. Oh God! what a dangerous thing it is but to peep once into love! I was never so haunted with my harvest-work as I am with love's passions.
Clack. Ay but, Joan, bear old proverbs in your memory; Soft and fair; now, sir, if you make too much haste to fall foul, ay, and that upon a foul one too, there fades the flower of all Croydon. Tell me but this: Is not Clack the miller as good a name as Grim the collier?
Joan. Alas, I know no difference in names,
To make a maid, or choose, or to refuse.
Clack. You were best to say no, nor in men neither. Well, I'll be sworn I have; but I have no reason to tell you so much, that care so little for me: yet hark. [CLACK *speaketh in her ear.*

Enter GRIM *and Parson* SHORTHOSE.

Grim. O, Mr Parson, there he stands like a scare-crow, to drive me away from her that sticks as close to my heart as my shirt to my back, or my hose to my heel. O, Mr Parson Shorthose, Grim is but a man as another man is.

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[14] *'Tis not her favour I regard.*—Former edition,
" 'Tis not *for* favour I regard." S. P.

Colliers have but lives as other men have. All is gone, if she go from me: Grim is nobody without her. My heart is in my mouth; my mouth is in my hand; my hand threatens vengeance against the miller; as it were a beadle with a whip in his hand, triumphing o'er a beggar's back!

Short. Be silent, Grim; stand close, and see;
So shall we know how all things be.

Grim. In wisdom I am appeas'd, but in anger I broil as it were a rasher upon the coals.

Joan. I'll not despise the trades ye either have;
Yet Grim, the collier, may, if he be wise,
Live even as merry as the day is long.
For, in my judgment, in his mean estate
Consists as much content as in more wealth.

Grim. O, Mr Parson, write down this sweet saying of her in Grim's commendations. She hath made my heart leap like a hobby-horse! O, Joan, this speech of thine will I carry with me even to my grave.

Short. Be silent then.

Clack. Well then, I perceive you mean to lead your life in a coal-pit, like one of the devil's drudges; and have your face look like the outward side of an old iron pot, or a blacking-box.

Grim. He calleth my trade into question, I cannot forbear him.

Short. Nay, then you spoil all, neighbour Grim; I warrant you she will answer him.

Joan. What I intend I am not bound to shew
To thee, nor any other but my mother,
To whom in duty I submit myself;
Yet this I tell thee, Though my birth be mean,
My honest virtuous life shall help to mend it;
And if I marry any in all this life,
He shall say boldly, he hath an honest wife.

Grim. O that it were my fortune to light upon her, on condition my horses were dead, and my cart broken, and I bound to carry coals as long as I live from Croydon to London on my bare shoulders! Mr Parson, the flesh is frail; he shall tempt her no longer; she is but weak, and he is the stronger; I'll upon him. Miller, thou art my neighbour; and therein charity holds my hands; but methinks you, having a water-gap of your own, you may do as other millers do, grind your grist at home, knock your coggs into your own mill; you shall not cogg with her.

She doth discry thee;
And I defy thee,
To a mortal fight;
And so, miller, good night.
And now, sweet Joan,
Be it openly known thou art my own.

Clack. Well, Grim, since thou art so collier-like choleric——

Grim. Miller, I will not be mealy mouth'd.

Clack. I'll give thee the fewer words now, because the next time we meet I'll pay thee all in dry blows. [15] Carry coals at a collier's hands! if I do, let my mill be drown'd up in water, and I hang'd in the roof.

Joan. And if thou lov'st me, Grim, forbear him now.

Grim. If I love thee! dost thou doubt of that? nay, rip me up, and look into my heart, and thou shalt see thy own face pictured there as plainly as in the proudest looking-glass in all Croydon; if I love thee! then tears gush out, and shew my love.

Clack. What, Mr Parson, are you there? you remember you promis'd to win Joan for my own wearing?

Short. I warrant thee, Clack; but now begone;
Leave me to work that here alone.

Clack. Well, farewel, Mr Shorthose; be true when you are trusted. [*Exit* CLACK.

Short. She shall be neither his nor thine,
For I intend to make her mine.

Grim. If I love thee, Joan! Those very words are a purgation to me. You shall see desperation in my face, and death marching in my very countenance. If I love!

Short. What, Grim, hath grief drown'd thee at last?
Are all thy joys overcast?
Is Joan in place, and thou so sad!
Her presence, man, should make thee glad.

Joan. Good Mr Parson, 'twas no fault of mine;
He takes occasion where there none was given.
I will not blab unto the world my love
I owe to him, and shall do whilst I live. [*Aside.*

Grim. Well, Joan, without all ifs or ands, e-persese, a-persese, or tittle-tattles in the world, I do love thee; and so much, that in thy absence I cry when I see thee, and rejoice with my very heart when I cannot behold thee.

Short. No doubt, no doubt, thou lov'st her well.
But listen now to what I tell;
Since ye are both so well agreed,
I wish you make more haste than speed.
To-morrow is Holy-rood day,
When all a nutting take their way;
Within the wood a close doth stand,
Incompass'd round on either hand
With trees and bushes; there will I
Dispatch your marriage presently.

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[15] *Carry coals.*—It is observed by Dr Warburton, (Note on *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 1. S. 1.) *that to carry coals* was a phrase formerly in use, to signify *bearing of injuries;* and Dr Percy has given several instances in proof of it. To those may be added the following. Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 5. S. 3: "Take heed, Sir Puntarvolo, what you do; *he'll bear no coals*, I can tell you (o' my word.")

Grim. O, Mr Parson, your devising pate hath bless'd me for ever; Joan, we'll have that so; the shorter the work, the sweeter.

Joan. And if my mother give but her consent,
My absence shall in no case hinder it.

Grim. She! quotha, she is mine already; we'll to her presently. Mr Parson, 'tis a match; we'll meet you. Now, miller, do I go beyond you; I have stripp'd him of the wench, as a cook would strip an eel out of her skin, or a pudding out of the case thereof. Now I talk of a pudding, O 'tis my only food, I am an old dog at it. Come, Joan, let us away, I'll pudding you.

Short. Well, if my fortune luckily ensue,
As you shall cozen him, I'll cozen you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CASTILIANO *at one door with* MARIAN, *Earl* LACY *at another door with* HONOREA.

Cas. Come, lovely Honorea, bright as day,
As came Alcmena from her sacred bed,
With Jupiter, ship'd like Amphitrion;
So shew my love.

Hon. My love! whom have we here? Sweet Musgrave! but alas I am betray'd!

Cas. Thou art my love.

Lacy. No, mine.

Hon. Nor yours, nor yours;
But Musgrave's love: O, Musgrave, where art thou?

Lacy. Be not displeas'd, my dear; give me thy hand.

Hon. Thy hand, false earl! nor hand nor heart of mine:
Could'st thou thus cunningly deceive my hopes?
And could my father give consent thereto?
Well, neither he, nor thou, shalt force my love.

Cas. 'Tis I, fair Honorea, am thy love;
Forsake the worthless earl, give me thy hand.

Mar. Whose hand would you have, sir? this hand is mine,
And mine is yours; then keep you to your own:
Yet are you mine, sir, and I mean to keep you.
What, do you think to shake me off so soon?
No, gentle husband, now 'tis too late;
You should have look'd before you came to bed.

Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW *with his Master's gown.*

Rob. Many good-morrows to my gentle master,
And my new mistress, God give you both joy;
What say you to your gown, sir, this cold morning?

Cas. Robin, I am undone, and cast away!

Rob. How, master, cast away upon a wife?

Cas. Yea, Robin, cast away upon a wife.

Rob. Cast her away then, master, can you not?

Mar. No, sir, he cannot, nor he shall not do it.

Rob. Why, how know you? I am sure you are not she.

Mar. Yes, sir, I am your mistress, as it falls.

Rob. As it falls, quoth ye, marry a foul fall is it.

Mar. Base rascal, dost thou say that I am foul?

Rob. No; it was foul play for him to fall upon you.

Mar. How know you that he fell? were you so nigh?

[*She giveth* ROBIN *a box on the ear.*

Rob. Mass, it should seem it was he that fell if any;
For you, methinks, are of a mounting nature:
What, at my ears at first! a good beginning.

Lacy. My dear delight, why dost thou stain thy cheeks,
Those rosy beds, with this unseemly dew?
Shake off those tears, that now untimely fall;
And smile on me, that am thy summer's joy.

Hon. Hapless am I to lose so sweet a prison,
Thus to obtain a weary liberty.
Happy had I been so to have remain'd,
Of which estate I ne'er should have complain'd.

Rob. Whoop, who! more marriages! and all of a sort; happy are they, I see, that live without them: if this be the beginning, what will be the ending?

Enter Earl MORGAN *and* DUNSTAN.

Mor. Look, Dunstan, where they be; displeas'd, no doubt:
Try if thou canst work reconciliation.

Cas. My Lord, I challenge you of breach of promise,
And claim your daughter here to be my wife.

Lacy. Your claim is nought, sir; she is mine already.

Hon. Your claim is nought, sir; I am none of yours.

Mar. Your claim is here, sir; Marian is yours.
What, husband, newly married, and inconstant!
'Greed we so well together all this night,
And must we now fall out? for shame, for shame;
A man of your years, and be so unstay'd!
Come come away, there may no other be;
I will have you, therefore you shall have me.

Rob. This is the bravest country in the world,
Where men get wives whether they will or no;
I trow ere long some wench will challenge me.

Cas. Oh! is not this a goodly consequence;
I must have her, because she will have me?

Dun. Ladies and gentlemen, hear Dunstan speak.
Marriage, no doubt, is ordain'd by Providence;
Is sacred; not to be, by vain affect,
Turn'd to the idle humours of mens brains:
Besides, for you, my lady Honorea,
Your duty binds you to obey your father,
Who better knows what fits you than yourself;
And 'twere, in you, great folly to neglect
The earl's great love, whereof you are unworthy,
Should you but seem offended with the match;
Therefore submit yourself to make amends;
For 'tis your fault; so may you all be friends.

Mor. And, daughter, you must think what I have done
Was for your good, to wed you to the earl,
Who will maintain and love you royally;

For what had Musgrave but his idle shape?
A shadow, to the substance you must build on.
Rob. She will build substances on him I trow;
Who keeps a shrew against her will had better let her go.
Mar. Madam, conceal your grief, and seem content;
For, as it is, you must be rul'd per force;
Dissemble till convenient time may serve
To think on this despite and Musgrave's love.
Lacy. Tell me, my dear, wilt thou at length be pleas'd?
Hon. As good be pleas'd, my lord, as not be eas'd;
Yet though my former love did move me much,
Think not amiss, the same love may be yours.
Cas. What! is it a match? nay then, since you agree,
I cannot mend myself, for aught I see;
And therefore 'tis as good to be content.
Come, lady, 'tis your lot to be my dame.
Lordings, adieu; God send you all good speed;
Some have their wives for pleasure, some for need.
Lacy. Adieu, Castiliano; are we friends?
Cas. Yes, yes, my lord, there is no remedy.
Rob. No remedy, my masters, for a wife!
A note for young beginners, mark it well.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter FORREST, *Captain* CLINTON, HARVEY.

For. Now, gallants, what imagine you of this?
Our noses are all slit; for Mariana,
The Spanish doctor hath her to his wife;
And Musgrave's hopes are dead for Honorea,
For she is married to the earl of Kent:
'Twill be good sport to see them when they rise,
If so they be not gotten up already.
Clin. I say the devil go with them all, for me;
The Spanish doctor marry Marian!
I think that slave was born to cross me still;
Had it not been last day before the earl,
Upon my conscience I had crack'd his crown,
When first he ask'd the lady for his wife;
Now he hath got her too, whom I desir'd.
Why, he'll away with her ere long to Spain,
And keep her there to dispossess our hopes.
For. No, I can comfort you for that suppose;
For yesterday he hir'd a dwelling-house,
And here he means to tarry all this year,
So long at least, whate'er he doth hereafter.
Clin. A sudden plat-form comes into my mind,
And this it is: Miles Forrest, thou and I
Are partly well acquainted with the doctor.
Ralph Harvey shall along with us to him;
Him we'll prefer for his apothecary:
Now, sir, when Ralph and he are once acquainted,
His wife may often come unto his house,
Either to see his garden, or such like;
For, doubt not, women will have means enough,
If they be willing, as I hope she will;
There may we meet her, and let each one plead;
He that speeds best, why let him carry it.
For. I needs must laugh, to think how all we three,
In the contriving of this feat, agree;
But, having got her, every man will strive
How each may other of her love deprive.
Clin. Tut, Forrest, love admits these friendly strifes;
But say, how like you of my late device?
For. Surpassing well, but let's about it streight;
Lest he, before our coming, be provided.
Clin. Agreed. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MUSGRAVE *and* MARIAN.

Mus. Tush, cousin, tell not me; but this device
Was long ago concluded 'twixt you two!
Which divers reasons move me to imagine;
And therefore these are toys to blind my eyes,
To make me think she only loved me,
And yet is married to another man.
Mar. Why, cousin Musgrave, are your eyes so blind,
You cannot see the truth of that report?
Did you not know, my lord was always bent,
Whatever came, to wed her to the earl?
And have you not, besides, heard the device
He us'd to marry her against her will?
Betray'd, poor soul, unto earl Lacy's bed,
She thought she held young Musgrave in her arms!
Her morning tears might testify her thoughts;
Yet thou shalt see she loves thee more than him,
And thou shalt taste the sweets of her delights.
Mean time my house shall be thy mansion,
And thy abode, for thither will she come:
Use thou that opportunity, and try
Whether she lov'd thee, or did but dissemble.
Mus. If she continue kind to me hereafter,
I shall imagine well of her and you.

Enter CASTILIANO.

Cas. Now, dame, in talk! what gentleman is this?
Mar. My cousin Musgrave, husband, comes to see you.
Cas. Musgrave, now on my faith heartily welcome:
Give me thy hand, my cousin, and my friend,
My partner in the loss of Honorea;
We two must needs be friends, our fortune's like:
Marry, yet I am richer by a shrew.
Mar. 'Tis better to be a shrew, sir, than a sheep;
You have no cause, I hope, yet to complain.
Cas. No, dame; for yet you know 'tis honey-moon;
What! we have scarcely settled our acquaintance.
Mus. I doubt not, cousin, but ye shall agree;
For she is mild enough if she be pleas'd.
Cas. So is the devil, they say; yea, cousin, yea,
My dear and I, I doubt not, shall agree.

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here be two or three gentlemen at the door
Would gladly speak a word with your worship.

Enter CLINTON, FORREST, HARVEY.

They need no bidding, methinks; they can come alone.
Clin. God save you, signior Castiliano.
Cas. O captain, [16] come sta? welcome all, my friends!
For. Sir, we are come to bid God give you joy,
And see your house.
Mar. Welcome, gentlemen:
'Tis kindly done to come to see us here.
Rob. This kindness makes me fear my master's head:
Such hot-spurs must have game, howe'er they get it.
Clin. We have a suit to you, Castiliano.
Cas. What is it, sir? if it lies in me, 'tis done.
Clin. Nay, but a trifle, sir; and that is,
This same young man, by trade apothecary,
Is willing to retain unto your cures.
Cas. Marry, with all my heart, and welcome too!
What may I call your name, my honest friend?
Har. Ralph Harvey, sir; your neighbour here hard by.
The golden lion is my dwelling-place,
Where what you please shall be with care perform'd.
Cas. Gramercies, Harvey! welcome, all my friends!
Let's in, and hansel our new mansion-house
With a carousing round of Spanish wine.
Come, cousin Musgrave, you shall be my guest;
My dame, I trow, will welcome you herself.
Mar. No, boy, lord Lacy's wife shall welcome thee.
Rob. So now the game begins, here's some cheer toward;
[17] I must be skinker then, let me alone;
They all shall want, ere Robin shall have none.
[*Exeunt omnes nisi* CLINTON *and* HARVEY.
Clin. Sirrah, Ralph Harvey, now the entry is made,
Thou only hast access without [18] suspect.
Be not forgetful of thy agent here,
Remember Clinton was the man that did it.
Har. Why, captain, now you talk in jealousy.
Do not misconstrue my true-meaning heart.
Clin. Ralph, I believe thee, and rely on thee.
Do not too long absent thee from the doctor.
Go in, carouse, and taint his Spanish brain;
I'll follow, and my Marian's health maintain.
Har. Captain, you well advise me; I'll go in,
And for myself my love-suits I'll begin. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW *with his head broken.*

Rob. The devil himself take all such dames for me!
Zounds, I had rather be in hell than here;
Nay, let him be his own man if he list,
Robin means not to stay to be us'd thus.
The very first day, in her angry spleen,
Her nimble hand began to greet my ears
With such unkind salutes as I ne'er felt.
And since that time there hath not pass'd an hour,

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[16] *Come sta?*—The Italian for *How do you do?* S. P.

[17] *I must be skinker then.*—*Skinker* was a *tapster* or *drawer*. Prince Henry, in *The First Part of Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 4, speaks of an *under-skinker*, meaning an *under-drawer*. Mr Steevens says, it is derived from the Dutch word *schenken*, which signifies to fill a cup or glass. So, in G. Fletcher's *Russe Commonwealth*, 1591, p. 13, speaking of a town built on the south-side of Moskoa, by Basilus the emperor, for a garrison of soldiers, "to whom he gave priviledge to drinke mead and beer, at the drye or prohibited times, when other Russes may drinke nothing but water, and for that cause called this newe citie by the name of Naloi, that is *Skinck* or *poure in*."

Marston's *Sophonisba*, A. 5. S. 2:

"Ore whelme me not with sweets, let me not drink,
'Till my breast burst, O Jove! thy nectar *skinke*."

Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, A. 4. S. 5:

Alb. "I'll ply the table with nectar, and make 'em friends.
Her. "Heaven is like to have but a lame *skinker*."

Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, A. 2. S. 2:

"Froth your cans well i' the filling, at length, rogue, and jog your bottles o' the buttock, sirrah; then *shink* out the first glass ever, and drink with all companies."

[18] *Suspect.*—Suspicion. See Note 45 to Marlow's *Edward the Second*, Vol. I. p. 182.

Wherein she hath not either rail'd upon me,
Or laid her anger's load upon my limbs.
Even now (for no occasion in the world,
But as it pleas'd her ladyship to take it)
She gat me up a staff, and breaks my head.
But I'll no longer serve so curs'd a dame,
I'll run as far first as my legs will bear me.
What shall I do? to hell I dare not go,
Until my master's twelve months be expir'd;
And here to stay with mistress Marian,
Better to be so long in purgatory.
Now, farewel, master! but, shrewd dame, fare-ill!
I'll leave you, though the devil is with you still.
[*Exit* ROBIN.

Enter MARIAN *alone, chafing.*

Mar. My heart still pants within; I am so chaf't!
The rascal slave my man, that sneaking rogue,
Had like to have undone us all for ever!
My cousin Musgrave is with Honorea,
Set in an arbour in the summer garden;
And he, forsooth, must needs go in for herbs,
And told me further, that his master bid him;
But I laid hold upon my younker's pate,
And made the blood run down about his ears.
I trow he shall ask me leave ere he go.
Now is my cousin master of his love,
The lady at one time reveng'd and pleas'd:
So speed they all, that marry maids perforce!

Enter CASTILIANO.

But here my husband comes.
Cas. What, dame, alone?
Mar. Yes, sir, this once, for want of company.
Cas. Why, where's my lady, and my cousin Musgrave?
Mar. You may go look them both for aught I know.
Cas. What, are you angry, dame?
Mar. Yea, so it seems.
Cas. What is the cause, I pr'ythee?
Mar. Why would you know?
Cas. That I might ease it, if it lay in me.
Mar. O, but it belongs not to your trade.
Cas. You know not that.
Mar. I know you love to prate, and so I leave you. [*Exit* MARIAN.
Cas. Well, go thy way; oft have I raked hell
To get a wife, yet never found her like.
Why this it is to marry with a shrew.
Yet, if it be, as I presume it is,
There's but one thing offends both her and me;
And I am glad if that be it offends her.
'Tis so, no doubt; I read it in her brow.
Lord Lacy shall, with all my heart, enjoy
Fair Honorea: Marian is mine;
Who, though she be a shrew, yet is she honest.
So is not Honorea: for even now,
Walking within my garden all alone,
She came with Musgrave, stealing closely by,
And follows him that seeks to fly from her.
I spy'd this all unseen, and left them there.
But sure my dame hath some conceit thereof,
And therefore she is thus angry, honest soul!
Well, I'll strait hence unto my lord of K nt,
And warn him watch his wife from these close meetings.
Well, Marian, thou liv'st yet free from blame:
Let ladies go, thou art the devil's dame.
[*Exit* CASTILIANO.

Enter the Devil, like MUSGRAVE, *with* HONOREA.

Mus. No, lady; let thy modest, virtuous life
Be always joined with thy comely shape,
For lust eclipseth nature's ornament.
Hon. Young heady boy, think'st thou thou shalt recal
Thy long-made love, which thou so oft hast sworn?
Making my maiden thoughts to doat on thee.
Mus. With patience hear me, and if what I say
[19] Shall jump with reason, then you'll pardon me.
The time hath been when my soul's liberty
Vow'd servitude unto that heavenly face,
Whilst both had equal liberty of choice:
But since the holy bond of marriage
Hath left me single, you a wedded wife,
Let me not be the third, unlawfully
To do earl Lacy so foul injury.
But now at last——
Hon. I would that last
Might be thy last, thou monster of all men!
Mus. Hear me with patience.
Hon. Cease: I'll hear no more;
'Tis my affection, and not reason speaks:
Then, Musgrave, turn the hardness of thy heart,
And now at least incline thy love to mine.
Mus. Nay, now I see thou wilt not be reclaim'd.
Go and bestow this hot love on the earl;
Let not these loose affects thus scandalize
Your fair report. Go home and learn to live
As chaste as Lucrece, madam. So I leave you.
[*She pulleth him back.*
Hon. O stay a little while, and hear my tongue
Speak my heart's words, which cannot chuse but tell thee,
I hate the earl, only because I love thee.
[*Exit* MUSGRAVE.
Musgrave, return! hear, Honorea speaks!
Disdain hath left him wings to fly from me!
Sweet Love, lend me thy wings to overtake him;
For I can stay him with kind dalliance!
All this is but the blindness of my fancy.
Recal thyself: let not thy honour bleed

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[19] *Shall jump with reason*, &c.—See Note 17 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, Vol. I. p. 139.

With the foul wounds of infamy and shame.
My proper home shall call me home again,
Where my dear lord bewails, as much as I,
His too much love to her that loves not him.
Let none hereafter fix her maiden love
Too firm on any, lest she feel with me
Musgrave's revolt, and his inconstancy. [*Exit.*

Enter FORREST, *with* MARIAN.

For. Tut, I'll remember thee, and streight return:
But here's the doctor.
Mar. Where? Forrest, farewell!
I would not have him see me for a world.
For. Why? he is not here; well, now I see you fear him.
Mar. Marry beshrew thee for thy false alarm!
I fear him? no, I neither fear nor love him.
For. But where's my lady? She is gone home before,
And I must follow after; Marian, farewell.
Mar. I shall expect your coming.
For. Presently; and hearest thou, Marian? nay, it shall be so. [*He whispers in her ear.*
Mar. O lord, sir, you are wed, I warrant you;
We'll laugh, be merry, and it may be kiss;
But if you look for more, you aim amiss.
For. Go to, go to! we'll talk of this anon. [*Exit* FORREST.
Mar. Well, go thy way, for the true-hearted'st man
That livest, and as full of honesty;
And yet as wanton as a pretty lamb.
He'll come again, for he hath lov'd me long,
And so have many more besides himself:
But I was coy and proud, as maids are wont,
Meaning to match beyond my mean estate;
Yet I have favour'd youths, and youthful sports,
Altho' I durst not venture on the main;
But now it will not be so soon espy'd;
Maids cannot, but a wife a fault may hide.

Enter NAN.

What, Nan!
Nan. Anon, forsooth.
Mar. Come hither, maid!
Here, take my keys, and fetch the galley-pot;
Bring a fair napkin, and some fruit dishes;
Dispatch, and make all ready presently;
Miles Forrest will come streight to drink with me.
Nan. I will forsooth. [*Exit* NAN.
Mar. Why am I young but to enjoy my years?
Why am I fair, but that I should be lov'd?
And why should I be lov'd, and not love others?
Tut, she is a fool that her affection smothers:
Was not for love I was the doctor's wife,
Nor did he love me when he first was mine;
Tush, tush, this wife is but an idle name!
I purpose now to try another game.
Art thou return'd so soon? O 'tis well done.

Enter NAN *with the Banquet.*

And hear'st thou, Nan; when Forrest shall return,
If any happen to enquire for me,
Whether 't be captain Clinton, or Ralph Harvey,
Call presently, and say thy master's come;
So I'll send Forrest o'er the garden pale.
Nan. I will, forsooth.
Mar. Mean time stay thou and make our banquet ready.
I'll to my closet, and be here again,
Before Miles Forrest shall come visit me.
[*Exit* MARIAN.
Nan. I wonder what my mistress is about;
Somewhat she would not have my master know;
Whate'er it be, 'tis nothing unto me;
She is my good mistress; and I'll keep her counsel.
I have oft seen her kiss behind his back;
And laugh, and toy, when he did little think it:
O what a winking eye the wanton hath
To cozen him, even when he looks upon her!
But what have I to do with what she doth?
I'll taste her jonkets, since I am alone;
That which is good for them, cannot hurt me.
Ay, marry, this is sweet! a cup of wine
Will not be hurtful for digestion.

Enter CASTILIANO.

Cas. I would I had been wiser once to-day;
I went on purpose to my lord of Kent,
To give him some good counsel for his wife,
And he, poor heart, no sooner heard my news,
But turns me up his whites, and falls flat down:
There I was fain to rub and chafe his veins,
And much ado we had to get him live;
But for all that he is extremely sick,
And I am come in all the haste I may
For cordials to keep the earl alive:
But how now, what a banquet! What means this?
Nan. Alas, my master is come home himself!
Mistress, mistress! my master is come home!
[*He stops her mouth.*
Cas. Peace, you young strumpet, or I'll stop your speech:
Come hither, maid! tell me, and tell me true,
What means this banquet? what's your mistress doing?
Why cam'st thou out, when as thou saw'st me coming?
Tell me, or else I'll hang thee by the heels,
And whip thee naked: come on, what's the matter?
Nan. Forsooth, I cannot tell.
Cas. Can you not tell? come on, I'll make you tell me.
Nan. O master; I will tell you.
Cas. Then say on.
Nan. Nothing, in truth, forsooth, but that she means
To have a gentleman come drink with her.

Cas. What gentleman?
Nan. Forsooth, 'tis Mr Forrest, as I think.
Cas. Forrest! nay then I know how the game goeth:
Whoever loseth, I am sure to win
By their great kindness; tho't be but the horns:

Enter FORREST *at one door*, MARIAN *at another.*

But here comes he and she. Come hither, maid;
Upon thy life give not a word, a look,
That she may know aught of my being here;
Stand still, and do whate'er she bids thee do.
Go, get thee gone, but if thou dost betray me,
I'll cut thy throat, look to it, for I will do it;
I'll stand here close to see the end of this:
And see what rakes she keeps when I'm abroad.
Mar. 'Tis kindly done, Miles, to return so soon,
And so I take it. Nan, is our banquet ready?
Welcome, my love! I see you'll keep your word.
Nan. 'Twere better for you both he had not kept it.
For. Yea, Mariana, else I were unworthy;
I did but bring my lady to the door,
And there I left her full of melancholy,
And discontented.
Mar. Why, 'twas kindly done.
Come, come sit down, and let us laugh a while:
Maid, fill some wine.
Nan. Alas, my breech makes buttons,
And so would theirs, knew they as much as I.
He may change the sweet-meats, and put
Purging comfits in the dishes.
Mar. Here's to my lady, and my cousin Musgrave.
For. I pray remember gentle master doctor,
And good earl Lacy too, among the rest.
Cas. O, sir, we find you kind! we thank you for it;
The time may come when we may cry you quit.
Nan. Master, shall I steal you a cup of wine?
Cas. Away, you baggage; hold your peace, you wretch.
For. But I had rather walk into your orchard,
And see your gallery, so much commended;
To view the workmanship he brought from Spain,
Wherein's describ'd the banquet of the gods.
Mar. [20] Ay, there's one piece exceeding lively done;
Where Mars and Venus lie within a net,
Inclos'd by Vulcan, and he looking on.
Cas. Better and better yet; 'twill mend anon.
Mar. Another of Diana with her nymphs,
Bathing their naked bodies in the streams;
Where fond Acteon, for his eyes' offence,
Is turn'd into a hart's shape, horns and all:
And this the doctor hangs right o'er his bed.
For. Those horns may fall and light upon his head.
Cas. And if they do, worse luck; what remedy?
For. Nay, Marian, we'll not leave these sights unseen:
And then we'll see your orchard and your fruit;
For now there hangs queen apples on the trees,
And one of them are worth a score of these.
Mar. Well, you shall see them, lest you lose your longing. [*Exeunt* MAR. *and* FOR.
Cas. Nay, if ye fall a longing for green fruit,
Child-bearing is not far off, I am sure!
Why this is excellent; I feel the buds:
My head groweth hard, my horns will shortly spring.
Now who may lead the cuckold's dance but I,
That am become the head man of the parish?
O! this it is to have an honest wife,
Of whom so much I boasted once to-day.
Come hither, minx! you know your mistress's mind,
And you keep secret all her villainies;
Tell me, you were best, where was this plot devised?
How did these villains know I was abroad?
Nan. Indeed, forsooth, I knew not when it was;
My mistress call'd me from my work of late,
And bade me lay a napkin; so I did,
And made this banquet ready: but in truth
I knew not what she did intend to do.
Cas. No, no, you did not watch against I came,
To give her warning to dispatch her knaves?
You cry'd not out, when as you saw me come?
All this is nothing, but I'll trounce you all.
Nan. In truth, good master!

Enter MARIAN, FORREST.

Cas. Peace, stay! they come,
Whimper not; and you do, I'll use you worse.
Behold that wicked strumpet with that knave!
O that I had a pistol for their sakes,
That at one shot I might dispatch them both!
But I must stand close yet, and see the rest.
Mar. How lik'st thou, Miles, my orchard, and my house?
For. Well; thou art seated to thy heart's content,
A pleasant orchard, and a house well furnish'd;
There nothing wants; but in the gallery
The painter shews his art exceedingly.
Mar. Yet is there one thing goeth beyond all these;
Contented life, that giveth the heart his ease;
And that I want. [*One knocketh at the door.*
For. Sweet love, adieu. [*Exit* FORREST.
Mar. Farewell, sweetheart. Who is that at the door?

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[20] *Ay, there's*, &c.—Similar to this description is one in Marlow's *Edward II.* A. 1.—See Vol. I.

Enter CLINTON.

Clin. A friend.
Cas. Come near: what, captain, is it you?
Clin. Even I, fair Marian, watching carefully
The blessed step of opportunity.
Mar. Good, good! how fortune gluts me with excess?
Still they that have enough shall meet with more.
Clin. But where's the doctor?
Mar. Ministring abroad
Physic to some sick patients he retains.
Clin. Let him abroad, I'll minister at home
Such physic shall content my Marian.
Cas. O monstrous! now the world must see my shame;
This head must bear whatever [21] likes my dame.
Mar. I have no malady requires a cure.
Clin. Why, then must I assume a sick man's part,
And all my sickness lieth at my heart;
'Tis the heart-burning that torments me so!
Mar. There is no cure for fire but to be quench'd.
Clin. Thou hast prescrib'd a sovereign remedy.
Cas. O who the devil made her a physician?
Clin. Let's not obscure, what love doth manifest;
Nor let a stranger's bed make thee seem strange
To him that ever lov'd and honour'd thee.
Mar. A captain made a captive by loose love,
And gadding fancy; fie, 'twere monstrous shame
That Cupid's bow should blemish Mars's name;
Take up thy arms, recal thy drooping thoughts;
And lead thy troops into the spacious fields.
Cas. She counsels others well, if she would take it.
Clin. Thou counsellest the blind to lead the blind;
Can I lend them that cannot guide myself?
Thou, Marian, must release my captive heart.
Mar. With all my heart, I grant thee free release.
Clin. Thou art obscure too much: but tell me, love,
Shall I obtain my long-desired love?
Mar. Captain, there is yet somewhat in thy mind
Thou would'st reveal, but wantest utterance;
Thou better knowest to front the braving foe,
Than plead love-suits.
Clin. I grant, 'tis even so;
Extremity of passions still are dumb,
No tongue can tell love's chief perfections:
Persuade thyself my love-sick thoughts are thine;
Thou only may'st those drooping thoughts refine.
Mar. Since at my hands, thou seek'st a remedy,
I'll ease thy grief, and cure thy malady;
No drug the doctor hath shall be too dear;
His antidote shall fly to do thee good;
Come in, and let thy eye make choice for thee,
That thou may'st know how dear thou art to me.
[*Exeunt* CLINTON, MARIAN.
Cas. Is this obedience? now the devil go with them!
And yet I dare not; [22] oh she's mankind grown!
O miserable men that must live so,
And damned strumpets, authors of this woe!

Enter CLINTON, MARIAN.

But peace! be still! they come! O shameless shame!
Well may the world call thee the devil's dame.
Mar. Captain, thy skill hath pleased me so well,
That I have vow'd my service to Bellona.
Cas. Her service to Bellona! turn'd stark ruffian!
She'll be call'd Caveliero Marian.
Clin. And I will train thee up in feats of arms,
And teach thee all the orders of the field;
That whilst we, like to Mars and Venus, jest,
The doctor's head may get a gallant crest.
Cas. I can no longer linger my disgrace,
Nor hide my shame from their detested sight.

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[21] *Likes.*—See Note on *Cornelia*, A. 1. Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. II. edit. 1780.

[22] ——— *oh she's mankind grown!*—In Shakspeare's *Coriolanus*, Sicinius asks Volumnia, "Are you mankind?" on which Dr Johnson remarks, that "*a mankind woman* is a woman with the roughness of a man; and, in an aggravated sense, a woman *ferocious, violent, and eager to shed blood.*" Mr Upton says, *mankind* means *wicked*. See his *Remarks* on Ben Jonson, p. 92. The word is frequently used to signify *masculine*. So, in *Love's Cure*; or, *The Martial Maid*, A. 4. S. 3:

"From me, all *mankind* women learn to wooe."

Dekkar's *Satiromastrix*:

"——— my wife's a woman; yet
'Tis more than I know yet, that know not her;
If she should prove *mankind*, 'twere rare; fie! fie!

Massinger's *City Madam*, A. 2. S. 1:

——— "You brach
Are you turn'd *mankind?*"

How now, thou whore, dishonour to my bed!
Disdain to womanhood, shame of thy sex!
Insatiate monster! corrosive of my soul!
What makes this captain revelling in my house?
My house? nay, in my bed! you'll prove a soldier!
Follow Bellona, turn a martialist!
I'll try if thou hast learn'd to ward my blows.
Mar. Why, how now, man! is this your madding month?
What, sir, will you forbid me in good sort
To entertain my friends?
Cas. Your friends, you whore!
They are no friends of mine, nor come they here:
Clinton avaunt, my house is for no such.
Mar. Alas, good sir, are you grown so suspicious,
Thus on no proofs to nourish jealousy?
I cannot kiss a man, but you'll be angry.
In spite of you, or whoso else saith nay,
My friends are welcome as they come this way,
If thou mislike it, mend it as you may:
What do you think to pin up Marian,
As you were wont to do your Spanish girls?
No, sir, I'll be *half* mistress of myself;
The other half is yours, if you deserve it.
Clin. What madness mov'd thee be displeas'd with me,
That always us'd thee with so kind regard?
Did I not at thy first arrival here
Conduct thee to the earl of London's house?
Mar. Did I not, being unsolicited,
Bestow my first pure maiden-love on thee?
Clin. Did I not grace thee there in all the court,
And bear thee out against the daring abbot?
Mar. Did I forsake many young gallant courtiers,
Enamoured with thy aged gravity?
Who now being weary of me, would'st disgrace me?
Cas. If there be any conscience left on earth,
How can I but believe these protestations?
Clin. Have I not always been thy dearest friend?
Mar. Have I not always been thy dearest wife?
Clin. How much will all the world in this condemn thee?
Mar. At first I little fear'd what now I find,
And grieve too late.
Cas. Content thee, gentle dame;
The nature of our countrymen is such,
That if we see another kiss our wives,
We cannot brook it: but I will be pleas'd;
For, [23] will I, will I, so methinks I must.
And, gentle captain, be not you offended;
I was too hot at first, but now repent it:
I pr'ythee, gentle dame, forgive me this,
And drown all jealousy in this sweet kiss.
Clin. This shews your wisdom; on, I'll follow you.
Mar. Well, doctor, henceforth never reake it scorn
At my sweet Clinton's hands to take the horn.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter [24] ROBIN GOODFELLOW, *in a suit of leather close to his body; his face and hands colour'd russet-colour, with a flail.*

Rob. The doctor's self would scarce know Robin now:
Curs'd Marian may go seek another man,
For I intend to dwell no longer with her;
Since that the bastinado drove me thence.
These silken girls are all too fine for me:
My master shall report of those in hell,
Whilst I go range amongst the country-maids,
To see if home-spun lasses milder be
Than my curs'd dame, and Lacy's wanton wife.
Thus therefore will I live betwixt two shapes;
When as I list in this transform'd disguise,
I'll fright the country people as they pass;
And sometimes turn me to some other form,
And so delude them with fantastick shews.
But woe betide the silly dairy-maids,
For I shall fleet their cream-bowls night by night;
And slice the bacon flitches as they hang.
Well, here in Croydon, will I first begin

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[23] *Will I, nill I.—Whether I will or not.* This mode of expression is often found in contemporary writers. Dekkar's *Bel-man of London*, Sign. F. 3: "——can by no meanes bee brought to remember this new friend, yet *will hee, nill hee*, to the taverne he sweares to have him."

[24] *Robin Goodfellow.*—Sometimes called *Pucke*, alias *Hobgoblin.* In the creed of ancient superstition, he was a kind of merry sprite, whose character and atchievements are recorded in a ballad printed in Dr Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 202; where the reader, who is desirous of further information concerning this personage, may meet with complete satisfaction.

To frolic it among the country lobs:
This day, they say, is call'd Holyrood-day,
And all the youth are now a nutting gone.
Here are a crew of yonkers in this wood,
Well sorted, for each lad hath got his lass.
Marry, indeed, there is a [25] tricksey girl,
That three or four would fain be doing with;
But that a wily priest among the rest
Intends to bear her share away from all.
The miller and my brother Grim the collier,
Appointed here to scuffle for her love.
I am on Grim's side; for long time ago
The devil call'd the collier like to like:

Enter GRIM, CLACK, *Parson* SHORTHOSE, JOAN *with a bag of nuts.*

But here the miller and the collier come,
With parson Mack-bate, and their tricksey girl.

Grim. Parson, persuade me no more; I come, Jug, to your custody; Jug, hold the nut-bag.

Clack. Nay, I will give you nuts to crack.

Grim. Crack in thy throat and hauster too.

Short. Neighbours, I wish you both agree:
Let me be judge, be rul'd by me.

Grim. Mr Parson, remember what Puzzles saith, *Ne accesseris ad consilio, &c.* I tell you I found this written in the bottom of one of my empty sacks: Never persuade men that be inexecrable. I have vowed it, and I will perform it. The quarrel is great, and I have taken it upon my own shoulders.

Clack. Ay, that thou shalt ere I have done; for I will lay it on, i'faith.

Grim. If you lay it in, I must bear it out, this is all. If you strike, I must stand to any thing; although it be the biggest blow that you can lay upon me.

Joan. Ye both have oftentimes sworn that ye love me;
Let me over-rule you in this angry mood:
Neighbours and old acquaintance, and fall out!

Rob. Why, that is because thou wilt not let them fall in.

Grim. I say, my heart bleedeth when thou speakest, and therefore do not provoke me. Yet, miller, as I am monstrous angry, so I have a wonderful great mind to be repeas'd; let's think what harm cometh by this same fighting: if we should hurt one another, how can we help it? Again, Clack; do but here forswear Joan's company, and I'll be thine instead of her, to use in all your businesses from Croydon to London; your's Gilbert Grim, the chief collier for the king's majesty's own mouth.

Clack. O, Grim, do I smell you? I'll make you forswear her before we two part; and therefore come on to this geere. Collier, I will lay on load, and when it is done, let who will take it off again.

Joan. Yet once more hear me speak; leave off for shame,
If not for love; and let not others laugh
To see your follies; let me over-rule you.

Short. Ay, let them fight, I care not, I
Mean time away with Joan will fly;
And whilst they two are at it here,
We two will sport ourselves elsewhere.

Rob. There's a stone priest, he loveth a wench! Indeed,
He careth not, though both of them do bleed;
But Robin Goodfellow will conjure you,
And mar your match, and bang you soundly too.
I like this country-girl's condition well;
She's faithful, and a lover but to one;
Robin stands here to right both Grim and her.

Grim. Master Parson, look you to my love.
Miller, here I stand
With my heart and my hand
In sweet Jug's right,
With thee to fight.

Clack. Come, let us to it then.

[*They fight*, ROBIN *beateth the Miller with a flail, and felleth him.*

Rob. Now, miller, miller, dustipoul,
I'll clapper-claw your jobbernoul.

Short. Come, Jug, let's leave these senseless blocks,
Giving each other blows and knocks.

Joan. I love my Grim too well to leave him so.

Short. You shall not chuse; come, let's away.

[SHORTHOSE *pulleth* JUG *after him*, ROBIN *beateth the Priest with his flail.*

Rob. Nay then, sir priest, I'll make you stay.

Clack. Nay, this is nothing, Grim; we'll not part so. I thought to have borne it off with my back-sword ward, and I receiv'd it upon my bare [26] costard. [*They fight again.*

Rob. What, miller, are you up again?
[27] Nay, then my flail shall never lin,
Until I force one of us twain
Betake him to his heels amain.

[ROBIN *beats the Miller again.*

Clack. Hold thy hands, Grim; thou hast murder'd me!

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[25] *Tricksey.*—See note on *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, Vol. II. p. 239.

[26] *Costard.*—Head. See note 90 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Vol. I. p. 126.

[27] *Nay, then my flail shall never lin.*—Shall never *cease, stop*, or *leave off*. So, in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, Intermean after 4th Act:

"He'll never *lin* till he be a gallop."

Mr Whalley proposes to read *blin*. "The word," says he, "is Saxon, and the substantive *blin*,

Grim. Thou lyest, it is in my own offence I do it: get thee gone then; I had rather have thy room than thy company.

Clack. Marry, with all my heart. O! the collier playeth the devil with me.

Rob. No, it is the devil playeth the collier with thee.

Short. My bones are sore; I pr'ythee, Joan,
Let's quickly from this place be gone.
Nay, come away, I love thee so,
Without thee I will never go.

Rob. What, priest, still at your lechery?
[ROBIN *beats the Priest.*
I'll thresh you for your knavery;
If any ask who beat thee so,
Tell them 'twas Robin Goodfellow.
[SHORTHOSE *runneth away.*

Grim. Oh, miller, art thou gone? I am glad of it. I smelt my own infirmity every stroke I struck at him. Now, Joan, I dare boldly swear thou are my own; for I have won thee in the plain field. Now master Parson shall even strike it up; two or three words of his mouth will make her gammer Grim all the days of her life after.

Rob. Here is two well-favoured slaves!
Grim and I may curse all good faces,
And not hurt our own.

Joan. What, my love, how dost thou?

Grim. Even as a conqueror may do: Jug, for thy sake I have made the miller a poor cripple all the days of his life, good for nothing else but to be carried into the spittle-house.

Rob. Ay, there is one lye, for thou didst never hurt him.

Joan. I am glad thou 'scapest, my love, and wast not hurt.

Grim. Who, I hurt! Joan, thou knowest me not yet: thou mayest do better hereafter. I gave him five mortal wounds the first five strokes I made at him.

Rob. There are five lyes clapt into one, for brevity's sake.

Grim. And presently, upon the fifth blow, I made a dangerous thrust at him, and violently overthrew him, horse and foot, and there he lay.

Rob. Nay, there you lye. The collier is excellent
To be companion to the devil himself.

Grim. But where's master Parson?

Joan. He was well bang'd, and knew not who it was did it,
And would have had me gone away with him.
Here lieth his nut-bag, and the miller's too:
They had no leisure to take them away.

Grim. The better for us, Joan; there is good cracking work: it will increase houshold stuff. Come, let's after the parson: we will comfort him, and he shall couple us. I'll have Pounceby the painter score upon our painted cloth at home, all the whole story of our going a nutting this Holyrood-day; and he shall paint me up triumphing over the miller.
[*Exeunt* GRIM *and* JOAN.

Rob. So let the collier go boast at home
How he hath beat the miller from his love.
I like this modest country maid so well,
That I believe I must report in hell
Better of women than my master can.
Well, till my time's expir'd, I'll keep this quarter,
And night by night attend their merry meetings.
[*Exit* ROBIN.

Enter DUNSTAN, *with Earl* LACY *sick.*

Dun. Let not your sickness add more feebleness
Unto your weaken'd age, but give me leave
To cure thy vain suspicious malady.

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derived from *blinnan*, occurs in *The Sad Shepherd*. Yet the word occurs in Drayton, in the sense of stopping or staying, as it is used here by our Poet:

"Quoth Puck, my liege, I'll never *lin*,
But I will thorough thick and thin."——*Court of Fairy.*

So that an emendation may be unnecessary, and *lin*, the same as *leave*, might have been in common use."

The latter conjecture is certainly right, many instances may be produced.

The Return from Parnassus, A. 4. S. 3:

"Fond world, that ne'er think'st on that aged man,
That Ariosto's old swift-paced man,
Whose name is Time, who never *lins* to run,
Loaden with bundles of decayed names."

A Chast Mayd in Cheapside, by Middleton, p. 36:

"You'll never *lin* 'till I make your tutor whip you; you know how I serv'd you once at the schoole in Paul's Church Yard."

More Dissemblers, besides Women, by the same, A. 3. S. 1:

"You'll nev'r *lin* railing on me, from one week's end to another."

Thy eyes shall witness how thou art deceiv'd,
M[illegible] fair lady's chastity:
[illegible] two stand closely here unseen,
[illegible] them presently approach.
[illegible] O shew me this, thou blessed man of God,
And thou shalt then make young my wither'd age.
Dun. Mark the beginning; for here Musgrave cometh.

Enter MUSGRAVE.

Mus. O thrice unhappy and unfortunate,
That having fit occasion proffer'd thee
Of conference with beauteous Honorea,
Thou overslipp'd it, and o'erslipp'dst thyself.
Never since wedlock ty'd her to the earl
Have I saluted her; altho' report
Is blaz'd abroad of her inconstancy.
This is her evening walk, and here will I
Attend her coming forth, and greet her fairly.
Lacy. See, Dunstan, how their youth doth blind our age!
Thou dost deceive thyself; and bring'st me
To see my proper shame and infamy.

Enter HONOREA.

But here she comes: my hope, my fear, my love.
Dun. Here comes the unstain'd honour of thy bed;
Thy ears shall hear her virtuous chaste replies,
And make thy heart confess thou dost her wrong.
Hon. Now modest love hath banish'd wanton thoughts,
And alter'd me from that I was before,
To that chaste life I ought to entertain;
My heart is ty'd to that strict form of life,
That I joy only to be Lacy's wife.
Lacy. God fill thy mind with these chaste virtuous thoughts!
Mus. Oh now I see her, I am half asham'd
Of so long absence, of neglect of speech.
My dearest lady, patroness of beauty,
Let thy poor servant make his true excuse!
Hon. Musgrave, I easily take your excuse,
Accusing my fond self for what is past.
Mus. Long time we wanted opportunity;
But now the forelock of well-wishing time
Hath bless'd us both, that here without suspect
We may renew the tenor of our loves.
Lacy. O Dunstan, how she smiles to hear him speak!
Hon. No, child of fortune and inconstancy,
Thou shalt not train me, or induce my love
To loose desires, or dishonoured thoughts:
'Tis God's own work that struck a deep remorse
Into my tainted heart for my past folly.
Mus. O thou confound'st me! Speak as thou wert wont!
Like Love herself, my lovely Honorea!
Hon. Why how now, Musgrave! what esteem'st thou me,
That thou provok'st me, that first deny'd me?
I will not yield you reasons why I may not,
More than your own. You told me why you would not.
Mus. By Heavens, by thee, my saint, my happiness!
No torture shall controul my heart in this,
To teach my tongue deny to call thee love.
Hon. Well, in regard that in my maiden-days
I lov'd thee well, now let me counsel thee;
Reclaim these idle humours; know thyself;
Remember me; and think upon my lord;
And let these thoughts bring forth those chaste effects,
Which may declare thy change unto the world:
And this assure thee—whilst I breathe this air,
Earl Lacy's honour I will ne'er impair.
[*Exit* HONOREA.
Dun. Now your eyes see that which your heart believ'd not.
Lacy. 'Tis a miracle beyond the reach
Of my capacity! I could weep for joy,
Would but my tears express how much I love her!
Men may surmise amiss in jealousy,
Of those that live in untouch'd honesty.
Mus. Is she departed? and do I conceive
This height of grief, and do no violence
Unto myself? Said she, I deny'd her?
Far be it from my heart to think that thought!
All ye that, as I do, have felt this smart,
Ye know how burthensome 'tis at my heart.
Hereafter never will I prosecute
This former motion, my unlawful suit;
But, since she is earl Lacy's virtuous wife,
I'll live a private, pensive, single life.
[*Exit* MUSGRAVE.
Dun. God doth dispose all at his blessed will;
And he hath chang'd their minds from bad to good,
That we which see't may learn to mend ourselves.
Lacy. I'll reconcile myself to Musgrave's love:
I will recant my false suspicion,
And humbly make my true submission. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MARIAN *chafing.*

Mar. Say'st thou thou'lt make the house too hot for me?
I'll soon abroad, and cool me in the air.
I'll teach him never scorn to drink his health
Whom I do love. He thinks to overcrow me
With words and blows, but he is in the wrong,
Begin he when he dares! Oh he's too hot
And angry, to live long with Marian.
But I'll not long be subject to his rage:
Here 'tis shall rid him of his hateful life,
And bless me with the stile of widowhood.
'Twas Harvey's work to temper it so well,
The strongest poison that he could devise.

Enter CLINTON.

I have been too long subject to the slave;
But now I'll cast off that detested yoke.
Clin. Musgrave, I see, is reconcil'd to th' earl;

For now I met him walking with lord Lacy.
Sure this is Marian's plot, and there she stands.
What, love, alone!
Mar. Ay, captain, much disturb'd
About the frantic doctor's jealousy;
Who, though he seem'd content when thou wast there,
He after fell reviling thee and me;
Robb'd me of all my jewels; locks his plate
In his own trunk; and let's me only live
To bear the idle title of his wife.
Clin. Fair Marian, by a soldier's loyal faith,
If my employment any way may help
To set thee free from this captivity,
Use me in any sort; command my sword:
I'll do't as soon as thou shalt speak the word.
Mar. Now, by my true love, which I wish to thee,
I conjure thee with resolution
To slay that monster! Do not fail to do it!
For if thou dost, I would I had not spoke it.
Clin. Now try me; and, when next we hap to meet,
The doctor lies stone dead at Clinton's feet.
Mar. Nay, now I see thou lov'st me.
Clin. Say no more.
If thou dost loath him, he shall die therefore.
Mar. To-morrow morning will he early rise
To see earl Lacy: meet him in the cloyster,
And make that place revenge his sanctuary.
This night will I break open all the trunks,
Rifle his caskets, rob him of his gold,
And all the doctor's treasure shall be thine.
If thou miscarry, yet this drink shall do it.

Enter CASTILIANO.

Cas. My wife's impatience hath left me alone,
And made my servant run, I know not whither.
Mar. Peace! here is our eye-sore. Clinton, leave us now.
Clin. Nay, now occasion smiles, and I will do it. [CLINTON *draweth his sword.*
Mar. Put up thy sword; be it thy morning's work:
Farewel to-night, but fail me not to-morrow.
Clin. Farewel, my love! No rest shall close these eyes
Until the morning peep; and then he dies.
[*Exit* CLINTON.
Cas. Now I remember, I have quite out-run
My time prefix'd to dwell upon the earth:
Yet Akercock is absent: where is he?
Oh, I am glad I am so well near rid
Of my earth's plague, and my lascivious dame.
Mar. Hath he discover'd my intendment,
That he presageth his ensuing death?
I must break off these fearful meditations.
Cas. How shall I give my verdict up to Pluto
Of all these accidents?
Mar. Why how now, man!
Cas. What, my dear dame! my reconciled spouse!
Upon my soul, my love to thee is more
Now at this present, than 'twas e'er before.
Mar. He hath descry'd me sure, he soothes me so!
Cas. I love thee now, because I now must leave thee.
This was the day of my nativity,
And therefore, sweet wife, let us revel it.
Mar. Nay, I have little cause to joy at all.
Cas. Thou crossest still my mirth with discontents!
If ever heretofore I have displeas'd thee,
Sweet dame, I crave thy pardon now for all.
This is my birth-day, girl, I must rejoice:
Ask what thou wilt, and I will give it thee.
Mar. Should I but ask to lead a quiet life,
You hardly would grant this unto your wife;
Much less a thing that were of more import.
Cas. Ask any thing, and try if I'll deny thee.
Mar. Oh, my poor Musgrave, how hast thou been wrong'd,
And my fair lady!
Cas. Use no preambles,
But tell me plainly.
Mar. Nay, remember them,
And join their slander to that love you owe me,
And then old Lacy's jealousy.
Cas. What then?
Mar. Nay, now I see you will not understand me.
Cas. Thou art too dark; speak plainly, and 'tis done.
Mar. Then doom the earl, and bless poor Musgrave's eyes
With Honorea's love; for this in thy hands lies.
Cas. How should I doom him?
Mar. How else, but to death?
Cas. As if his life or death lay in my hands!
Mar. He is thy patient, is he not?
Cas. He is.
Mar. Then in thy hands lie both his life and death.
Sweet love, let Marian beg it at thy hands!
Why should the grey-beard live to cross us all?
Nay, now I see thee frown: thou wilt not do it.
Cas. Fie, fie, dame, you are too suspicious.
Here's my hand: that thou may'st know I love thee,
I'll poison him this night before I sleep.
Mar. Thou dost but flatter me.
Cas. Tush, I have sworn it.
Mar. And wilt thou do it?
Cas. He is sure to die.
Mar. I'll kiss thy lips for speaking that kind word:
But do it, and I'll hang about thy neck,
And curl thy hair, and sleep betwixt thy arms
And teach thee pleasures which thou ne'er knew'st.
Cas. Promise no more, and trouble me no more;
The longer I stay here, he lives the longer;
I must go to him now, and now I'll do it.

Go home and hasten supper 'gainst I come;
We will carouse to his departing soul. [me;
Mar. I will, dear husband; but, remember
When thou hast poison'd him, I'll poison thee.
[*Exit* MARIAN.
Cas. O wonderful, how women can dissemble!
Now she can kiss me, hang about my neck,
And soothe me with smooth smiles and lewd intreaties.
Well, I have promis'd her to kill the earl;
And yet, I hope, ye will not think I'll do it.
Yet I will sound the depth of their device,
And see the issue of their bloody drift.
I'll give the earl, unknown to any man,
A sleepy potion, which shall make him seem
As if he were stark dead, for certain hours:
But in my absence no man shall report,
That for my dame's sake I did any hurt. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter GRIM, *with* JOAN.

Grim. Nay, but Joan, have a care! bear a brain for all at once. 'Tis not one hour's pleasure that I suspect more than your mother's good countenance. If she be asleep, we may be bold under correction; if she be awake, I may go my ways, and nobody ask me, Grim, whither goest thou? Nay, I tell you, I am so well beloved in our town, that not the worst dog in the street will hurt my little finger.

Joan. Why speak you this? You need not fear my mother,
For she was fast asleep four hours ago.

Grim. Is she, sure? Did you hear her snort in her dead sleep?
Why then, Joan, I have an hour's mirth for thee.

Joan. And I a mess of cream for thee.

Grim. Why, there is one for another then: fetch it, Joan; we will eat and kiss, and be as merry as your cricket. [*Exit* JOAN *for the cream.*] Art thou gone for it? Well, go thy ways for the kindest lass that ever poor collier met withal! I mean for to make short work with her, and marry her presently. I'll single her out, i'faith, till I make her bear double, and give the world to understand we will have a young Grim between us.

Enter JOAN *with the cream.*

Joan. Look here, my love, 'tis sweeten'd for thy mouth.

Grim. You have put none of your love-powder in it, to make me enamourable of you; have you, Joan? I have a simple pate, to expect you! [*One knocketh at the door.*] Joan, hark, my brains beat, my head works, and my mind giveth me, some lovers of yours come sneaking hither now: I like it not, 'tis suspectious.
[*One knocketh again.*

Joan. You need not fear it: for there is none alive
Shall bear the least part of my heart from thee.

Grim. Say'st thou so? hold there still, and whoe'er he be, open door to him.

She openeth the door; enter SHORTHOSE, *and* ROBIN *after him.*

Joan. What, Mr Parson, are you come so late;
You are welcome; here's none but Grim and I.

Short. Joan, I'll no more a nutting go,
I was so beaten to and fro;
And yet who it was I do not know.

Grim. What, Mr Parson, are you come so late, to say evening song to your parishioners? I have heard of your knavery. I give you a fair warning; touch her no lower than her girdle, and no higher than her chin; I keep her lips and her hips for my own use; I do, and so, welcome.

Rob. This two hours have I dogg'd the parson round
About all Croydon, doubting some such thing.

Short. No, Grim, I here forswear to touch
Thy Joan, or any other such;
Love hath been so cudgell'd out of me,
I'll go no more to wood with thee.

Rob. 'Twas Robin beat this holy mind into him;
I think more cudgelling would make him more honest.

Grim. You speak like an honest man, and a good parson! and that is more. Here's Joan's benevolation for us, a mess of cream and so forth. Here is your place, Mr Parson; stand on the t'other side of the table, Joan. Eat hard to-night, that thou may marry us the better to morrow.

Rob. What is my brother Grim so good a fellow? [*They fall to the cream.*
I love a mess of cream as well as they;
I think it were best I stept in and made one:
[28] Ho, ho, ho, my masters! No good fellowship!
Is Robin Goodfellow a bug-bear grown,
[ROBIN *falleth to eat.*
That he is not worthy to be bid sit down?

Grim. O Lord save us! sure he is some country-devil, he hath got a russet coat upon his face.

[28] *Ho, ho, ho.*—See Note 45 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Vol. I. p. 113.

Short. Now, *benedicite!* who is this?
[29] I take him for some fiend, I wiss
Oh for some holy-water here
Of this same place this spirit to clear!
Rob. Nay fear not, Grim, come fall unto your cream;
Tut, I am thy friend, why dost not come and eat?
Grim. I, sir! truly, master devil, I am well here, I thank you.
Rob. I'll have thee come, I say; why tremblest thou?
Grim No, sir, not I; 'tis a palsy I have still;
Truly, sir, I have no great acquaintance with you.
Rob. Thou shalt have better, man, ere I depart.
Grim. I will not, and if I can choose.
Rob. Nay, come away; and bring your love with you.
Grim. Joan! you were best go to him, Joan.
Rob. What shall I fetch the man? The cream is sweet.
Grim. No, sir, I am coming; much good do't you: [30] I had need of a long spoon, now I go to eat with the devil.
Rob. The parson's penance shall be thus to fast:
Come tell me, Grim, dost thou not know me, man?
Grim. No, truly, sir; I am a poor man, fetcheth my living out of the fire; your worship may be a gentleman devil, for aught I know.
Rob. Some men call me Robin Goodfellow.
Grim. O Lord! sir, Mr Robert Goodfellow, you are very welcome, sir!
Rob This half year have I liv'd about this town,
Helping poor servants to dispatch their work,
To brew and bake, and other husbandry;
Tut, fear not, maid: if Grim be merry,
I will make up the match between ye.
Grim. There will be a match in the devil's name!
Rob. Well, now the night is almost spent,
Since your affections are all bent
To marriage, and to constant love;
Grim, Robin doth thy choice approve;
And there's the priest shall marry you;
Go to it, and make no more ado:
Sirrah, sir priest, go get you gone,
And join both her and him anon;
But ne'er hereafter let me take you
With wanton love-tricks; lest I make you
Example to all stone-priests ever,
To deal with other men's loves never,
Short. Valete vos, and God bless me,
And rid me from his company!
Come, Grim, I'll join you hand in hand;
In sacred wedlock's holy band.
I will no more a nutting go,
That journey caused all this woe.
Grim. Come, let's to hand in hand quickly! Mr Robert, you were ever one of the honestest merry devils that ever I saw.
Joan. Sweet Grim, and if thou lovest me, let's away!
Grim. Nay, now, Joan, I spy a hole in your coat! if you cannot endure the devil, you'll never love the collier. Why, we two are sworn brothers. You shall see me talk with him even as familiarly as if I should parbreak my mind and my whole stomach upon thee.
Joan. I prithee do not, Grim.
Grim. Who, not I? O Lord, Mr Robert Goodfellow, I have a poor cottage at home, whither Joan and I will jog as merrily! We will make you no stranger if you come thither. You shall be used as devilishly as you would wish, i' faith. There is never a time my cart cometh from London, but the collier bringeth a goose in his sack; and that with the giblets thereof is at your service.
Rob. This is more kindness, Grim, than I expected.
Grim. Nay, sir, if you come home, you shall find it true, I warrant you. All my whole family shall be at your devilship's pleasure, except my poor Joan here, and she is my own proper night-geer.
Rob. Gramercies, but away in haste;
The night is almost spent and past.
Grim. God be with you, sir; I'll make as much haste about it as may be; for and that were once done, I would begin a new piece of work with you, Joan. [*Exeunt all but* ROBIN.

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[29] *I take him for some fiend, I wiss*—So, in *The Return from Parnassus*, A. 5. S. 4:

"I'll make thee run this lousy case, *I wis.*"

Massinger's *City Madam*, A. 4. S. 4:

"—— 'Tis more comely,
I wis, than their other whim-whams."

[30] *I had need of a long spoon.*—"He had need of a long spoon, that eats with the devil," is a proverbial phrase. See Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 97. So Stephano, in *The Tempest*, A. 2. S. 2, alluding to this Proverb, says, "This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no *long spoon.*" See also *Comedy of Errors*, A. 4. S. 3; and Chaucer's *Squire's Tale*, v. 10916, edit. 1775.

"Therefore behoveth him a *ful long spone*,
That shall ete with a fiend."

Rob. Now, joy betide this merry morn,
And keep Grim's forehead from the horn!
For Robin bids his last adieu
To Grim, and all the rest of you. [*Exit* ROBIN.

Enter CLINTON *alone.*

Clin. Bright Lucifer, go couch thee in the clouds,
And let this morning prove as dark as night!
That I unseen may bring to happy end
The doctor's murder, which I do intend.
'Tis early yet, he is not so soon stirring;
But stir he ne'er so soon, so soon he dies:
I'll walk along before the palace gate;
Then shall I know how near it is to day,
He shall have no means to escape away.
[*Exit* CLINTON.

Enter CASTILIANO.

Cas. My trunk's broke open, and my jewels gone!
My gold and treasure stol'n! my house despoil'd
Of all my furniture, and nothing left!
No, not my wife; for she is stol'n away:
But she hath pepper'd me, I feel it work—
My teeth are loosen'd, and my belly swell'd;
My entrails burn with such distemper'd heat,
That well I know my dame hath poison'd me;
When she spoke fairest, then she did this act.
When I have spoken all I can imagine,
I cannot utter half that she intends;
She makes as little poisoning of a man,
As to carouse; I feel that this is true:

Enter CLINTON.

Nay, now I know too much of womankind.
Zounds, here's the captain! what should he make here
With his sword drawn? there's yet more villainy.
Clin. The morning is far spent, but yet he comes not!
I wonder Marian sends him not abroad!
Well, doctor, linger time, and linger life!
For long thou shalt not breathe upon the earth.
Cas. No, no, I will not live amongst ye long:
Is it for me thou wait'st, thou bloody wretch?
Here poison hath prevented thee in murder.

Enter Earl MORGAN, *St* DUNSTAN *with* HONOREA *fainting, and* MARIAN.

Now here be they, suppose earl Lacy dead!
See, how this lady grieveth for that she wisheth!
Dun. My lord of London, by his sudden death,
And all the signs before his late departure,
'Tis very probable that he is poison'd.
Mar. Do you but doubt it! credit me, my lord,
I heard him say, that drink should be his last;
I heard my husband speak it, and he did it.
Cas. There is my old friend, she always speaks for me:
Oh shameless creature, was't not thy device?
Mor. Let not extremity of grief o'erwhelm thee,
My dearest Honorea! for his death shall be
Surely reveng'd with all severity
Upon the doctor, and that suddenly.
Clin. What fortune's this, that all these come this way
To hinder me, and save thy life to-day?
Hon. My gracious lord, this doleful accident
Hath rob'd me of my joy; and, royal earl,
Though in thy life thou didst suspect my love,
My grief and tears suspicions shall remove.
Mar. Madam, to you, and to your father's love,
I owe as much and more than my own life.
Had I ten husbands should agree to do it,
My gracious lord, you presently should know it.
Cas. Ay, there's a girl: think you I did not well
To live with such a wife, to come from hell.
Mar. Look, look, my lord, there stands the murderer!
Cas. How am I round beset on every side!
First, that same captain here stands to kill me;
My dame she hath already poisoned me;
Earl Morgan he doth threaten present death;
The countess Honorea, in revenge
Of Lacy, is extremely incens'd against me:
All threatens, none shall do it, for my date
Is now expired, and I must back to hell.
And now, my servant, wheresoe'er thou be,
Come quickly, Akercock, and follow me.
Lordings, adieu, and my curs'd wife farewel,
If me ye seek, come follow me to hell.
[*The ground opens, and he falls down into it.*
Mor. The earth that opened, now is clos'd again.
Dun. It is God's judgment for his grievous sins.
Clin. Was there a quagmire, that he sunk so soon?
Hon. O miracle! now may we justly say,
Heavens have reveng'd my husband's death this day.
Mor. Alas, poor Marian! we have wrong'd thee much
To cause thee match thyself to any such.
Mar. Nay, let him go, and sink into the ground;
For such as he are better lost than found:
Now, Honorea, we are freed from blame,
And both enrich'd with happy widows names.

Enter Earl LACY, *with* FORREST, MUSGRAVE.

Lacy. O lead me quickly to that mourning train,
Which weep for me, who am reviv'd again.
Hon. Marian, I shed some tears of perfect grief. [*She falleth into a swoon.*
Mor. Do not my eyes deceive me? liveth my son?

Lacy. My lord and father! both alive and well
Recover'd of my weakness; where's my wife?
Mar. Here is my lady, your beloved wife;
Half dead to hear of your untimely end.
Lacy. Look on me, Honorea; see thy lord:
I am not dead, but live to love thee still.
Dun. 'Tis God disposeth all things as he will;
He raiseth those the wicked wish to fall.
Clin. Zounds, I still watch on this inclosed ground;
For if he rise again, I'll murder him.
Hon. My lord, my tongue's not able to report
Those joys my heart conceives to see thee live.
Dun. Give God the glory; he recovered thee,
And wrought this judgment on that cursed man,
That set debate and strife among ye all.
Mor. My lord, our eyes have seen a miracle,
Which after ages ever shall admire.
The Spanish doctor, standing here before us,
Is sunk into the bowels of the earth,
Ending his vile life by a viler death.
Lacy. But, gentle Marian, I bewail thy loss,
That wert maid, wife, and widow; all so soon.
Mar. 'Tis your recovery that joys me more
Than grief can touch me for the doctor's death.
He never lov'd me whilst he liv'd with me,
Therefore the less I mourn his tragedy.
Mor. Henceforth we'll strictlier look to strangers lives,
How they shall marry any English wives:
Now all men shall record this fatal day;
Lacy revived, the doctor sunk in clay.
[*The trumpets sound, ex. omnes nisi* DUNST.
Dun. Now is earl Lacy's house fill'd full of joy,
He and his lady wholly reconcil'd,
Their jars all ended: those that were like men
Transformed, turn'd unto their shapes again;
And, gentlemen, before we make an end,
A little longer yet your patience lend,
That in your friendly censures you may see
What the infernal synod do decree;
And after judge, if we deserve to name
This play of ours, *The Devil and his Dame.* [*Exit.*

[*It thunders and lightneth. Enter* PLUTO, MINOS, ÆACUS, RHADAMANTHUS, *with Fury bringing in* MALBECCO'S *Ghost.*

Plu. Minos, is this the day he should return,
And bring us tidings of his twelvemonth spent?

Enter BELPHAGOR *like a Devil, with horns on his head, and* AKERCOCK.

Min. It is, great king, and here Belphagor comes.
Plu. His visage is more ghastly than't was wont.
What ornaments are those upon his head?
Bel. Hell, I salute thee! now I feel myself
Rid of a thousand torments. O vile earth,
Worse for us devils than hell itself for men!
Dread Pluto, hear thy subject's just complaint
[BELPHAGOR *kneeleth to* PLUTO.
Proceeding from the anguish of my soul!
O never send me more into the earth!
For there dwells dread and horror more than here.
Plu. Stand forth, Belphagor, and report the truth
Of all things have betide thee in the world.
Bel. When first, great king, I came into the earth,
I chose a wife both young and beautiful,
The only daughter to a noble earl:
But when the night came that I should her bed,
I found another laid there in her stead;
And in the morning when I found the change,
Though I deny'd her, I was forc'd to take her.
With her I liv'd in such a mild estate,
Us'd her still kindly, lov'd her tenderly;
Which she requited with such light regard,
So loose demeanour, and dishonest life,
That she was each man's whore that was my wife.
No hours but gallants flock'd unto my house,
Such as she fancied for her loathsome lust;
With whom, before my face, she did not spare
To play the strumpet: Yea, and more than this,
She made my house a stew for all resorts,
Herself a bawd to others' filthiness;
Which, if I once began but to reprove,
Oh, then her tongue was worse than all the rest!
No ears with patience would endure to bear her,
Nor would she ever cease till I submit;
And then she would speak me fair, but wish me dead.
A hundred drifts she laid to cut me off,
Still drawing me to dangers of my life;
And now my twelvemonth being near expir'd,
She poison'd me; and lest that means should fail,
She entic'd a captain to have murdered me.
In brief, whatever tongue can tell of ill,
All that may well be spoken of my dame.
Aker. Poor Akercock was fain to fly her sight;
For never an hour, but she laid on me;
Her tongue and fist walk'd all so nimbly.
Plu. Doth then, Belphagor, this report of thine
Against all women hold in general?
Bel. Not so, great prince: for, as 'mongst other creatures,
Under that sex are mingled good and bad.
There are some women virtuous, chaste, and true;
And to all those the devil will give their due.
But, oh my dame! born for a scourge to man,
For no mortality would endure that
Which she a thousand times hath offered me.
Plu. But what new shapes are those upon thy head?
Bel. These are the ancient arms of cuckoldry;
And these my dame hath kindly left to me;
For which Belphagor shall be here derided,
Unless your great infernal majesty

Do solemnly proclaim, no devil shall scorn
Hereafter still to wear the goodly horn.
Plu. This for thy service I will grant thee freely:
All devils shall, as thou dost, like horns wear,
And none shall scorn Belphegor's arms to bear.
And now, Malbecco, hear thy latest doom;
Since that thy first reports are justified
By after-proofs, and womens looseness known,
One plague more will I send upon the earth:
Thou shalt assume a light and fiery shape,
And so for ever live within the world;
Dive into womens thoughts, into mens hearts;
Raise up false rumours, and suspicious fears;
Put strange inventions into each man's mind;
And for these actions they shall always call thee
By no name else than fearful Jealousy.
Go, Jealousy, be gone, thou hast thy charge;
Go, range about the world that is so large.
And now, for joy Belphegor is return'd,
The furies shall their tortures cast away,
And all hell o'er we'll make it holy-day.
[*It thundereth and lighteneth. Exeunt omnes.*

THE CITY NIGHT-CAP.

BY

ROBERT DAVENPORT.

ROBERT DAVENPORT *is a writer of whom scarce any particulars are known.* [1] *Langbaine says he was "the author of two plays in the reign of King Charles the Martyr, though not publish't 'till the reign of King Charles the second." Notwithstanding this authority, it is more probable that he wrote in the time of James the first, as two poems of a very grave cast were published by him in the year* 1625, *the one entitled,* "A Crowne for a Conqueror, from Rev. xx. 12," *and the other,* "Too late to call backe Yesterday, and To-morrow comes not yet. The words fancied in a dialogue, supposed betweene a Lover and the Day." *This last is dedicated to his noble friends, as he calls them,* [2] *Mr Richard Robinson and Mr Michael Bowyer; and in his address to them, he stiles both the poems some of the expence of his time at sea. From the address prefixed to the play of King John and Matilda, signed R. D. he appears to have been alive in the year* 1655, *when that piece was first published. He wrote,*

(1.) "*King John and Matilda, a tragedy, as it was acted with great applause by her majesties servants, at the Cock-pit in Drury-lane,*" 1655. 4*to. It was published for Andrew Pennycuicke, one of the performers, who says he was the last who played the character of Matilda.*

(2.) "*The City Night-Cap, or Crede quod habes et habes, a tragedy, as it was acted with great applause by her majesties servants, at the Phœnix in Drury-lane.*" 1661. 4*to.*

[3] *Mr Malone says, he was the author of a play not published, called* The Pirate.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of VERONA.
Duke of VENICE, *Brother to* ABSTEMIA.
Duke of MILAN.
ANTONIO, *the Duke's Son.*
LORENZO, *Husband to* ABSTEMIA.
PHILIPPO, *his Friend.*
LODOVICO, *Husband to* DOROTHEA.
Lords of VERONA.
Senators of VENICE.
SANCHIO, SEBASTIANO, } *Lords of* MILAN.
PANDULPHO.
SPINOSO.
JASPRO.
JOVANI.
FRANCISCO, *Servant to* LODOVICO.
PAMBO, *a Clown.*
MORRO, *a Pander.*
A Turk, Slave to ANTONIO.
Two Slaves to LORENZO.
Officers and Servants.

ABSTEMIA, LORENZO's *Wife, and Sister to the Duke of* VENICE.
DOROTHEA, LODOVICO's *wanton Lady.*
TIMPANINA, *a Bawd.*
Ladies.

[1] *Lives of Dramatick Poets,* p. 116.

[2] Both Robinson and Bowyer were players. The former is in the list of the performers in Shakspeare's plays, and acted in the *Roman Actor.* The name of the latter is to be found amongst the performers in *The Bondman,* by Massinger, *King John, and Matilda,* &c.

[3] Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays.

*THE CITY NIGHT-CAP.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter LORENZO *and* PHILIPPO.

Lor. Thou sha't try her once more.
Phil. Fie, fie!
Lor. Thou shalt do 't.
If thou be'st my friend, thou'lt do 't.
Phil. Try your fair wife?
You know 'tis an old point, and wond'rous frequent
In most of our Italian comedies.
Lor. What do I care for that? let him seek new ones,
Cannot make old ones better; and this new point
(Young sir) may produce new smooth passages,
Transcending those precedent. Pray, will ye do 't?
Phil. Pray, fool yourself no farther: twice you have sway'd me;
Twice I have try'd her; and 'tis not yet, ye know,
Ten days since our reconciliation.
How will it shew in you, so near a kinsman
To the duke; nay, having woven yourself into
The close-wrought mystery of opinion,
Where you remain a soldier, a man
Of brain and quality, to put your friend
Again on such a business, and to expose
Your fair wife to the tempest of temptation?
And, by the white unspotted cheek of truth,
She is———
Lor. A woman.
Phil. A good woman.
Lor. Pish.
Phil. As far from your distrust, as bad ones are from truth.
She is in love with virtue: would not boast it,
But that her whole life is a well-writ story,
Where each word stands so well plac'd, that it passes
Inquisitive detraction to correct.
She's modest, but not sullen, and loves silence;
Not that she wants apt words, (for when she speaks,
She inflames love with wonder) but because
She calls wise silence the soul's harmony.
She's truly chaste; yet such a foe to coyness,
The poorest call her courteous; and which is excellent,
(Tho' fair and young) she shuns to expose herself
To the opinion of strange eyes. She either seldom
Or never walks abroad but in your company;
And then with such sweet bashfulness, as if
She were venturing on crack'd ice; and takes delight
To step into the print your foot hath made,
And will follow you whole fields; so she will drive
Tediousness out of time with her sweet character.
And therefore, good my friend, forbear to try
The gold has past the fire.
Lor. Thou foolish friend,
Beauty, like the herb Larix, is cool i' th' water,
But hot i' th' stomach. Women are smooth flatterers,
But cunning injurers.
Phil. Thou wond'rous yellow friend,
Temper an antidote with antimony,
And 'tis infectious: mix jealousy with marriage,
It poisons virtue: let the child feel the sting,
He'll fly the honey-comb. Has she one action
That can expose you to distrust?
Lor. Oh! when the Elesander-leaf looks most green,
The sap is then most bitter. An approv'd appearance
Is no authentic instance; she that is lip-holy,
Is many times heart-hollow.—Here she comes.

Enter ABSTEMIA.

A prayer-book in her hand! oh hypocrisy!

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* The plot of this comedy is partly taken from the novel of *The Curious Impertinent* in *Don Quixote*, and partly from Boccace's *Decameron*, day 7, novel 7.

How fell'st thou first in love with woman? wilt try again,
But this one time?
Phil. Condition'd you will stand
Ear-witness to our conference, that you may take
In at your ear a virtue that will teach
Your erring soul to wonder.
Lor. He would wittal me,
With a consent to my own horns: I will.
I'll give thee a new occasion: there lurks
In woman's blood a vindicating spirit.
Ab. I came, sir, to give you notice, [dulpho,
Count Lodovico, Stroimo, Spinoso, and Pan-
With the rest of the consilliadory, certify
They are setting forth to meet the duke your kinsman,
Returning from Venice.
Lor. Oh, there he has seen the duke your brother. [company.
Ab. Yes, sir, and they stay but for your
Lor. And you're cloy'd with 't——
[*Kicks her, and exit. She weeps.*
Phil. And will you still be us'd thus? Oh, madam,
I do confess twice I have batter'd at
The fort I fain would vanquish, and I know
Ye hold out more, 'cause ye would seem a soldier,
Than in hate to the assailant. I am again
Inflam'd with those sweet fountains from whence flow
Such a pair of streams: Oh strong force of desire!
The quality should quench, hath set on fire.
I love you in your sorrows.
Ab. And I sorrow
In nothing but your love. Twice, Philippo,
Have I not beat back the impetuous storm
Of thy incessant rudeness? Wilt thou again
Darken fair honour with dishonesty?
Thou know'st my lord hath long and truly lov'd thee
In the wisdom of a friend, in a fair cause:
He wears his good sword for thee, lays his heart
A lodger in thy bosom, proclaims thee partner
In all he hath, but me: Oh, be not counterfeit:
We all conclude, a diamond with clouds
The goldsmith casts into his dust: and a gentleman
So blemish'd in his honour, blots his name
Out of the herald's book, stands a lost man
In goodness and opinion Oh, Philippo,
Make me once more so happy to believe
'Tis but a painted passion.
Lor. Most acute witch!
Phil. Come, learn of your city wagtail; with one eye
Violently love your husband, and with t' other
Wink at your friend.
Lor. I will not trust you, brother.
Phil. He seeks; will ye not have him find? cries ye out
In his mad fits, a strumpet; rails at all women,
Upon no cause, but because you are one.
He gives wound upon wound, and then pours vinegar
Into your bleeding reputation,
Poison'd with bitter calumny. Pox on him:
Pile a reciprocal reward upon him:
Let ballad-mongers crown him with their scorns:
Who buys the buck's-head well deserves the horns.
Demur not on't, but clap them on.
Ab. You are, sir,
Just like the Indian hyssop, prais'd of strangers
For the sweet scent, but hated of the inhabitants
For the injurious quality. Can he love the wife,
That would betray the husband? Hast thou not seen me
Bear all his injuries, as the ocean suffers
The angry bark to plough thorough her bosom,
And yet is presently so smooth, the eye
Cannot perceive where the wide wound was made?
And cannot this inform, I love him better
In his sour follies, than you in your sweet flatteries?
If Verona hath observ'd any errors in me,
I well may call for grace to amend them;
But will never fall from grace to befriend you.
Phil. With what a majesty good women thunder!
Lor. Il' as given her some close nod that I am here.
Ab. Rip up the end of thy intent, and see
How shame and fear do lurk where you would walk,
Like a pair of serpents in a flow'ry mead.
Lust sees with pleasure, but with fear doth tread.
Phil. Very brave, woman!
Ab. What is the pleasure thou pursu'st? A sin
Finish'd with infinite sorrows. Read, and find
How barb'rous nations punish it with death:
How a minute's sin so stolen, tho' in the face
Sit summer calms, all smooth; yet thou wilt hear,
From the eternal alarm of thy conscience,
How it sets within thy soul continual tempests,
Thunder, and dismal blackness! Mark but the course
Of the holy-seeming hollow man, and see
How he that glories Heaven with no honour,
Covets to glorify himself with honesty.
And, to put you past your hopes, let me leave this with you;
Thou may'st hold an elephant with a thread, eat fire
And not be burnt, or catch birds with desire;
Quench flame with oil, cut diamonds with glass,
Pierce steel with feathers: this thou may'st bring to pass
Sooner than hope to steal the husband's right,
Whose wife is honest, and no hypocrite. [*Exit.*
Phil. What think you now, sir?
Lor. Why now I do think it possible for the world [sir;
To have an honest woman in it.——Goodbye,
I must go meet the duke. Adieu.

Phil. Farewell.
Oh jealousy! how near thou dwell'st to hell!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter LODOVICO, PANDULPHO, SPINOSO, JASPRO, JOVANI, *and Clown.*

Lod. The duke not seven leagues off! my horse, rogues.
Pan. Our negligence deserves just blame; and how
'Twill please his grace to construe it, we know not.
Jas. But where's your fair chaste wife, my lord?
Lod. Marry, with my man Francisco. Oh that fellow!
She were undone without him; for indeed
She takes great pleasure in him: he learns her music.
To hear what counsel she will give him! if
He but screw his look sometimes with the pin,
She will tell him straight 'twas an unchristian look.
I love him dearly.
Spi. But can your honour never wooe your lady
To a more sociable affability? She will not kiss,
Nor drink, nor talk, but against new fashions.
Lod. Oh, sir, she is my crown: nor is it requisite
Women should be so sociable. I have had such a coil with her, to bring her but to look out at window! When we were first married, she would not drink a cup of wine, unless nine parts of it were water.
Omnes. Admir'd temperance!
Lod. Nay, and ye knew all, my lords, ye would say so. T'other day I brought an English gentleman home with me, to try a horse I should sell him: he (as ye know their custom, tho' it be none of ours) makes at her lips the first dash.
Clown. He dash'd her out of countenance, I'm sure of that.
Lod. She did so pout and spit, that my hot-brain'd gallant could not forbear but ask the cause. Quoth she—
Clown. No, sir, she spit again, before quoth she left her lips.
Lod. I think she did indeed: but then quoth she, a kiss, sir, is sin's earnest-penny. Is't not true, Pambo?
Clown. Very true, sir. By the same token, quoth he to her again, if you dislike the penny, lady, pray let me change it into English half-pence; and so gave her two for't.
Lod. But how she vex'd then! then she rattled him, and told him roundly, tho' confidence make cuckolds in England, she could no coxcombs in Italy.
Clown. But did ye mark how bitterly he clos'd it with a middling jest?
Lod. What was that, I pr'ythee?
Clown. Why, quoth he again, Confidence makes not so many cuckolds in England, but craft picks open more padlocks in Italy.
Jov. That was something sharp.——But there she comes.

Enter DOROTHEA *and* FRANCISCO.

Lod. Ye shall see how I'll put ye all upon her presently.
Clown. Then I shall take my turn.
Dor. Francis.
Fran. Madam.
Dor. Have you chang'd the ditty you last set?
Fran. I have, madam.
Dor. The conceit may stand; but I hope you have cloath'd the method in a more christian-like apparel.
Fran. I have, lady.
Dor. Pray, let me hear it now.
Fran. *She that in these days looks for truth,*
Seldom or never finds, in sooth.
Dor. That's wond'rous well.
Clown. Yes, in sadness.
Lod. Peace, sirrah; nay, she's built of modesty.
Fran. *Even as a wicked kiss defiles the lips,*
So do new fashions her that through them trips.
Dor. Very modest language.
Fran. *She that doth pleasure use for what 'twill bring her,*
Will pluck a rose, altho' she prick her finger.
Dor. Put in *hurt her finger*, good Francis; the phrase will be more decent.
Pan. Y' are a wondrous happy man in one so virtuous!
Lod. Nay, ye shall have no count Lorenzo of me, I warrant ye.
Clown. Nor no count Lorenzo's lady of your wife, I warrant ye.
Lod. Sweet chick, I come to take leave of thee: finger in nye already!
We are all to meet the duke this afternoon, bird,
Who is now come from Venice: thou may'st walk
And see the count Lorenzo's lady.
Dor. Alas! she's too merry for my company.
Jas. Too merry! I have seen her sad,
But very seldom merry.
Dor. I mean, my lord,
That she can walk, tell tales, run in the garden.
Clown. Why, then your ladyship may hold your tongue, say nothing, and walk in the orchard.
Dor. She can drink a cup of wine not allay'd with water.
Clown. Why then you may drink a cup of water without wine.
Dor. Nay, if a nobleman come to see her lord,
She will let him kiss her too, against our custom.
Pan. Why a modest woman may be kiss'd by accident,
Yet not give the least touch to her reputation.
Lod. Well said, touch her home.

Dor. Nay, but they may not: she that will kiss,
They say, will do worse, I warrant her.
Jov. Why I have seen you, madam, kiss'd against your will.
Dor. Against my will it may be I have been kiss'd indeed.
Clown. Pshaw, there's nothing against a woman's will; and I dare be sworn, if my lady kiss but any one man, 'tis because she cannot do with all.
Lod. Nay, I know that to be true, my lords; and at this time,
Because you cannot do with all, pray kiss them in order;
Kiss her all over, gentlemen, and we are gone.
Dor. Nay, good my lord, 'tis against our nation's custom.
Lod. I care not; let naturals love nations: My humour's my humour.
Spin. I must have my turn too, then.
Jov. It must go round.
Dor. Fie, fie.
Lod. Look how she spits now!
Jas. The deeper the sweeter, lady.
Clown. The nearer the bone, the sweeter the flesh, lady.
Dor. How now, sauce-box!
Clown. Did not my lord bid the gentlemen kiss you all over?
Lor. I have sweet cause to be jealous, have I not, gentlemen? no: *Crede quod habes, et habes* still; he that believes he has horns, has them. Will you go bring my horse, sir?
Clown. I will bring your horse, sir; and your horse shall bring his tail with him. [*Exit.*
Lod. Francis, I pr'ythee stay thou at home with thy lady: get thy instrument ready; this melancholy will spoil her: before these lords here, make her but laugh, when we are gone—
Fran. Laugh before these lords when they are gone, sir!
Lod. Pish, I mean, make her laugh heartily before we come home; and before these lords, I promise thee a lease of forty crowns per annum.
Fran. Can ye tell whether she be ticklish, sir?
Lod. Oh, infinitely ticklish!
Fran. I'll deserve your lease, then, ere you come home, I warrant.
Lod. And thou shalt ha't, i'faith, boy.

Enter Clown.

Clown. Your horse is ready, sir.
Lod. My lords, I think we have staid with the longest; farewel, Doll: *Crede quod habes, et habes*, gallants.
Pan. Our horses shall fetch it up again: farewel, sweet lady.
Jas. Adieu, sweet mistress: and whensoe'er I marry,
Fortune turn up to me no worse card than you are.
Clown. And whensoe'er I marry, Venus send me a card may save Fortune the labour, and turn up herself. [*Exeunt.*
Dor. How now? why loiter you behind? why ride not you along with your lord?
Fran. To lie with your ladyship.
Dor. How? [bed.
Fran. In the bed, upon the bed, or under the
Dor. Why, how now Francis!
Fran. This is the plain truth on't, I would lie with ye.
Dor. Why Francis———
Fran. I know too that you will lie with me.
Dor. Nay, but Francis——
Fran. Plague of Francis! I am neither Frank nor Francis,
But a gentleman of Millain, that even there
Heard of your beauty, which report there guarded
With such a chastity, the glittering'st sin
Held no artillery of power to shake it.
Upon which, I resolv'd to try conclusions;
Assum'd this name and fortune, sought this service:
And I will tell ye truly what I guess you.
Dor. You will not ravish me, Francis?
Fran. No; but unravel ye, in two lines experience writ lately:

Extreams in virtue, are but clouds to vice:
She'll do i' th' dark, who is i' th' day too nice.

Dor. Indeed ye do not well to belye me thus.
Fran. Come, I'll lie with thee, wench, and make all well again; tho' your confident lord makes use of *Crede quod habes, et habes*, and holds it impossible for any to be a cuckold, can believe himself none: I would have his lady have more wit, and clap them on.
Dor. And, truly Francis, some women now would do't.
Fran. Who can you chuse more convenient to practise with than me, whom he doats on? where shall a man find a friend but at home? so you break one proverb's pate, and give the other a plaister: Is't a match, wench?
Dor. Well, for once it is: but and ye do any more, indeed
I'll tell my husband.
Fran. But when shall this once be? now?
Dor. Now? no indeed, Francis.
It shall be soon at night, when your lord's come home.
Fran. Then! how is it possible?
Dor. Possible! women can make any of these things possible, Francis: now many casualties may cross us; but soon at night, my lord, I'm sure, will be so sleepy, what with his journey, and deep healths for the duke's return, that before he goes to bed (as he uses still, when he has been hard a drinking) he will sleep upon the bed in's cloaths so sound, bells would not wake him, rung in the chamber.
Fran. The cuckold slumbers; and tho' his wife hit him o' th' forehead with her heel, he dreams of no such matter.

Dor. Now Pambo, that makes him merry in his chamber, shall, when the candle's out, and he asleep, bring you into the chamber.

Fran. But will he be secret?

Dor. Will he, good soul! I am not to try him now.

Fran. 'Sfoot, this is brave,
My kind lord's fool, is my cunning lady's knave.
But pray how then?

Dor. When you are in at door, on right before you, you shall feel the bed; give me but softly a touch, I'll rise, and follow you into the next chamber: but truly and you do not use me kindly, I shall cry out and spoil all.

Fran. Use you kindly! was lady e'er us'd cruelly i' th' dark? Do you but prepare Pambo and your maid, let me alone with her mistress: about eleven I desire to be expected.

Dor. And till the clock strike twelve, I'll lie awake.

Fran. Now ye dare kiss?

Dor. Once with my friend, or so: yet you may take two, Francis.

Fran. My cast is ams-ace then.

Dor. Duce-ace had got the game.

Fran. Why then you're welcome. Adieu, my dainty mistress.

Dor. Farewel, kind Francis. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LORENZO, *as from horse.*

Lor. I have given them all the slip, the duke and all;
And am at home before them: I cannot rest,
Philippo and my wife run in my mind so:
I know no cause why I should trust him more
Than all the world beside: I remember
He told her that I bought the buck's-head, therefore
Deserv'd the horns: altho' I bid him try her,
Yet I did not bid him bid her with one eye
Love me, and with the other wink at a friend.
How we long to grow familiar with affliction!
And, as many words do aptly hold concordance
To make one sentence, just so many causes
Seem to agree, when conceit makes us cuckolds.

Enter PHILIPPO *and* ABSTEMIA.

And here comes proof apparent, hand in hand too;
Now their palms meet, that grasp begets a bastard.

Phil. By your white hand I swear't was only so.

Lor. Poison of toads betwixt ye!

Ab. Philippo, you have fully satisfy'd me.

Lor. Insatiate whore! could not I satisfy ye?
I shall commit a murder, if I stay:
I'll go forge thunder for ye. Oh let me
Never more marry! what plague can transcend
A whorish wife, and a perfidious friend! [*Exit.*

Phil. By the unblemish'd faith then of a gentleman;
And by your potent goodness, a great oath;
(For you are greatly good;) by truth itself,
(For still I swear by you,) what again hath past,
Was at the first but trial of your chastity,
Far above time or story: as I speak truth,
So may I prosper.

Ab. And came these trials from your breast only?

Phil. Only from my breast; and by the sweet
Excellent blush of virtue, there is in you
Plenty of truth and goodness.

Ab. You have nobly
Appeas'd the storm o'ertook you; and you are
Again a good man.

Enter LORENZO, PANDULPHO, SPINOSO, JASPRO, JOVANI.

Lor. Traitor to truth and friendship!
Did not mine honour hold me, I should rip out
That blushing hypocrite thy heart, that hath broke
So strong a tie of faith; but behold,
How much of man is in me! there I cast them
From this believing heart, to the iron hand
Of law, the wrong'd man's saint.

Phil. What means this?

Pan. My lord, here's warrant
For what's done, immediate from the duke;
By force of which you're early i' th' morning
Before his grace to answer to such injuries
The count Lorenzo shall alledge against you.

Phil. Injuries! Why, friend, what injuries?

Lor. Can ye spell stag, sir? 'tis four letters with two horns.
Good gentlemen, convey him from my fury,
For fear of greater mischief.

Phil. Thou yellow fool! [*Exit.*

Ab. I would you would instruct me, noble sir,
But how to understand all this.

Lor. Do ye see her? look on her all, and wonder:
Did ye ever see so foul guilt stand underneath
A look so innocent?

Jov. I should have pawn'd my blood upon her honour.

Pan. Colours not in grain,
Make as fair shew, but are more apt to stain.

Ab. My lord.

Lor. Ye whore! [*Kicks her. She swoons.*

Jas. Look to the lady.

Lor. Look to her! hang her: let me send her now
To the devil, with all her sins upon her head.

Spi. Bear her in gently, and see her guarded.

Pan. You are too violent, my lord.

Lor. That men should ever marry! that we should
Lay our heads, and take our horns up out of Women's laps!

Jov. Be patient, good sir.

Lor. Yes, and go make potguns.

Jas. 'Tis late, and sleep would do you good, my lord.

Lor Sleep! why, do you think I am mad, sir?

Jas. Not I, my lord.

Lor. Then you do lye, my lord,

For I am mad, horn mad: I shall be acted
In our theatres of Verona. Oh! what poison's
Like a false friend? and what plague more ruinous
Than a lascivious wife? they steal our joys,
And fill us with afflictions! they leave our names
Hedg'd in with calumny: in their false hearts
Crocodiles breed, who make grief their disguise,
And, in betraying, tears still thro' their eyes.
Oh! he that can believe he sleeps secure
In a false friend's oath, or in a bad wife's arms,
Trusts Circe's witchcraft, and Calipso's charms.

Omnes. 'Tis late, let's to the court.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A bed thrust out: LODOVICO *sleeping in his clouths:* DOROTHEA *in bed. Enter Clown leading in* FRANCISCO.

Fran. Softly, sweet Pambo: are we in the chamber yet?

Clown. Within a yard of my lady, and ye can be quiet.

Fran. Art sure my lord's asleep?

Clown. I know not, I'll go and ask him.

Fran. No, no, no, do not wake him; we are undone then, man.

Clown. Ha, ha, ha, now do I see cuckold-making is as ticklish a profession as cunny-catching: my lord was so paid with healths at court, he's fast enough.

Fran. But still I pursue wonder, why my lady should prescribe this strange, nay wond'rous desperate way to her desires.

Clown. Is that a question to ask now? would you would grope out the bed; for I sleep in my talk, I am sure of that. [LODOVICO *coughs.*

Fran. We are lost for ever: did he not cough?

Clown. 'Tis nothing but the last cup comes up in stew'd-broth: if ever you make true whore-master, I'll be bound to resign my place up to my lord's page: sea-sick before you come to th' salt water! let me go in your stead.

Fran. No, I'll venture, stood a gulph between,
Belching up a tempest. Oh valiant lust!
How resolute thou go'st to acts unjust!
Pambo, good night,
Desire drowns fear, in presuppos'd delight.

Clown. Turn of your left hand, 'twill lead you to the devil, to my lady, I should say, presently. [*Exit.*

Fran. Let me see:
Four steps on the left hand. I have the bed,
And on this side she lies. 'Sfoot, there's a beard!
But all's well yet, she lies on this side sure.
I have her: 'tis her hand, I know the touch.
It melts me into passion. I have much ado
To contain my wild desires. As the wind strains
In caverns lock'd, so through my big swoln veins
My blood cuts capers.

Dor. Who's there?

Fran. 'Tis I.

Dor. Francis!

Fran. Fortunate Francis, that was wrapp'd in's mother's smock.

Dor. Give me your hand, Francis.

Fran. There 'tis. I melt already!

Dor. My lord, count Lodovico, awake.

Fran. I am lost for ever, madam.

Dor. My lord! my lord!

Fran. If I pull too hard, I shall pull her out o'th' bed too.

Dor. My lord, will ye not wake?

Lod. What's the matter? what's the matter?

Fran. How I do dwindle! [you

Dor. Pray, hear me, sir; I cannot sleep till
Have resolv'd me one thing.

Lod. What is't, sweetheart?

Dor. Of all your men, which do you love best?

Lod. That's a strange question to ask at midnight! Francisco.

Dor. And that same false Francisco in your absence
Most lewdly tempted me to wrong your bed.

Fran. Was ever woodcock catch'd thus!

Lod. Oh rogue, I'll go cut's throat sleeping.

Dor. Nay, I have fitted him most daintily.

Fran. Now, now, now, now, I am spitted.

Dor. I seem'd, sweetheart, to consent to him—

Fran. A plague of seemings: I were best confess,
And beg pardon.

Dor. And to make him sure for your revenge, I appointed
About this hour, the door left ope on purpose—

Fran. Ah!

Dor. To meet me in the garden.

Fran. All's well again.

Dor. Now, sweetheart,
If thou would'st but steal down thither, thou might'st
Catch him, and snap the fool very finely.

Lod. Oh my sweet birds-nie! what a wench have I
Of thee! *Crede quod habes, et habes* still;
And I had thought it possible to have been
Cuckolded, I had been cuckolded.
I'll take my rapier as I go, sirrah;
And the night being dark, I'll speak like thee,
As if thou hadst kept thy word. Oh villain!
Nothing vexes me, but that he should think
I can be a cuckold, and have such a lady.
Do thou lie still, and I'll bring thee his heart
For thy monkey's breakfast.

Dor. And would you part unkindly, and not kiss me?

Lod. I have no more manners than a goose. Farewel,
My chaste delicious Doll. What may his life
Be compar'd to, that meets with such a wife! [*Ex.*

Enter Clown.

Fran. Pish, Pambo.
Clown. Here, boy.
Fran. Go meet him in the garden, and hark.
Clown. Excellent! I'll play my lady, I warrant ye.
Fran. Do't daintily.
Clown. [4] Well, I may hope for a 'squire's place; my father was a coster-monger. [*Exit.*
Fran. Well, now I see, as he who fain would know
The real strain of goodness, may in her read it,
Who can seem chaste, and can be what she seems:
So, who would see hell's craft, in her may read it,
Who can seem too, but not be what she seems.
In brief, put him to school (would cheat the de'il of's right)
To a dainty smooth-fac'd female hypocrite. [*Ex.*

Enter LODOVICO *and Clown.*

Lod. Here's a wife, Pambo!
Clown. Now, *Credo quod habes, et habes*, sir.
Lod. Why, right man; let him believe he has horns, and he has 'em.
Clown. To discover upon the pinch to ye!
Lod. Oh! you kind loving husbands, like myself,
What fortunes meet ye full but with such wives!
Clown. Fortune's i'th' fashion of hay-forks.
Lod. Sirrah Pambo, thou shalt seldom see a harsh fellow have such a wife, such a fortunate wedding.
Clown. He will go to hanging as soon.
Lod. No, no; we loving souls have all the fortunes.
There's count Lorenzo for example now;
There's a sweet coil to-morrow 'bout his wife.
He has two servants that will take their oaths
They saw her dishonest with his friend count Philippo;
Nay, in the very act. Now what was't brought her to't,
But his dogged usage of her?
Clown. Nay, she never liv'd a good day with him.
Lod. How she goes flaunting too! she must have a
Feather in her head, and a cork in her heel.
Clown. Ay, that shews her light from head to heel, sir; and who have heavier heads than they whose wives have light heels? that feather confounds her.
Lod. I shall so laugh to hear the comical history of the great count Lorenzo's horns; but as I have such a wife now, what a villain did I entertain to teach her musick? H'as done her no good since he came, that I saw.
Clown. Hang him, h'as made her a little perfect in prick-song; that's all; and it may be, she had skill in that before you married her too.
Lod. She could sing at the first sight, by this hand, Pambo. But hark! I hear somebody.

Enter FRANCISCO.

Clown. 'Tis he sure; h'as a dreaming whoremaster's pace. Pray, let me practise my lady's part, and counterfeit for her.
Lod. Canst thou imitate to th' life?
Clown. Can I? Oh wicked Francis!
Lod. Admirable! Thou shalt do't.
Clown. Pray, be you ready with your rapier to spit him then, and I'll watch him a good turn, I warrant ye.
Fran. Here they are. If Pambo now comes off with his part neatly, the comedy passes bravely. Who's there———madam?
Clown. Francis?
Fran. The same.

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[4] *Well, I may hope for a squire's place; my father was a coster-monger.*—*A coster-monger* is a seller of apples; and *an apple-squire* was formerly a cant term for a *pimp*.

Erasmus' *Praise of Folly*. Sign. P.

"Or doo you judge peradventure they coulde easily fynde in their hertes, that so many scriveners, so many registrers, so manie notaries, so many advocates, so many promoters, so many secretaries, so many moyleters, so many horsekepers, so many gentlemen of householde, so many *apple squiers*, so many baudes, I had almost spoken a softer worde, &c."

Faults, and nothing but Faults, by Barnaby Rich, 1606, p. 24:

"———Shee shall not want the assistance of her ruffians, her *apple-squires*, and of those brothell queanes that lodge, that harbour, and that retain her."

Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 4. S. 10:

"Well, good wife bawd, Cob's wife, and you,
That make your husband such a hoddy doddy;
And you, young *apple-squire*, and old cuckold-maker,
I'll ha' you every one before a justice."

See also Dekkar's *Belman of London*. Sign. H. 2.

Clown. I think this place lies too open to the air, Francis?
Lod. Delicate, Pambo.
Clown. And truly there's a great dew fallen to-night;
The grass is wond'rous wet.
Lod. Sweet rogue!
Clown. Come, Francis,
And let us sport ourselves in yonder rushes:
And being set, I'll smother thee with busses.
Lod. Oh villain!
Fran. Hear me, lady;
It is enough, my lord hath now a friend
In these dishonest days, that dares be honest.
Lod. How is this?
Clown. Nay, for thy lord, he's a mere coxcomb, Francis.
Lod. Out, rogue!
Fran. 'Tis but your bad desires that tell you so.
Can I contain a heart? or can that heart
Harbour a thought of injury 'gainst him,
Under whose wing I safely stretch my pinions?
Has he not nobly entertain'd me? stand I not
Next neighbour, save yourself, unto his heart?
Lod. Ay, by this hand dost thou.
Fran. And should I quit him thus? No, lady, no.
Lod. Brave Frank!
Fran. I am too wise to fall in love with woe,
Much less with woman. I but took advantage
Of my lord's absence for your trial, lady,
For fear some fellow (far hotter rein'd than I)
Might have sought, and sped: and I would be loath
A lord so loving———
Lod. Shalt have five leases, by these fingers.
Fran. Should have a lady false.
Back, lady, to your yet unblemish'd bed;
Preserve your honour, and your lord's——calf's-head. [*Aside.*
Clown. Well, Francis, you had been better—if I do not tell my lord of this!
Lod. He has put him to't now.
Fran. Then I am lost for ever:
You'll turn it all on me, I know; but ere
I'll live to wrong so good a lord, or stand
The mark unto your malice, I will first
Fall on my sword and perish.
Lod. Hold, hold, hold, man.
Fran. Ha, who are you?
Lod. One that has more humanity in him, than to see a proper fellow cast himself away, I warrant thee. 'Tis I, 'tis I, man: I have heard all.
Clown. And 'twas I play'd my lady, to have snapp'd ye.
Fran. Has she been then so good to tell your honour?
Now am I worse afflicted than before,
That she should thus outrun me in this race of honesty.
Lod. Nay, sh'as bobb'd thee bravely. Sh'as a thousand of these tricks, i'faith, man: but howsoever, what I have found thee, I have found thee. Hark in thine ear, shalt have five leases, and mine own nag, when th'ast a mind to ride.
Fran. Let me deserve, sir, first.
Lod. Shalt have them. I know what I do, I warrant thee.
Fran. I joy in such a lady.
Lod. Nay, there's a couple of you, for a wife and a friend. Shalt be no more my servant. I had thought to have made thee my steward, but thou'rt too honest for the place, that's the truth on't.
Clown. His superfluity is my necessity: Pray, let me ha't, sir.
Lod. I will talk with thee to-morrow, Pambo: thou shalt have something too: but I'll to bed. Honest Francis, the dearest must part, I see. I will so hug the sweet rascal, that thinks every hour ten, till I come yonder! Good night, Frank.
To bed, Pambo. What delight in life
Can equal such a friend and such a wife?
So, my dainty Doll, I come to thee. [*Exit.*
Clown. So a city night-cap go with thee—But shall
I not be thought on for my night's service?
Fran. Oh look ye, pray forget not ye had something.
Clown. Well, and pray do you remember I had nothing.
Fran. Nothing! what's that?
Clown. Nothing before I had something, I mean. So you are well return'd from Utopia.
Fran. You're very nimble, sir; good-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

A Bar set out. Enter the Duke of VERONA, PANDULPHO, SPINOSO, JASPRO, JOVANI, LORENZO, PHILIPPO, ABSTEMIA, *a Guard, and two Slaves.*

Ver. Call the accus'd to th' bar.
Phil. We appear,
With acknowledg'd reverence to the presence.
Ver. We meet not
To build on circumstances, but to come plainly
To the business that here plac'd us. Cousin Lorenzo,
You have free leave to speak your griefs; but this
Desire the senate to observe, and nearly:
I come here not your kinsman; neither, madam,
Looking unto the greatness of your blood,
As you are sister to the duke of Venice;
But as an equal judge, I come to doom,
As circumstances and proof informs.
Lor. Thus then,
(Great sir, grave lords, and honourable auditors
Of my dishonour) I affirm 'tis known
To th' signory of Verona, the whole city,
Nay, the great multitude without, that come
This day to hear unwilling truth, can witness,

How since my marriage with that woman (weep'st thou?
Oh truth, who would not look thee in a woman's tears!
But showers that fall too late, produce dear years)
All know that since our marriage, I have perform'd
So fairly all judicial wedlock-offices,
That malice knew not how at my whole actions
To make one blow: and to strike home, I did rather
Honour her as a saint, sir, than respect her
As she was my wife: on pilgrimage I sent
All my endeavours to the fair seeming shrine
Of her desires, where they did offer daily
A plenal satisfaction, which she seem'd
Reciprocally to return, pay'd back
As much obedience as I lent of love:
But then the serpent stings, when like a dove
Opinion feathers him: [5] women's sweet words
As far are from their hearts (though from their breasts
They fly) as lapwings' cries are from their nests.
Pan. Oh you inveigh!
Lor. I would appear no satyr.
And for this man (how fain I would call him friend!)
I appeal to the whole state, if at the fight
Betwixt Bizerta gallies and your grace,
Wherein you pleas'd to send me general there,
That he deserv'd (let me not take from him
His merit's meet confession) but I was there
The man (the erring man) that crown'd his merit
With approbation and reward; brought him home,
Prefer'd him to those graces you heap'd on him:
Wore him a neighbour to my heart, as lovers
Wear jewels, left by their dead friends; I lock'd him
Into my heart, and double-barr'd him there
With reason and opinion; his extremities
Fasten'd me more unto him, whilst like an arch
Well built, by how much the more weight I bore,
I stand the stronger under him; so lov'd him,
That in his absence still mine ear became
A sanctuary to his injur'd name.
Ver. And what from hence infer you?
Lor. That 'twas base,
Base in the depth of baseness, for this wife
So honour'd, and this smooth friend so belov'd,
To conspire betwixt them my dishonour.
Ver. How? [theft:
Lor. To stain my sheets with lust, a minute's
To brand perpetually three faces; a husband's,
A wife's, and friend's.
Ab. Oh, good my lord,
Cast out this devil from you.
Lor. Oh, good my lady,
Keep not the devil within you, but confess.
Phil. Hear me, great sir; I will confess, Lorenzo,
And print thee down the fool of passion.
Spin. Speak, sir.
Phil. 'Tis true, this boasting man did thus erect me
In his opinion, plac'd me in his love,
Grac'd me with courtesies: Oh the craft of jealousy!
As boys, to take the bird, about the pit
Cast wheat and chaff, contriving a neat train
To intice her to her ruin: so this friend
Falser than city-oaths, it is not doubted,
Having so far indear'd me, when he came
To enjoy a fair wife, guest it impossible
For me to share with him in all things else,
And not in her; (for fair wives oft we see
Strike discord in sweet friendship's harmony):
And having no way to insnare me so,
To separate our loves, he seriously
Woo'd me to try his wife.
Lor. 'Tis false.
Phil. 'Tis true,
By all that honest men may be believed by.
Three several times I try'd her, by him urg'd to't,
Yet still my truth not started, kept so constant,
That till this hour this lady thus much knew not.
I bore her brave reproofs: Oh when she spake,
The saints sure listen'd, and at every point
She got the plause of angels! now upon this,
This jealous lord infers (and it may be but
To shun futurity) that I
(His betray'd friend) could not hold the cup,
But I must drink the poison. No, Lorenzo,
An honest man is still an unmov'd rock,
Wash'd whiter, but not shaken with the shock;
Whose heart conceives no sinister device,
Fearless he plays with flames, and treads on ice.
Ver. Cousin, did you, as your friend here affirms,
Counsel him to these trials?
Lor. I?
Phil. You did. [man,
Lor. Philippo, thou art fallen from a good
And hast ta'en leave of modesty: let these my servants
(That incredulity should be induction
To my more certain shame) let these speak
And relate what they saw: they grew so public,
My servants could discover them.
Pan. Speak, friends, be fearless;
And what you know, even to a syllable,
Boldly confess.
1*st Slave.* Then know, great sir, as soon
As e'er my lord was gone to meet your grace,
Signor Philippo and my lady privately
Went up to her bed-chamber: we two suspecting
What afterwards we found, stole softly up,
And through the key-hole (for the door was lock'd)

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5 *Women's sweet words*, &c.—See Note 19 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, Act. 2. S. 2. Vol. I. p. 140.

We saw my lady and count Philippo there
Upon the bed, and in the very act,
As my lord before affirm'd.
Ab. Canst thou hear, Heaven,
And withhold thy thunder?
Phil. My lords, one devil, ye know,
May possess three bodies.
Ver. Will you swear this, sir?
1st Slave. I will, my lord.
Spin. And you?
2d Slave. I will, and dare, sir.
Lor. Brave rascals!
Ver. Reach them the book.
Ab. Yè poor deluded men, oh do not swear!
Lor. Think of the chain of pearl.
1st Slave. Give us the book:
That we affirm the truth, the whole truth,
And nothing but the truth, we swear.
Pan. Believe me, I am sorry for the lady.
Phil. How soon
Two souls, more precious than a pair of worlds,
Are levell'd below death!
Ab. Oh hark! did you not hear it?
Omnes. What, lady?
Ab. This hour a pair of glorious towers are fallen;
Two goodly buildings beaten with a breath
Beneath the grave: you all have seen this day,
A pair of souls both cast and kist away.
Spin. What censure gives your grace?
Ver. In that I am kinsman
To the accuser, that I might not appear
Partial in judgment, let it seem no wonder
If unto your gravities I leave
The following sentence: but as Lorenzo stands
A kinsman to Verona, so forget not,
Abstemia still is sister unto Venice.
Phil. Misery of goodness!
Ab. Oh! Lorenzo Medico,
Abstemia's lover once, when he did vow
And when I did believe; then when Abstemia
Deny'd so many princes for Lorenzo,
Then when you swore.—Oh maids! how men can weep!
Print protestations on their breasts, and sigh,
And look so truly, and then weep again,
And then protest again, and again dissemble!
When once enjoy'd, like strange sights we grow stale,
And find our comforts like their wonder, fail.
Phil. Oh Lorenzo!
Look upon tears, each one of which well valued,
Is worth the pity of a king; but thou
Art harder far than rocks, and canst not prize
The precious waters of truth's injur'd eyes.
Lor. Please your grace proceed to censure.
Ver. Thus 'tis decreed, as these lords have set down
Against all contradiction: Signor Philippo,
In that you have thus grossly, sir, dishonour'd
Even our blood itself, in this rude injury
Lights on our kinsman, his prerogative
Implies death on your trespass; but your merit,
Of more antiquity than is your trespass,
That death is blotted out, and in the place
Banishment writ, perpetual banishment
(On pain of death (if you return) for ever)
From Verona, and her signories.
Phil. Verona is kind.
Pan. Unto you, madam,
This censure is allotted: Your high blood
Takes off the danger of the law; nay from
Even banishment itself: this lord your husband
Sues only for a legal fair divorce,
Which we think good to grant, the church allowing:
And in that the injury chiefly reflects
On him, he hath free licence to marry when
And whom he pleases.
Ab. I thank ye,
That you are favourable unto my love,
Whom yet I love and weep for.
Phil. Farewell, Lorenzo.
This breast did never yet harbour a thought
Of thee, but man was in it, honest man;
There's all the words that thou art worth: of your grace
I humbly thus take leave: farewell, my lords:
And lastly, farewell, thou fairest of many,
Yet by far more unfortunate: look up
And see a crown held for thee; win it, and die
Love's martyr, the sad map of injury:
And so remember, sir, your injur'd lady
Has a brother yet in Venice. [*Exit.*
Ab. Farewell, Lorenzo,
Whom my soul doth love: if you e'er marry,
May you meet a good wife, so good, that you
May not suspect her, nor may she be worthy
Of your suspicion: and if you hear hereafter
That I am dead, enquire but my last words,
And you shall know that to the last I lov'd you;
And when you walk forth with your second choice,
Into the pleasant fields, and by chance talk of me,
Imagine that you see me lean and pale, [bed
Strewing your paths with flowers: and when in
You cast your arms about her happy side,
Think you see me stand with a patient look,
Crying, all hail, you lovers, live and prosper:
But may she never live to pay my debts: [*Weeps.*
If but in thought she wrong you, may she die
In the conception of the injury.
Pray make me wealthy with one kiss: farewell, sir:
Let it not grieve you when you shall remember
That I was innocent: nor this forget,
Though innocence here suffer, sigh and groan,
She walks but thorow thorns to find a throne.
[*Exit.*
Ver. Break up the court; and, cousin, learn this reed;
Who stabs truth's bosom, makes an angel bleed.
Lor. The storm upon my breast, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter LODOVICO, JASPRO, JOVANI, *and Clown.*

Lod. Did chronicle ever match this couple, gentlemen?

Jas. You make us wonder,
That both should seem to yield to the temptation,
And both so meet in one resolv'd goodness,
Unknown to one another!

Lod. There lies the jest on't. Sirrah, Pambo, I do but think, an' she had met him in the garden, how she would have rattled him.

Clown. And ruffled him too, sir: [6] the camomile would have been better for it many a day after.

Jov. Such an honest-minded servant where shall one find?

Lod. Servant! my sworn brother, man; he's too honest for an office, he'll never thrive in't: ye have few servants will deal so mercifully with their lords.

Jas. A wife! why she's a saint, one that ever bears a good sound soul about her.

Clown. Yes, when she wears her new shoes.

Jov. Shall we see her, my lord?

Lod. Where is she, Pambo?

Clown. Walking a turn or two i' th' garden with Francisco, sir: I'll go call her.

Lod. No, no, no; let her alone; 'tis pity indeed to part them, they are so well match'd. Was he not reading to her?

Clown. No, sir, she was weeping to him: she heard this morning that her confessor, father Jacomo, was dead.

Jas. Father Jacomo dead?

Lod. Why now shall not we have her eat one bit this five days.

Clown. She'll munch the more in a corner; that's the puritan's fast.

Lod. Nay, do but judge of her, my lords, by one thing: whereas most of our dames go to confession but once a month, some twice a quarter, and some but once a year, and that upon constraint too, she never misses twice a week.

Jas. 'Tis wonderful!

Jov. 'Tis a sign she keeps all well at home: they are even
With the whole world, that so keep touch with Heaven.

Lod. Nay, I told ye, ye should find no Philippo of Francisco.

Clown. And I remember I told your honour you should find no Abstemia of my lady.

Lod. Nor no Lorenzo of myself: he was ever a melancholy stubborn fellow; he kept her in too much, and see what comes on't! I give my wife her will, and see what comes on't too!

Clown. Nay, sir, there is two come on't, an' a man could discover 'em.

Lod. Two what, I pr'ythee?

Clown. It may be two babies, sir; for they come commonly with giving a woman her will.

Lod. I'd laugh at that, 'faith, boy—But who has she now for her confessor?

Clown. She looks for one, they call him father Antony, sir; and he's wish'd to her by madona Lussuriosa.

Enter DOROTHEA *and* FRANCISCO.

Lod. There's another modest soul too, never without a holy man at her elbow! But here comes one out-weighs them all—Why, how now, chick, weeping so fast? This is the fault of most of our ladies; painting, weeping for their sins, I should say, spoils their faces.

Fran. Sweet madam!

Lod. Look, look, look, loving soul, he weeps for company!

Clown. And I shall laugh out-right by-and-by.

Dor. Oh that good man!

Lod. Why, bird?

Jas. Be patient, lady.

Dor. Would he go to heaven without his zealous pupil?

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6 *The camomile would have been better for it.*—The *camomile* is said to grow faster the more it is pressed or trodden upon, and to this circumstance the clown here alludes. Frequent notice is taken of this property in the plant by our ancient writers. As in "*Honours Academic, or The Famous Pastorall of the Faire Shepheardesse Julietta,*" 1610, p. 204, 5th part:

"But as gold taken out of the burning furnace, is farre more bright and fierce, than when it was first flung in; and as *Camomell, the more it is trod upon, the thicker and better it groweth*: even so we see this faire Archeresh to shew more cleare and beautifull, when the flame was once past and gone then she had bene before."

First Part Henry IV. A. 2. S. 4:

"—— for though *the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows*, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears."

See other instances in the Notes of Mr Steevens and Dr Farmer on the last passage

Clown. It may be he knew not your mind, forsooth.

Dor. He knew my mind well enough.

Clown. Why then it may be he knew you could not hold out for the journey: pray do not set us all a crying. [*Weeps.*

Lod. Pr'ythee, sweet birds-nye be content.

Dor. Yes, yes, content! when you too leave my company!
No one comes near me; so that were it not
For modest simple Francis here——

Clown. As modest as a gib-cat at midnight.

Dor. That sometimes reads
Virtuous books to me; were it not for him,
I might go look content; but 'tis no matter,
Nobody cares for me.

Lod. Nay, pr'ythee, Doll—pray, gentlemen, comfort her. [*Weeps.*

Clown. Now is the devil writing an encomium upon cunning cuckold-makers.

Fran. You have been harsh to her of late, I fear, sir.

Lod. By this hand I turn'd not from her all last night: what should a man do?

Jas. Come, this is but a sweet obedient shower,
To bedew the lamented grave of her old father.

Clown. He thinks the devil's dead too.

Dor. But 'tis no matter; were I such a one
As the count Lorenzo's lady, were I so graceless
To make you wear a pair of wicked horns,
You would make more reckoning of me——
[*Weeps.*

Lod. Weep again! She'll cry out her eyes, gentlemen.

Clown. No, I warrant you: remember the two lines your honour read last night:

——*A woman's eye,*
'S April's dust, no sooner wet but dry.

Lod. Good pigs-ney! Frank, pr'ythee walk her t'other turn i' th' garden, and get her a stomach to her supper. We'll be with ye presently, wench.

Dor. Nay, when ye please—But why should I go from ye? [away.

Lod. Loving soul! Pr'ythee, Frank, take her

Dor. Pray let me kiss ye first. Come, Francis, Nobody cares for us.——
[*At the door* FRANCIS *kisses her. Exeunt.*

Lod. Well, there goes a couple: where shall a man match you, indeed? Hark, Pumbo?

Jas. Did you observe?

Jov. They kiss'd!

Jas. Peace.

Lod. And intreat madona Lussuriosa to sup with us; as you go, tell her my lady's never well but in her company.

Clown. What if your honour invited the count Lorenzo? he'll be so melancholy, now his lady and he are parted!

Lod. Pray do as you are bid, kind sir, and let him alone: I'll have no cuckold sup in my house to-night.

Clown. 'Tis a very hot evening; your honour will sup in the garden then.

Lod. Yes, marry, will I, sir; what's that to you?

Clown. Why your honour was ever as good as your word: Keep the cuckolds out of door, and lay a cloth for my lord in the arbour, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Lod. I have been these three months about a project.

Jov. What is 't, my lord?

Lod. Why, I intend to compose a pamphlet of all my wife's virtues, put them in print, and dedicate them to the duke, as orthodoxal directions against he marries.

Jas. 'Twill give him apt instructions, when he does marry, to pick out such a woman.

Lod. Pick her! where will he pick her? as the English proverb says, *He may as soon find a needle in a bottle of hay.* Would I knew what sins she has committed, I would set them down all one with another; they would serve as foils to her virtues: but I do think she has none: d' ye think she has any, gentlemen?

Jov. Oh, none, sir, but has some!

Lod. Ay, piddling ones, it may be; as when a pin pricks her finger to cry at sight on't, and throw 't away; but for other matters——

Jas. Now I think on 't, sir, I have a device newly begotten, that, if you be so desirous to be resolv'd of her perfections, 'twill be an apt means for your intelligence.

Lod. That will be excellent; and then my book, grounded upon mine own experience, the report of my judgment in the choice of a woman, will sell them off faster than the compositor can set the letters together.

Jas. We will discourse it as we go: mean time, sir,
Let this prepare the path to your construction,
Conceit and confidence are jugglers born;
One grafts in air, t' other hides the real horn.

Lod. Well, he that believes he has horns, has horns;
And *Crede quod habes et habes*, shall be my motto. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PANDULPHO *and* SPINOSO.

Spin. The powers of Venice upon our confines!

Pan. Yes: signor Philippo, it seems, [7]having possess'd him

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[7] —— *having possess'd him.*—That is, *acquainted, or informed him.* So, in *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 1. S. 5, Bobadil says, "*Possess* no gentleman of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging."

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Honest Man's Fortune*, A. 2. S. 1:

"Sir, I am very well *possest* of it."

With the passages that pass'd upon his sister,
Embassadors were dispatch'd to Bergamo,
Where then his forces lay; who thus return'd,
That he came not a public foe unto Verona,
But to require justice against count Lorenzo,
To approve his sister innocent.
Spin. What witness,
Proof, or apparent circumstance, builds he
His bold attempt upon?
Pan. He says, besides
The honour of Philippo, he has proof
So unresistable to affirm the plot
Of count Lorenzo, that he only crav'd
(Hostages being render'd for their safe returns)
Here in the senate chamber the fair trial
Might publicly be censur'd: and by this
They are at hand.

Enter at one door Duke of VENICE, PHILIPPO, *and Lords. At the other, Duke of* VERONA, JASPRO, JOVANI, LORENZO *guarded. A Bar set out. The 1st Slave.*

Ver. Fair sir, the presence is level'd for your grievances.
Ven. First summon to the bar the count Lorenzo.
Pan. Lorenzo Medico, stand to the bar.
Lor. I do stand to the bar.
Ven. I come not here, witness the good man's comfort,
To add one step unto my territories; and tho' I burden
The neighbour-bosom of my confines with
The weight of armour, or do wound your breast
(My dukedom's near next neighbours) with the hoofs
Of war-apparell'd horses, 'tis not to seek
For martial honours, but for civil justice:
Conceive mine honour wounded; a sister's shame
Is an unpleasant spot upon our arms;
Yet that we come not here to sanctify
A sister's sin; for if she be so prov'd,
Shame sleep within her epitaph, and brand her;
Let bears and wolves that angel's face confound,
Gives goodness such a foul unfriendly wound:
But if she chaste be prov'd, what balm can cure
A wounded name? As he that not inflicts
The bitter stroke of law upon the strumpet,
Fattens the sad afflictions of a thousand:
So who but stains an honest woman's name,
Plagues are yet kept for him, steel is no defence,
For the unclean tongue injures innocence.
I affirm my sister wrong'd, wrong'd by this man,
This that has wrong'd pure judgment, and thrown poison
Upon the face of truth; and upon him
I seek a satisfaction.
Lor. I reply;
The law must give you satisfaction,
That justly did divorce us: I appeal
To the whole consiliadory, if equal law,
In her progression, went a step astray,
Either by proof or information.
Let the duke speak (not as he is my kinsman)
If I produc'd not legally in court,
Besides mine own assertion, (which even reason
Grounded on probability,) two of my servants,
That upon oath affirm'd they saw your sister
Even in the very act of sin and shame,
With that Philippo there: blame me not then, sir,
If I return an error to your cause.
Reason (the base whereon we build the laws)
You injure in this action, give her the lye:
Who dares not build his faith upon his eye?
They swore what they did see; and men still fear,
(Reason concludes,) what they not see, to swear.
Ver. You hear my kinsman's answer.
Pan. And 'tis requisite
That you produce your author: it is held
Mere madness on a hill of sand to build.
Phil. The foundation-work is mine,
And that I answer: he builds on truth,
The good man's mistress, and not in the sanctuary
Of this injur'd brother's power, but the integrity
And glory of the cause: I throw the pawn
Of my afflicted honour, and on that
I openly affirm your absent lady
Chastity's well-knit abstract; snow in the fall,
Purely refin'd by the bleak northern blast,
Not freer from a soil; the thoughts of infants
But little nearer Heaven; and if these princes
Please to permit, before their guilty thoughts
Injure another hour upon the lady,
My right drawn sword shall prove it.
Lor. Upon my knee, sir,
(How my soul dances!) humbly I intreat
Your grant to his request: fight with Philippo
I' th' midst of flame, or pestilence: in a cave,
Where basilisks do breed
Ver. We must take counsel:
The price of blood is precious.
Lor. Blood desires burthen:
The price of truth is precious. For all the fights
I have fought for you on land; the fears at sea,
Where I have tugg'd with tempests, stood storms at midnight,
Out-star'd the flaring lightning, and the next morning
Chas'd the unruly stubborn Turk with thunder;
For all the bullets I have bravely shot,
And sent death singing to the slaughter, sir——
Ver. Peace.
Lor. What should a soldier do with peace? remember
Mine honour lies a bleeding, and in mine yours;
Her wide wound inward bleeds; and while you cry peace,
Shame wars upon my name: oh, rather kill me,
Than cast me to this scandal.
Spin. The doubtful cause,
With such a dare approv'd, you may permit it.
Ver. Your request is granted, cuz.
Lor. You have now, sir, breath'd

Fresh air in the face of fainting honour.
Rapiers of fair equality.
Ven. Look with what cunning
The spider, when she would snare the fly, doth weave!
With neater art appearances deceive.
Stay, as you said, sir, blood is a precious price:
Let me but see the men produc'd, who swore
They saw them in the shameful act; and then
Farewell a sister and her honour.
Pan. Produce your servants, sir.
[VENICE *sends off a Lord.*
Lor. Plague of this change! here's one of them; the t'other,
In that I threaten'd him for some neglect,
The next day ran away.
Ven. Did you, sir, swear
You saw our sister and this gentleman
In this base act of sin?
Lor. Fear nothing.
1*st Slave.* To deny truth,
Is more dangerous than to displease a duke:
I saw it, and did swear it.

Enter Lord, and Second Slave.

Ven. But here comes one
Will swear you saw it not, and are forsworn.
1*st Slave.* 'Sfoot, Stratzo!
Spin. This is the other fellow took his oath.
Ver. What come you here to say, sir?
2*d Slave.* That we swore falsely, may it please your grace;
Hir'd by my lord with gifts and promises:
And as I now have spoke the truth, so Heaven
Forgive my former perjury.
Ver. Hear you, cousin?
1*st Slave.* Would you would say something:
I have nettles in my breeches.
Lor. Now, now, I hope, your eyes are open, lords;
The bed of snakes is broke, the trick's come out,
And here's the knot i' th' rush. Good Heaven, good Heaven!
That craft, in seeking to put on disguise,
Should so discover herself!
Ver. Explain yourself!
Lor. Now see, sir, where this scorpion lurks, to sting
Mine honour unto death: this noble duke
By nature is engag'd to defend a sister;
And to this duke so engag'd, this malicious lord
(For sin still hates her scourger) makes repair,
And prepossesses him with that suppos'd innocence
Of an injur'd sister, which he had hir'd this slave
To follow him and affirm, and lays the cause
To scruple, and to conscience: they did consent
To steal belief by seeming accident.
Sin, juggler-like, casts sin before our eyes;
Craft sometimes steals the wonder of the wise.
With an equal hand now weigh me, and if I want
A grain of honour, tear me from your blood,
And cast me to contempt.
1*st Slave.* My lord would have made an excellent state-sophister.
Ver. In what a strange dilemma judgment sits,
Charm'd to her chair with wonder!
Ven. Shall I have justice?
Pan. Yes, in that this fellow swears for the duke:
Reach him the book; you shall see him again
Take the former oath.
Ver. This doubt must be so ended:
If it give not satisfaction, send back our hostage;
You have fair regress to your forces: but
The blood remains on you; and still remember
The price of blood is precious.
Phil. Let us end it.
Ven. Oh, what a combat honour holds with conscience!
Reach him the book; and if thou false do'st say,
May thine own tongue thine own foul heart betray.
1*st Slave.* Amen, say I:
Give me the book; my oath must end all then?
Spin. It must.
Lor. Now you shall hear him swear
He saw them both in the base act.
1*st Slave.* Nay, I swear
They are now both seen in the base act.
Omnes. How's this?
Pan. 'Tis a strange oath.
1*st Slave.* 'Tis true, tho'.
Lor. True, villain! are both now seen in the base act?
1*st Slave.* Yes, both.
Lor. Which both?
1*st Slave.* You and I, sir.
Omnes. How?
1*st Slave.* Both you and I are seen in the base act,
Slandering spotless honour; an act so base,
The barbarous Moor would blush at.
Phil. D' ye hear him now?
Lor. Out, slave, wilt thou give ground too? fear works upon 'em:
Did you not both here swear, i' th' senate-chamber,
You saw them both dishonest?
1*st Slave.* Then we swore true, sir.
Lor. I told you 'twas but fear.
Ver. Swore ye true then, sir, when ye swore
Ye both saw them dishonest?
1*st Slave.* Yes, marry, did we, sir;
For we were both two villains when we saw them,
So we saw them dishonest.
Ven. Heaven, thou art equal!
1*st Slave.* This is a jealous lord; his lady chaste,
A rock of crystal not more clear; this gentleman
Basely abus'd; this great prince dishonour'd;
And so we kneel for mercy.
Ver. You have redeem'd it:
Depart, prove honest men. That I should bear
Dishonour in my blood!
Omnes. Much-injur'd lady!

Ven. What justice, sir, belongs unto the injur'd?
Ver. First, witness Heaven, I tear thee from my blood,
And cast thee off a stranger: assume you, sir,
(Since the great cause is yours,) my sentence, justice,
And sentence this foul homicide; it must be
And suddenly; he will infect the air else,
Proceed, great sir, with rigour, whilst I stand by,
And do adore the sentence.
Ven. Answer, Lorenzo,
Art thou not guilty?
Lor. Give me my merit, death;
Princes can build and ruin with one breath.
Ven. The cause may seem to merit death, in that
Two souls were hazarded, a princess' fame,
A duke dishonour'd, and a noble lord
Wounded in reputation; but since she lives,
And that no blood was spilt, (tho' something dearer,)
Mercy thus far stretches her silver wings
Over your trespass; we do banish you,
Both from our dukedom's limits and your own:
If you but set a daring foot upon them,
Whilst life lends you ability to stand,
You fall into the pit of death, unless
You shall find out our most unfortunate sister,
And bring her to our court.
Lor. You, sir, are merciful!
Ver. This let me add,
In that you have made impartial justice, sir,
Princes should punish vice in their own blood:
Until you find that excellent injur'd lady,
Upon this gentleman, who hath suffer'd for you,
We confer your lands, revenues, and your place:
That, during three days stay within our confines,
It shall be death to any that relieves you,
But as they do a beggar at their door:
So cast him from our presence.
Lor. Your dooms are just!
Oh love, thy first destruction is distrust!
[*Exeunt* LORENZO, JASPRO, *and* JOVANI.
Ver. For you, fair sir, until we shall hear tidings
Of your most-injur'd sister, please you to call
My court your own; conceive it so; where live:
Two partners in one passion we will be,
And sweeten sorrow with a sympathy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LODOVICO *like a Frier,* JASPRO, *and* JOVANI.

Lod. What, am I fitted, gallants? am I fitted?
Jas. To th' life; able to cheat suspicion, and so like
Father Antony the confessor, that I protest
There's not more 'semblance in a pair of eggs.
Jov. An apple cut in half, is not so like.
Lod. Well, of lords, you're mad lords to counsel me to this; but now, in this habit, shall I know the very core of her heart, and her little piddling sins, which will shew in my book as foils to her giant-bodied virtues.
Jas. That will be admirable!
Jov. We'll step aside: by this she's upon coming.
Jas. We shall know all.
Lod. Reveal confession! but go your ways; as much as may lawfully be reveal'd, we'll laugh at, at next meeting.
Jas. Come, let's be gone. But once upon a time, sir,
A beggar found a lark's nest; and o'erjoy'd
At his sudden glut, for he thought 'twas full of young ones,
Looking, they were all gone; he was forc'd again to beg,
For he found in the lark's nest a serpent's egg;
So much good d'ye, sir.—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter DOROTHEA.

Lod. Well, thou surpassest all the courtiers in these pretty ones, if a man had the wit to understand them——
Yonder she comes: I can hardly forbear blushing,
But that for discovering myself.
Right reverend habit, I honour thee
With a son's obedience, and do but borrow thee,
As men would play with flies, who, i'th' midst
Of modest mirth, with care preserve themselves.
Dor. Hail, holy father!
Lod. Welcome, my chaste daughter!
Dor. Death having taken good father Jacomo,
Upon the plenal and approv'd report
Of your integrity and upright dealing——
Lod. Delicate Doll!
Dor. I have made a modest choice of you, grave sir,
To be my ghostly father; and to you I fall
For absolution.
Lod. Empty then, my daughter,
That vessel of your flesh of all the dregs
Which (since your last confession clear'd you) have
Taken a settled habitation in you;
And, with a powerful sweet acknowledgment,
Hunt out those spirits which haunt that house of flesh.
Tears make dry branches flourish green and fresh.
Dor. Since last I confess'd, then I do confess
My first sin was, that my taylor bringing home
My last new gown, having made the sleeves too flanting,
In an unchristian passion I did bid
The devil take him.
Lod. That was something harsh, dear daughter;
Yet the more pardonable; for it may be your taylor
Lies in hell, night by night. Pray, to your second.
Dor. Next, in a more savage rage, my chamber-maid

[8] Putting a little saffron in her starch,
I most unmercifully broke her head.
Lod. 'Twas rashly done too. But are you sure, dear daughter,
The maid's head was not broke before?
Dor. No, no, sir; she came to me with ne'er a crack about her.
Lod. These will be brave sins to mix with her virtues! Why they will make no more shew than three or four bailiffs amongst a company of honest men.—These sins, my dove-like daughter, are out of contradiction venial, trivial, and light. Have you none of greater growth?
Dor. Oh, yes, sir, one!
Lod. One! What should that be, I wonder?
Dor. One yet remains behind
Of weight and consequence: the same order
Heralds prescribe in shews, I now observe
In placing of my sins; as there inferiors
(Because the last lives freshest in our memories)—
[9] Far fore the persons of great note, so last
My great sin comes to obliterate those past.
Lod. Sh'as trod some chicken to death, I warrant her.
Dor. Hear me, and let a blush make you look red;
Unseemly I have abus'd my husband's bed.
Lod. You did ill to drink too hard ere you went to bed.
Dor. Alas, sir, you mistake me: I have lain
With another man, besides my husband.
Lod. How?
Dor. Nay, the same way I use to lie with him,
But not altogether so often.
Lod. Why then, *crede quod habes, et habes*, I will believe I have horns, for I have 'em. 'Stoot, a woman, I perceive, is a neat herald; she can quarter her husband's coat with butcher's arms at pleasure. But I have a penance for your pure whoreship.—You are somewhat broad: are you not with child, daughter?
Dor. Yes, yes; sure 'twas that night's work.
Lod. How know you that?
Dor. Alas, by experience, sir. The kind fool my husband
Wishes all well; but like a light piece of gold,
He's taken for more than he weighs.
Lod. With child! there's charges too: a t'other side there should follow
A zealous exhortation: but great affairs
That brook no stay, make me be brief, rememb'ring
Lawful necessity may dispense with ceremony.
You are ingenuously sorry?
Dor. Yes, indeed, sir.
Lod. And resolve to fall no more so?
Dor. No, in truth, sir.
Lod. I then pronounce you here absolv'd. Now for your penance.
Dor. Any thing.
Lod. As the fact in you seems strange, so blame me not
If your penance be as strange. You may wonder at it;
But it is wonderous easy in performance;
But as your penance I injoin it. Nay, now I remember
In an old French authentic author, his book
Titled, *De Satisfactione*, I read the same
Enjoin'd a lady of Dauphin. 'Tis no holy fast,
No devout prayer, nor no zealous pilgrimage;
'Tis out of the prescrib'd road.
Dor. Let it be
So strange story ne'er match'd the injunction,
I do vow the plenal strict performance.
Lod. Listen to me.
Soon at night (so rumour spreads it thro' the city)
The two great dukes of Venice and Verona
Are feasted by your lord, where a mask's intended.
Dor. That's true, sir.
Lod. Now, when ye all are set round about the table,
In depth of silence, you shall confess these words
Aloud to your husband; *you are not this child's father*:
And, 'cause my orders bar me such inquisition,
You shall say, such a man lay with me,
Naming the party was partner in your sin.
Dor. Good sir!
Lod. This is your penance I injoin you: keep it,
You are absolv'd; break it, you know the danger of it. Good-by.
Dor. Oh, good sir, stay! never was penance of more shame than this.
Lod. You know the danger of the breach as to us:
'Tis the shameful loss of our religious orders, if we reveal.
Dor. For Heaven's sake,
Enjoin me first upon my knees to creep
From Verona to Loretto.
Lod. That's nothing.
Dor. Nothing indeed to this. Is this your penance,
So wond'rous easy in performance?
Lod. 'Tis irrevocable.
Dor. I am silent: your new penance may meet
A new performance. Farewel, sir.
You are the cruel'st c'er confest me before.
Lod. And this the trick to catch a neat pure whore. [*Exeunt.*

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[8] *Putting a little saffron in her starch.*—See Note on Albumazar, A. 2. S. 1. Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. VI. edit. 1780.

[9] *Far fore*—i. e. before. Former editions read, *Far more.* S. P.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter ABSTEMIA.

Ab. Here, miserable, despis'd Abstemia,
In Milan let thy misery take breath,
Wearied with many sufferings. Oh Lorenzo!
How far in love I am with my affliction,
Because it calls thee father! Unto this house
Where gentlewomen lodge, I was directed;
But I here discover
Strange actions closely carried in this house.
Great persons (but not good) here nightly revel
In surfeits, and in riots, yet so carried,
That the next day the place appears a sanctuary
Rather than sin's foul receptacle. These ways
Have to me still been strangers; but, Lorenzo,
Thou couldst not though believe it. Oh Jealousy!
Love's eclipse, thou art, in thy disease,
A wild mad patient, wond'rous hard to please.

Enter TIMPANIA *and* MORBO.

Mor. Yonder she walks mumbling to herself. The prince Antonio has blest her with's observation; and ye win her but to him, your house bears the bell away. Accost her quaintly.

Tim. I warrant thee, Morbo, Madona Timpania has effected wonders of more weight than a maidenhead. Have I ruin'd so many city-citadels, to let in court-martialists, and shall this country-cottage hold out? I were more fit for a cart than a coach then, i'faith.—How now, Millicent, how d'ye this morning?

Ab. Well, I do thank so good a landlady.

Tim. But hark you, Mill; is the door close, Morbo?

Mor. As a usurer's conscience. Grace was coming in, till she saw the door shut upon her.

Tim. I'll set Grace about her business, and I come to her. Is here any work for Grace, [10] with a wannion to her? We shall have eavesdroppers, shall we?

Ab. Chastity guard me! how I tremble!

Tim. Come hither, mistress Millicent. Fie, how you let your hair hang about your ears too! How do you like my house, Mill?

Ab. Well indeed, well.

Tim. Nay, I know a woman may rise here in one month, and she will herself. But truth's truth: I know you see something, as they say, and so forth. Did you see the gallant was here last till twelve?

Ab. Which of them mean you? here was many.

Tim. Which? he in the white feather, that supp'd in the gallery, was't not white, Morbo?

Mor. As a lady's hand, by these five fingers.

Tim. White? No, no, 'twas a tawny, now I remember.

Mor. As a gipsy, by this hand. It look'd white by candle-light, though.

Tim. [11] "That lusty springal, Millicent, is no worse man
Than the duke of Milan's son.

Ab. His excellent carriage spoke him of noble birth.

Tim. And this same duke's son loves you, Millicent.

Ab. Now Heaven defend me!

Tim. What, from a duke's son? marry come up with a murrain, from whence came you tro, ha?

Mor. Thus nice Grace was at first, and you remember.

Tim. I would have ye know, housewife, I could have taken my coach, and fetch'd him one of the best pieces in Milan, and her husband should have look'd after me, that 's neighbours might have noted, and cry'd farewel naunt, commend me to mine uncle.

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[10] ——*with a wannion to her.*—This expression occurs in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, A. 2. S. 1:

"Look how thou stirrest now:
Come away, I'll fetch thee with a *wannion*."

Ben Jonson's *Devil is an Ass*:

"And a cuckold is,
Where'er he put his head with a *wannion*,
If his horns be forth, the devil's companion!"

[11] *That lusty springal.*—*Springal* (adolescens) *a youth.*——SKINNER.

Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. 5. C. 10. S. 6:

"Amongst the rest which in that space befel,
There came two *springals* of full tender yeers."

Wily beguiled. 1606.

"Pray, ye maid, bid him welcome, and make much of him, for by my vay, he's a good proper *springold*."

Mor. And yet from these perfum'd fortunes, Heaven defend you!

Ab. Perfum'd indeed.

Mor. Perfum'd! I am a pander, a rogue, that hangs together like a beggar's rags by geometry, if there were not three ladies swore yesterday that my mistress perfum'd the coach! so they were fain to unbrace all the side-parts, to take in fresh air.

Tim. He tells you true; I keep no common company, I warrant ye. We vent no breath'd ware here.

Ab. But have ye so many several women, to answer so many men that come?

Mor. I'll answer that by demonstration. Have ye not observ'd the variation of a cloud? sometimes it will be like a lion, sometimes like a horse, sometimes a castle, and yet still a cloud.

Ab. True.

Mor. Why, so can we make one wench one day look like a country-wench; another day like a citizen's wife; another day like a lady; and yet still be a punk.

Ab. What shall become of me? Oh the curse
Of goodness, to leave one woe for a worse!

Enter PHILIPPO.

Phil. Morrow, sweet madam. Oh look how like the sun behind a cloud, the beams do give intelligence it is there!

Tim. You're reciprocal welcome, sir.

Phil. What, have ye not brought this [12] young wild haggard to the lure yet?

Tim. Faith, sir, she's a little irregular yet: but time, that turns citizens caps into court-periwigs, will bring the wonder about.

Phil. Bless you, sweet mistress!

Enter ANTONIO *and Slave.*

Mor. 'Sfoot, here's the prince; I smell thunder.

Tim. Your grace is most methodically welcome. You must pardon my variety of phrase; the courtiers e'en cloy us with good words.

Ant. What's he?

Mor. A gentleman of Ferrara, sir; one Pedro Sebastiano.

Ant. And do ye set her out to sale? I charg'd ye reserve for me alone.

Tim. Indeed, sir.

Ant. Pox of your deeds.—— [*Kicks her.*

Tim. Oh my sciatica!

Ant. Sirrah, you perfum'd rascal!
[*Kicks* PHILIPPO. *They draw.*

Tim. Nay, good my lord.

Mor. Good sir, 'tis one of the duke's chamber.

Phil. Let him be of the devil's chamber.

Ant. Sirrah, leave the house, or I will send thee out with thunder.

Slave. Good sir, 'tis madness here to stand him.

Phil. 'Sfoot, kickt? Pray that we meet no more again, sir;
Still keep heaven about you.

Ab. Whate'er thou art, a good man still go with thee.

Ant. Will you bestow a cast of your professions?

Mor. We are vanish'd, sir.

Tim. This 'tis to dream of rotten glasses, Morbo.

Ab. O what shall become of me? In his eye
Murder and lust contend.

Ant. Nay, fly not, you sweet,
I am not angry with you; indeed, I am not.
Do you know me?

Ab. Yes, sir, report hath given intelligence
You are the prince, the duke's son.

Ant. Both in one.

Ab. Report sure
Spoke but her native language: You are none of either.

Ant. How?

Ab. Were you the prince, you would not sure be slav'd
To your blood's passion. I do crave your pardon
For my rough language. Truth hath a forehead free,
And in the tow'r of her integrity,
Sits an unvanquish'd virgin. Can you imagine
'Twill appear possible you are the prince?
Why when you set your foot first in this house,
You crush'd obedient duty unto death,
And even then fell from you your respect.
Honour is like a goodly old house, which
If we repair not still with virtue's hand,
Like a citadel being madly rais'd on sand,
It falls, is swallow'd, and not found.

Ant. If you rail upon the place, pr'ythee
How cam'st thou hither?

Ab. By treacherous intelligence. Honest men so
In the way ignorant, through thieves purlieus go.
Are you son to such a noble father?
Send him to's grave then
Like a white almond-tree, full of glad days,
With joy that he begot so good a son.
Oh, sir, methinks I see sweet majesty
Sit with a mourning sad face full of sorrows,
To see you in this place. This is a cave

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[12] *Young wild haggard.—A haggard goshawke* is one that is wild and hard to reclaim. See Batham's *Book of Faulconry*, 4to. 1633. p. 80.

Massinger's *Maid of Honour*, A. 2. S. 2:

"A proud *haggard*,
And not to be reclaim'd!"

Of scorpions and of dragons. Oh turn back:
Toads here ingender; 'tis the steam of death:
The very air poisons a good man's breath.

Enter TIMPANIA *and* MORBO.

Ant. Within there!
Mor. Sir.
Ant. Is my caroach at door?
Tim. And your horses too, sir. Ye found her pliant.
Ant. Y'are rotten hospitals hung with greasy sattin!
Tim. Ah!
Mor. Came this nice piece from Naples, with a pox to her?
Tim. And she has not Neapolitaniz'd him, I'll be flead for 't.
[*Exeunt Bawd and Pander.*
Ant. Let me borrow goodness from thy lip. Farewel.
Here's a new wonder; I have met heaven in hell.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter VENICE, VERONA, LODOVICO, PANDULPHO, JASPRO.

Ver. Is this your chaste, religious lady?
Lod. Nay, good my lord, let it be carried with a silent reputation, for the credit of the conclusion. As all here are privy to the passage, I do desire not to be laugh'd at, till after the mask, and we are all ready. I have made bold with some of your grace's gentlemen that are good dancers.
Ver. 'Tis one of my greatest wonders, credit me,
To think what way she will devise here openly
To perform her so strict penance.
Ven. It busies me, believe me, too.
Jas. Ye may see now, sir, how possible it is for a cunning lady to make an ass of a lord too confident.
Lod. An ass! I will prove a contented cuckold the wisest man in's company.
Ver. How prove you that, sir?
Lod. Because he knows himself.
Ver. Very well brought in.
Is all our furniture fit, against the morning,
To go for Milan?
Jas. Ready, and like your grace.
Ver. We are given to understand, the injur'd princess,
Whom count Lorenzo and noble Philippo
Are (unknown to one another) gone in search of,
Hath been seen there disguis'd. Strict inquisition
From the duke himself shall, ere many days,
Give our hopes satisfaction.

Enter DOROTHEA, *Ladies*, FRANCISCO, *and Clown.*

Jas. The ladies, sir. Francisco keeps before, sir,
And Pambo keeps all well behind.
Lod. Yes, there's devout lechery between hawk and buzzard. But please ye set the ladies. The mask attends your grace. [*Exit.*
Ver. Come, ladies, sit. Madona Dorothea,
Your ingenious lord hath suddenly prepar'd us
For a conceited mask, and himself it seems
Plays the presenter.
Dor. Now, fie upon this vanity:
A profane mask! Chastity keeps us, ladies.
Ven. What, from a mask? Whereon grounds your wish?
Dor. Marry, my lord, upon experience.
I heard of one, once brought his wife to a mask,
As chaste as a cold night; but, poor unfortunate fellow,
He lost her in the throng; and she, poor soul,
Came home so crush'd next morning!
Ven. 'Las, that was ill:
But women will be lost against their will.
Ver. Silence, the masquers enter.

Enter LODOVICO, *Clown, and Masquers: a Stag, a Ram, a Bull, and a Goat.*

Clown. Look to me, master.
Lod. Do not shake, they'll think th'art out.—A mask.
Clown. A mask, or no mask; no mask but a by-clap;
And yet a mask yclep'd a city night-cap.
Lod. And conve——
Clown. And conveniently for to keep off scorns,
Considerately the cap is hedg'd with horns.
Lod. We insinuate.
Clown. Speak a little louder.
Lod. We insinuate.
Clown. We insinuate by this stag and ram so pretty,
With goat and bull, court, country, camp, and city.
Lod. Cuckold.
Clown. Cuckold, my lord.
Lod. 'Tis the first word of your next line.
Clown. Oh——cuckold begins with C. And is't not sport?
Then C begins with country, camp and court:
But here's the fine figary of our poet,
That one may wear this night-cap, and not know it.
Dor. Why, chicken, shall they make such an ass of thee? good your grace, can a woman indure to see her loving husband wear horns in's own house?
Ver. Pray, lady, 'tis but in jest.
Dor. In jest? nay for the jest sake, keep then on, sweet bird.
Clown. Now to our mask's name; but first, be it known-a,
When I name a city, I only mean Verona.
Those two lines are extempore, I protest sir; I brought them in, because here are some of other

cities in the room that might [13]snuff pepper else.

Ven. You have fairly ta'en that fear off: pray proceed.

Lod. Your kindest men.

Clown. Your kindest men most cuckolds are, oh pity!

And where have women most their will, oh city!
Sick for a night-cap, go to cuckold's luck;
Who thrives like him, who hath the daintiest duck
To deck his stall? nay at the time of rapping,
When you may take the watch at corners napping;
Take it forsooth, it is a wondrous hap,
If you find master constable without his cap;
So a city night-cap; for whilst he doth roam
And fights abroad, his wife commits at home.

Ven. A Verona constable.

Clown. A constable of Verona; we will not
Meddle with your city of Venice, sir:
Therefore 'tis fit the city, wise men say,
Should have a cap call'd Cornucopia.

Lod. To con———

Clown. To conclude our cap, and stretch it on the tenter,
'Tis known a city is the whole land's center:
So that a city night-cap, ours we call,
By a conclusion philosophical.
Heavy bodies tend to th' center so (the more the pity)
The heaviest heads do butt upon the city:
And to our dance this title doth redound,
A city-night-cap, alias cuckolds round.

Dor. Cuckolds round!, and my sweet bird leads the dance!

Ver. Be patient, madam, 'tis but honest mirth:
From good construction pleasure finds full birth.
[*Dance.*

Ver. Jaspro, fill some wine.

Jas. 'Tis here, sir.

Ver. Count Lodovico!

Lod. Sir.

Ver. I'll instantly give you a fair occasion to produce
The performance of her penance.

Lod. I'll catch occasion by the lock, sir.

Ver. Here, a health to all; it shall go round.

Lod. 'Tis a general health, and leads the rest into the field.

Clown. Your honour breaks jests as serving-men do glasses, by chance. [me,

Ver. As I was drinking, I was thinking, trust
How fortunate our kind host was to meet
With so chaste a wife; troth tell me, good count Lodowick,
Admit Heaven had her.

Lod. Oh, good your grace, do not wound me.
Admit Heaven had her! 'las what should Heaven do with her?

Ver. Your love makes you thus passionate; but admit so:
Faith, what wife would you chuse?

Lod. Were I to chuse then, as I would I were, so this were at Japan,
I would wish, my lord, a wife so like my lady,
That once a week she should go to confession;
And to perform the penance she should run,
Nay, should do nought but dream on 't till 'twere done.

Jas. A delicate memento, to put her in mind of her penance.

Dor. Now you talk of dreams, sweetheart,
I'll tell ye a very unhappy one; I was a dream'd last night of Francis there.

Lod. Of Frank?

Dor. Nay, I have done with him.

Lod. Now your grace shall see the devil outdone.

Ver. Pray let us hear your dream.

Dor. Bless me! I am e'en asham'd to tell it: but 'tis no matter, chick,
A dream is a dream, and this it was:
Methought, sweet husband, Francis lay with me.

Lod. The best friend still at home, Francisco.
Could the devil, sir, perform a penance neater,
And save his credit better?—On, chick; a dream is but a dream.

Dor. Methought I prov'd with child, sweetheart.

Lod Ay, bird?

Fran. Pox of these dreams.

Dor. Methought I was brought to bed, and one day sitting
I' th' gallery, where your masking suits and vizards hang,
Having the child methought upon my knee,
Who should come thither as to play at foils,
But thou, sweetheart, and Francis?

Lod. Frank and I! Does your grace mark that?

Ver. I do, and wonder at her neat conveyance on't.

Dor. [14]Ye had not play'd three venies, but methought
He hit thee such a blow upon the forehead,
It swell'd so, that thou couldst not see.

Lod. See, see!

Dor. At which the child cry'd, so that I could not still it;
Whereat, methought, I pray'd thee to put on
The hat thou wor'st but now before the duke, thinking thereby

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[13] *Snuff pepper else*—i. e. might take offence or be affronted. *To take pepper in the nose*, was formerly a cant phrase for being affronted or irritated; as in Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatory*, 1630, p. 10: "*Myles* hearing him name the Baker, *tooke straight pepper in the nose*, and starting up threw off his cardinals roabes."

[14] *Ye had not play'd three venies*—i. e. says Mr Steevens (Note to *Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 1. S. 1.)

To still the child: but being frighted with't,
He cry'd the more.
Lod. He! Frank, thou get'st boys.
Fran. In dreams, it seems, sir.
Dor. Whereat I cry'd, methought, pointing to thee.
Away, you naughty man, you are not this child's father.
Lod. Meaning the child Francisco got.
Dor. The same: and then I wak'd and kiss'd thee.
Omnes. A pretty merry dream!

Enter JASPRO.

Jas. Your servant tells me,
Count Lodowick, that one father Antony,
A holy man, stays without to speak with you.
Lod. With me, or my lady?
Jas. Nay, with you, and about earnest business.
Lod. I'll go send him up, and he shall interpret my lady's dream. Hist, Jaspro. [*Exeunt.*
Dor. Why, husband! my lord!
Fran. Didst mark? [15] He must interpret.
Clown. I smell wormwood and vinegar.
Ven. She changes colour.
Dor. He will not sure reveal confession!
Ver. We'll rise and to our lodgings: I think your highness
Keeps better hours in Venice?
Ven. As all do, sir:
We many times make modest mirth a necessity
To produce ladies dreams.
Fran. How they shoot at us! Would I were in Milan!
These passages fry me.

Enter JASPRO *and* LODOVICO.

Jas. Here's strange juggling come to light.
Ver. Ha, juggling!
Jas. This fryer hath confess'd unto count Lodowick,
That his lady here, being absolv'd,
Confess'd this morning to him here in her own house,
Her man Francisco here, had lain with her.
At which her lord runs up and down the garden
Like one distracted, crying, Ware horns, ho.
Dor. Art mad? Deny it yet; I am undone else.
Clown. Father Tony!
Lod. I confess it, I deny it, ay any thing, I do every thing, I do nothing.
Ver. The fryer's fallen frantick; and being mad,
Depraves a lady of so chaste a breast,
A bad thought never bred there.
Dor. 'Tis my misfortune still to suffer, sir.
Lod. Did you not see one slip out of a cloak-bag i' th' fashion of a flitch of bacon, and run under the table amongst the hogs?
Ven. He's mad, he's mad.
Clown. Ay, ay, a tythe-pig; 'twas overlaid last night, and he speaks nonsense all the day after—
Dor. Shall I, sir, suffer this, in mine own house too?
Clown. I'd scratch out 's eyes first.
Ver. Since, lady, you and your man Francisco
Are the two injur'd persons, here disrobe
This irregular son of his religious mother,
Expose him to apparent blush of shame,
And tear those holy weeds off.
Fran. Now you, my frantick brother,
Had you not been better spar'd your breath?
Dor. And ye keep counsel, sir, no better,
We'll ease you of your orders.
Clown. Nay, let me have a hand in 't: I'll

"three *venues*. French. Three different set-to's, *bouts*, a technical term." Several instances are there produced, to which may be added the following:

Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 1. S. 5:

> "*Mat.* But one *venue*, sir.
> "*Bob. Venue!* fie, a most gross denomination as ever I heard."

The Old Law, by Massinger, Middleton, and Rowley, A. 3. S. 2:

> "To give your perfum'd worship *three venues*,
> A sound old man puts his thrust better home,
> Than a spic'd young man."

Green's *Historie of Fryer Bacon and Fryer Bongay*, Sign. G 4. edit. 1630:

> "Why stand'st thou, Sirlsby, doubt'st thou of thy life?
> *A Veny*, man, faire Margret craves so much."

Fennor's *Compter's Common-wealth*, 1617, p. 21:

"Thus are my young novices strucke to the heart at the first *venny*, and dares come no more for feare of as sharpe a repulse."

[15] *He must interpret.*—Former editions read, *I must interpret*. Francisco seems to allude to Lodovico's last words. S. P.

tear the coat with more zeal than a puritan would tear a surplice.

Fran. See what 'tis to accuse when you're mad.

Dor. I confess again to you now, sir, this man did lie with me.

Clown. And I brought him to her chamber too: but come, turn out here.

Duke. Who's this?

Omnes. 'Tis count Lodowick.

Lod. How dreams, sweet wife, do fall out true!

Clown. I was a dream'd, now I remember, I was whipp'd thro' Verona.

Lod. I was your confessor:
Did not I enjoin your chaste nice ladyship
A dainty penance?

Jas. And she perform'd it as daintily, sir, we'll be sworn for that.

Dor. Oh, good sir, I crave your pardon!

Lod. And what say you, Francis?

Fran. You have run best, sir: vain 'tis to defend;
Craft sets forth swift, but still fails in the end.

Lod. You brought him to her chamber, Pambo.

Clown. Good, my lord, I was merely inveigled to 't.

Lod. I have nothing to do with ye, I take no notice of ye; I have play'd my part off to th' life, and your grace promis'd to perform yours.

Ver. And publicly we will still raise their fame:
Who e'er knew private sin 'scape public shame?
You, sir, that do appear a gentleman,
Yet are within slave to dishonest passions,
You shall thro' Verona ride upon an ass
With your face towards his back-part, and in
Your hand his tail 'stead of a bridle.

Clown. 'Snails, upon an ass! an 't 'ad been upon an horse, it had been worthy, gramercy.

Ver. Peace, sirrah:
After that, you shall be branded in the forehead,
And after banish'd. Away with him!

Fran. Lust is still [ings,
Like a midnight-meal: after our violent drink-
'Tis swallow'd greedily; but the course being kept,
We are sicker when we wake than ere we slept.
[*Exit.*

Clown. He must be branded! if the whoremaster be burnt, what shall become of the procurer?

Ver. You, madam, in that you have cozen'd sanctity,
To promise her the vows you never paid,
You shall unto the monastery of matrons,
And spend your days reclusive: for we conceive it
Her greatest plague, who her days in lust hath past
And soil'd, against her will to be kept chaste.

Dor. Your doom is just, no sentence can be given
Too hard for her plays fast and loose with Heaven.

Lod. I will buss thee, and bid fair weather after thee. But for you, sirrah——

Clown. Nay, sir, 'tis but *Credo quod habes, et habes*, at most; believe I have a halter, and I have one.

Ver. You, sirrah, we are possess'd, were their pander.

Clown. I brought but flesh to flesh, sir, and your grace does as much when you bring your meat to your mouth.

Ver. You, sirrah, at a cart's tail shall be whip'd Thro' the city.

Clown. There's my dream out already; but since there is no remedy but that whipping-cheer must close up my stomach, I would request a note from your grace to the carman, to intreat him to drive apace: I shall never endure it else.

Ver. I hope, count Lodowick, we have satisfied ye.

Lod. To th' full; and I think the cuckold catch'd the cuckold-makers.

Ver. 'Twas a neat penance; but oh! the art of woman in the performance!

Lod. Pshew, sir, 'tis nothing: had she been in her granam's place,
Had not the devil first begun the sin,
And cheated her, she would have cheated him.

Ver. Let all to rest; and, noble sir, i' th' morning,
With a small private train, we are for Milan.
Vice for a time may shine, and virtue sigh;
But truth, like heaven's sun, plainly doth reveal,
And scourge or crown, what darkness did conceal.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter ANTONIO, *and a Slave, one in the other's habit.*

Slave. But, faith, sir, what's your device in this?
This change insinuates some project.

Ant. Shall I tell thee?
Thou art my slave, I took thee (then a Turk)
In the fight thou know'st we made before Palermo:
Thou art not in stricter bondage unto me
Than I am unto Cupid.

Slave. Oh then you are going, sir,
To your old rendezvous; there are brave rogues there: [spies
But the duke observes you narrowly, and sets
To watch if you step that way.

Ant. Why therefore, man,
Thus many times I have chang'd habits with thee,
To cheat suspicion; and prejudicate nature
(Mistress of inclinations) sure intended
To knit thee up so like me, for this purpose;
For th'ast been taken in my habit for me.
Slave. Yes, and have had many a French cringe
As I have walk'd i' th' park; and, for fear of discovery,
I have crown'd it only with a nod.

Enter a Lord.

Ant. Th'art a mad villain.
But, sirrah, I am wondrously taken
With a sweet face I saw yonder; thou know'st where.
Slave. At Venus-college, the court bawdy-house.
Ant. But this maid, howsoever she came there,
Is acquainted so with Heaven, that when I thought
To have quench'd my frantick blood, and to have pluck'd
The fruit a king would leap at; even then
She beat me with such brave thunder off, as if
Heaven had lent her the artillery of angels.
Slave. She was coy then?
Ant. Coy, man! she was honest; left coyness to court-ladies:
She spake the language of the saints, methought.
Holy spectators sate on silver clouds,
And clapp'd their white wings at her well-plac'd words.
She piece-meal pull'd the frame of my intentions,
And so join'd it again; that all the tempest
Of blood can never move it.
Slave. Some rare phœnix! what's her name?
Ant. 'Tis Millicenta, and wondrous aptly,
For she is mistress of a hundred thousand holy heavenly thoughts.
Chastely I love her now, and she must know it:
Such wondrous wealth is virtue, it makes the woman
Wears it about her, worthy of a king;
Since kings can be but virtuous, farewel.
A crown is but the care of deceiv'd life;
He's king of men, is crown'd with such a wife.
[*Exit* ANTONIO, *and the Lord after him.*
Slave. [16] Are your thoughts levell'd at that white then?
[17] This shall to th' duke your dad, sir; he can never talk with me,
But he twits me still with, I took thee at that fight
We made before Palermo; I did command
Men as he did there, Turks and valiant men:
And tho' to wind myself up for his ruin,
That I may fall and crush him, I appear
To renounce Mahomet, and seem a Christian;
'Tis but conveniently to stab this Christian,
Or any way confound him, and 'scape cleanly.
And one expects the deed: to hasten it,
This letter came even now, which likewise certifies
He waits me three leagues off, with a horse for flight
Of a Turkish captain, commander of a gally.
He keeps me as his slave, because indeed
I play'd the devil at sea with him; but having
Thus wrought myself into him, I intend
To give him but this day to take his leave
Of the whole world. He will come back by twilight:

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[16] *Are your thoughts levell'd at that white then?—To levell* or *to hit the white*, were phrases taken from archery, and often used by our ancient writers. *The white* was *the mark*, at which archers practised when they learned to shoot.

Massinger's *Emperor of the East*, A. 4. S. 3:

"——the immortality of my fame *is the white* I shoot at."

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Four Moral Representations in one*, Vol. X. p. 539, edit. 1778:

"And let your thoughts flee higher; aim them right,
Sir, you may hit; you have *the fairest white.*"

Euphues and his England, 1582:

"——vertue *is the white* we shoot at, not vanitie." P. 11.

"——he glaunced from the marke Euphues shot at, and hit at last *the white* which Philautus set up." P. 18.

"An archer saye you is to be knowen by his aime, not by his arrowe: but your aime is so ill, that if you knewe howe farre wide *from the white* your shaft sticketh, you would hereafter rather breake your bowe then bend it." *Ibid.* p. 57.

[17] *This shall*, &c.—In this speech are to be found the outlines of the character of *Zanga*, so admirably drawn by Dr Young. The plot of *The Revenge* is however said to have been taken from Mrs Behn's play of *Abdelazar*, which was borrowed from Marlow's *Lust's Dominion*; or, *The Lascivious Queen.*

I'll wait him with a pistol. Oh sweet revenge!
Laugh, our great prophet, he shall understand,
When we think death farthest off, he's nearest hand.

Enter PHILIPPO.

Phil. You and I must meet no more, sir:
There's your kick again. [*Kicks him.*
Slave. Hold, hold; what mean you, sir?
Phil. I have brought your kick back, sir——
[*Shoots him.*
Slave. Hold, man, I am not—— [*Falls.*
Phil. Thou hast spoken true, thou art not——
What art thou?
But I am for Verona. [*Exit.*
Slave. Mine own words catch me; 'tis I now understand,
When we think death farthest off, he's nearest hand. [*Dies.*

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. She lives not sure in Milan: report but wore
Her usual habit, when she told in Verona,
She met Abstemia here. Oh, Abstemia!
How lovely thou look'st now! now thou appearest
Chaster than is the morning's modesty,
That rises with a blush, over whose bosom
The western wind creeps softly: now I remember
How, when she sat at table, her obedient eye
Would dwell on mine, as if it were not well,
Unless it look'd where I look'd: Oh how proud
She was, when she could cross herself to please me!
But where now is this fair soul? like a silver cloud
She hath wept herself, I fear, into th' dead sea,
And will be found no more: this makes me mad,
[18] To rave and call on death; but the slave shrinks,
And is as far to find as she. Abstemia,
If thou not answer or appear to knowledge,
That here with shame I sought thee in this wood,
I'll leave the blushing witness of my blood. [*Exit.*

Enter the Duke of MILAN, SEBASTIANO, SANCHIO, *and the Lord.*

Mil. Followed you him thus far?
Lord. Just to this place, sir:
The slave he loves left him; here they parted.
Mil. Certain he has some private haunt this way.
Seb. Ha!——private indeed, sir; Oh behold and see
Where he lies full of wounds!
Lord. My lord.
Mil. My son Antonio! who hath done this deed?
San. My lord Antonio!
Mil. He's gone, he's gone! warm yet, bleeds fresh; and whilst
We here hold passion play, we but advantage
The flying murderer. Bear his body gently
Unto the lodge. Oh, what hand hath so hid
That sunlike face behind a crimson cloud!
Use all means possible for life: but I fear
Charity will arrive too late. To horse,
Disperse thro' the wood, run, ride, make way,
The sun in Milan is eclips'd this day.
Omnes. To horse, and raise more pursuit.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter LORENZO *with his sword drawn.*

Lor. Abstemia! Oh take her name, you winds, upon your wings,
And thro' the wanton region of the air
Softly convey it to her: there's no sweet sufferance,
Which bravely she pass'd through, but is a thorn
Now to my sides: my will the center stood
To all her chaste endeavours: all her actions,
With a perfection perpendicular,
Pointed upon it. She is lost! oh, she,
The well-built fort of virtue's victory!
For still she conquer'd: since she is lost, then,
My friendly sword, find thou my heart.
Within. Follow, follow.

Enter the Duke of MILAN, SANCHIO, *and* SEBASTIANO.

Mil. This way, what's he? lay hands on him.
Seb. The murd'rer, on my life, my lord, here in the wood
Was close beset, he would have slain himself.
Mil. Speak, villain, art thou the bloody murderer?
Lor. Of whom?
San. His dissembled ignorance speaks him the man.
Seb. Of the duke's son, the prince Antonio, sir;
'Twas your hand that kill'd him.
Lor. Your lordship lyes, it was my sword.
Mil. Out, slave!
Ravens shall feed upon thee: speak, what cause

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[18] *To rave and call on death, &c.*—So, in *Cymbeline*, A. 5. S. 3:

"——I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he struck: being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' th' war."

Hadst thou with one unhappy wound to cloud
That star of Milan?
Lor. Because he was an erring star,
Not fix'd nor regular; I will resolve nothing:
I did it, do not repent it; and were it
To do again, I'd do't.
Omnes. Blood-thirsty villain!
Mil. Leave him to swift destruction, tortures, and death.
Oh my Antonio! how did thy youth stray,
To meet wild winter in the midst of May?
Lor. Oh, my Abstemia! who cast thy fate so bad,
[19] To clip affliction, like a husband clad? [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* ABSTEMIA.

Ab. Good sir, the prince makes known his wisdom,
To make you speaker in his cause.
Ant. Me? know, mistress,
I have felt love's passions equal with himself,
And can discourse of love's cause: had you seen him
When he sent me to ye, how truly he did look;
And when your name slip'd thro' his trembling lips,
A lover's lovely paleness straight possess'd him.
Ab. Fie, fie.
Ant. Go, says he, to that something more than woman,
(And he look'd as if by something he meant saint,)
Tell her I saw heaven's army in her eyes,
And that from her chaste heart such excellent goodness
Came like full rivers flowing, that there wants nothing
But her soft yielding will, to make her wife
Unto the prince Antonio. Oh, will you fly
A fortune which great ladies would pursue
Upon their knees with prayers?
Ab. No, Lorenzo,
Had law to this new love made no denial:
A chaste wife's truth shines thro' the greatest trial.

Enter MORBO.

Mor. How now, what makes you i' th' wood here? Where's my old lady?
Ab. I know not.
Mor. All the country's in an uproar yonder: the prince Antonio's slain.
Ambo. How!
Mor. Nay, no man can tell how; but the murd'rer with's sword in's hand is taken.
Ant. Is he of Milan?
Mor. No, of Verona: I heard his name, and I have forgot it.
Ant. I am all wonder; 'tis the slave sure!
Mor. Lor—Lor—Lorenzo.
Ab. Ha, Lorenzo! What, I pray?
Mor. Lorenzo *Me*—*Medico* has run him in the eye, some thirty-three inches, two barley-corns; they could scarce know him for the blood, but by his apparel. I must find out my lady; he us'd our house, intelligence has been given of his pilgrimage thither: I am afraid I shall be sing'd to death with torches, and my lady stew'd between two dishes.
Ant. Why hath this thus amaz'd you, mistress?
Ab. Oh leave me, leave me, I am all distraction,
Struck to the soul with sorrow.

Enter MILAN, *Lords, and* LORENZO *guarded.*

Ant. See where they come!
My father full of tears too! I'll stand by:
Strange changes must have strange discovery.
Ab. 'Tis he: heart, how thou leap'st! Oh ye deluded,
And full of false rash judgment! why do ye lead
Innocence like a sacrifice to slaughter?
Get garlands rather, let palm and laurel round
Those temples, where such wedlock-truth is found.
Lor. Ha?
Omnes. Wedlock!
Ab. Oh Lorenzo! thou hast suffer'd bravely,
And wond'rous far: look on me, here I come
Hurried by conscience to confess the deed:
Thy innocent blood will be too great a burthen
Upon the judge's soul.
Lor. Abstemia!
Ab. Look, look,
How he will blind ye! by and by he'll tell ye
We saw not one another many a day;
In love's cause we dare make our lives away.
He would redeem mine: 'tis my husband, sir;
Dearly we love together: but I being often
By the dead prince your son solicited
To wrong my husband's bed, and still resisting,
Where you found him dead, he met me, and the place
Presenting opportunity, he would there
Have forc'd me to his will; but prizing honesty
Far above proffer'd honour, with my knife,
In my resistance, most unfortunately
I struck him in the eye: he fell, was found,
The pursuit rais'd, and ere I could get home
My husband met me, I confess'd all to him:
He excellent in love as the sea-inhabitant,
Of whom 'tis writ, that when the flatt'ring hook
Has struck his female, he will help her off,
Altho' he desperately put on himself;
But if he fail, and see her leave his eye,
He swims to land, will languish, and there die:
Such is his love to me; for pursu'd closely,
He bid me save myself, and he would stay
With his drawn sword, there about the place, on purpose

[19] *To clip.*—To embrace.

To requite my loyalty, tho' with his death.
Fear forc'd my acceptance then, but conscience
Hath brought me back to preserve innocence.
Sch. The circumstances produce probability.
Lor. By truth herself, she slanders truth: she and I
Have not met these many months. Oh my Abstemia!
Thou wouldst be now too excellent.
Ant. These are strange turns.
Mil. Let not love strangle justice; speak, on thy soul,
Was it her hand that slew the prince?
Lor. Not, on my life;
'Tis I have deserv'd death.
Ab. Love makes him desperate,
Conscience is my accuser. Oh Lorenzo!
[*The Duke and Lords whisper.*
Live thou, and feed on my remembrance:
When thou shalt think how ardently I love thee,
Drop but a pair of tears, from those fair eyes,
Thou offer'st truth a wealthy sacrifice.
Lor. Did ye hear, sir?
Mil. No, what said she?
Lor. She ask'd me why I would cast myself away thus,
When she in love devis'd this trick to save me.
San. There may be juggling, sir, in this; it may be
They have both hands i' th' deed, and one in love
Would suffer for't.

Enter a Lord.

Mil. What news?
Lord. The dukes of Venice and Verona,
With some small train of gentlemen, are privately
This hour come to th' court.
Mil. Bear them to prison,
Until we have given such entertainment, sorrow
Will give us leave to shew: until that time
The satisfaction of my lost son's life
Must hover 'twixt a husband and a wife.
[*Exeunt. Manet* ANTONIO.
Ant. How strangely chance to-day runs! the slave kill'd
In my apparel, and this fellow taken for't,
Whom to my knowledge I never saw. She loves him
Past all expression dearly. I have a trick,
In that so infinitely dear she loves him,
Has seal'd her mine already; and I'll put
This wond'rous love of woman to such a nonplus,
Time hath produc'd none stranger. I will set
Honour and Love to fight for life and death.
Beauty (as castles built of cards) with a breath
Is levell'd and laid flat.

Enter PHILIPPO, *putting on a disguise, lays down a pistol.*

Phil. Misery of ignorance!
It was the prince Antonio I have slain. [vell'd.
Ant. Ha! the clew of all this error is unra-
This is the valiant gentleman so threaten'd me;
He met the slave doubtless in my habit,
And seal'd upon him his mistaken spleen.
If it be so, there hangs some strange intent
In those accuse themselves for't.
Phil. It seems some other had laid the plot to kill him.
This paper, I found with him, speaks as much,
And sent to the intended murderer,
Happen'd it seems, to his hands. It concurs;
For they say, there is one taken for the fact,
And will do me the courtesy to be hang'd for me.
[ANTONIO *takes up the pistol.*
There's comfort yet in that. So, so, I am fitted,
And will set forward.
Ant. Goose, there's a fox in your way.
Phil. Betray'd!
Ant. Come, I have other business afoot: I have no time to discover 'em now, sir. See, I can enforce you; but by this hand, go but with me, and keep your own counsel. Garden-houses are not truer bawds to cuckold-making, than I will be to thee and thy stratagem.
Phil. Th' art a mad knave; art serious?
Ant. As a usurer when he's telling interest-money.
Phil. Whate'er thou art, thy bluntness begets belief. Go on, I trust thee.
Ant. But I have more wit than to trust you behind me, sir; pray, get you before. I have a friend shall keep you in custody till I have pass'd a project; and if you can keep your own counsel, I will not injure you. And this for your comfort, the prince lives.
Phil. Living! Thou mak'st my blood dance. But pr'ythee, let's be honest one to another.
Ant. Oh, sir, as the justice's clerk and the constable, when they share the crowns that drunkards pay to the poor. Pray keep fair distance, and take no great strides. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LORENZO *and* ABSTEMIA, *as in prison.*

Lor. Can then Abstemia forgive Lorenzo?
Ab. Yes, if Lorenzo can but love Abstemia,
She can thus hang upon his neck, and call
This prison True Love's Palace.
Lor. Oh let kings
Forget their crowns, that know what 'tis to enjoy
The wond'rous wealth of one so good. Now
Thou art lovely as a young spring, and comely
As is the well-spread cedar; the fair fruit,
Kiss'd by the sun so daily, that it wears
The lovely blush of maids, seems but to mock
Thy soul's integrity. Here let me fall;
And with pleading sighs beg pardon.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ab. Sir, it meets you,
Like a glad pilgrim, whose desiring eye
Longs for the long-wish'd altar of his vow.
But you are far too prodigal in praise,
And crown me with the garlands of your merit.
As we meet barks on rivers, the strong gale,
(Being best friends to us,) our own swift motion

Makes us believe that t'other nimbler-rows;
Swift virtue thinks small goodness fastest goes.
Lor. Sorrow hath bravely sweeten'd thee! What are you?
Ant. A displeasant black cloud. Tho' I appear dismal,
I am wond'rous fruitful. What cause soever
Mov'd you to take this murder on yourself,
Or you to strike yourself into the hazard
For his redemption, 'tis to me a stranger.
But I conceive you are both innocent.
Lor. As new-born virtue, I did accuse
My innocence, to rid me of a life
Look'd uglier than death, upon an injury
I had done this virtuous wife.
Ab. And I accus'd
My innocence, to save the belov'd life
Of my most noble husband.
Ant. Why then now 'twould grieve you,
Death should unkindly part ye.
Lor. Oh but that, sir,
We have no sorrow. Now to part from her,
(Since Heaven hath new-married and new-made us,)
I had rather leap into a den of lions;
Snatch from a hungry bear her bleeding prey:
I would attempt desperate impossibilities
With hope, rather than now to leave her.
Ant. This makes for me.
Ab. And rather than leave you, sir, I would eat
Hot coals with Portia, or attempt a terror
Nature would, snail-like, shrink her head in at,
And tremble but to think on.
Ant. Better and better!
If you so love him, what can you conceive
The greatest kindness can express that love?
Ab. To save his life, since there is no hope,
Seeing he so strongly has confess'd the murder,
We shall meet the happiness to die together.
Ant. Fire casts the bravest heat in coldest weather:
I'll try how ardently you burn; for know,
Upon my faith, and as I am a gentleman,
I have (in the next room, and in the custody
Of a true friend) the man that did the deed
You stand accus'd for.
Ab. Hark there, Lorenzo.
Lor. Will you not let him go, sir?
Ant. That's in suspense. But, mistress, you did say
You durst eat coals with Portia, to redeem
The infinitely lov'd life of your husband.
Ab. And still strongly protest it.
Lor. Oh my Abstemia!
Ant. You shall redeem him at an easier rate:
I have the murderer, you see, in hold.
Lor. And we are bless'd in your discovery of him.
Ant. If you will give consent that I shall taste
That sense-bereaving pleasure so familiar
Unto your happy husband——
Ab. How?
Ant. Pray hear me:
Then I will give this fellow up to the law.
If you deny, horses stand ready for us,
A bark for transportation; where we will live
Till law by death hath sever'd ye.
Lor. But we will call for present witness.
Ant. Look ye—— [*Shews the pistol.*
Experienc'd navigators still are fitted
For every weather. 'Tis almost past call
To reach the nimblest ear: yet but offer it,
I part ye presently for ever. Consider it:
The enjoying him thou so entirely lov'st
All thy life after; that when mirth-spent time
Hath crown'd your heads with honour, you may sit
And tell delightful stories of your loves;
And when ye come to that poor minute's 'scape
Crowns my desire, ye may let that slip by,
Like water that ne'er meets the miller's eye.
Compare but this to th' soon-forgotten pleasure
Of a pair of wealthy minutes. The [20] thriftiest lapidary
Knows the most curious jewel takes no harm
For one day's wearing. Could you, sir, (did your eye
Not see it worn) your wife having lent your cloak,
(If secretly return'd and folded up,)
Could you conceive, when you next look'd upon't,
It had neatly furnish'd out a poor friend's want?
Be charitable, and think on't.
Lor. Do'st hear, Abstemia?
Oh shall we part for ever, when a price
So poor might be our freedom?
Ab. Now, Goodness guard ye!
Where learnt you, sir, this language?
Lor. Of true love.
You did but now profess, that you would die
To save my life; and now, like a forward chapman,
Catch'd at thy word, thou giv'st back, asham'd
To stand this easy proffer.
Ab. Could you live,
And know yourself a cuckold?
Ant. What a question's that?
Many men cannot live without the knowledge.
How can ye tell
Whether she seems thus to respect your honour,
But to stay till the law has choak'd you?
It may be then she will do't with less intreaty.
Lor. Ay, there, there 'tis.
Ab. 'Tis your old fit of jealousy so judges.
A foul devil talks within him.
Lor. Oh the art,
The wond'rous art of woman! ye would do it daintily;

[20] *Thriftiest.*—First edition reads *thirstiest.*

You would juggle me to death; you would persuade me
I should die nobly to preserve your honour;
That dead, ignobly you might prove dishonourable,
Forget me in a day, and wed another.
Ab. Why then would I have died for you?
Ant. That was but a proffer,
That dying you might idolize her love:
'Twould have put her off the better.
Lor. Oh you have builded
A golden palace, strew'd with palm and roses,
To let me bleed to death in! How sweetly
You would have lost me! Abstemia, you have learn'd
The cunning fowler's art, who pleasantly
Whistles the bird into the snare. Good Heaven!
How you had strew'd the enticing top o' th' cup
With Arabian spices! But you had laid i' th' bottom
Ephesian aconite. You are love's hypocrite;
A rotten stick, in the night's darkness born,
And a fair poppy in a field of corn.
Ab. Oh sir! hear me—— [*Kneels.*
Lor. Away; I will no more
Look pearl in mud. Oh sly hypocrisy! Durst ye
But now die for me! Good Heaven! die for me!
The greatest act of pain, and dare not buy me
With a poor minute's pleasure?
Ab. No, sir, I dare not: there is little pain in death;
But a great death in every little pleasure.
I had rather, trust me, bear your death with honour,
Than buy your life with baseness. As I am expos'd
To the greatest battery Beauty ever fought,
Oh blame me not if I be covetous
To come off with greatest honour. If I do this
To let you live, I kill your name, and give
My soul a wound; I crush her from sweet grace,
And change her angel's to a fury's face.
Try me no more then; but, if you must bleed, bonst,
To preserve honour, life is nobly lost.
Lor. Thou wealth worth more than kingdoms, I am now
Confirm'd past all suspicion, thou art far
Sweeter in thy sincere truth, than a sacrifice
Deck'd up for death with garlands. [21] The Indian winds,
That blow off from the coast, and cheer the sailor
With the sweet savour of their spices, want
The delight flows in thee. Look here, look here,
Oh man of wild desires! We will die the martyrs
Of marriage; and, 'stead of the loose ditties
With which they stab sweet modesty, and ingender
Desires in the hot-room, thy noble story
Shall, laurel-like, crown honest ears with glory.
Ant. Murder, murder, murder!

Enter the three Dukes, with Lords.

Mil. Ha! who cries murder?
Phil. As y'are a gentleman, now be true to me.
Ab. Sir!
Ven. Sister!
Ver. My shame! art thou there?
Ven. Oh sister, can it be
A prince's blood should stain that white hand?
Ambo. Hear us.
Ant. No, no, no, hear me: 'twas I cry'd murder;
Because I have found them both stain'd with the deed
They would have throttled me.
Lor. Hear us, by all——
Mil. Upon your lives be silent. Speak on, sir:
Had they both hands in our son's blood?
Ant. Two hands apiece, sir.
I have sifted it: they both have kill'd the prince;
But this is the chief murderer. Please you give me audience;
Ye shall wonder at the manner how they kill'd him.
Mil. Silence!
Ant. He came first to this woman, and (truth's truth)
He would have lain with her.
Mil. Her own confession.
Ant. Nay, good your grace.
Mil. We are silent.
Ant. Coming to seize upon her, with the first blow
She struck his base intent so brave a buffet,
That there it bled to death. She said, his horse
Would teach him better manners. There he died once.
Ver. What does this fellow talk?
Ab. I understand him.
Ant. He met her next i' th' wood, where he was found dead:

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[21] ——*the Indian winds*, &c.—So, Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, B. 4. l. 159:

"—— As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odors from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest: with such delay
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a league
Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles."

Then he came noblier up to her, and told her,
Marriage was his intent; but she as nobly
(Belike to let him know she was married)
Told him, in an intelligible denial,
A chaste wife's truth shin'd thro' the greatest trial:
There the prince died again.
Lod. There's twice; beware the third time.
Ant. The third time, he came here to them both in prison,
Brought a pistol with him, would have forc'd her again;
But had ye seen how fairly then she slew him,
You would have shot applauses from your eyes:
Oh she came up so bravely to that prince,
Hot potent Lust, (for she slew no prince else,)
With such a valiant discipline she destroy'd
That [22] debosh'd prince, Bad Desire; and then, by him
So bravely too fetch'd off, that (to conclude)
Betwixt them they this wonder did contrive,
They kill'd the prince, but kept your son alive.
[*Discovers himself.*
Mil. Antonio!
Omnes. The prince!
Ven. Come home, my sister, to my heart.
Ver. And now Lorenzo is again my belov'd kinsman.
Ant. Oh, sir, here dwells virtue epitomiz'd,
Even to an abstract, and yet that so large
'Twill swell a book in folio.
Lod. She swells beyond my wife then:
A pocket-book, bound in *decimo sexto*,
Will hold her virtues, and as much spare paper left
As will furnish five tobacco-shops.
Mil. But here's the wonder; who is it was slain
In your apparel?
Phil. I will give them all the slip.
[*Offers to go.*
Ant. Here's a gentleman of Ferrara——
Phil. As you are noble——
Ant. That saw them fight: it was the slave was slain, sir,
I took before Palermo: he that kill'd him,
Took him but for a gentleman his equal;
And, as this eye-witness says, he in my apparel
Did kick the t'other first.
Phil. Nay, upon my life, sir,
He in your apparel gave the first kick: I saw them fight,
And I dare swear the t'other honest gentleman
Little thought he had slain any thing like the prince;
For I heard him swear, but half an hour before,
He never saw your grace.
Mil. Then he kill'd him fairly?
Phil. Upon my life, my lord.
Ven. T' other had but his merit then: who dies,
And seeks his death, seldom wets others' eyes.
Ant. Let this persuade you I believe you noble;
I have kept my word with you.
Phil. You have out-done me, sir,
In this brave exercise of honour: but let me,
In mine own person, thank you.
Omnes. Philippo!
Phil. Unwittingly I did an ill (as 't happen'd)
To a good end: that slave I for you kill'd
Wanted but time to kill you: read that paper,
Which I found with him, I thinking by accident
You had intercepted it. We all have happily
Been well deceiv'd; you are noble, just, and true;
My hate was at your cloaths, my heart at you.
Ver. An accident more strange hath seldom happen'd.
Lor. Philippo, my best friend, 'twixt shame and love,
Here let me lay thee now for ever.
Ab. Heaven
Hath now plain'd all our rough woes smooth and even.
Mil. At court, large relation in apt form
Shall tender past proceedings; but to distinguish
(Excellent lady!) your unparallel'd praises
From those but seem, let this serve: bad women
Are nature's clouds, eclipsing her fair shine;
The good, all-gracious, saint-like, and divine.
[*Exeunt omnes*

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[22] *Debosh'd.*—See Mr Steevens's Note on *The Tempest*, A. 3. S. 2.

EDITION.

The City Night-Cap; or, *Crede quod habes, et habes:* a Tragi-Comedy. By Robert Davenport. As it was acted with great applause, by her Majesties servants, at the Phœnix in Drury-lane. London: Printed by Ja. Cottrel, for Samuel Speed, at the Signe of the Printing Press, in St Paul's Church-yard. 1661. 4to.

THE

PARSON'S WEDDING.

BY

THOMAS KILLEGREW.

THOMAS KILLEGREW, *one of the sons of Sir Robert Killegrew, chamberlain to the Queen, was born at Hanworth, in the county of Middlesex, in the month of February,* 1611. *Although his writings are not wanting in those requisites which confer reputation on an author, yet he has been indebted for his fame more to the jests for which he was as much admired by his sovereign as he was feared by the courtiers, than to any of his several publications. He seems to have been early intended for the court; and to qualify him for rising there, every circumstance of his education appears to have been adapted. In the year* 1635, *while upon his travels, he chanced to be at London, and an eye-witness of the celebrated imposture of exorcising the devil out of several nuns belonging to a convent in that town. Of this transaction he wrote a very minute and accurate* [1]*account, still in MS. in the Pepysian library at Magdalen College, Cambridge. He was appointed page of honour to King Charles the First, and faithfully adhered to his cause, until the death of his master; after which, he attended his son in his exile; to whom he was highly acceptable, on account of his social and convivial qualifications.—He married Mrs Cicilia Crofts, one of the maids of honour to Queen Henrietta. With this lady he had a dispute on the subject of jealousy, at which Thomas Carew was present, and wrote a poem, introduced into the Masque of* Cœlum Britannicum, *and afterwards a copy of verses on their nuptials, printed in his* [2] *works.*

In the year 1651, *he was sent to Venice as resident at that state, although, says* [3]*Lord Clarendon, "the King was much dissuaded from it, but afterwards his Majesty was prevailed upon, only to gratify him (Killegrew), that in that capacity he might borrow money of English merchants for his own subsistence; which he did, and nothing to the honour of his master; but was at last compelled to leave the republic for his vicious behaviour; of which the Venetian ambassador complained to the King, when he came afterwards to Paris."—On his return from Venice, Sir John Denham wrote a copy of verses, printed in his* [4]*works, bantering the foibles of his friend Killegrew; who, from his account, was as little sensible to the inconveniences of exile as his royal master. His attachment to the interests of Charles the Second continued unabated until the Restoration, when he was appointed groom of the bed-chamber, and became so great a favourite with his Majesty, that he was admitted into his company on terms of the most unrestrained familiarity, and at times when audience was refused to the first ministers, and even on the most important occasions.—It does not appear that he availed himself of his interest with the King, either to amass a fortune, or to advance himself in the state; we do not find that he obtained any other preferment than the post of master of the revels, which he held with that of groom of the bed-chamber. Oldys says, he was King's jester at the same time; but although he might, and certainly did entertain his Majesty in that capacity,*

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[1] No. 8983.
[2] Carew's *Poems*, 1772, p. 129.
[3] *Life of Lord Clarendon*, p. 116.
[4] P. 41, edit. 1719.

it can scarce be imagined to have been in consequence of any appointment of that kind. He died at Whitehall on the 19th of March, 1682, having in his life-time published the following plays:

(1.) "*The Prisoners: a Tragi-Comedy. Written at London, and acted at the Phœnix in Drury Lane.*"

(2.) "*Claracilla: a Tragi-Comedy. Written in Rome, and acted at the Phœnix in Drury Lane.*"

[*Both these plays were printed in* 12mo. 1641, *with verses prefixed by H. Benet, afterwards the celebrated Earl of Arlington, Robert Waring, and William Cartwright.*]

(3.) "*The Princess; or, Love at first Sight: a Tragi-Comedy. Written in Naples.*"

(4.) "*The Parson's Wedding: a Comedy. Written at Basil, in Switzerland.*"

(5.) "*The Pilgrim: a Tragedy. Written in Paris.*"

(6.) "*The First Part of Cicilia and Clorinda; or, Love in Arms: a Tragi-Comedy. Written in Turin.*"

(7.) "*The Second Part of Cicilia and Clorinda; or, Love in Arms: a Tragi-Comedy. Written in Florence.*"

(8.) "*Thomaso; or, The Wanderer: a Comedy. Written in Madrid.*"

(9.) "*The Second Part of Thomaso; or, The Wanderer. Written in Madrid.*"

(10.) "*The First Part of Bellamira, her Dream; or, The Love of Shadows: a Tragi-Comedy. Written in Venice.*"

(11.) "*The Second Part of Bellamira, her Dream; or, The Love of Shadows: a Tragi-Comedy. Written in Venice.*"

[*All the above plays were printed together in one volume, folio,* 1664.]

Thomas Killegrew had two brothers, both dramatic writers, viz. Sir William Killegrew, author of Ormasdes, Pandora, Selindra, *and* The Siege of Urbin; *and Dr Henry Killegrew, a clergyman, author of a play called* The Conspiracy, *printed in* 4to. 1638, *and afterwards altered, and printed in folio,* 1653, *under the title of* Pallantus and Eudona.

Dr Henry Killegrew was father to Mrs Anne Killegrew, a young lady celebrated for her wit, beauty, and virtue, and who was the writer of several poems, very highly esteemed by Mr Dryden.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr CARELESS, *a Gentleman, and a Wit.*
Mr WILD, *a Gentleman, Nephew to the Widow.*
Mr JOLLY, *an humorous Gentleman, and a Courtier.*
Captain, a leading Wit, full of designs.
Parson, a Wit also, but over-reached by the Captain and his WANTON.
Mr CONSTANT, } *two dull Suitors to the Lady*
Mr SAD, } *Widow and Mrs* PLEASANT.
CROP *the Brownist, a Scrivener.*

Lady WILD, *a rich (and somewhat youthful) Widow.*
Mrs PLEASANT, *a handsome young Gentlewoman, of a good fortune.*
Mrs SECRET, *her (indifferent honest) Woman.*
Lady LOVEALL, *an old Stallion-hunting Widow.*
FAITHFUL, *her (errant honest) Woman.*
Mrs WANTON, *the Captain's livery Punk, married to the Parson by confederacy.*

Bawds, Servants,

Drawers, Fiddlers.

THE

[5]PARSON'S WEDDING.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter the Captain in choler, and WANTON.

Capt. No more; I'll sooner be reconcil'd to want or sickness, than that rascal; a thing, that my charity made sociable; one, that when I smil'd would fawn upon me, and wag his stern, like starv'd dogs; so nasty, the company cried *foh* upon him; he stunk so of poverty, ale, and bawdry. So poor and despicable, when I reliev'd him, he could not avow his calling for want of a cassock, but stood at corners of streets, and whisper'd gentlemen in the ear, as they pass'd, and so deliver'd his wants like a message; which being done, the rogue vanished, and would dive at Westminster like a dabchick, and rise again at Temple-gate. The ingenuity of the rascal, his wit being snuft by want, burnt clear then, and furnish'd him with a bawdy jest or two, to take the company; but now the rogue shall find he has lost a patron.

Wan. As I live, if I had thought you would have been in such a fury, you should never have known it.

Capt. Treacherous rogue! he has always rail'd against thee to me, as a danger his friendship ought to give me warning of; and nightly cry'd, Yet look back, and hunt not, with goodnature and the beauties of thy youth, that false woman; but hear thy friend, that speaks from sad experience.

Wan. Did he say this?

Capt. Yes, and swears ye are as insatiate as the sea, as covetous, and as ungrateful; that you have your tempests too, and calms, more dangerous than it.

Wan. Was the slave so eloquent in his malice?

Capt. Yes, faith, and urg'd, you (for your part) were never particular, and seldom sound.

Wan. Not sound! why, he offer'd to marry me, and swore he thought I was chaste, I was so particular; and prov'd it, that consent was full marriage, by the first institution; and those that love, and lie together, and tell, have fulfilled all ceremonies now.

Capt. Did he offer to marry thee?

Wan. Yes, yes.

Capt. If ever then I deserv'd from thee, or if thou be'st dear to thyself, as thou hast any thing thou hop'st shall be safe or sound about thee, I conjure thee, take my counsel; marry him, to afflict him.

Wan. Marry him?

Capt. If I have any power I shall prevail. Thou know'st he has a fat benefice, and leave me to plague him, till he give it me to be rid of thee.

Wan. Will you not keep me then?

Capt. I keep thee! pr'ythee, wilt thou keep me? I know not why men are such fools to pay: we bring as much to the sport as women. Keep thee! I'd marry thee as soon; why, *that's wedding sin*: no, no keeping I: that you are not your own, is all that prefers you before wives.

Wan. I hope this is not real.

Capt. Art thou such a stranger to my humour? why, I tell thee, I should hate thee if I could call thee mine, for I loath all women within my knowledge; and 'tis six to four, if I knew thy sign, I'd come there no more; a strange mistress makes every night a-new, and these are your pleasing sins. I had as lieve be good, as sin by course.

Wan. Then I am miserable.

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5 This play was originally represented wholly by women. See *Dialogue on Plays and Players*, Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. XII. edit. 1780.

Capt. Not so, if you'll be instructed, and let me pass like a stranger when you meet me.

Wan. But have you these humours?

Capt. Yes, faith; yet if you will observe them, though you marry him, I may perchance be your friend; but you must be sure to be coy; for to me the hunting is more pleasant than the [6] quarry.

Wan. But, if I observe this, will you be my friend hereafter?

Capt. Firm as the day. Hark, I hear him; [*The Parson calls within;*] I knew he would follow me, I gave him a small touch that waken'd his guilt. Resolve to indear yourself to him, which you may easily do, by taking his part when I have vex'd him. No dispute; resolve it, or as I live here I disclaim thee for ever.

Wan. 'Tis well, something I'll do.

[*Exit* WANTON.

Capt. Open the door, I say, and let me in; your favourite and his tythes shall come no more here.

Enter Parson.

Par. Yes, but he shall; 'tis not you, nor your brac'd drum, shall fright me hence, who can command the souls of men. I have read divine Seneca; thou know'st nothing but the earthly part, and c n st cry to that, [7] Faces about.

Capt. Thou read Seneca! thou steal'st his cover, to clothe thee, naked and w.oked, that for money wouldst sell the share of the twelve, and art allowed by all that know thee, fitter to have been Judas, than Judas was, for treachery.

Par. Rail, do rail, my illiterate captain, that can only abuse by memory; and should I live till thou couldst read my sentence, I should never die.

Capt. No, ingrateful, live till I destroy thee; and, thankless wretch, did all my care of thee deserve nothing but thy malice, and treacherous speaking darkly still? with thy fine, no, not he, when any malicious discourse was made of me; and by thy false faint, no, faith; confess, in thy denials, whilst thy smiling excuses stood a greater and more dangerous evidence against me, than my enemy's affidavits could have done.

Par. I'll lye for never a lean soldier of you all.

Capt. I have for thee, slave, when I have been wondered at for keeping company with such a face; but they were such as knew thee not; all which thy looks deceiv'd, as they did me; they are so simple they'd cozen a jury, and a judge that had wit would swear thou lyedst, should thou confess what I know to be true, and award Bedlam for thee; 'tis so strange and so new a thing, to find so much rogue lodge at the sign of the fool.

Par. Leave this injurious language, or I'll lay off my cassock; for nothing shall privilege your bragger's tongue to abuse me, a gentleman, and a soldier ancienter than thyself.

Capt. Yes. thou wer't so; and now, I think on't, I'll recount the cause, which, it may be, thou hast forgot, through thy variety of sins; it was a hue and cry, that followed thee a scholar, and found thee a soldier.

Par. Thou ly'st; thou and Scandal have but one tongue; hers dwells with thy coward's teeth.

Capt. Oh! do you rage? nay, I'll put the cause in print too: I am but a scurvy poet, yet I'll make a ballad shall tell how like a faithful disciple you follow'd your poor whore, till her martyrdom in the suburbs.

Par. I'll be reveng'd for this scandal.

Capt. Then shall succeed, thy flight from the university, disguis'd into captain, only the outside was worse buff, and the inside more atheist than they; furnish'd with an insolent faith, uncharitable heart, envious as old women, cruel and bloody as cowards; thus arm'd at all points; thou went'st out, threatning God, and trembling at men.

Par. I'll be reveng'd, thou poor man of war, I'll be reveng'd.

Enter WANTON.

Wan. And why so bitter? Whose house is this? Who dares tell this story?

Capt. Why, sweet, hath he not treacherously broke into our cabinet, and would have stol'n thee thence? by these hilts, I'll hang him; and then I can conclude my ballad with, *take warning all Christian people by the same:* I will, you lean slave; I'll prosecute thee, till thou art fain to hide in a servitor's gown again, and live upon

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[6] *Quarry*—i. e. The Game. *Quarry* is a term both of hunting and falconry. The allusion here is to the former. *Quarrie* (as referring to the latter), according to Latham's explanation, "is taken for the fowle which is flowne at, and slaine at any time, especially when young hawks are flowne thereunto."

[7] *Faces about.*—So, in *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 3. S. 1:

"Good captain, *faces about.*"

Scornful Lady, A. 5:

"Cutting Morecraft *faces about.*"

And in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Ralph, exercising his men, says:

"Double your files; as you were; *faces about.*"

crumbs with the robin red-breasts that haunt the hall, your old mess-mates. Do you snarl? I'll do't, I will, and put thee to fight with the dogs for the bones that but smell of meat; those that your hungry students have polish'd with their teeth.

Wan. If you do this, good captain, lieutenant, and company, (for all your command, I think, is within your reach,) I say, if you dare do this, I shall sing a song of one that bade stand, and made a carrier pay a dear rent for a little ground upon his majesty's highway.

Capt. How now, mistress Wanton! what's this? what's this?

Par. This! 'tis matter for a jury; I'll swear, and positively. I'll hang thee, I'll do't, by this hand, let me alone to swear the jury out of doubt.

Capt. But you are in jest, mistress Wanton, and will confess (I hope) this is no truth.

Wan. Yes, sir, as great a truth, as that you are in your un-pay'd-for scarlet. Fool! didst think, I'd quit such a friend, and his stay'd fortune, to rely upon thy dead pay, and hopes of a second covenant?

Capt. His fortune! what is't? th' advowson of Tyburn deanry?

Par. No, nor rents brought in by long staff-speeches, that asks alms with frowns, till thy looks and speech have laid violent hands upon men's charity.

Wan. Let him alone; I'll warrant, he'll never be indicted for drawing any thing but his tongue, against a man.

Capt. Very good.

Par. Dear mistress Wanton, you have won my heart, and I shall live to doat upon you for abusing this impetuous captain. Will you listen to my old suit? will you marry me, and vex him? say, dare you do't without more dispute?

Capt. 'Twas a good question; she that dares marry thee, dares do any thing; she may as safely lie with the great bell upon her, and his clapper is less dangerous than thine.

Wan. Why, I pray?

Capt. What a miserable condition wilt thou come to? his wife cannot be an honest woman; and if thou should'st turn honest, would it not vex thee to be chaste and pox'd, a saint without a nose? what kalendar will admit thee, by an incurable slave that's made of rogues flesh? consider that.

Wan. Why, that's something yet; thou hast nothing but a few scars, and a little old fame to trust to, and that scarce thatches your head.

Capt. Nay then I see thou'rt base, and this plot not accident. And now I do not grudge him thee; go together, 'tis pity to part you, whore and parson, as consonant——

Wan. As whore and captain.

Capt. Take her, I'll warrant her a breeder; I'll prophesy she shall lie with thy whole congregation, and bring an heir to thy parish, one that thou may'st enclose the common by his title, and recover it by common law.

Par. That's more than thy dear dam could do for thee, thou son of a thousand fathers, all poor soldiers, rogues, that ought mischiefs, no midwives for their birth. But I cry thee mercy, my patron has an estate of old iron by his side, with the farm of old ladies he scrapes a dirty living from.

Wan. He earn from an old lady! hang him, he's only wicked in his desires; and for adultery he cannot be condemn'd, though he should have the vanity to betray himself. God forgive me for belying him so often as I have done; the weak-chin'd slave hir'd me once to say, I was with child by him.

Capt. This is pretty, farewell; and may the next pig thou farrow'st have a promising face, without the dad's fool or gallows in't, that all may swear, at first sight, that's a bastard; and it shall go hard but I'll have it call'd mine. I have the way, 'tis but praising thee, and swearing thou art honest before I am ask'd: you taught me the trick.

Par. Next levee I'll preach against thee, and tell them what a piece you are; your drum and borrowed scarf shall not prevail, nor shall you win with charms half ell long (hight ferret rib-band) the youth of our parish, as you have done.

Capt. No, lose no time, pr'ythee study and learn to preach, and leave railing against the surplice, now thou hast preach'd thyself into linen. Adieu, Abigal; adieu, heir apparent to Sir Oliver Marr-text; to church, go; I'll send a beadle shall sing your Epithalamium.

Par. Adieu, my captain of a tame band; I'll tell your old lady, how you abused her breath, and swore you earn'd your money harder than those that dig in the mines for't. [*Exit Captain.*] A fart fill thy sail, captain of a [8] gally foist.—He's gone: come, sweet, let's to church immediately, that I may go and take my revenge; I'll make him wear thin breeches.

Wan. But if you should be such a man as he says you are, what would my friends say, when they hear I have cast myself away?

Par. He says! hang him, lean, mercenary, provant rogue; I knew his beginning, when he made the stocks lousy, and swarm'd so with

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8 *Gally foist.*—*A gally foist* was the name of a pleasure-boat, or one used on particular days for pomp and state. The Lord Mayor's and Company's barges were sometimes formerly called *The City Galley foists.* See Wood's *South East View of the City, and Part of Southwark, as it appeared about the year* 1599.

vermin, we were afraid he would have brought that curse upon the county—He says! but what matters what he says? a rogue, by sire and dam! his father was a broad fat peddler, a what-do-you-lack, sir, that haunted good houses, and stole more than he bought; his dam was a gypsy, a pilfering canting Sibyl in her youth, and she suffered in her old age for a witch: poor Stromwell, the rogue was a perpetual burthen to her, she carried him longer at her back than in her belly; he dwelt there, till she lost him one night in the great frost upon our common, and there he was found in the morning candy'd in ice: a pox of their charity that thaw'd him; you might smell a rogue then in the bud: he is now run away from his wife.

Wan. His wife?

Par. Yes, his wife; why, do you not know he's married according to the rogues liturgy? a left-handed bridegroom; I saw him take the ring from a tinker's dowager.

Wan. Is this possible?

Par. Yes, most possible, and you shall see how I'll be reveng'd on him; I will immediately go seek the ordinance against reformadoes.

Wan. What ordinance?

Par. Why, they do so swarm about the town, and are so destructive to trade and all civil government, that the state has declared, no person shall keep above two colonels and four captains (of what trade soever) in his family; for now the war is done, broken breech, wood-monger, ragman, butcher, and link-boy, (comrades that made up the ragged regiment in this holy war,) think to return and be admitted to serve out their times again.

Wan. Your ordinance will not touch the captain, for he is a known soldier.

Par. He a captain! an apocryphal modern one, that went convoy once to Brainford with those troops that conducted the contribution-puddings in the late holy war, when the city ran mad after their russet Levites, apron-rogues, with horn hands. Hang him, he's but the sign of a soldier; and I hope to see him hang'd for that commission, when the king comes to his place again.

Wan. You abuse him, now he's gone; but—

Par. Why, dost thou *think* I fear him? no, wench, I know him too well for a cowardly slave, that dares [9] as soon eat his fox, as draw it in earnest; the slave's noted to make a conscience of nothing but fighting.

Wan. Well, if you be not a good man, and a kind husband——

Par. Thou know'st the proverb, as happy as the parson's wife, during her husband's life.

SCENE II.

Enter Mistress PLEASANT, *Widow* WILD *her Aunt, and* SECRET *her Woman, above in the musick-room; as dressing her; a glass, a table, and she in her night-cloaths.*

Plea. Secret, give me the glass, and see who knocks.

Wid. Niece, what, shut the door? as I live, this musick was meant to you, I know my nephew's voice.

Plea. Yes, but you think his friend's has more musick in't.

Wid. No, faith, I can laugh with him, or so, but he comes no nearer than my lace.

Plea. You do well to keep your smock betwixt.

Wid. Faith, wench, so wilt thou and thou beest wise, from him and all of them; and be rul'd by me, we'll abuse all the sex, till they put a true value upon us.

Plea. But dare you forbid the travel'd gentleman, and abuse them and your servant, and swear, with me, not to marry in a twelve-month, though a lord bait the hook, and hang out the sign of a court Cupid, whipt by a country widow? then I believe we may have mirth cheaper than at the price of ourselves, and some sport with the wits that went to lose themselves in France.

Wid. Come, no dissembling, lest I tell your servant, when he returns, how much you're taken with the last new fashion.

Sec. Madam, 'tis almost noon, will you not dress yourself to-day?

Wid. She speaks as if we were boarders; pr'ythee, wench, is not the dinner our own? sure my cook shall lay by my own roast till my stomach be up.

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[9] *As soon eat his fox.—A fox* was formerly a cant word for a sword.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, A. 2. S. 6:

"What would you have, sister, of a fellow that knows nothing but a basket hilt and an *old fox* in't?"

Philaster, by Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 4:

"I made my father's *old fox* fly about his ears."

Henry V. by Shakspeare, A. 4. S. 4:

"—— Thou dy'st on point of *fox*.

See Mr Steevens's Note on the latter passage, where many passages of our ancient writers are produced to prove the explanation.

Plea. But there may be company, and they will say, we take too long time to trim. Secret, give me the flowers my servant sent me, he sware 'twas the first the wench made of the kind.

Wid. But when he shall hear you had musick sent you to-day, 'twill make him appear in his old cloaths.

Plea. Marry, I would he would take exception, he should not want ill usage to rid me of his trouble. As I live, custom has made me so acquainted with him, that I now begin to think him not so displeasing as at first; and if he fall not out with me, I must with him, to secure myself. Sure (aunt) he must find sense and reason absent; for when a question knocks at his head, the answer tells that there is no body at home. I ask'd him th' other day, if he did not find a blemish in his understanding; and he sware a great oath, not he. I told him 'twas very strange, for fool was so visible an eye-sore, that neither birth nor fortune could reconcile to me.

Wid. Faith, methinks his humour is good, and his purse will buy good company, and I can laugh and be merry with him sometimes.

Plea. Why, pray (aunt) take him to yourself, and see how merry we will be. I can laugh at any body's fool, but mine own.

Wid. By my troth, but that I have married one fool already, you should not have him. Consider, he asks no portion, and yet will make a great jointure; a fool with these conveniences, a kind loving fool, and one that you may govern, makes no ill husband, niece: there are other arguments too, to bid a fool welcome, which you will find without teaching; think of it, niece; you may lay out your affection to purchase some dear wit, or judgment of the city, and repent, at leisure, a good bargain, in this fool.

Plea. Faith, aunt, fools are cheap in the butchery, and dear in the kitchen; they are such unsavoury insipid things, that there goes more charge to the sauce than the fool is worth, ere a woman can confidently serve him, either to her bed or board: then if he be a loving fool, he troubles all the world a days, and me all night.

Sec. Friendship-love, madam, has a remedy for that.

Plea. See, if the air of this place has not inclin'd Secret to be a bawd already. No, Secret, you get no gowns that way, upon my word: if I marry, it shall be a gentleman that has wit and honour, though he has nothing but a sword by his side; such a one naked is better than a fool with all his trappings, bells, and baubles.

Wid. Why, as I live, he's a handsome fellow, and merry: mine is such a sad soul, and tells me stories of lovers that dy'd in despair, and of the lamentable end of their mistresses, (according to the ballad,) and thinks to win me by example.

Plea. Faith, mine talks of nothing but how long he has lov'd me; and those that know me not, think I am old, and still finds new causes (as he calls them) for his love. I ask'd him the other day if I chang'd so fast or no.

Wid. But what think'st thou, Secret; my nephew dances well, and has a handsome house in the Piazza.

Plea. Your nephew! not I, as I live: he looks as if he would be woo'd; I'll warrant you, he'll never begin with a woman till he has lost the opinion of himself; but since you are so courteous, I'll speak to his friend, and let him know how you suffer for him.

Wid. Him! marry, God bless all good women from him. Why, he talks as if the dairy-maid and all her cows could not serve his turn: then they wear such bawdy breeches, 'twould startle an honest woman to come in their company, for fear they should break, and put her to count from the fall of them; for I'll warrant, the year of the Lord would sooner out of her head than such a sight.

Plea. I am not such an enemy now to his humour as to your nephew's. He rails against our sex, and thinks, by beating down the price of a woman, to make us despair of merchants: but, if I had his heart-strings tied on a true lover's knot, I would so firk him, till he found physic in a rope.

Sec. He's a scurvy-tongu'd fellow, I'm sure of that; and if I could have got a staff, I had mark'd him.

Wid. What did he do to thee, Secret?

Plea. Why, he swore he had a better opinion of her than to think she had her maidenhead: but if she were that fool, and had preserv'd the toy, he swore he would not take the pains of fetching it, to have it. I confess, I would fain be reveng'd on them, because they are so blown up with opinion of their wit.

Wid. As I live, my nephew travels still. The sober honest Ned Wild will not be at home this month.

Plea. What say you? will you abuse them and all the rest, and stand to my first proposition?

Wid. Yes, faith, if it be but to bury my servant, Sad; for he cannot last above another fall; and how, think you, will your servant take it?

Plea. Mine! Oh, God help me, mine's a healthy fool. I would he were subject to pine, and take things unkindly; there were some hope to be rid of him; for I'll undertake to use him as ill as any body.

Wid. As I live, I am easily resolv'd; for if I would marry, I know neither who nor what humour to chuse.

Sec. By my troth, madam, you are hard to please, else the courtier might have serv'd turn.

Wid. Serve turn! Pr'ythee what haste, Secret, that I should put myself to bed with one I might make a shift with? When I marry, thou shalt cry, Ay marry, madam, this is a husband,

without blushing, wench, and none of your so-so husbands. Yet, he might half overcome my aversion, I confess.

Plea. Overcome! I think so: he might have won a city his way; for when he saw you were resolv'd he should not eat with you, he would set himself down as if he meant to besiege us, and had vow'd never to rise till he had taken us in; and because our sex forbade force, he meant to do it by famine. Yet you may stay, and miss a better market: for, hang me, I am of Secret's opinion, he had but two faults; a handsome fellow, and too soon deny'd.

Wid. 'Tis true, he was a handsome fellow, and a civil, that I shall report him; for as soon as it was given him to understand, I desir'd he would come no more, I never saw him since, but by chance.

Plea. Why did you forbid him?

Wid. There were divers exceptions; but that which anger'd me then, was, he came with the king's letters patents, as if he had been to take up a wife for his majesty's use.

Plea. Alas! was that all? Why, 'tis their way at court, a common course among them: and was it not one the king had a great care of? When my mother was alive, I had such a packet from the court directed unto me, I bid them pay the post, and make the fellow drink; which he took as ill as I could wish, and has been ever since such a friendly enemy——

Wid. Nay, as I live, she was for the captain too: his scarf and feather won her heart.

Sec. Truly, madam, never flatter yourself; for the gentleman did not like you so well, as to put you to the trouble of saying no.

Plea. Lord, how I hated and dreaded that scarf and buff-coat!

Sec. Why, mistress Pleasant, a captain is an honourable charge.

Wid. Pr'ythee, Secret, name them no more. Colonel and captain, commissioner, free-quarters, ordinance and contribution: when Buff utters these words, I tremble and dread the sound: it frights me still when I do but think on them. Cuds body, they're twigs of the old rod, wench, that whipt us so lately.

Plea. Ay, ay, and they were happy days, wench, when the captain was a lean poor humble thing, and the soldier tame, and durst not come within the city, for fear of a constable and a whipping-post. They know the penal statutes give no quarter. Then Buff was out of countenance, and skulk'd from alehouse to alehouse; and the city had no militia but the sheriff's men. In those merry days, a bailiff trode the streets with terror, when all the chains in the city were rusty but Mr Sheriff's; when the people knew no evil but the constable and his watch. Now, every committee has as much power, and as little manners, and examines with as much ignorance, impertinence, and authority, as a constable in the king's key. [*People talking without.*

Wid. See, who's that so loud?

Sec. The men you talk'd of, newly come to town.—— [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.

Enter JACK CONSTANT, WILL SAD, JOLLY, *and a Footman:* [10] *they comb their heads, and talk.*

Jol. Remember our covenants, get them that can, all friends; and be sure to dispatch the plot, to carry them into the country, lest the brace of new-come monsieurs get them.

Con. Those flesh-flies! I'll warrant thee from them: yet 'twas foolishly done of me to put on this gravity. I shall break out, and return to myself, if you put me to a winter's wooing.

Sad. A little patience does it; and I am content to suffer any thing till they're out of town. Secret says, they think my pale face proceeds from my love.

Jol. Does she? That shall be one hint to advance your designs and my revenge; for so she be cozen'd, I care not who does it, for scorning me, who (by this hand) lov'd her parlously.

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[10] ——*they comb their heads, and talk.*— This custom, strange as it would now appear, was the constant practice of gentlemen in the last century. When on visits, either of ceremony or business, or even in company of ladies, and at public places, their constant amusement was to comb their hair or wigs: and the fashion continued until the reign of Queen Anne.——Dryden alludes to it, in the Prologue to *Almanzor and Almahide*:

> "But, as when vizard masque appears in pit,
> Straight every man, who thinks himself a wit,
> Perks up; and managing *his comb* with grace,
> With his white wig sets off his nut-brown face."

And Mincing, in *The Way of the World*, says:

> "The gentlemen stay but *to comb*, madam, and will wait on you."

These instances I am indebted for to Mr Steevens.

Foot. Sir, what shall I do with the horses?

Sad. Carry them to Brumsted's.

Foot. What shall I do with your worship's?

Jol. Mine? Take him, hamstring him, kill him, any thing to make him away, lest, having such a conveniency, I be betray'd to another journey into the country. Gentlemen, you are all welcome to my country-house. Charingcross, I am glad to see thee, with all my heart.

Con. What! not reconcil'd to the country yet?

Sad. He was not long enough there, to see the pleasure of it.

Jol. Pleasure! what is't call'd? walking, or hawking, or shooting at butts?

Con. You found other pleasures, or else the story of the meadow is no gospel.

Jol. Yes, a pox upon the necessity! Here I could as soon have taken the cow, as such a milk-maid.

Sad. The wine and meat's good, and the company.

Jol. When, at a Tuesday meeting, the country comes in to a match at two shillings rubbers, where they conclude at dinner what shall be done this parliament, railing against the court and pope, after the old Elizabeth-way of preaching, till they are drunk with zeal; and then the old knight of the shire from the board's-end, in his coronation-breeches, vies clinches with a silenc'd minister, a rogue that rail'd against the reformation, merely to be eas'd of the trouble of preaching.

Con. Nay, as I live, now you are to blame, and wrong him. The man's a very able man.

Jol. You'll be able to say so one day upon your wife's report. I would he were gelt, and all that hold his opinion. By this good day, they get more souls than they save.

Sad. And what think you of the knight's son? I hope, he's a fine gentleman, when his green suit and his blue stockings are on; and the welcomest thing to Mrs Abigail, but [11] Tib and Tom in the stock.

Jol. Who, Mr Jeoffry? Hobinol the second. By this life, 'tis a very veal, and he licks his nose like one of them. By his discourse, you'd guess he had eaten nothing but hay. I wonder he doth not go on all four too, and hold up his leg when he stales. He talks of nothing but the stable. The cobler's black-bird at the corner has more discourse. He has not so much as the family-jest, which these Coridons use to inherit! I pos'd him in [12] Booker's Prophecies, till he confess'd he had not master'd his almanack yet.

Con. But what was that you whisper'd to him in the hall?

Jol. Why, the butler and I, by the intercession of March-beer, had newly reconcil'd him to his dad's old cod-piece corslet in the hall, which, when his zeal was up, he would needs throw down, because it hung upon a cross.

Con. But what think you of my neighbour? I hope, her charity takes you.

Jol. Yes, and her old waiting-woman's devotion. She sigh'd in the pew behind me. A Dutch skipper belches not so loud, or so sour. My lady's miserable sinner, with the white eyes, she does so squeeze out her prayers, and so wring out, *Have mercy upon us.* I warrant her, she has a waiting-woman's sting in her conscience. She looks like a dirty-soul'd bawd.

Con. Who is this, my lady Freedom's woman, that he describes?

Jol. The same: the independent lady. I have promis'd to send her a cripple or two by the next carrier. Her subject-husband would needs shew me his house one morning. I never

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[11] *Tib and Tom in the stock.*—Terms at the game of Gleek; which she is supposed to love immoderately. S. P.

[12] *Booker's Prophecies.*—William Lilly gives the following account of John Booker, the person here mentioned:—he "was born in Manchester, in the year 1601; was in his youth well instructed in the Latin tongue, which he understood very well. He seemed, from his infancy, to be designed for astrology; for, from the time he had any understanding, he would be always poring on, and studying almanacks. He came to London at fitting years, and served an apprenticeship to an haberdasher in Lawrence Lane, London: but either wanting stock to set up, or disliking the calling, he left his trade, and taught to write, at Hadley, in Middlesex, several scholars in that school. He wrote singularly well, both secretary and Roman. In process of time, he served Sir Christopher Clethero, knight, alderman of London, as his clerk, *being a city* justice of peace. He also was clerk to Sir Hugh Hammersley, alderman of *London: both* which he served with great credit and estimation, and, by that means, became not only well known, but as well respected, of the most eminent citizens of London, even to his dying-day.

"He was an excellent proficient in astrology; whose excellent verses upon the twelve months, framed according to the configurations of each month, being blessed with success according to his predictions, procured him much reputation all over England. He was a very honest man; abhorred any deceit in the art he studied; had a curious fancy in judging of thefts, and as successful in resolving love-questions. He was no mean proficient in astronomy; he understood much in physic; was a great admirer of the antimonial cup; not unlearned in chymistry, which he loved well, but did not practise. He died in 1667."

visited such an hospital; it stunk like Bedlam; and all the servants were carrying pultices, julaps, and glisters, and several remedies for all diseases but his. The man sigh'd to see his estate crumbling away. I counsell'd him either to give or take an ounce of ratsbane, to cure his mind.

Con. She is my cousin; but he made such a complaint to me, I thought he had married the company of Surgeons-hall: for his directions to me for several things for his wife's use, were fitter for an apothecary's shop than a lady's closet.

Jol. I advis'd him to settle no jointure but her old stills, and a box of instruments, upon her. She hates a man with all his limbs. A wooden leg, a crutch, and *fistula in ano*, wins her heart. Her gentleman-usher broke his leg last dog-days, merely to have the honour to have her set it: a foul rank rogue! and so full of salt humours, that he pos'd a whole college of old women with a grangrene, which spoil'd the jest, and his ambling before my lady, by applying a hand-saw to his gart'ring place; and now the rogue wears booted bed-staves, and destroys all the young ashes to make him legs.

Sad. I never saw such a nasty affection: she would ha' done well in the incurable, a handmaid to have waited on the cripples.

Jol. She converses with naked men, and handles all their members, tho' never so ill affected, and calls the *fornication* charity. All her discourse to me was flat bawdry; which I could not chide, but spoke as flat as she, till she rebuk'd me, calling mine beastliness, and hers natural philosophy. By this day, if I were to marry, I would as soon have chosen a drawn whore out of mine own hospital, and cure the sins of her youth, as marry a she-chirurgeon; one that, for her sins in her first husband's days, cures all the crimes of her sex in my time. I would have him call her Chiron, the Centaur's own daughter, a chirurgeon by sire and dam, Apollo's own colt. She's red-hair'd too, like that bonny beast with the golden mane and flaming tail.

Sad. You had a long discourse with her, Jolly: what was't about?

Jol. I was advising her to be divorc'd, and marry the man in the almanack: 'twould be fine pastime for her to lick him whole.

Sad. By this day, I never saw such a mule as her husband is, to bear with her madness. The house is a good house, and well furnish'd.

Jol. Yes; but 'tis such a sight to see great French beds full of found children, sons of batchelors, priests heirs, Bridewell orphans: there they lie by *dozens in a bed*, like sucking rabbits in a dish, or a row of pins; and then they keep a whole dairy of milch-whores to suckle them.

Sad. She is successful, and that spoils her, and makes her deaf to counsel. I bade him poison two or three, to disgrace her; for the vanity and pride of their remedies make those women more diligent than their charity.

Jol. I ask'd him why he married her; and he confess'd, if he had been sound, he had never had her.

Con. He confess'd, she cur'd him of three claps before he married her.

Jol. Yes; and I believe some other member (though then ill-affected) pleaded more than his tongue; and the rogue is like to find her business still; for he flies at all. My God, I owe thee thanks for many things; but 'tis not the least I am not her husband, nor a country-gentleman, whither, I believe, you cannot easily seduce me again, unless you can persuade London to stand in the country. To Hyde Park, or so, I may venture upon your lady-fair days, when the filly-foals of fifteen come kicking in, with their manes and tails tied up in ribbands, to see their eyes roul and neigh when the spring makes their blood prick them; so far I am with you, by the way of a country-gentleman and a beer-drinker.

Sad. For all this dislike, Mr Jolly, your greatest acquaintance lies amongst country-gentlemen.

Jol. Ay, at London: there your country-gentlemen are good company; where to be seen with them is a kind of credit. I come to a mercer's shop in your coach; Boy, call your master: he comes bare; I whisper him, Do you know the Constants and the Sads of Norfolk? Yes, yes, he replies, and strokes his beard. They are good men, cry I: Yes, yes. No more; cut me off three suits of sattin. He does it, and, in the delivery, whispers, Will these be bound? Pish! drive on, coachman: speak with me to-morrow.

Con. And what then?

Jol. What then! why, come again next day.

Sad. And what if the country-gentleman will not be bound?

Jol. Then he must fight.

Sad. I would I had known that before I had sign'd your bond, I would have set my sword sooner than my seal to it.

Jol. Why, if thou repent, there's no harm done: fight rather than pay it.

Sad. Why, do you think I dare not fight?

Jol. Yes, but I think thou hast more wit than to fight with me; for if I kill thee, 'tis a fortune to me, and others will sign in fear; and if thou should'st kill me, any body that knows us would swear 'twere very strange, and cry, There's God's just judgment now upon that lewd youth, and thou procur'st his hangman's place at the rate of thy estate.

Con. By this hand, he is in the right: and, for mine, I meant to pay when I sign'd. Hang it, never put good fellows to say, Pr'ythee give me a hundred pounds.

Sad. 'Tis true, 'tis a good janty way of begging; yet, for being kill'd, if I refuse it—would there were no more danger in the widow's an-

kindness than in your fighting, I would not mistrust my design.

Jol. Why ay, there's a point now in nicety of honour, I should kill you for her; for you know I pretended first: and it may be if I had writ sad lines to her, and hid myself in my cloak, and haunted her coach, it may be in time she would have sought me: not I, by this hand, I'll not trouble myself for a wench; and married widows are but customary authoriz'd wenches.

Con. Being of that opinion, how can'st thou think of marrying one?

Jol. Why, faith, I know not; I thought to rest me, for I was run out of breath with pleasure, and grew so acquainted with sin, I would have been good, for variety; in these thoughts 'twas my fortune to meet with this widow, handsome, and of a clear fame.

Con. Did'st love her?

Jol. Yes, faith: I had love, but not to the disease that makes men sick; and I could have lov'd her still, but that I was angry to have her refuse me, for a fault I told her of myself, so I went no more.

Sad. Did she forbid you but once?

Jol. Faith, I think, I slipt a fair opportunity, a handsome wench, and three thousand pounds *per annum* in certainty, besides the possibility of being saved.

Con. Which now you think desperate?

Widow and PLEASANT *looking out at a window.*

Plea. That is you; cross or pile, will you have him yet or no?

Wid. Peace! observe them.

Jol. Faith, no, I do not despair; but I cannot resolve.

Enter WILD, CARELESS, *and the Captain, going in haste; he comes in at the middle door.*

Wid. Who are those?

Care. Captain, whither in such haste? what, defeated? Call you this a retreat, or a flight from your friends?

Plea. Your nephew, and his governor, and his friend. Here will be a scene! sit close, and we may know the secret of their hearts.

Wid. They have not met since they return'd: [13] I shall love this bay-window.

Capt. Pr'ythee let me go: there's mischief a boiling; and if thou shak'st me once more, thou wilt jumble a lye together I have been hammering this hour.

Care. A pox upon you! a studying lyes!

Capt. Why, then they are no lyes, but something in the praise of an old lady's beauty; what do you call that?

Jol. Who are those? [*They spy each other.*

Sad. Is't not the captain and my friend?

[JOLLY *salutes them; then he goes to the Captain to embrace him;* [14] *the Captain stands in a French posture, and slides from his old way of embracing.*

Jol. Ned Wild! Tom Careless! what ail'st thou? do'st thou scorn my embraces?

Capt. I see you have never been abroad, else you would know how to put a value upon those, whose careful observation brought home the most exquisite garb and courtship that Paris could sell us.

Jol. A pox on this fooling, and leave off ceremony.

Capt. Why then agreed: off with our masks, and let's embrace like the old knot.

[*They embrace.*

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[13] *I shall love this bay window.—A bay window* is what we now distinguish by the name of a *bow window*. The term frequently occurs in ancient writers. So, *Second Part of Antonio and Mellida*, by Marston, A. 1. S. 3:

> " —— Three times I gaspt at shades:
> And thrice, deluded by erroneous sense,
> I forc't my thoughts make stand; when loe I op't
> A large *bay window*, through which the night
> Struck terror to my soul."

Cynthia's Revels, A. 4. S. 3:

" In which time (retiring myself into a *bay window*) the beauteous lady Annabel, &c."

A Chast Mayd in Cheapi-side, by Middleton, 1630, p. 62:

> " In troth a match, wench:
> We are simply stock't, with cloath of tissue cussions,
> To furnish out *bay windows*."

[14] *The captain stands in a French posture*, &c.—So, in the Epilogue to *Evening Love*; or, *The Mock Astrologer*, by Dryden:

> " Up starts *a Mounsieur*, new come o'er; and warm
> In the *French stoop*; and the pull back o' th' arm;
> Morbleau, dit il," &c.

Jol. Faith, say where have you spent these three years time? in our neighbour France? or have you ventur'd o'er the Alps, to see the seat of the Cæsars?

Sad. And can tell us (ignorant, doom'd to walk upon our own land) how large a seat the goddess fix'd her flying Trojans in.

Con. Yes, yes, and have seen, and drank (perhaps) of Tyber's famous stream.

Jol. And have been where Æneas buried his trumpeter and his nurse. Tom looks as if he had suck'd the one, and had a battle sounded by the other, for joy to see our nation, ambitious not to be understood or known when they come home.

Capt. So, now I'm welcome home; this is freedom, and these are friends, and with these I can be merry; for, gentlemen, you must give me leave to be free too.

Jol. So you will spare us miserable men, condemn'd to London, and the company of a Michaelmas-term, and never travel'd those countries that set mountains on fire a purpose to light us to our lodging.

Wild. Why this is better than to stay at home, and lye by hear-say, wearing out yourselves and fortunes like your clothes, to see her that hates you for being so fine; then appearing at a play, dress'd like some part of it, while the company admire the mercer's and the taylor's work, and swear they have done their parts to make you fine gentlemen.

Carr. Then leap out of your coach, and throw your cloak over your shoulder; the casting-nets to catch a widow; while we have seen the world, and learn'd her customs.

Capt. Yes, sir, and return'd perfect monsieurs.

Sad. Yes, even to their diseases: I confess my ignorance, I cannot amble, nor ride like [15]St George at Waltham.

Jol. Yet, upon my conscience, he may be as welcome with a trot as the other with his pace; and faith, Jack, (to be a little free,) tell me, do'st thou not think thou hadst been as well to pass here, with that English nose thou carry'dst hence, as with the French tongue thou hast brought home?

[*The Captain has a patch over his nose.*

Capt. It is an accident, and to a soldier 'tis but a scar: 'tis true, such a sign upon Mr Jolly's face had been as ill as a *red cross*, and *Lord have mercy upon us*, at his lodging-door, to have kept women out of court.

Jol. For aught you know of the court.

Capt. I know the court, and thee, and thy use, and how you serve but as the handsomest moveables; a kind of implement above stairs, and look much like one of the old court-servants in the hangings.

Wild. But that they move, and look fresher, and your apparel more modern.

Carr. Yet, faith, their office is the same, to adorn the room, and be gaz'd on. Alas, he's sad! courage, man, these riding-clothes will serve thee at the latter day.

Capt. Which is one of their grievances; for nothing troubles them more than to think they must appear in a foul winding-sheet, and come undress'd.

Jol. Gentlemen, I am glad to find you know the court; we know a traveller too, especially when he is thus chang'd and exchang'd, as your worships, both in purse and person, and have brought home foreign visages and inscriptions.

Con. Why that's their perfection, their ambition to have it said, There go those that have profitably observ'd the vices of other countries, and made them their own; and the faults of several nations, at their return, are their parts.

Jol. Why there's Jack Careless, he carried out as good staple-manners as any was in Suffolk, and now he is return'd with a shrug, and a trick to stand crooked, like a scurvy bow unbent; and looks as if he would maintain oil and sallads against a chine of beef. I knew a great beast of this kind, it haunted the court much, and would scarcely allow us fully reduc'd to civility, for serving up mutton in whole joints.

Con. What, silent?

Sad. Faith, the captain is in a study.

Jol. Do, do, conn the rivers and towns perfectly, captain; thou may'st become intelligencer to the people, and lye thy two sheets a week in Corranto's too.

Con. And could you not make friends at court to get their pictures cut ugly, in the corner of a map, like the old navigators?

Jol. We'll see, we'll see.

Enter Widow and PLEASANT *above.*

Wid. I'll interrupt them.— Servant, you're welcome to town. How now, nephew, what dumb? where are all our travel'd tongues?

Jol. [16]Servant! who doth she mean? by this hand, I disclaim the title.

Plea. Captain, Secret has taken notes, and desires you would instruct her in what concerns a waiting-woman, and an old lady.

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[15] *St George at Waltham.*—The sign of an Inn there.

[16] *Servant!*—The usual manner in which ladies formerly address their lovers. See Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 1. S. 2: *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 3. S. 9: Massinger's *Fatal Dowry*, A. 2. S. 2: *Bashful Lover*, A. 3. S. 1: *A very Woman*, A. 1. S. 1: *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, A. 2. S. 1: and in most of the dramatic productions of the times.

Capt. Very good! yet this shall not save your dinner.

Wild. Nay, while you are in this humour I'll not sell your companies; and tho' Mr Jolly be incens'd, I hope he will do me the favour to dine with me.

Jol. Faith, lady, you mistake me if you think I am afraid of a widow; for I would have the world know I dare meet her any where, but at bed. [*Exit* JOLLY.

Wild. No more, aunt; we'll come; and if you will give us good meat, we'll bring good-humours and good stomachs.

[*Widow shuts the curtain.*

Carc. By this day, I'll not dine there: they take a pleasure to raise a spirit that they will not lay. I'll to Banks's.

Capt. A pox forbid it! you shall not break company, now you know what we are to do after dinner.

Carc. I will consent, upon condition you forbid the spiritual nonsense the age calls Platonic Love.

Capt. I must away too; but I'll be there at dinner—You will join in a plot after dinner?

Wild. Any thing, good, bad, or indifferent, for a friend and mirth.

[*Exeunt all but the Captain.*

Capt. I must go, and prevent the rogue's mischief with the old lady. [*Exit Captain.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter JOLLY *and the old Lady* LOVEALL.

Love. Away, unworthy, false, ingrateful! with what brow dar'st thou come again into my sight, knowing how unworthy you have been, and how false to love?

Jol. No, 'tis you are unworthy, and deserve not those truths of love I have paid here; else you would not believe every report that envy brings, and condemn, without hearing me, whom you have so often try'd and found faithful.

Love. Yes, till I, too credulous, had pity on your tears; till I had mercy, you durst not be false.

Jol. Nor am not yet.

Love. What do'st thou call false? Is there a treachery beyond what thou hast done? When I had given my fame, my fortune, myself, and my husband's honour, all in one obligation, a sacrifice to that passion which thou seem'st to labour with despair of, to tell and brag of a conquest o'er a woman, fool'd by her passion, and lost in her love to thee, unworthy!——

[*She turns away her head.*

Jol. By this day, 'tis as false as he that said it: hang him, son of a batchelor! a slave! that envying my fortune, in such a happiness as your love and chaste embraces, took this way to ruin it. Come, dry your eyes, and let the guilty weep: if I were guilty, I durst as soon approach a constable drunk, as come here: you know I am your slave.

Love. You swore so, and honour made me leave to triumph over your miseries.

Jol. Do you repent that I am happy? if you do, command my death.

Love. Nay, never weep, nor sit sadly; I am friends, so you will only talk and discourse; for 'tis your company I only covet.

Jol. No, you cannot forgive, because you have injur'd me: 'tis right woman's justice, accuse first; and harder to reconcile when they are guilty than when they are innocent, or else you would not turn from me thus.

Love. You know your youth hath a strong power over me: turn those bewitching eyes away; I cannot see them with safety of mine honour.

Jol. Come, you shall not hide your face; there's a charm in it against those that come burnt with unchaste fires; for let but your eyes or nose drop upon his heart, it would burn it up, or quench it strait.

Love. No cozing, you have injur'd me; and now, tho' my love plead, I must be deaf; my honour bids me; for you will not fear again to prove unworthy, when you find I am so easy to forgive——Why, you will not be uncivil?

[JOLLY *kisses her, and she shoves him away with her mouth.*

Jol. So, the storm is laid! I must have those pearls—She shov'd me away with her mouth! I'll to her again.

Love. Where are you? what do you take me for? why you will not be uncivil?

[*Still as he offers to touch her, she starts as if he pluck'd up her coats.*

Jol. Uncivil! by thy chaste self I cannot, chick: thou hast such a terror, such a guard in those eyes, I dare not approach thee, nor can I gaze upon so much fire: pr'ythee, sirrah, let me hide me from their power here.

Love. You presume upon the weakness of our sex: What shall I say or do, tyrant Love?

Jol. There's a charm in those pearls! pull them off; if they have a frost in them, let me wear them, and then we are both safe.

Love. I would you had taken them sooner! I had then been innocent, and might with whiteness have worn my love, which I shall ne'er outlive.

Jol. Dear, do not too fast pour in my joys, lest I too soon reach my heaven.

Love. Be gone, then, lest we prove (having

gain'd that height) this sad truth in love, *the first minute after noon is night.*

Jol. Part now? the gods forbid! take from me first this load of joys you have thrown upon me, for 'tis a burthen harder to bear than sadness. I was not born till now; this my first night in which I reap true bliss.

Love. No, no, I would it had been your first night, then your falsehood had not given argument for these tears; and I hate myself to think I should be such a foolish fly, thus again to approach your dangerous flame.

Jol. Come, divert these thoughts: I'll go see your closet.

Love. No, no, I swear you shall not.

Jol. You know I am going out of town for two days.

Love. When you return I'll shew it you; you will forget me else when you are gone, and at court.

Jol. Can your love endure delays? or shall business thee from hence remove? These were your own arguments. Come, you shall shew it me.

Love. Nay, then I perceive what unworthy way your love would find. Ye gods, are all men false?

Jol. As I live you shall stay: come, you ought to make me amends for slandering of me. Hang me if ever I told: and he that reports it is the damn'dst rogue in a country. Come, I say——

[*He pulls her bodkin, that is tied in a pie of black bobbin.*

Love. Ah! as I live, I will not, I have sworn. Do not pull me; I will not be damn'd, I have sworn—— [*He pulls her, and says this.*

Jol. As I live, I'll break your bodkin then: a weeping tyrant! Come, by this good day, you shall be merciful.

Love. Why, you will not be uncivil? you will not force me, will you? As I live I will not.

Jol. Nay, an' you be wilful, I can be stubborn too. [*He pulls still.*

Love. Hang me, I'll call aloud; Why, Nan! Nay, you may force me; but, as I live, I'll do nothing. [*Exeunt ambo.*

SCENE II.

Enter Captain.

Capt. A pox upon you, are you earth'd? the rogue has got her necklace of pearl; but I hope he will leave the rope to hang me in. How the pox came they so great? I must have some trick to break his neck, else the young rogue will work me out. 'Tis an excellent old lady, but I dare not call her so; yet would she were young enough to bear, we might do some good for our heirs, by leaving such a charitable brood behind. She's a woman after the first kind; 'tis but going in to her, and you may know her. Then she'll oblige so readily, and gives with greater thanks than others receive; takes it so kindly to be courted.—I am now to oblige her (as she calls it) by professing young Wild's love, and desiring an assurance she's sensible of his sufferings; which tho' it be false, and beyond my commission, yet the hopes of such a new young thing, that has the vogue of the town for handsomest, 'twill so tickle her age, and so blow up her vanity, to have it said he is in love with her, and so endear her to me for being the means, that the parson's malice will be able to take no root——She comes; I must not be seen.——

Enter LOVEALL *and* JOLLY.

Love. Give me that letter; I'll swear you shall not read it.

Jol. Take it; I'll away: What time shall I call you in the evening? there's a play at court to-night.

Love. I would willingly be there, but your ladies are so censorious and malicious to us young ladies in the town, especially to me, because the wits are pleas'd to afford me a visit, or so; I could be content else to be seen at court. Pray what humour is the queen of? the captain of her guard I know.

Jol. The queen? who's that knocks at the back-door?—— [*The Captain knocks.*

Love. Smooth my band; I know not; go down that way, and look you be not false; if you should be false, I'll swear I should spoil myself with weeping.

Jol. Farewell! In the evening I'll call you.

[*Exit* JOLLY.

Love. Who's there? Captain, where have you been all this while? I might sit alone, I see, for you, if I could not find conversation in books.

[*She takes a book in her hand and sits down.*

Capt. Faith, madam, friends newly come to town engag'd me, and my stay was civility rather than desire: what book's that?

Love. I'll swear he was a witch that writ it; for he speaks my thoughts as if he had been within me; the original, they say, was French.

Capt. Oh, I know it, 'tis the Accomplish'd Woman; yourself, he means by this, while you are yourself

Love. Indeed, I confess, I am a great friend to conversation, if we could have it without suspicion; but the world's so apt to judge, that 'tis a prejudice to our honour now to salute a man.

Capt. Innocence, madam, is above opinion, and your fame's too great to be shook with whispers.

Love. You are ever civil, and therefore welcome. Pray, what news is there now in town? for I am reclus'd here; unless it be yours, I receive no visits; and I'll swear, I charg'd the wench to-day not to let you in; I wonder she let you come.

Capt. Faith, madam, if it had been my own business, I should not have ventur'd so boldly; but the necessity that forces me to come concerns my friend, against whom if your mercy be now bounded with those strict ties of honour, and cold thoughts, which I have ever found guard your heart, my friend, a young and handsome man, is lost, is lost in his prime, and falls *like early blossoms. But methinks you should not prove the envious frost to destroy this young man, this delicate young man, that has whole bundles of boys in his breeches*; yet if you be cruel, he and they die, as useless as open-arses gather'd green.

[*She must be earnest in her looks all the time he speaks, desirous to know who he speak's of.*

Love. Good captain, out with the particular: what way can my charity assist him? you know by experience I cannot be cruel; remember how I fetch'd you out of a swoon, and laid you in my own bed.

Capt. That act preserv'd a life, that has always been labour'd in your service; and I dare say, your charity here will find as fruitful a gratitude.

Love. But I hope he will not be so uncivil as you were; I'll swear, I could have hang'd you for that rape, if I would have follow'd the law; but I forgive you upon condition you would do so again. But what's this young man you speak of?

Capt. Such is my love to you and him, that I cannot prefer mine own particular before your content, else I'd have poison'd him ere I'd have brought him to your house.

Love. Why, I pray?

Capt. Because he's young, handsome, and of sound parts; that I am sure will ruin me here.

Love. His love may make all these beauties; else I have an honour will defend me against him, were he as handsome as young Wild.

Capt. Why ay, there it is; that one word has remov'd all my fears and jealousies with a despair; for that's the man whose love, life, and fortune, lies at your feet; and if you were single, by lawful ways he would hope to reach what now he despairs of.

Love. Let him not despair, love is a powerful pleader, and youth and beauty will assist him; and if his love be noble, I can meet it; for there's none that sacrifices more to friendship-love than I.

Capt. My friend's interest makes me rejoice at this. Dare you trust me to say this to him, tho' it be not usual? pray speak; nay, you are so long still a resolving to be kind! Remember, charity is as great a virtue as chastity, and greater, if we with nature plead; for the one may make many maids, the other can but preserve one. But I know you will be persuaded; let it be my importunity that prevail'd. Shall I bring him hither one evening?

Love. Why do you plead thus? pray be silent, and when you see him, tell him he has a seat here, and I—— [*She turns away.*

Capt. Out with it; what is 't? Shall he call you mistress? and his platonick?

Love. Away, away; me?

Capt. No niceness; is 't a match?

Love. Lord, would I were as worthy as willing (pray tell him so): he shall find me one of the humblest mistresses that ever he was pleased to honour with his affections.

Capt. Dare you write this to him, and honour me with bearing it? I confess, I am such a friend to friendship-love too, that I would even bring him on my back to a midnight's meeting.

Love. If you will stay here, I'll go in and write it.—— [*She's going out, he calls her.*

Capt. Madam, I forgot to ask your ladyship one question.

Love. What was 't?

Capt. There happen'd a business last night betwixt Mr Wild, and one Jolly, a courtier, that brags extremely of your favour; I swear, if it had not been for friends that interposed themselves, there had been mischief, for Mr Wild was extream zealous in your cause.

Love. Such a rascal I know. Villain, to bring my name upon the stage, for a subject of his quarrels!—I'll have him cudgel'd.

Capt. An I'll answer he deserv'd it; for the quarrel ended in a bet of a buck-hunting-nag, that some time to-day he would bring a necklace and chain of pearl of yours (not stol'n, but freely giv'n) to witness his power.

Love. Did the vain rascal promise that?

Capt. Yes; but we laugh at it.

Love. So you might; and as I live, if the necklace were come from stringing, I'd send them both to Mr Wild, to wear as a favour, to assure him I am his, and to put the vain slave out of countenance.

Capt. Ay, marry, such a timely favour were worth a dozen letters, to assure him of your love, and remove all the doubts the other's discourse may put into his head; and faith I'd send him the chain now, and in my letter promise him the necklace; he'll deserve such a favour.

Love. I'll go in and fetch it immediately: will you favour me to deliver it?

Capt. I'll wait upon your ladyship.

Love. I'll swear you shall not go in; you know I forswore being alone with you.

[*She goes and he follows her, she turns and bids him stay.*

Capt. Hang me, I'll go in; does my message deserve to wait an answer at the door?

Love. Ay, but you'll be naught.

Capt. O, ne'er trust me if I break.

Love. If you break, some such forfeit you'll lose; well, come in for once.

Capt. You are so suspicious.

Love. I'll swear I have reason for 't; you are such another man. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter WANTON *and Bawd.*

Wan. Is he gone?

Bawd. Yes, he's gone to the old lady's, high with mischief.

Wan. Fare him well, easy fool: how the trout strove to be tickl'd! and how does this ring become me? ha! they are fine kind of things, these wedding-rings.

[*She plays with a wedding-ring upon her finger.*

Bawd. Besides the good custom of putting so much gold in 'em, they bring such conveniences along.

Wan. Why ay, now I have but one to please; and if I please him, who dares offend me? and that wife's a fool that cannot make her husband one.

Bawd. Nay, I am absolutely of opinion, it was fit for you to marry; but whether he be a good husband or no?

Wan. A pox of a good husband! give me a wise one; they only make the secure cuckolds, the cuckold in grain: for dye a husband that has wit but with an opinion thou art honest, and see who dares wash the colour out. Now your fool changes with every drop, doats with confidence in the morning, and at night jealous even to murder, and his love (Lord help us) fades like my [17] gredaline petticoat.

Bawd. This is a new doctrine.

Wan. 'Tis a truth, wench, I have gain'd from my own observations, and the paradox will be maintain'd. Take wise men for cuckolds, and fools to make them; for your wise man draws eyes and suspicion with his visit, and begets jealous thoughts in the husband, that his wife may be overcome with his parts; when the fool is welcome to both, pleaseth both, laughs with the one, and lies with the other, and all without suspicion. I tell thee, a fool that has money is the man. The wits and the we's, which is a distinct parreal of wit bound by itself, and to be sold at Wit-hall, or at the sign of the King's-head in the butchery; these wise things will make twenty jealous, ere one man a cuckold; when the family of fools will head a parish ere they are suspected.

Bawd. Well, I see one may live and learn; and if he be but as good at it now you are his own, as he was when he was your friend's friend, (as they call it,) you have got one of the best hiders of such a business in the town. Lord, how he would sister you at a play!

Wan. Faith, 'tis as he is used at first; if he get the bridle in's teeth he'll ride to the devil; but if thou be'st true, we'll make him amble ere we have done. The plot is here, and if it thrive I'll alter the proverb, *The Parson gets the children*, to, *The Parson fathers them.*

Bawd. Any thing that may get rule; I love to wear the breeches.

Wan. So do we all, wench. Empire! 'tis all our aim; and I'll put my ranting Roger in a cage but I'll tame him; he loves already, which is an excellent ring in a fool's nose, and thou shalt hear him sing——

Happy only is that family that shows
A cock that's silent, and a hen that crows.

Bawd. Do this, I'll serve you for nothing; the impetuous slave had wont to taunt me for beating of my husband, and would sing that song in mockery of me.

Wan. In revenge of which, thou (if thou wilt be faithful) shalt make him sing,

Happy is that family that shows
A cock that's silent, and a hen that crows.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Parson, LOVEALL, *and* FAITHFUL.

Love. Go, you are a naughty man: Do you come hither to rail against an honest gentleman? I have heard how you fell out; you may be asham'd on't, a man of your cont.

Par. What? to speak truth and perform my duty? the world cries out you are a scabb'd sheep, and I am come to tar you, that is, give you notice how your fame suffers i' th' opinion of the world.

Love. My fame, sirrah? 'tis purer than thy doctrine: get thee out of my house.

Faith. You uncivil fellow, do you come hither to tell my lady of her faults, as if her own Levite could not discern 'em?

Love. My own Levite! I hope he's better bred than to tell me of my faults.

Faith. He finds work enough to correct his dearly-belov'd sinners.

Par. And the right worshipful my lady, and yourself, they mend at leisure.

Love. You are a saucy fellow, sirrah, to call me sinner in my own house. Get you gone with your —— Madam, I hear, and (madam) I could advise, but I am loath to speak; Take heed, the world talks;—and thus with dark sentences put my innocence into a fright, with you know what you know, good Mistress Faithful; so do I, and the world shall know too thou hast married a whore.

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[17] *Gredaline petticoat.*—A *gredaline petticoat* is probably a petticoat *puckered, or crumpled*, from the French word *greditter*. See COTGRAVE. In Boyer's *Dictionary* it is explained, *gris de lin, sorte de couleur.*

Par. Madam, a whore?

Faith. No, sir, 'tis not so well as a madam-whore; 'tis a poor whore, a captain's cast whore.

Love. Now bless me, marry a whore! I wonder any man can endure those things: what kind of creatures are they?

Par. They're like ladies, but that they are handsomer; and tho' you take a privilege to injure me, yet I would advise your woman to tie up her tongue, and not abuse my wife.

Love. Fie, art thou not asham'd to call a whore wife? Lord bless us, what will not these men do when God leaves them! but for a man of your coat to cast himself away upon a whore —Come, wench, let's go and leave him! [18] I'll swear 'tis strange, the state doth not provide to have all whores hang'd or drown'd.

Faith. Ay, and 'tis time they look into it; for they begin to spread so, that a man can scarce find an honest woman in a country. They say, they're voted down now: 'twas mov'd by that charitable member that got an order to have it but five miles to Croydon, for ease of the market-women.

Love. Ay, ay, 'tis a blessed parliament.

[*Exeunt* LOVEALL *and* FAITHFUL.

Par. That I have play'd the fool is visible. This comes of rashness. Something I must do to set this right, or else she'll hate, and he'll laugh at me. I must not lose him and my revenge too. Something that's mischief I am resolv'd to do. [*Exit Parson.*

SCENE V.

Enter WILD *and* CARELESS.

Wild. Now is the Parson's wife so contemptible?

Care. No, but I'm so full of that resolution to dislike the sex, that I will allow none honest, none handsome. I tell thee, we must beat down the price with our selves; court none of them, but let their maidenheads and their faces lie upon their hands, till they're weary of the commodity; then they'll haunt us to find proper chapmen to deal for their ware.

Wild. I like this, but 'twill be long a doing, and it may be ere they be forc'd to sell, our bank will be exhausted, and we shall not be able to purchase.

Care. Ay, but we'll keep a credit, and at three six months, thou and the captain shall be my factors.

Wild. You had best have a partner, else such an undertaking would break a better back than yours.

Care. No partners in such commodities; your factor that takes up maidenheads, 'tis upon his own account still.

Wild. But what course will you take to purchase this trade with women?

Care. I am resolv'd to put on their own silence and modesty, answer Forsooth, swear nothing but God's nigs, and hold arguments of their own cold tenets, as if I believ'd there were no true love below the line; then sigh when 'tis proper, and with forc'd studies betray the enemy, who seeing my eye fix'd on her, her vanity thinks I am lost in admiration, calls and shakes me ere I wake out of my design, and being collected, answer out of purpose. Love, divinest? yes, who is it that is mortal and does not? or which amongst all the senate of the gods, can gaze upon those eyes, and carry thence the power he brought? this will start her.

Wild. Yes, and make her think thee mad.

Care. Why that's my design; for then I start too, and rub my eyes as if I wak'd; then sigh and strangle a yawn, till I have wrung it into tears, with which I rise as if o'ercome with grief; then kiss her hands, and let fall those witnesses of faith and love, brib'd for my design. This takes; for who would suspect such a devil as craft and youth to live together?

Wild. But what kind of women do you think this will take?

Care. All kind of women: those that think themselves handsome, it being probable, conclude it real; and those that are handsome in their opinion, that small number will believe it, because it agrees with their wishes.

Wild. And when you are gone, it may be they sigh, and their love breaks out into paper, and what then?

Care. What then? why then I'll laugh, and shew thee their letters, and teach the world how easy 'tis to win any woman.

Wild. This is the way; and be sure to dislike all but her you design for: be scarce civil to any of the sex besides.

Care. That's my meaning: but to her that I mean my prey, all her slave: she shall be my deity, and her opinion my religion.

Wild. And while you said it once to one, I'll talk freer than a privileg'd fool, and swear as unreasonably as losing gamesters, and abuse thee for thinking to reclaim a woman by thy love; call them all bowls thrown that will run where they will run, and lovers like fools run after them,

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18 *I'll swear*, &c.—Paulo Purganti's wife has the same sentiment. She

"—— thought the nation ne'er wou'd thrive,
'Till all the whores were burnt alive."

crying, rub, and fly, for me; I believe none fair, none handsome, none honest, but the kind.

Care. We must make the captain of our plot, lest he betray us. This will gain us some revenge upon the lovers to whom I grudge the wenches, not that I believe they're worth half the cost they pay for them: and we may talk, but 'tis not our opinion can make them happier or more miserable.

Enter JOLLY.

Wild. Jolly! Will, where hast thou been? We had such sport with the parson of our town; he's marry'd this morning to Wanton.

Jol. Who? the captain's wench? he's in a good humour then. As you love mirth, let's find him; I have news to blow his rage with, and 'twill be mirth to us, to see him divided betwixt the several causes of his anger, and lose himself in his rage while he disputes which is the greater. Your opinion, gentlemen, Is this, or his wench, the greater loss?

Care. What hast thou there? pearl! they're false, I hope. [*Here he pulls out the pearl.*

Jol. Why do you hope so?

Care. Because I am thy friend, and would be loath to have thee hang'd for stealing.

Jol. I will not swear they are honestly come by; but I'll be sworn, there's neither force nor theft in 't.

Wild. Pr'ythee, speak out of riddles; here's none but your friends.

Jol. Faith, take it. You have heard the captain brag of an old lady, which he thinks he keeps close in a box; but I know where hangs a key can let a friend in, or so. From her, my brace of worthies, whose wits are dull'd with plenty this morning, with three good words, and four good deeds, I earn'd this toy.

Care. The mirth yet we will all share. I am in pain till we find him, that we may vex his wit, that he presumes so much on.

Wild. Let's go, let's go; I will desire him to let me see his wench. I will not understand him, if he says she's gone.

Care. I'll beg of him, for old acquaintance sake, to let me see his old lady.

Jol. Hark! I hear his voice.——

Capt. Which way?

Care. The game plays itself. Begin with him, Ned, while we talk as if we were busy. We'll take our cue.

Wild. When I put off my hat.

Enter Captain.

Capt. 'Sblood I thought you had been sunk: I have been hunting you these four hours. Death, you might ha' left word where you went, and not put me to hunt like Tom Fool. 'Tis well you are at London, where you know the way home.

Wild. Why in choler? We have been all this while searching you. Come, this is put on to divert me from claiming your promise: I must see the wench.

Capt. You cannot, adad: adad, you cannot.

Wild. I did not think you would have refus'd such a kindness.

Care. What's that?

Wild. Nothing; a toy: he refuses to shew me his wench!

Care. The devil he does! What! have we been thus long comrades, and had all things in common, and must we now come to have common wenches particular? I say, thou shalt see her, and lie with her too, if thou wilt.

Jol. What! in thy dumps, brother? Call to thy aid thy two-edg'd wit. The captain sad! 'tis prophetic: I'd as live have dreamt of pearl, or the loss of my teeth: yet, if he be musty, I'll warrant thee, Ned, I'll help thee to a bout. I know his cloak, his long cloak that hides her. I am acquainted with the parson, he shall befriend thee.

Capt. 'Tis very well, gentlemen: but none of you have seen her yet?

Wild. Yes, but we have, by thyself, by thy anger, which is now bigger than thou. By chance we cross'd her coming from church, leading in her hand the parson, to whom she swore she was this day married.

Jol. And our friendships were now guiding us to find thee out, to comfort thee after the treachery of thy Levite.

Care. Come, bear it like a man; there are more wenches. What hast thou spy'd?—

[*He gives no answer, but peeps under* JOLLY'S *hat.*

Wild. His pearl, I believe.

Capt. Gentlemen, I see you are merry, I'll leave you: I must go a little way to enquire about a business.

Wild. H'as got a sore eye, I think.

Capt. I will only ask one question, and return.

Care. No, faith, stay and be satisfied.

Jol. Do, good brother; for I believe there is no question that you now would ask, but here's an oracle can resolve you.

Capt. Are those pearl true?

Jol. Yes.

Capt. And did not you steal them?

Jol. No.

Care. Nor he did not buy them with ready money, but took them upon mortgage of himself to an old lady.

Jol. Dwelling at the sign of the Buck in Broad-street. Are you satisfy'd, or must I play the oracle still?

Capt. No, no; I am satisfy'd.

Jol. Like jealous men that take their wives at it, are you not?

Capt. Well, very well; 'tis visible I am abus'd on all hands. But, gentlemen, why all against me?

Care. To let you see your wit's mortal, and not proof against all.

Wild. The parson hath shot it through with a jest.

Capt. Gentlemen, which of you, faith, had a hand in that?

Jol. Faith, none, only a general joy to find the captain over-reach'd.

Capt. But, do you go sharers in the profit, as well as in the jest?

Jol. No, faith, the toy's mine own.

Capt. They are very fine, and you may afford a good penny-worth. Will you sell them?

Jol. Sell them! ay; where's a chapman?

Capt. Here; I'll purchase them.

Jol. Thou! no, no, I have barr'd thee, by and main; for I am resolv'd not to fight for them; that excludes thy purchase by the sword; and thy wench has proved such a loss, in thy last adventure of wit, that I'm afraid it will spoil thy credit that way too.

Capt. Gentlemen, as a friend, let me have the refusal; set your price.

Wild. He's serious.

Care. Leave fooling.

Jol. Why, if thou could'st buy them, what would'st thou do with them?

Capt. They're very fair ones; let me see them; methinks they should match very well with these.

Jol. These! which?

Omnes. Which?

Care. They are true.

Capt. Yes, but not earn'd with a pair of stol'n verses, of, I was not born till now, This my first night, And so forsooth; nor given as a charm against lust.

Care. What means all this?

Jol. What! why, 'tis truth, and it means to shame the devil. By this good day, he repeats the same words with which I gather'd these pearls.

Wild. Why then, we have two to laugh at.

Care. And all friends hereafter; let's fool all together.

Capt. Gentlemen with the fine wits, and my very good friends, do you, or you, or he, think I'll keep you company to make you laugh, but that I draw my honey from you too?

Care. Come, come, the captain's in the right.

Capt. Yes, yes, the captain knows it, and dares tell you, your wit, your fortune, and his face, are but my plows; and I would have my fine monsieur know, who, in spight of my counsel will be finer than his mistress, and appears before her so curiously built, she dares not play with him, for fear of spoiling him; and to let him know the truth I speak, to his fair hands I present this letter; but withal, give him to understand, the contents belong to me.

[*He reads the letter.*

Wild. The pearl are sent to me.

Capt. I deny that, unless you prove you sent me; for the letter begins, "Sir, this noble gentleman, the bearer, whom you are pleased to make the messenger of your love," and so forth. And now you should do well to enquire for that noble gentleman, and take an account of him how he has laid out your love; and it may be, he'll return you pearl for it. And now, gentlemen, I dare propose a peace, at least a cessation of wit (but what is defensive) till such time as the plot which is now in my head be effected, in which you have all your shares.

Wild. So she knows I have not the pearl, I am content.

Capt. She'll quickly find that, when she sees you come not to-night according to my appointment, and hears I have sold the pearl.

Jol. Here then ceaseth our offensive war.

Capt. I'll give you counsel worth two ropes of pearl.

Care. But the wench, how came the parson to get her?

Capt. Faith, 'tis hard to say which labour'd most, he, or I, to make that match; but the knave did well. There it is, (if you assist,) I mean to lay the scene of your mirth to-night, for I am not yet fully reveng'd upon the rogue; for that I know him miserable is nothing, till he believe so too. Wanton and I have laid the plot.

Jol. Do you hold correspondence?

Capt. Correspondence! I tell thee, the plots we laid to draw him on, would make a comedy.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, the ladies stay dinner.

Jol. And as we go I'll tell you all the story, and after dinner be free from all engagements, as we promised thee; and follow but your directions, I'll warrant you mirth and a pretty wench.

Omnes. Agreed, any thing that breeds mirth is welcome.

Jol. Not a word at the widow's; let them go on quietly, and steal their wedding too.

Capt. I heard a bird sing, as if it were concluded amongst the couples.

Wild. They have been long about it; my cuz is a girl deserves more haste to her bed; he has arriv'd there by carriers journies.

Care. But that I hate wooing, by this good day, I like your aunt so well, and her humour, she should scarce be thrown away upon pale-face, that has sigh'd her into a wedding-ring, and will but double her jointure.

Capt. Why, ay, thus it should be: pray let us make them the seat of the war all dinner, and continue united and true among ourselves, then we may defy all foreign danger.

Jol. And with full bowls let us crown this peace, and sing,

Wit without war, no mirth doth bring. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Parson and WANTON.

Wan. Was she deaf to your report?

Par. Yes, yes.

[*The parson walks troubled up and down.*

Wan. And Ugly, her Abigail, she had her say too?

Par. Yes, yes.

Wan. And do you walk here biting your nails? do you think I'll be satisfy'd with such a way of righting me?

Par. What would'st have me do?

Wan. Have you no gall? be abus'd and laugh'd at by a dull captain, that a strict muster would turn fool! you had wit, and could rail, when I offended you; and none so sudden, none so terrible, none so sure in his revenge, when I displease you.

Par. Something I'll do.

Wan. Do it then, or I shall curse that e'er I saw you. Death! let the sign of my lady, an out-of-fashion whore, that has pay'd for sin, ever since [19] yellow starch and wheel fardingales were cry'd down, let her abuse me, and say nothing! if this passes——

Par. As Christ bless me, but I did (sweetheart:) and if it were not church livings are mortal, and they are always hitting me in the teeth with a man of your coat, she should find I am no church-man within, nor Mr Parson, but in my coat. Come to dinner, and after dinner I'll do something.

Wan. I shall do something will vex somebody.

Enter Bawd.

Bawd. Will you please to come to dinner? the company stays.

Par. Come, let's go in.

Wan. No, I must walk a little to disgest this breakfast, the guests else will wonder to see I am troubled.

Par. Come, let this day pass in mirth, spight of mischief, for luck's sake. [*Exit parson.*

Wan. I'll follow you, and do what I can to be merry.

Bawd. Why, he stands already.

Wan. Peace, let me alone, I'll make him jostle like the miller's mare, and stand like the dun cow, till thou may'st milk him.

Bawd. Pray break him of his miserableness; it is one of the chief exceptions I have against him. He reared a puppy once, till it was ten days old, with three hap'worth of milk, and then with his own dagger slew it, and made me dress it: blest myself to see him eat it, and he bid me beg the litter, and swore it was sweeter and wholsomer than sucking rabbets, or London pigs, which he call'd Belmen's issue.

[*Parson calls within. Why, sweet-heart!*

Wan. Hark! he calls me. We must humour him a little, he'll rebel else.

SCENE VII.

Enter (at the windows) the Widow and Master CARELESS, *Mistress* PLEASANT *and Master* WILD, *Captain, Master* SAD, CONSTANT, JOLLY, SECRET: *a table and knives ready for oysters.*

Wid. You're welcome all, but especially Master Jolly; no reply, with I thank your ladyship.

Plea. I beseech you, sir, let us never be better acquainted. [*She speaks to Mr* JOLLY.

Jol. I shall endeavour, lady, and fail in nothing that is in my power to disoblige you; for there is none more ambitious of your ill opinion than I.

Plea. I rejoice at it; for the less love, the better welcome still.

Wid. And as ever you had an ounce of love for the widow, be not friends among yourselves.

Wild. Aunt, though we were at strife when we were alone, yet now we unite like a politick state against the common enemy.

Plea. The common enemy! what is that?

Wild. Women, and lovers in general.

Wid. Nay, then we have a party, niece; claim quickly, now is the time, according to the proverb; keep a thing seven years, and then if thou hast no use on't, throw't away.

Plea. Agreed, let's challenge our servants; by the love they have profess'd, they cannot in honour refuse to join with us; and see where they come!——

Enter SAD *and* CONSTANT, *and meet* SECRET; *she whispers this to* SAD.

Sec. Sir, 'tis done.

Sad. Be secret and grave, I'll warrant our design will take as we can wish.

Con. Sweet Mistress Pleasant!

Wid. Servant, Sad.

Sad. Madam.

Wid. We are threatened to have a war wag'd against us; will you not second us?

Sad. With these youths we'll do enough, madam.

Wid. I'll swear my servant gave hit for hit this morning, as if he had been a master in the noble science of wit.

Plea. Mine laid about him with spik and span new arguments, not like the same man, his old sayings and precedents laid by.

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19 *Yellow starch.*—See Note 25 to Albumazar, A. 2. S. 1. Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. VII. p. 156, edit. 1780.

Wid. Thus arm'd, then, we'll stand and defy them.

Wild. Where's your points? sure, aunt, this should be your wedding-day, for you have taken the man for better for worse.

Wid. No, nephew, this will not prove the day that we shall either give or take a ring.

Care. Hang me, if I know you can go back again with your honour.

Wild. Or in justice refuse him liberty, that has serv'd out his time; either marry him or provide for him, for he is maim'd in your service.

Wid. Why, servant Sad, you'll arm? my nephew has thrown the first dart at you.

Capt. Hast hit, hast hit?

Wild. No, captain; 'twas too wide.

Capt. Too wide! marry, he's an ill marksman that shoots wider than a widow.

Jol. We are both in one hole, captain; but I was loth to venture my opinion, lest her ladyship should think I was angry; for I have a good mind to fall upon the widow.

Plea. You're a constant man, Master Jolly; you have been in that mind this twelve-months day.

Con. You are in the right, madam; she has it to shew under his hand, but she will not come in the list with him again; she threw him the last year.

Wid. Come, shall we eat oysters? Who's there? Call for some wine, Master Jolly; you are not warm yet. Pray be free, you are at home.

Jol. Your ladyship is merry.

Wid. You do not take it ill, to have me assure you, you are at home here?

Wild. Such another invitation (though in jest) will take away Master Sad's stomach.

[*Oysters not brought in yet.*

Sad. No, faith, Ned, though she should take him, it will not take away my stomach; my love is so fix'd, I may wish my wishes, but she shall never want them to wait upon hers.

Plea. A traytor, bind him, has pull'd down a side. Profess your love thus publick?

Jol. Ay, by my faith, continue Master Sad, give it out, you love, and call it a new love, a love never seen before; we'll all come to it as your friends.

Sad. Gentlemen, still I love: and if she to whom I thus sacrifice will not reward it, yet the worst malice can say, is, I was unfortunate; and misfortune, not falshood, made me so.

Jol. In what chapter shall we find this written, and what verse? you should preach with a method, Master Sad.

Wid. Gentlemen, if ever he spoke so much dangerous sense before (either of love or reason) hang me.

Sad. Madam, my love is no news where you are; know, your scorn has made it publick; and though it could gain no return from you, yet others have esteemed me for the faith and constancy I have pay'd here.

Plea. Did not I foretell you of his love? I foresaw this danger: shall I never live to see wit and love dwell together?

Capt. I am but a poor soldier, and yet never reach'd to the honour of being a lover; yet from my own observations, Master Sad, take a truth: 'Tis a folly to believe any woman loves a man for being constant to another: they dissemble their hearts only, and hate a man in love worse than a wencher.

Jol. And they have reason; for if they have the grace to be kind, he that loves the sex may be theirs.

Care. When your constant lover, if a woman have a mind to him, and be blest with so much grace to discover it: he, out of the noble mistake of honour, hates her for it, and tells it perchance, and preaches reason to her passion, and cries, Miserable beauty, to be so unfortunate as to inhabit in so much frailty!

Capt. This counsel makes her hate him more than she lov'd before. These are troubles those that love are subject to; while we look on and laugh, to see both thus slav'd while we are free.

Care. My prayers still shall be, Lord deliver me from love.

Capt. 'Tis plague, pestilence, famine, sword, and sometimes sudden death.

Sad. Yet I love, I must love, I will love, and I do love.

Capt. In the present tense. [sake.

Wid. No more of this argument, for love's

Capt. By any means, madam, give him leave to love: and you are resolv'd to walk tied up in your own arms, with your love as visible in your face, as your mistress's colours in your hat; that any porter at Charing-cross may take you like a letter at the carrier's, and having read the superscription, deliver Master Sad to the fair hands of mistress or my lady such a one, lying at the sign of the hard heart.

Plea. And she, if she has wit, (as I believe she hath,) will scarce pay the post for the pacquet.

Wid. Treason! how now, niece, join with the enemy? [*They give the Captain wine.*

Capt. A health, Ned, what shall I call it?

Care. To Master Sad; he needs it that avows himself a lover.

Sad. Gentlemen, you have the advantage, the time, the place, the company; but we may meet when your wits shall not have such advantage as my love.

Plea. No more of love, I am so sick on't.

Con. By your pardon, mistress, I must not leave love thus unguarded; I vow myself his follower.

Jol. Much good may love do him. Give me a glass of wine here. Will, let them keep company with the blind boy, give us his mother, and let them preach again: Hear that will, he has good luck, perswades me 'tis an ugly sin to lie with a handsome woman.

Capt. A pox upon my nurse, she frighted me so when I was young, with stories of the devil, I was almost fourteen ere I could prevail with reasons to unbind my reason, it was so slav'd to faith and conscience; she made me believe wine was an evil spirit, and fornication like the whore of Babylon, a fine face, but a dragon under her petty-coats; and that made me have a mind to peep under all I met since.

Wid. Fie, fie, for shame, do not talk so; are you not asham'd to glory in sin, as if variety of women were none?

Jol. Madam, we do not glory in fornication; and yet I thank God, I cannot live without a woman.

Capt. Why, does your ladyship think it a sin to lie with variety of handsome women? if it be, would I were the wicked'st man in the company.

Plea. You have been mark'd for an indifferent sinner that way, captain.

Capt. Who I? no faith, I was a fool; but and I were to begin again, I would not do as I have done. I kept one; but if ever I keep another, hang me: nor would I advise any friend of mine to do it.

Jol. Why, I am sure 'tis a provident and safe way; a man may always be provided and sound.

Plea. Fie upon this discourse.

Capt. Those considerations betray'd me: a pox, it is a dull sin to travel, like a carrier's horse, always one road.

Wid. Fie, captain, repent for shame, and marry.

Capt. Your ladyship would have said, marry, and repent; no, though it be not the greatest pleasure, yet it is better than marrying; for when I am weary of her, my unconstancy is termed virtue, and I shall be said to turn to grace. Beware of women for better for worse; for our wicked nature, when her sport is lawful, cloys straight: therefore, rather than marry, keep a wench.

Jol. Faith, he is in the right; for 'tis the same thing in number and kind; and then the sport is quickened, and made poignant with sin.

Capt. Yet 'tis a fault, faith; and I'll persuade all my friends from it; especially here where any innovation is dangerous. 'Twas the newness of the sin that made me suffer in the opinion of my friends; and I was condemn'd by all sorts of people; not that I sinn'd, but that I sinn'd no more.

Care. Why ay, hadst thou been wicked in fashion, and privily lain with every body, their guilt would have made them protect thee: so that to be more wicked is to be innocent, at least safe. A wicked world, Lord help us!

Capt. But being particular to her, and not in love, nor subject to it; taking an antidote ev'ry morning, before I venture into those infectious places where love and beauty dwell; this enraged the maiden beauties of the time, who thought it a prejudice to their beauties to see me careless, and securely pass by their conquering eyes; my name being found amongst none of those that deck'd their triumphs. But from this, 'tis easy to be safe; for their pride will not let them love, nor my leisure me. Then the old ladies that pay for their pleasures: they, upon the news, beheld me with their natural frowns, despairing when their money could not prevail; and hated me when they heard that I for my pleasure would pay as large as they.

Jol. Gentlemen, take warning: a fee from every man; for by this day, there's strange counsel in this confession.

Wild. Captain, you forget to pledge Mr Careless! Here, will you not drink a cup of wine? Who's there? Bring the oysters.

Capt. Yes, madam, if you please.

Wild. Proceed, captain.

Plea. Fie, Mr Wild, are you not asham'd to encourage him to this filthy discourse?

Capt. A glass of wine then, and I'll drink to all the new-married wives that grieve to think at what rate their fathers purchase a little husband. These, when they lie thirsting for the thing they paid so dear for——

Enter a Servant with Oysters.

Care. These, methinks, should be thy friends, and point thee out as a man for them.

Capt. Yes, till the faithful nurse cries; Alas, madam, he keeps such a one, he has enough at home. Then she swells with envy and rage against us both; calls my mistress ugly, common, unsafe; and me, a weak secure fool.

Jol. These are strange truths, madam.

Wid. Ay, ay; but these oysters are a better jest.

Capt. But she's abus'd that will let such reason tame her desire, and a fool in love's school; else she would not be ignorant that variety is such a friend to love, that he which rises a sunk coward from the lady's bed, would find new fires at her maid's: nor ever yet did the man want fire, if the woman would bring the fuel.

Plea. For God's sake, leave this discourse.

Wid. The captain has a mind we should eat no oysters.

Wild. Aunt, we came to be merry, and we will be merry, and you shall stay it out; proceed, captain.

Wid. Fie, captain, I am asham'd to hear you talk thus: marry, and then you will have a better opinion of women.

Capt. Marry! yes, this knowledge will invite me: it is a good encouragement, is it not, think you? What is your opinion? Were not these marriages made in heaven! By this good day, all the world is mad, and makes haste to be fool'd, but we four: and I hope, there's none of us believes there has any marriages been made in heaven since Adam.

Jol. By my faith, 'tis thought the devil gave the ring there too.

Wid. Nephew, I'll swear, I'll be gone.

Capt. Hold her, Ned, [*He points at Sad,*] she goes not yet; there's a fourth kind of women that concerns her more than all the rest, *ecce signum*—She is one of those, who, cloath'd in purple, triumph over their dead husbands; these will be catch'd at first sight, and at first sight must be caught. 'Tis a bird that must be shot flying, for they never sit. If a man delay, they cool, and fall into considerations of jointure, and friends opinion; in which time, if she hears thou keep'st a wench, thou hadst better be a beggar in her opinion; for then her pride, it may be, would betray her to a vanity of setting up a proper man (as they call it); but for a wencher, no argument prevails with your widow; for she believes they have spent too much that way, to be able to pay her due benevolence.

Wid. As I live, I'll be gone, if you speak one word more of this uncivil subject.

Jol. Captain, let me kiss thy cheek, for that widow. You understand this, widow? I say no more. Here, captain, here's to thee. As it goes down, a pox of care.

Wid. Jesus! Mr Jolly, have you no observations of the court, that are so affected with this of the town?

Con. Faith, they say, there's good sport there sometimes.

Plea. Mr Jolly is afraid to let us partake of his knowledge.

Jol. No, faith, madam.

Capt. By this drink, if he stay till I have eaten a few more, I'll describe it.

Jol. What should I say? 'Tis certain the court is the bravest place in the kingdom for sport, if it were well look'd to, and the game preserv'd fair; but as 'tis, a man may sooner make a set in the Strand: and it will never be better whilst your divine lovers inhabit there.

Care. Let the king make me master of the game.

Capt. And admit us laity-lovers.

Jol. I would he would; for as 'tis, there's no hopes amongst the ladies: besides, 'tis such an example to see a king and queen good husband and wife, that to be kind will grow out of fashion.

Capt. Nay, that's not all; for the women grow malicious, because they are not courted: nay, they bred all the last mischiefs, and call'd the king's chastity a neglect of them.

Jol. Thou art in the right: an Edward or a Harry, with seven queens in buckram, that haught among the men, and stroak'd the women, are the monarchs they wish to bow to: they love no tame princes, but lions in the forest!

Capt. Why, and those were properly call'd the fathers of their people, that were indeed akin to their nobility: now they wear out their youth and beauty, without hope of a monumental ballad, or trophy of a libel that shall hereafter point at such a lord, and cry, that is the royal son of such a one.

Jol. And these were the ways that made them powerful at home: for the city is a kind of tame beast; you may lead her by the horns any whither, if you but tickle them in the ear sometimes. Queen Bess, of famous memory, had the trick on't: and I have heard them say, in eighty-eight, ere I was born, as well as I can remember, she rode to Tilbury on that bonny beast, the mayor.

Capt. I would I might counsel him, I'd so reform the court.

Care. Never too soon; for now, when a stranger comes in, and spies a covey of beauties would make a faulconer unhood, before he can draw his leash he is warn'd that's a mark'd partridge; and that, and every he, has by their example a particular she.

Wild. By this light, the six fair maids stand like the working-days in the almanack; one with A scored upon her breast, that is as much to say, I belong to such a lord; the next with B, for an elder brother; C, for such a knight; D, possess'd with melancholy, and at her breast you may knock an hour ere you get an answer, and then she'll tell you, there's no lodging there; she has a constant fellow courtier that has taken up all her heart to his own use: in short, all are dispos'd of but the good mother; and she comes in like the Sabbath at the week's end; and I warrant her to make any one rest that comes at her.

Care. Ay, marry, if she were like the Jews sabbath, it were somewhat; but this looks like a broken commandment, that has had more work done upon her, than all the week beside.

Capt. And what think you, is not this finely carried? you that are about the king, counsel him, if he will have his sport fair, he must let the game be free, as it has been in former ages; then a stranger that has wit, good means, and handsome cloaths, sooner enters the privy chamber, and beats about with three graceful [20] legs, but he springs a mistress that danc'd as well as he, sung better, as free as fair; those at first sight could speak, for wit is always acquainted: these fools must be akin ere they can

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[20] *Legs.—Bows.* Dekkar's *Wonderful Yeare* 1603. "Janus (that beares two faces under one hood) made a very mannerly *lowe legge*," &c.

Ibid:

"He calls forth one by one, to note their graces;
Whilst they *make legs*, he copies out their faces."

speak; and now friends make the bargain, and they go to bed ere they know why.

Jol. Faith, he's in the right; you shall have a buzzard now hover and bent after a pretty wench, till she is so weary of him she's forc'd to take her bed for covert, and find less danger in being truss'd than in flying.

Capt. And what becomes of all this pudder? after he has made them sport for one night, to see him touze the quarry, he carries her into the country, and there they two fly at one another till they are weary.

Care. And all this mischief comes of love and constancy; we shall never see better days till there be an act of parliament against it; enjoining husbands not to till their wives, but change and lay them fallow.

Jol. A pox, the women will never consent to it; they'll be till'd to death first.

Wid. Gentlemen, you are very bold with the sex.

Capt. Faith, madam, it is our care of them; why you see they are married at fourteen, yield a crop and a half, and then die; 'tis merely their love that destroys 'em; for if they get a good husband, the poor things yield their very hearts.

Plea. And do you blame their loves, gentlemen?

Jol. No, not their love, but their discretion; let them love, and do, a God's name; but let them do with discretion.

Wild. But how will you amend this?

Jol. Instead of two beds and a physician, I'd have the state prescribe two wives and a mistress.

Wild. Ho! it will never be granted; the state is made up of old men, and they find work enough with one.

Jol. We will petition the lower house, there are young men, and (if it were but to be factious) would pass it, if they thought the upper house would cross it; besides, they ought to do it. Death! they provide against cutting down old trees, and preserving highways and post-horses, and let pretty wenches run to decay.

Care. Why may it not come within the statute of depopulation? As I live, the state ought to take care of those pretty creatures: be you judge, madam, is 't not a sad sight to see a rich young beauty, with all her innocence and blossoms on, subject to some rough rude fellow, that ploughs her, and esteems and uses her as a chattel, till she is so lean, a man may find as good grass upon the common, where it may be she'll sit coughing with sunk eyes, so weak that a boy (with a dog) that can but whistle, may keep a score of them?

Wid. You are strangely charitable to our sex on a sudden.

Capt. I know not what they are; but, for my part, I'll be a traytor ere I'll look on, and see beauty go thus to wreck: it is enough custom has made us suffer them to be inclos'd: I am sure they were created common, and for the use of man, and not intended to be subject to jealousy and choler, or to be bought or sold, or let for term of lives or years, as they are now, [21] or else sold at out-crys; oh yes! who'll give most, take her.

Wid. Why do not some of you excellent men marry, and mend all these errors by your good example?

Jol. Because we want fortunes to buy rich wives, or keep poor ones, and be loath to get beggars, or whores, as well as I love 'em.

Plea. Why are all their children so that have no fortune, think you?

Jol. No, not all: [22] I have heard of Whittington and his cat, and others, that have made fortunes by strange means; but I scarce believe my son would rise from hope, a halfpenny, and a lamb's-skin; and the wenches, commonly having more wit and beauty than money, foreseeing small portions, grow sad, and read romances, till their wit spy some unfortunate merit like their own, without money too, and they two sigh after one another till they grow mysterious in colours, and become a proverb for their constancy; and when their love has worn out the

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[21] ——*or else sold at out-crys.*—Out-cry was the ancient term for *an auction*. As in Massinger's *City Madam*, A. 1. S. 3:

> "The goods of this poor man sold at an *out-cry*,
> His wife turn'd out of doors, his children forc'd
> To beg their bread."

Middleton's *Chast Mayd in Cheape-side*, p. 41:

> "I'll sell all at an *out-cry*."

Ben Jonson's *Catiline*, A. 2. S. 3:

> "Their houses, and fine gardens, given away,
> And all their goods, under the spear at *out-cry*."

Upon which last passage Mr Whalley observes, that "the Roman way of selling things by auction, was setting up a *spear*; and hence the phrase *sub hasta vendere*."

[22] *I have heard of Whittington and his cat.*—See Evans's *Collection of Old Ballads*, Vol. I. p. 292.

cause, marry, in the end, a new couple; then, grown asham'd of the knowledge they so long hunted, at length part by consent, and vanish into Abigail and governor.

Wid. Well, gentlemen, excuse me for this one time; and if ever I invite you to dinner again, punish me with such another discourse: in the mean time let's go in and dine, meat stays for us. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter all from Dinner.

Capt. Faith, madam, we were resolv'd to be merry; we have not met these three years till to-day, and at the Bear we meant to have din'd; and since your ladyship would have our company, you must pardon our humour. Here, Mr Sad, here's the widow's health to you.

Wid. Nephew, how do you dispose of yourself this afternoon?

Wild. We have a design we must pursue, which will rid you of all this troublesome company; and we'll make no excuse, because you peeped into our privacies to day.

Care. Your humble servant, ladies; gentlemen, we'll leave you to pursue your fortunes.

[*Exit* CARELESS.

Jol. Farewell, widow: may'st thou live unmarried till thou run'st away with thyself.

[*Exit* JOLLY.

Capt. No, no, when that day comes, command the humblest of your servants.

[*Exit Captain.*

Wild. Farewell, aunt; sweet Mistress Pleasant, I wish you good fortune. [*Exit* WILD.

Wid. Farewell, farewell, gentlemen; niece, now if we could be rid of these troublesome lovers too, we would go see a play. [*Aside.*

Plea. Rid of them! why, they are but now in season; as I live, I would do as little to give mine content as any she in town, and yet I do not grudge him the happiness of carrying me to a play.

Wid. Ay, but the world will talk, because they pretend; and then we shall be sure to meet my nephew there, and his wild company, and they will laugh to see us together.

Plea. Who will you have, Tim the butler, or Formal your gentleman-usher? I would take Philip the foreman of the shop as soon.

Wid. Let's mask ourselves, and take Secret, and go alone by water.

Plea. Yes, and follow her like one of my aunts of the suburbs; it is a good way to know what you may yield in a market; for I'll undertake, there are those shall bid for you before the play will be done.

Sec. As I live, madam, Mrs Pleasant is in the right; I had such a kindness offer'd me once, and I came to a price with him in knavery; and hang me, if the rogue was not putting the earnest of his affection into my hand.

Wid. Let's go to the glass-house then.

Plea. I'll go to a play with my servant, and so shall you; hang opinion; and we'll go to the glass-house afterwards; it is too hot to sup early.

Sec. Pray, madam, go; they say 'tis a fine play, and a knight writ it.

Plea. Pray let Secret prevail, I'll propose it to the lovers; in the mean time go you, and bid the coachman make ready the coach.

[SECRET *whispers* SAD, *'twill take.*

Sec. Alas, madam! he's sick, poor fellow, and gone to bed; he could not wait at dinner.

Wid. Sick?

Plea. Why, see how all things work for the young men, either their coach, or a foot!—Mr Constant, what think you of seeing a play this afternoon? is it not too hot to venture, this infectious time?

Con. Fie, madam, there's no danger; the bill decreas'd twenty last week.

Sad. I swear, they say, 'tis a very good play to-day.

Wid. Shall we go, niece?

Plea. Faith 'tis hot, and there's no body but we.

Sad. Do's that hinder? pray madam, grudge us not the favour of venturing yourself in our company.

Wid. Come, leave this ceremony. I'll go in, and put on my mask; Secret shall bring yours.

Plea. No, I'll go, and put it on within.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

Enter WILD, CARELESS, *Captain, and* JOLLY.

Care. By this day, you have nettled the widow.

Wild. The captain neglected his dinner for his mirth, as if he had forgot to eat.

Jol. When did he oversee his drinking so?

Capt. Gentlemen, still it is my fortune to make your worships merry.

Wild. As I live, Captain, I subscribe, and am content to hold my wit as a tenant to thee; and to-night I'll invite you to supper, where it shall not be lawful to speak till thou hast victual'd thy man of war.

Capt. Shall's be merry? what shall we have?

Wild. Half a score dishes of meat, choose them yourself.

Capt. Provide me then the chines fry'd, and the salmon calver'd, a carp, and black sauce, red-deer in the blood, and an assembly of woodcocks, and jack-snipes, so fat you would think they had their winding-sheets on; and upon these, as their pages, let me have wait your Sussex wheat-ear, with a feather in his cap; over all which let our countryman, general Chine of beef, command: I hate your French pottage, that looks as the cook-maid had more hand in it than the cook.

Wild. I'll promise you all this.

Care. And let me alone to cook the fish.

Capt. You cook it! no, no, I left an honest fellow in town, when I went into Italy, signior Ricardo Ligones, one of the ancient house of the Armenian ambassadours; if he be alive, he shall be our cook.

Wild. Is he excellent at it?

Capt. Excellent! You shall try, you shall try; why, I tell you, I saw him once dress a shooing-horn, and a joyner's apron, that the company left pheasant for it.

Wild. A shooing-horn?

Capt. Yes, a shooing-horn; marry, there was garlick in the sauce.

Wild. Is this all you would have?

Capt. This, and a bird of paradise, to entertain the rest of the night, and let me alone to cook her.

Wild. A bird of paradise! what's that?

Capt. A girl of fifteen, smooth as sattin, white as her Sunday apron, plump, and of the first down: I'll take her with her guts in her belly, and warm her with a country-dance or two, then pluck her, and lay her dry betwixt a couple of sheets; there pour into her so much oil of wit as will make her turn to a man, and stick into her heart three corns of whole love, to make her taste of what she is doing; then having strewed a man all over her, shut the door, and leave us, we'll work ourselves into such a sauce as you can never surfeit on, so poignant, and yet no haut goût; take heed of a haut goût, your onion and a woman make the worst sauce; this shook together by an English cook (for your French seasoning spoils many a woman) and there's a dish for a king.

Wild. For the first part, I'll undertake.

Care. But this for supper? Captain, no more of this now; this afternoon, as you are true to the petticoat, observe your instructions, and meet at Ned's house in the evening.

Omnes. We will not fail.

Capt. I must write to Wanton, to know how things stand at home, and to acquaint her how we have thrived with the old lady to-day.

Wild. Whither will you go to write?

Capt. To thy house, 'tis hard by, there's the Fleece.

Jol. Do, and in the mean time I'll go home and dispatch a little business, and meet you.

Wild. Make haste then.

Jol. Where shall I meet you?

Wild. Whither shall we go till it be time to attend the design?

Care. Let's go to court for an hour.

Jol. Do, I'll meet you at the queen's side.

Wild. No, pr'ythee, we are the Monsieurs new come over; and if we go fine they will laugh at us, and think we believe ourselves so; if not, then they will abuse our cloaths, and swear we went into France only to have our cloaks cut shorter.

Care. Will you go see a play?

Capt. Do, and thither I'll come to you, if it be none of our gentlemen poets, that excuse their writings with a prologue that professes they are no scholars.

Jol. On my word this is held the best penn'd of the time, and he has writ a very good play; by this day, it was extreamly applauded.

Capt. Does he write plays by the day? indeed a man would ha' judged him a labouring poet.

Jol. A labouring poet! by this hand, he's a knight; upon my recommendation venture to see it; hang me if you be not extreamly well satisfied.

Care. A knight, and write plays! it may be, but 'tis strange to us; so they say there are other gentlemen poets without land or Latin; this was not ordinary; pr'ythee when was he knighted?

Jol. In the North, the last great knighting, when 'twas God's great mercy we were not all knights.

Wild. I'll swear they say, there are poets that have more men in liveries, than books in their studies.

Capt. And what think you, gentlemen, are not these things to start a man; I believe, 'tis the first time you have found them lie at the sign of the page, foot-men, and gilded coaches; they were wont to lodge at the thin cloak, they and their muses made up the family; and thence sent scenes to their patrons, like boys in at windows, and one would return with a doublet, another with a pair of breeches, a third with a little ready money; which, together with their credit with a company, in three terms you rarely saw a poet repaired.

Jol. This truth no body denies.

Wild. Pr'ythee let us resolve what we shall do, lest we meet with some of them: for it seems they swarm, and I fear nothing like a dedication, though it be but of himself; for I must hear him say more than either I deserve or he believes; I hate that in a poet, they must be dull, or all upon all subjects; so that they can oblige none but their muse.

Jol. I perceive by this you will not see the play; what think you of going to Sim's, to bowls, till I come?

Care. Yes, if you will go to see that comedy; but there is no reason we should pay for our coming in, and act too; like some whose interest in the timber robs them of their reason, and they run as if they had stol'n a biass.

Wild. Resolve what you will do, I am contented.

Care. Let's go walk in Spring-garden.

Wild. I'll do it for company; but I had as live be rid in the horse-market as walk in that fool's fair, where neither wit nor money is, nor sure to take up a wench. There's none but honest women.

Capt. A pox on't, what should we do there? Let's go and cross the field to Pike's; her kitchen is cool, winter and summer.

Care. I like that motion well; but we have no time, and I hate to do that business by half. After supper, if you will, we'll go and make a night on't.

Capt. Well, I must go write, therefore resolve of somewhat. Shall I propose an indifferent place where 'tis probable we shall all meet?

Omnes. Yes.

Capt. Go you before to the Devil, and I'll make haste after.

Care. Agreed. We shall be sure of good wine there, and in Fresco; for he is never without patent snow.

Wild. Patent snow! what doth that project hold?

Jol. Yes, faith; and now there's a commission appointed for toasts against the next winter.

Wild. Marry, they are wise, and foresaw the parliament, and were resolv'd their monopolies should be no grievance to the people.

Capt. Farewell! You will be sure to meet?

Omnes. Yes, yes. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.

Enter WANTON *and her Maid, with her lap full of things.*

Wan. Bid them ply him close, and flatter him, and rail upon the old lady and the captain; and, do you hear, give him some hints to begin the story of his life. Do it handsomely, and you shall see the sack will clip his tongue.

Maid. I warrant you, I'll fit him.

Wan. When he is in his discourse, leave him, and come down into the parlour, and steal away his box with the false rings that stands by his bed-side. I have all his little plate here already.

Maid. Make you haste: I'll warrant you, I'll dress him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter the Captain with a letter in his hand, and his Boy to him with a candle: is going to write the superscription.

Boy. Sir, the Lady Loveall passed by even now.

Capt. The Lady Loveall! Which way went she?

Boy. To the rich lady the widow, where your worship dined.

Capt. 'Tis no matter. Here, carry this letter, and bring an answer to the Devil quickly; and tell her we'll stay there till the time be fit for the design. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter CARELESS, WILD, *and a Drawer, at the Devil.*

Care. Jack, how goes the world? Bring us some bottles of the best wine.

Draw. You shall, sir. Your worship is welcome into England.

Care. Why, look you; who says a drawer can say nothing but anon, anon, sir; score a quart of sack in the half-moon?

Draw. Your worship is merry: but I'll fetch you that, sir, shall speak Greek, and make your worship prophesy. You drank none such in your journey. [*Gives him an angel.*

Wild. Do it then, and make a hole in this angel thou may'st creep through——Who is't that peeps, a fiddler? Bring him by the ears.

Enter the Taylor that peeps.

Tay. A taylor, an't like your worship.

Care. A taylor! Hast thou a stout faith?

Tay. I have had, an't like your worship; but now I am in despair.

Care. Why then, thou art damn'd. Go, go home, and throw thyself into thine own hell; it is the next way to the other.

Tay. I hope your worship is not displeas'd.

Care. What do'st do here? A taylor without faith! Do'st come to take measure of ours?

Tay. No; I come to speak with one Master Jolly, a courtier; a very fine-spoken gentleman, and a just compter, but one of the worst paymasters in the world.

Wild. As thou lov'st me, let's keep him here till he comes, and make him valiant with sack, that he may urge him till he beats him. We shall have the sport, and be reveng'd upon the rogue for dunning a gentleman in a tavern. [*Aside.*

Care. I'll charge him. Here drink, poor fellow, and stay in the next room till he comes.

Tay. I thank your worship, but I am fasting: and if it please your worship to call for a dozen of manchets, that I may eat a crust first, then I'll make bold with a glass of your sack.

Wild. Here, here, drink. In the mean time, fetch him some bread.

Tay. Will your worship have me drink all this vessel of sack?

Care. Yes, yes, off with't, 'twill do you no harm. [*The Taylor drinks.*

Wild. Why do you not take some order with that Jolly, to make him pay thee?

Tay. I have petition'd him often, but can do no good.

Care. A pox upon him; petition him! his heart is hardened to ill: threaten to arrest him; nothing but a serjeant can touch his conscience!

Tay. Truly, gentlemen, I have reason to be angry; for he uses me ill, when I ask him for my money. [JOLLY *speaks within.*

Jol. Where is Master Wild and Master Careless?

Tay. I hear his voice.

Jol. Let the coach stay. How now, who would he speak with?

Enter JOLLY.

Wild. Do not you know?

Jol. Yes, and be you judge if the rogue does not suffer deservedly. I have bid him any time this twelvemonth but send his wife, I'll pay her; and the rogue replies, Nobody shall lie with his wife but himself.

Care. Nay, if you be such a one.

Tay. No more they shall not. I am but a poor man.

Jol. By this hand, he's drunk.

Tay. Nay then, I arrest you in mine own name, at his majesty's suit.

Wild. As I live, thou shalt not beat him.

Jol. Beat him! I'll kiss him; I'll pay him, and carry him about with me, and be at the charge of sack to keep him in the humour.

[*He hugs the quart-pot.*

Tay. Help, rescue! I'll have his body: no bail shall serve.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, yonder is a gentleman would speak with you; I do not like his followers.

Jol. What are they? bailiffs?

Draw. Little better.

Jol. Send him up alone, and stand you ready at the stairs feet.

Care. [23] How can that be?

Jol. It is the scrivener at the corner. Pick a quarrel with him for coming into our company. The drawers will be arm'd behind them, and we will so rout the rascals! Take your swords, and let him sleep.

Care. What scrivener?

Jol. Crop the Brownist; he that the ballad was made on.

Care. What ballad?

Jol. Have not you heard of the scrivener's wife that brought the blackmoor from the holy land, and made him a Brownist; and in pure charity lay with him, and was delivered of a magpye; a pied prophet; which when the elect saw, they prophesy'd, if it liv'd, 'twould prove a great enemy to their sect; for the midwife cry'd out, 'twas born a bishop, with tippet and white sleeves: at which the zealous mother cry'd, Down with the idol. So the midwife and she, in pure devotion, kill'd it.

Wild. Kill'd it! what became of them?

Jol. Why, they were taken and condemn'd, and suffer'd under a catholick sheriff, that afflicted them with the litany all the way from Newgate to the gallows; which in rog'ry he made to be set up altar-wise too, and hang'd them without a psalm.

Wild. But how took they that breach of privilege?

Jol. I know not, Gregory turn'd them off, and so they descended, and became Brown martyrs.

Wild. And is the husband at door now?

Jol. Yes, yes; but he's married again to a rich widow at Wapping; a wench of another temper: one that you cannot please better than by abusing him. I always pick quarrels with him, that she may reconcile us. The peace is always worth a dinner at least. Hark! I hear him.—[*Enter* CROP.]—Save you, Mr Crop; you are come in the nick to pledge a health.

Crop. No, sir, I have other business. Shall I be paid my money, or no? [JOLLY *drinks.*

Jol. Yes.

Crop. Sir?

Jol. You asked whether you should be paid your money, or no? and I said, Yes.

Crop. Pray, sir, be plain.

Care. And be you so, sir? How durst you come into this room, and company, without leave?

Crop. Sir, I have come into good lords company ere now.

Care. It may be so; but you shall either fall upon your knees, and pledge this health, or you come no more into lords companies; no, by these hilts. [*They tug him, and make him kneel.*

Crop. 'Tis idolatry. Do, martyr me, I will not kneel, nor join in sin with the wicked.

Jol. Either kneel, or I'll tear thy cloak; which, by the age and looks, may be that which was writ for in the time of the primitive church.

Crop. Pay me, and I'll wear a better. It would be honestlier done, than to abuse this, and profane the text: a text that shews, your bishops in those days wore no lawn-sleeves. And you may be asham'd to protect one that will not pay his debts: the cries of the widow will come against you for it.

Jol. Remember, sirrah, the dinners and sup-

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23 *How can that be?*—i. e. *who* can that be? In this manner the word *who* is pronounced, in some parts of the kingdom, particularly in the county of Kent. S. P.

pers, fat venison, and good words, I was fain to give you; christening your children still, by the way of brokage. Count that charge, and how often I have kept you from fining for sheriff, and thou art in my debt: then, I am damn'd for speaking well of thee so often against my conscience, which you never consider.

Crop. I am an honest man, sir.

Jol. Then ushering your wife, and Mrs Ugly her daughter, to plays and masques, at court. You think these courtesies deserve nothing in the hundred. 'Tis true, they made room for themselves with their dagger elbows; and when Spider your daughter laid about her with her breath, the devil would not have sat near her.

Crop. You did not borrow my money with this language.

Jol. No, sirrah: then I was fain to flatter you, and endure the familiarity of your family, and hear (nay fain sometimes to join in) the lying praises of the holy sister that expir'd at Tyburn.

Crop. Do, abuse her, and be curst. 'Tis well known she dy'd a martyr, and her blood will be upon some of you. 'Tis her orphan's money I require; and this is the last time I'll ask it: I'll find a way to get it.

[*He offers to go, and* JOLLY *stays him.*

Jol. Art serious? By that light, I'll consent, and take it for an infinite obligation if thou wilt teach the rest of my creditors that trick: 'twill save me a world of labour; for, hang me, if I know how to do't.

Crop. Well, sir, since I see your resolution, I shall make it my business.

Care. Pr'ythee, let's be rid of this fool.

Crop. Fool! Let him pay the fool his money, and he'll be gone.

Jol. No, sir, not a farthing. 'Twas my business to borrow it, and it shall be yours to get it in again. Nay, by this hand, I'll be feasted too, and have good words. Nay, thou shalt lend me more ere thou gett'st this again.

Crop. I'll lay my action upon you.

Jol. Your action! You rogue, lay two.

[*They kick him, and thrust him out of the room.*

Care. Lay three for battery—What have we here? A she creditor too? Who would she speak with?

Enter FAITHFUL: WILD *and* CARELESS *return and meet her.*

Wild. She looks as if she had trusted in her time.

Care. Would you speak with any here, old gentlewoman?

Faith. My business is to Mr Jolly. [ger?

Care. From yourself, or are you but a messen-

Faith. My business, sir, is from a lady.

Care. From a lady! From what lady, pray? Why so coy?

Faith. From a lady in the town.

Care. Hoh! hoh! from a lady in the town! Is it possible! I should have guess'd you came from a lady in the suburbs, or some country-madam, by your riding face.

Enter JOLLY *again.*

Jol. I think we have routed the rascals.—Faithful! what makes thy gravity in a tavern?

Faith. Sport, it seems for your saucy companions.

Jol. Ho, ho, mull, ho. No fury, Faithful.

Faith. 'Tis well, sir. My lady presents her service to you, and hath sent you a letter. There's my business.

Care. Pr'ythee, who is her lady?

Jol. The Lady Loveall.

Care. Oh, oh, does she serve that old lady? God help her!

Faith. God help her! Pray for yourself, sir; my lady scorns your prayers.

Jol. Faithful, come hither. Pr'ythee, is thy lady drunk?

Faith. Drunk, sir!

Jol. Ay, drunk, or mad; she'd never writ this else. She requires me, here, to send back by you the pearl she gave me this morning! which, sure, she'd never do, if she were sober; for, you know, I earn'd them hard.

Faith. I know! What do I know? You will not defame my lady, will you?

Care. By no means. This is by way of counsel. Fie! give a thing, and take a thing! If he did not perform, he shall come at night, and pay his scores.

Faith. 'Tis well, sir. Is this your return for my lady's favours? Shall I have the pearl, sir?

Jol. No; and tell her, 'tis the opinion of us all, He that opens her stinking oyster, is worthy of the pearl.

Faith. You are a foul-mouth'd fellow, sirrah; and I shall live to see you load a gallows, when my lady shall find the way to her own again.

Jol. If she miss, there are divers can direct her, you know. Adieu, Faithful. Do you hear? Steal privately down by the back-door lest some knavish boy spy thee, and call thine age, Bawd.

[*Exit* FAITHFUL.

Care. Pr'ythee, who is this thing?

Jol. 'Tis my lady's waiting-woman, her bawd, her she-confessor, herself at second-hand. Her beginning was simple and below stairs, till her lady finding her to be a likely promising bawd, secret as the key at her girdle, obedient as her thoughts; those virtues raised her from the flat petticoat and kercher, to the gorget and bum-roll. And I remember 'twas good sport at first, to see the wench perplex'd with her metamorphosis. She since has been in love with all the family, and now sighs after the Levite; and if he forsake her too, I prophesy, a waiting-woman's curse will fall upon her:—to die old, despised, poor, and out of fashion.

Enter Captain.

Capt. Why do you not hang out a painted cloth, and take two-pence apiece, and let in all the tame fools at door; those sons of wonder that now gape, and think you mad?

Care. 'Tis no matter what they think: madness is proper here. Are not taverns Bacchus's temples, the place of madness? Does not the sign of madness hang out at the door?

Jol. While we within possess our joys and cups, as full of pleasure as weeping Niobe's afflicted eyes were swell'd with grief and tears. Blessing on the cause that made our joys thus complete: for see Plutus in our pockets, Mars by our sides, Bacchus in our heads, self-love in our hearts, and change of virgins in our arms; beauties whose eyes and hearts speak love and welcome: no frigid thinkers, no niggard beauties that meanously rake up their fire in green-sickness to preserve a spark that shall flame only in some dull day of marriage; let such swear and forswear, till (of the whole parish) they love each other least, whilst we wisely set out our cobwebs in the most perspicuous places to catch these foolish flies.

Care. He's in the right. Do'st think we retreated hither to beat a bargain for a score of sheep, or dispute the legality of votes, and weigh the power of prerogative and parliament, and club for concluding sack, or rend the Fathers here till we grow costive, like those that have worn their suffering elbows bare, to find a knowledge to perplex 'em? A pox on such brain-breaking thoughts: avoid them, and take me into thy hand a glass of eternal sack, and prophesy the restauration of senses, and the fall of a lover from grace; which our dear friend Mr Jolly will prove; to whom the Lady Loveall (by Faithful lately departed) sent for the pearl you wot of.

Capt. But, I hope, he had the grace to keep them.

Jol. No, no; I'm a fool, I!

Capt. Was not my boy here?

Jol. No; we saw him not.

Capt. A pox of the rogue, he's grown so lazy.

Wild. Your boy is come in just now, and called for the key of the back-door. There's women with him.

Capt. Oh, that's well! 'tis Wanton. I sent for her to laugh over the story of the old lady and her pearl. Where have you been all this while, sirrah?

Enter Boy.

Boy. I could overtake the coach, sir, no sooner.

Capt. The coach! what coach?

Boy. The Lady Loveall's.

Capt. The Lady Loveall's! Why, what had you to do with her coach?

Boy. I went to give her the letter your worship sent her.

Capt. The letter! What letter?

Boy. That your worship gave me.

Capt. That I writ at Ned's house to Wanton?

Boy. The letter you gave me, sir, was directed to the Lady Loveall, and she storm'd like a mad woman at reading of it.

Care. Why, thou wilt not beat the boy for thy own fault? What letter was it?

Capt. 'Twas enough, only a relation of the pearl, wherein she finds herself sufficiently abus'd to Wanton.

Jol. Now, gentlemen, you have two to laugh at.

Capt. A pox of fooling, let's resolve what to do; there's no denying, for she has all the particulars under my hand.

Boy. You must resolve of something, for she's coming, and stay'd only till the back-door was open'd.

Capt. How did she know I was here?

Boy. Your worship bade me tell her, you would stay here for her.

Care. How came this mistake?

Capt. Why, the devil owed us a shame it seems. You know I went home to give Wanton an account how we advanc'd in our design; and when I was writing the superscription, I remember the boy came in and told me, the Lady Loveall passed by.

Jol. And so, it seems, you in pure mistake directed your letter to her.

Care. Well, resolve what you'll do with her, when she comes.

Capt. Faith, bear it like men, 'tis but an old lady lost; let's resolve to defy her, we are sure of our pearl; but lest we prolong the war, take the first occasion you can all to avoid the room; when she's alone, I'll try whether she'll listen to a composition.

Jol. Have you no friends in the close committee?

Capt. Yes, yes, I am an Essex man.

Care. Then get some of them to move, it may be voted no letter.

Jol. Ay, ay; and after 'tis voted no letter, then vote it false, scandalous, and illegal, and that is in it; they have a precedent for it in the Danish packet, which they took from a foolish fellow, who, presuming upon the law of nations, came upon an embassy to the king without an order, or pass from both houses!

Capt. Hark, I hear her coming.

Enter LOVEALL *and* FAITHFUL.

Love. Sir, I receiv'd a letter, but by what accident I know not; for I believe it was not intended me, tho' the contents concern me.

Capt. Madam, 'tis too late to deny it; is it peace or war you bring? without dispute, if war, I hang out my defiance: if peace, I yield my weapon into your hands.

Love. Are you all unworthy? your whole sex falsehood? is it not possible to oblige a man to be loyal? this is such a treachery no age can match: apply yourself with youth and wit to gain a lady's love and friendship only to betray it? was it not enough you commanded my fortune, but you must wreck my honour too, and instead of being grateful for that charity which still assisted your wants, strive to pay me with injuries, and attempt to make the world believe I pay to lose my fame? and then make me the scorn'd subject of your whore's mirth? Base and unworthy! Do you smile, false one? [*He smiles.*] I shall find a time for you too, and my vengeance shall find you all.

Faith. Yea, sir; and you that had such a ready wit to proclaim my lady whore, and me bawd, I hope to see you load a gallows for it.

Capt. Once again, is it peace or war?

Love. Peace! I'll have thy blood first, dog. Where's my pearl?——[*She speaks to* WILD.] You ought to right me, sir, in this particular; it was to you I sent them.

Wild. Madam, I sent not for them.

Capt. No more words; I have them, I earn'd them, and you paid them.

Faith. You are a foul-mouth'd fellow, sirrah.

Love. Peace, wench, I scorn their slander, it cannot shake my honour; 'tis too weighty and too fix'd for their calumny.

Jol. I'll be sworn for my part on't, I think it is a great honour; I am sure I had as much as I could carry away in ten nights, and yet there was no miss on't.

Capt. You? I think so; there's no mark of my work, you see, and yet I came after thee, and brought away loads would have sunk a sedan-man.

Wild. By this relation she should be a woman of a great fame.

Care. Let that consideration, with her condition, and her age, move some reverence, at least to what she was; madam, I am sorry I cannot serve you in this particular.

[*Exeunt* JOLLY *and* CARELESS.

Love. I see all your mean baseness; pursue your scorn. Come, let's go, wench, I shall find some to right my fame; and tho' I have lost my opinion, I have gain'd a knowledge how to distinguish of love hereafter; and I shall scorn you and all your sex, that have not soul enough to value a noble friendship.

Wild. Pray, madam, let me speak with you.

Capt. We'll have no whispering; I said it, and I'll maintain it with my sword.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, there's one without would speak with you.

Capt. With me?

Draw. No, sir, with Master Wild.

Wild. Madam, I'll wait upon you presently.

[*Exit* WILD.

Capt. Madam, I know my company is displeasing to you, therefore I'll take my leave: Drawer, shew me another room. [*Exit Captain.*

[*The Captain makes a turn or two, they look at each other, then he goes out.*

Love. Oh Faithful, Faithful! I am most miserably abus'd, and can find no way to my revenge.

Faith. Madam, I'll give them rats-bane, and speedily too, ere they can tell: for that rascal the captain has a tongue else will proclaim you, and undo your fame for ever.

Love. Ay, ay, my fame, my fame, Faithful; and if it were not for mine honour, (which I have kept unstained to this minute,) I would not care.

Faith. This it is; you will still set your affection upon every young thing; I could but tell you on 't.

Love. Who could have suspected they would have been so false in their loves to me, that have been so faithful to them?—Honest friend, where is Master Wild?

Enter Drawer.

Draw. The other gentleman carried him away [with him.

Love. Are they all gone then?

Draw. Yes, by this hand—These gentlemen are quickly satisfied; what an ugly whore they have got? how she states it! [*Aside.*

Love. Come, let's go, wench. [*She offers to go.*

Draw. Mistress, who pays the reckoning?

Love. What says he?

Faith. He asks me who pays the reckoning?

Love. Who pays the reckoning! Why, what have we to do with the reckoning?

Draw. Shut the door, Dick: we'll have the reckoning before you go.

Faith. Why, goodman sauce-box, you will not make my lady pay for their reckoning, will you?

Draw. My lady! a pox of her title, she'd need of something to make her pass.

Faith. What do you say, sirrah?

Draw. I say, the gentlemen paid well for their sport; and I know no reason why we should lose our reckoning.

Love. What do you take me for, my friend?

Draw. In troth, I take you for nothing; but I would be loath to take you for that use I think they made shift with you for. [plot.

Faith. Madam, this is that rascally captain's

Love. Patience, patience. Oh for a bite at the slave's heart! Friend, mistake me not, my name is Loveall, a lady; send one along with me, and you shall have your money.

Draw. You must pardon me, madam, I am but a servant; if you be a lady, pray sit in an inner room, and send home your woman for the money; the sum is six pounds, and be pleased to remember the waiters.

Love. Go, Faithful, go fetch the money. Oh revenge, revenge! shall I lose my honour, and have no revenge? [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter WANTON, *Captain*, CARELESS, *and* WILD.

Wan. By all that a longing bride hopes for, which I am not, I am better pleased with this revenge than mine own plot, which takes as I could wish; I have so anointed my high priest with sack, that he would have confuted Baal's priest; and now he does so slumber in his ale, and calls to bed already, swears the sun is set.

Capt. Faith, wench, her abusing of me made me leave her for the reckoning.

Care. Yes, faith, they have treated her upsey whore, lain with her, told, and then pawn'd her.

Wan. Yes, yes, you are fine things; I wonder women can endure you; for me, I expect you worse, and am arm'd for't.

Wild. Faith, let's send and release her, the jest is gone far enough; as I live, I pity her.

Wan. Pity her! hang her, and rid the country of her; she is a thing wears out her limbs as fast as her cloaths; one that never goes to bed at all, nor sleeps in a whole skin, but is taken to pieces like a motion, as if she were too long; she should be hang'd for offering to be a whore.

Capt. As I live, she's in the right; I peep'd once to see what she did before she went to bed; by this light, her maids were dissecting her; and when they had done, they brought some of her to bed, and the rest they either pin'd or hung up, and so she lay dismember'd till morning; in which time, her chamber was strew'd all over, like an anatomy-school.

Wan. And when she travels any where, she is transported with as great a care and fear of spoiling, as a juggler's motion, when he removes from fair to fair.

Care. She is a right broken gamester, who, tho' she lacks wherewithal to play, yet loves to be looking on.

Enter WANTON's *Maid.*

Bawd. He is awake, and calls for you impatiently; he would fain be in bed, the company is all gone.

Wan. Are you instructed?

Bawd. Let me alone, I'll warrant you for my part.

Wan. Farewell then; you are all ready. Who plays master constable?

Capt. I, I; and Ned Jolly the sumner.

Wan. Farewell, farewell then.

[*Exit* WANTON *and Bawd.*

Wild. It is a delicate wench.

Care. She has excellent flesh, and a fine face; by this light, we must depose the captain from his reign here. [*They whisper this.*

Wild. I like her shrewdly; I hate a wench that is all whore and no company; this is a comedy all day, and a fair at night.

Care. I hope to exalt the parson's horn here.

Capt. And what think you? is it not a sweet sin, this lying with another man's wife?

Wan. Is Jolly come? [WANTON *above.*

Capt. No, but he'll be here instantly.

Wild. Is he a-bed?

Wan. Yes, yes, and he sleeps as if he had been put to bed by his sexton, with *dust to dust*, and *ashes to ashes.*

Capt. And we'll wake him with that shall be as terrible to him as the latter day.

Wan. Let him sleep awhile that he may be fresh, else the jest is spoil'd; for it is his sense of his disgrace must work my ends.

Wild. I'll go home then, and get supper ready, and expect you.

Enter JOLLY.

Capt. Do: our scene lies here. Who's there, Jolly?

Jol. Yes.

Capt. Are you fitted?

Jol. Yes, I have got the Black-fryars music. I was fain to stay till the last act. And who do you think I saw there?

Wild. I know not.

Jol. Guess.

Wild. Pr'ythee! I cannot guess.

Jol. Your aunt and Mrs Pleasant, and trusty Secret.

Wild. What, man?

Jol. The lovers only, so close in a box!

Capt. It will be a match, and there's an end. Pr'ythee, let them go to't; what is't to us? Let's mind our business now, and think on them hereafter.

Wan. A pox upon them, for a couple of stauk-hounds. Have they killed at last? Why, this is fool's fortune. It would be long enough ere one that has wit got such a wife!

Capt. No more of this now. Have you borrow'd the watchmen's coats?

Jol. Yes, and bills, beards, and constable's staff and lanthorn; and let me alone to fit him for the sumner. But when this is done, I expect my fee, a tythe-night at least. Wanton, I will lie with thee for thy roguery. What! are you dumb? You will not refuse me, I hope?

Wan. Not if I thought thou desir'dst it: but I

hate to have it desired indifferently, and but so-so done neither when 'tis done.

Jol. I hope you will not disgrace my work, will you?

Wan. Faith, they say, thy pleasure lies in thy tongue; and therefore, tho' I do not give thee leave to lie with me, yet I will give thee as good a thing, that will please thee as well.

Jol. Some roguery, I expected.

Wan. No, faith, I am serious; and because I will please you both, Master Wild shall lie here, and you shall have leave to say you do; which will please you as well.

Jol. Faith, and my part is some pleasure; else, *I have lov'd, enjoy'd, and told,* is mistook.

Wan. Ay, but never to love, seldom enjoy, and always tell—foh! it stinks, and stains worse than Shoreditch dirt; and women hate and dread men for 't. Why, I that am a whore profess'd, cannot see youth digest it, tho' it be my profit and interest. For to be a private whore in this town, starves in the nest like young birds, when the old one's kill'd.

Care. Excellent girl! 'tis too true. Jolly, your tongue has kept many a woman honest.

Wan. Faith, 'tis a truth: this I shall say, you may all better your pleasures by, if you will observe it; I dare say, the fear of telling keeps more women honest than Bridewell hemp; and were you wise men, and true lovers of liberty, now were the time to bring wenching to that perfection, no age could ever have hop'd. Now you may sow such seed of pleasure, you may be prayed for hereafter. Now, in this age of zeal and ignorance, would I have you four, in old cloaths and demure looks, present a petition to both houses, and say, you are men touch'd in conscience for your share in that wickedness which is known to their worships by the pleasure of adultery; and [24] desire it may be death, and that a law may be pass'd to that purpose. How the women will pray for you, and at their own charges rear statues in memory of their benefactors! The young and kind would then haunt your chambers, pray, and present you, and court the sanguine youth, for the sweet sin secur'd by such a law. None would lose an occasion, nor churlishly oppose kind nature, nor refuse to listen to her summons, when youth and passion calls for those forbidden sweets. When such security as your lives are at stake, who would fear to trust? With this law, all oaths and protestations are cancell'd. Letters and bawds would grow useless too. By instinct, the kind will find the kind; and, having one nature, become of one mind. Now we lose an age to observe and know a man's humour ere we dare trust him; but get this law, then 'tis, Like and enjoy. And whereas now, with expence of time and fortune, you may glean some one mistress amongst your neighbours' wives; you shall reap women whole armfuls, as in the common field. There is one small town, wise only in this law; and I have heard them say that know it well, there has been but one execution this hundred years; yet the same party search'd seven years, and could not find an honest woman in the town.

Care. An excellent plot! let us about it. Ink and paper, dear Wanton. We will draw the petition presently.

Wan. Will Master Jolly consent too? You must not then, as soon as a handsome woman is named, smile and stroke your beard; tell him that is next you, you have lain with her. Such a lye is as dangerous as a truth; and 'twere but justice to have thee hang'd for a sin thou never committedst, for having defam'd so many women.

Jol. If all those liars were hang'd, I believe the scale would weigh down with the guilty.

Wan. One rogue hang'd for example, would make a thousand kind girls. If it take, it shall be called my law, Wanton's Law; then we may go in petticoats again; for women grew imperious and wore the breeches only to fright the poor cuckolds, and make the fools digest their horns.——Are you all ready? Shall I open the door?

Capt. Yes.

Wild. I'll expect you at my house.

[*Exit* WILD *one way, and the rest of the company another.*

Omnes. We'll come, we'll come.

Capt. So, knock louder.

[*They knock within, and the Parson discover'd in his bed, and the Bawd with him.*

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[24] —— *desire it may be death*, &c.—Alluding to the acts of Oliver Cromwell's parliament, for punishing adultery, incest, and fornication; by which it was declared, that the two former should be punishable with death on the first offence, and the latter upon the second conviction.——"These acts," an excellent writer (Mr Barrington *on the Statutes*) observes, "could not have continued long unrepealed, *even if Charles the Second* had not succeeded to the throne." It has been doubted, whether there were any instances of carrying them into execution, notwithstanding the rigidness of the times wherein they were enacted. A news-paper, however, of that period, furnishes an example, which, from the extraordinary circumstances attending it, may perhaps be considered as not unworthy of being preserved. In *Mercurius Politicus, No.* 168, *from Thursday, Aug.* 25, *to Thursday, Sept.* 1, 1653, *p.* 2700, *printed by Tho. Newcomb*, is the following passage: "At Monmouth Assize *and* old man of *eighty-nine years*, was put to death for adultery, committed with a woman above *sixty*."

Par. Who's there? What would you have?

Capt. Here's his majesty's watch, and master constable's worship must come in. We have a warrant from the lords to search for a delinquent.

Par. You come not here. I'll answer your warrant to morrow.

Jol. Break open the door.

Par. I would you durst.

Bawd. Lord, dear! What shall we do?

Par. Why, sweet, I warrant you. Art thou not my wife, my rib, bone of my bone? I'll suffer any thing ere one hair of thee shall be touch'd.

Bawd. Hark! They break open the door!

Par. They dare not. Why dost thou tremble so? Alas, sweet innocence, how it shakes!

Capt. Break open the door.

Par. I'll complain to the bishop of this insolence.

Bawd. They come, they come, lamb!

Par. No matter, sweet, they dare not touch thee. What would you have, master constable? You are very rude. [*He delivers the warrant.*

Capt. Read our warrant, and our business will excuse us. Do you know any such person as you find there?

Par. Yes, sir, but not by this name. Such a woman is my wife, and no Lindabrides. We were married to-day, and I'll justify her my wife the next court-day. You have your answer, and may be gone.

Jol. We must take no notice of such excuses now. If she be your wife, make it appear in court, and she will be deliver'd unto you.

Par. If she be my wife! Sir, I have wedded her and bedded her, what other ceremonies would you have?—Be not afraid, sweetheart.

Jol. Sir, we can do no less than execute our warrant: we are but servants; and, master constable, I charge you in the king's name to do your duty. Behold the body of the delinquent.

Par. Touch her that dares; I'll put my dagger in him. [*He takes his dagger.*] Fear nothing, sweetheart. Master constable, you'll repent this insolence offer'd to a man of my coat.

Bawd. Help, my dearest, will you let me be hal'd thus? [*Here they strive to take her out.*

Par. Villains, what will you do? Murder! Rape!

Capt. Yes, yes, 'tis likely; I look like a ravisher!

Jol. Hold him, and we'll do well enough with her. [*As they go to pull her out of the bed, they discover the Bawd. When they let him go, he turns to her and holds her in his arms.*

Capt. What have we here, an old woman?

Par. Let me go, slaves and murtherers.

Capt. Let him go.

Jol. Do any of you know this woman? This is not she we look'd for.

Par. No, rascal, that mistake shall not excuse you.

Jol. It is old Goodman what d' ye call him, his wife.

Capt. Hold the candle, and let's see her face.

[*When they hold the candle, she lies in his bosom, and his arms about her. She must be as nastily dressed as they can dress her. When he sees her he falls into amaze, and shoves her from him.*

Jol. What have we here, adultery? Take them both: here will be new matter.

Par. Master constable, a little argument will persuade you to believe I am grossly abus'd. Sure, this does not look like a piece that a man would sin to enjoy. Let that then move your pity and care of my reputation. Consider my calling, and do not bring me to a publick shame, for what you're sure I am not guilty of, but by plot of some villains.

Bawd. Dear, will you disclaim me now?

Par. Oh impudence!

Jol. Master constable, do your duty. Take them both away, as you will answer it.

Capt. Give him his cassock to cover him.

[*They put on his cassock and her coat, and lead them away.*

Par. Why, gentlemen, whither will you carry me?

Capt. To the next justice, I think it is Master Wild; he is newly come from travel. It will be a good way, neighbours, to express our respects to him.

Par. No, faith, gentlemen, e'en go the next way to Tyburn, and dispatch the business without ceremony; for you'll utterly disgrace me.—This is that damn'd captain. My wife is abroad too: I fear she is of the plot.

Jol. Come, away with 'em.

Bawd. Whither will they lead us, dear?

Par. Oh, oh, impudence! Gentlemen, do not lead us together, I beseech you.

Capt. Come, come, lead them together: no ceremonies. Your faults are both alike.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

Enter WANTON *and* WILD.

Wan. You had best brag now, and use me like my lady what-d'-ye-call; but if you do, I care not.

Wild. Come, y' are a fool. I'll be a faithful friend, and make good conditions for thee before thy husband be quit.

[WILD *sits down with* WANTON *in his lap.*

Wan. You must do it now, or never.

Wild. Hark! hark! I hear them.——What's the news?

Enter Captain, JOLLY, *Watch, Bawd, and Parson.*

Capt. We have brought a couple of delin-

quents before your worship; they have committed a very foul fault.

Jol. And we have brought the fault along too, that your worship may see it. You will be the better able to judge of the offenders.

Par. Ha! what do I see? My wife in master justice's lap!

Wan. What has the poor fellow done?

Capt. Why, madam, he has been taken in bed with this woman, another man's wife.

Wan. In bed with her! and do you raise him to punish him? Master constable, if you would afflict him, command them to lie together again. Is not the man mad?

Par. This is fine roguery! I find who rules the roast.

Wild. Well, to the business. You say, he was taken in bed with another man's wife.

Capt. Yes, and 't like your worship.

Wild. Make his mittimus to the hole at Newgate.

Wan. Sure, I have seen this fellow's face.—Friend, have I never seen your face before?

Par. If I mistake not, I have seen one very like your ladyship's too; she was a captain's cast-whore in the town. I shall have a time to be reveng'd.

Wild. How now, sirrah; are you threatening? Away with him.

Capt. I'll fetch a stronger watch, sir, and return presently.

Wild. Do, master constable; and give the poor woman something, and set her free; for I dare say 'twas his wickedness. She looks like one that ne'er thought on such a thing.

Bawd. God bless your worship, I am innocent. He never left making love, till I consented.

Enter Captain in his own shape.

Par. Oh miserable! miserable!

Capt. How now! what's the news here? My honour'd friend and master parson, what makes you here at this time of night? why, I should have thought this a time to have envy'd you for your fair bride's embraces. Do you give these favours? Are these your bride-laces? It's a new way. [*Plays with the cord that binds his arms.*

Par. Is it new to you?

Wan. How now, captain?

Capt. Wanton, is this your plot to endear your husband to you?

Par. No, 'tis thy plot, poor beaten captain: but I shall be reveng'd.

Capt. Yes, faith, it was my plot, and I glory in't; to undermine my Machiavel, which so greedily swallow'd that sweet bait that had this hook.

Par. 'Tis well.

Capt. But my anger ends not here. Remember the base language you gave me: Son of a thousand fathers; captain of a tame band; and one that got my living by the long-staff-speeches:—for which, and thy former treacheries, I'll ruin thee, slave. I'll have no more mercy on thee, than old women on blind puppies. I'll bring you to your commendations in Latin epistles again: nor leave thee any thing to live on; no, not bread, but what thou earn'st by ranking gentlewomen's names in anagrams. And, master justice, if ever you'll oblige me, stand to me now, that I may procure the whipping of him from the reverend bench.

Par. I am undone.

Wild. I can do nothing but justice: you must excuse me. I shall only make it appear how fit it is to punish this kind of sin in that coat in time, and to crush such serpents in the shells.

Par. Mercy! Oh, mercy!

Wild. Officers, away with him.

[*They pull him away.*

Par. No mercy?

Wan. Yes, upon conditions, there may be some mercy. [*The Parson looks very dejected.*

Wild. And these they are——Let the watch stay in t'other room.—First, your wife shall have her liberty, and you yours, as she reports of you; and when you bring her with you, you shall be welcome. Then you shall not be jealous; that's another point. [*Exit Watch.*

Capt. That he shall have a cure for.

Wan. Yes, yes, I'll apply something to his eyes shall cure him of his doubt.

Wild. Then you shall ask the captain pardon, and your wife. To him you shall allow half your parsonage to maintain her. The deeds are ready within; if you'll sign them, and deliver your wife to our use, she shall discharge you.

Par. I submit, sir; but I hope your worship will desire no witness to the use of my wife. The sumner, and the watch too, I hope your worship will enjoin them silence.

Wan. You shall not need to fear; I'll have a care of your credit. Call in the watch. Do you know these faces? [*She discovers them.*

Par. Ha! abus'd!

Jol. Nay, no flinching; if you do, I betake me to master sumner again.

Capt. And I become severe master constable in a trice.

Par. No, no, I submit; and I hope we are all friends. I'm sure, I have the hardest part to forgive.

Wan. And I, before all this company, promise to forget and forgive thee; and am content to take thee again for my dear and mortal husband, now you are tame: but you must see you do so no more; and give yourself to be blind when it is not fit for you to see; and practise to be deaf; and learn to sleep in time; and find business to call you away, when gentlemen come that would be private.

Capt. Why so! Now things are as they should be; and when you will obey, you shall command; but when you would be imperious,

then I betake me to my constable's staff, till you subscribe, *Cedunt armis togæ;* and if it be false Latin, parson, you must pardon that too.

Jol. By this hand, I must have my tythe-night with thee, thou art such a wag. Say, when? When wilt thou give me leave? ha!

Wan. Never.

Jol. Never!

Wan. No, never.

Jol. D'ye hear? I am none of them that work for charity. Either resolve to pay, or I kick down all my milk again.

Wan. What would you have?

Jol. Give me leave to lie with you.

Wan. No indeed.

Jol. No!

Wan. No; but rather than quarrel, as I said before, I will give you leave to say you have lain with me.

Wild. I am of opinion she owes you nothing now: So, Mrs Wanton, take your husband; and, to remove all doubts, this night I'll be at the charge of a wedding-supper.

Par. This is better than Newgate-hole yet, Bridewell hemp, brown bread, and whip-cord.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.

Enter the Widow and Mrs PLEASANT, *Master* SAD, *and Master* CONSTANT.

Wid. By my troth, it was a good play.

Plea. And I am glad I am come home; for I am e'en as weary with this walking. For God's sake, whereabouts does the pleasure of walking lie? I swear, I have often sought it till I was weary, and yet I could ne'er find it.

Sad. What do these halberds at your door?

[*A Watch at the Widow's door.*

Wid. Halberds! Where?

Sad. There, at your lodging. [have?

Con. Friend, what would those watchmen

Watch. The house is shut up for the sickness this afternoon.

Plea. The sickness!

Watch. Yes, forsooth; there's a coachman dead, full of the tokens.

Sad. Where is the officer?

Watch. He is gone to seek the lady of the house, and some other company that din'd here yesterday, to bring her in, or carry her to the Pest-house.

Wid. Ha! What shall we do, niece?

Sad. If you please to command our lodging.

Plea. It will be too much trouble.

Wid. Let's go to Loveall's.

Plea. Not I, by my faith; it is scarce for our credits to let her come to us.

Wid. Why, is she naught?

Con. Faith, madam, her reputation is not good.

Wid. But what shall we do then?

Con. Dare you adventure to oblige us?

Wid. Thank you, sir; we'll go to my nephew's at Covent Garden: he may shift among his acquaintance.

Plea. It was well thought on; the Piazza is hard by, too.

Wid. We'll borrow your coach thither, and we'll send it you back again straight.

Con. We'll wait upon you, madam.

Wid. This accident troubles me. I am heartily sorry for the poor fellow.

Plea. I am sorry too. But pray, aunt, let us not forget ourselves in our grief. [25]I am not ambitious of a red cross upon the door.

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[25] *I am not ambitious of a red cross upon the door.*—This alludes to one of the regulations made to prevent the spreading of the plague. When a house became infected, the officers impowered for that purpose immediately placed a guard before it; which continued there night and day, to prevent any person going from thence, until the expiration of forty days. At the same time, *red crosses, of a foot long*, were painted on the doors and windows, with the words, LORD HAVE MERCY UPON US, in great letters, wrote over them, to caution all passengers to avoid infected places.

In a collection of epigrams, intituled, *More Fooles yet;* written by R. S. (Roger Sharpe,) 1610, 4to. is the following:

"Rusticus, an honest country swayne,
Whose education simple was, and plaine,
Having survey'd the citie round about,
Emptyed his purse, and so went trudging out.
But by the way he saw, and much respected,
A doore belonging to a house infected;
Whereon was plac't (as 'tis the custome still)
Lord have mercy upon us! This sad bill
The sot perusde; and having read, he swore
All London was ungodly, but that doore.
Here dwells some vertue yet, sayes he; for this
A most devout religious saying is:
And thus he wisht (with putting off his hatte)
That every doore had such a bill as that."

Con. Mistress Pleasant is in the right; for if you stay, the officers will put you in.

Wid. We shall trouble you, sir, for your coach. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Parson, Captain, WILD, WANTON, CARELESS, *and* JOLLY.

Par. I am reconcil'd, and will no longer be an uncharitable churchman. I think this sack is a cooler.

Capt. What! does it make you to see your error?

Par. Yes, and consider my man of war; nor will I again dispute his letters of mart, nor call them passes for pirates. I am free.

Capt. And welcome. Any thing but anger is sufferable, and all is jest when you laugh; and I will hug thee for abusing me with thy eyes in their scabbards: but when you rail with drawn eyes, red and naked, threatening a Levite's second revenge to all that touches your concubine, then I betake me to a dark lanthorn and a constable's staff; and by help of these fathers whom I cite, I prove my text, Women that are kind ought to be free.

Par. But, captain, is it not lawful for us shepherds to reclaim them?

Capt. A mere mistake; for sin, like the sea, may be turn'd out, but will ne'er grow less: and though you should drain this mistress Doll, yet the whore will find a place, and perhaps overflow some maid, till then honest: and so you prove the author of a new sin, and the defiler of a pure temple; therefore I say, while you live, let the whore alone, till she wears out; nor is it safe to vamp them, as you shall find. Read Ball the first and the second.

Wild. No more discourse. Strike up, fidlers.

Capt. See, who's that knocks?

[*A country-dance. When they are merry, singing catches and drinking healths, the Widow, Mrs* PLEASANT, *and the two Lovers, knock at the door.*

Serv. Sir, 'tis Mistress Pleasant, and the two gentlemen that din'd there to-day.

Wild. My aunt and Mistress Pleasant!

Jol. What a pox makes them abroad at this time of night?

Capt. It may be, they have been a wenching.

Serv. Sir, they were upon alighting out of the coach when I came up.

Wild. Quickly, Mrs Wanton; you and your husband to bed; there's the key. Mr Parson, you know the way to the old chamber; and to it quickly; all is friends now.

Par. Sweetheart, we'll steal away.

Wan. The devil on them, they have spoil'd our mirth. [*Exit Parson.*

Wild. Jack, get you and your company down the back-way into the kitchen, and stay there, till we see what this visit means. [*Exeunt Fidlers.*

Capt. Means! What should it mean? It is nothing but the mischievous nature all honest women are endu'd with, and naturally given to spoil sport. I wonder what fart blew them hither to-night.

Wild. Nay, have a little patience, captain; you and Mr Jolly must sit quietly a while within, till we know the cause.

Capt. It is but deferring our mirth for an hour, or so.

Serv. Sir, here's my lady.

Wild. Quickly remove those things there. Captain, step in there———

Enter Widow, PLEASANT, SAD, *and* CONSTANT.

Wid. Nephew, do you not wonder to see me here at this time of night?

Wild. I know it is not ordinary, therefore I believe 'tis some design. What is it, Mrs Pleasant? shall I make one?

Plea. As I live, sir, pure necessity. Neither mirth nor kindness hath begot this visit.

Care. What! is your coach broke?

Wid. Faith, nephew, the truth is, the sickness is in my house, and my coachman dy'd since dinner.

Wild. The sickness!

Plea. Ay, as I live: we have been walking since the play; and when we came home, we found the watch at the door, and the house shut up.

Sad. And a constable gone in search of all those that dined there to-day, with orders to furnish us lodgings in the pest-house.

Wid. Are you not afraid to receive us?

Wild. As I live, the accident troubles me; and I am sorry such a misfortune should beget me this favour; and I could wish myself free from the honour, if the cause were remov'd too.

Plea. As I live, Mr Wild, I must have been forc'd to have lain with my servant to-night, if you had not received me.

Wild. If I thought so, I would carry you out in my arms, I am so much Mr Constant's friend.

Plea. But are you more his friend than mine, Mr Wild?

Wild. No; but I presume by this he has gain'd so much interest, as he would not be very displeasing to you.

Con. Oh! your humble servant, sir.

Plea. If I had had a mind to that lodging, I had ne'er come hither; for when I have a mind to it, I'll marry without dispute; for I fear no body so much as a husband; and when I can conquer that doubt, I'll marry at a minute's warning.

Wid. No dispute now: can you furnish us with a couple of beds?

Wild. Yes, yes.

Wid. And have you e'er a woman in the house?

Wild. My sister's maid is here.

Care. Madam, if you resolve to do us this honour, you shall find clean linen, and your beds quickly ready.

Wid. But where will my nephew and you, sir, lie to-night?

Care. Oh, madam, we have acquaintance enough in the town.

Wid. Well, sir, we'll accept this courtesy; and when you come into Suffolk, you shall command my house.

Wild. Pr'ythee call Bess, and bid her bring sheets to make the bed; I'll go and fetch in a pallet, 'tis as good a bed as the other; and if you will stay the removing, we'll set up a bedstead.

Plea. No, a pallet, pray; but what shall we do for night-cloaths, aunt?

Wild. Why, what are those you bought my sister?

Wid. Is not that linen gone yet?

Care. No faith, madam, his man forgot it, till the carriers were gone last week.

Wild. Will that serve?

Plea. Yes, yes, pray do us the favour to let us have it, 'tis but washing of't again.

Wild. Nay, it will serve: discourse no more; I'll fetch the bundle; and pr'ythee fetch the combs and looking-glasses I bought the other day: for other necessaries that want a name the wench shall furnish you with.

Wid. Nay, but where is she, nephew?

Wild. I'll call her, if she be not gone to-bed; it is an ignorant young thing; I am to send her to my sister's in the country; I have had such ado to put her in the fashion.

Plea. What country is she? Pr'ythee, Mr Wild, let's see her.

Wild. I'll call her down. [*Exit* WILD.

Sad. Madam, now we see y'are safe, we'll kiss your hands, and wait upon you to-morrow.

Wid. It must be early then, sir, for I shall borrow my nephew's coach, and be gone betimes into the country, to take a little fresh air, and prevent the search.

Con. Pray, madam, be pleased to command ours.

Wild. No, sir, I humbly thank you; my nephew's will hold our company.

Con. Your humble servant, Mistress Pleasant.

Sad. Your servant, madam.

Plea. Good night, Mr Constant.

Wid. Sir, you'll excuse us, we have no body here to light you down.

Care. Madam, I am here your servant as much as those that wear your livery; and this house holds no other; we can be civil, madam, as well as extravagant.

Wid. Your humble servant, Mr Careless.

Care. Gentlemen, if you'll wait on my lady to her chamber, then I'll wait upon you down.

Sad. You oblige us, sir. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE V.

Enter WILD, *Captain*, WANTON, *Parson, and* JOLLY.

Capt. The plague!

Wild. The plague, as I live; and all my relation is truth, every syllable. But, Mrs Wanton, now must you play your master-piece; be sure to blush, and appear but simple enough, and all is well; thou wilt pass for as arrant a chamber-maid as any is in the parish.

Par. Hum! new plots?

Capt. Let me put on a petticoat, and a muffler, and I'll so chamber-maid it, and be so diligent with the clean smock and the chamber-pot —Now would I give all the shoes in my shop to lie with 'em both.

Wan. Let me alone to fit them; I can make a scurvy curt'sy naturally: remember, I am an Essex woman, if they ask.

Wild. Come, come quickly, take those sweetmeats; bring the great cake and knife, and napkins, for they have not supp'd; and, captain, make some lemonade, and send it by the boy to my chamber; and, do you hear, Jolly, you must stay till we come, for we must lie with you to-night.

Jol. We'll stay, but make haste then.

Capt. And bring our cloaks and swords out with you.

Wild. I will, I will; but be quiet all.

Par. Mr Wild, I hope there is no plot in this.

Capt. There's no jealousy, Mr Parson; 'tis all serious, upon my life. Come away with us.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE VI.

The tyring-room, curtains drawn, and they discourse. His chamber, two beds, two tables, looking-glasses, night-cloaths, waistcoats, sweet-bags, sweet-meats, and wine; WANTON *drest like a Chamber-maid; all above, if the Scene can be so order'd.*

Enter Widow and Mrs PLEASANT, WILD, *and* CARELESS; *the Widow and Mrs* PLEASANT *salute* WANTON.

Wild. Faith, aunt, 'tis the first time I have had the honour to see you in my house; and as a stranger I must salute you.

Wid. As I live, nephew, I'm asham'd to put you to this trouble.

Wild. It is an obligation———Mrs Pleasant, I know you have not supp'd; I pray you be pleas'd to taste these sweet-meats, they are of Sall's doing; but I understand not sweet-meats, the wine I'll answer for; and, in a word, you are welcome: you are Patrona, and we your slaves.

Care. Good rest, and a pleasing dream, your humble servant wishes you.

Wid. Good night, nephew; good night, Mr Careless.

Plea. Good night, Mr Careless; your humble servant, Mr Wild.

[*Exeunt* WILD *and* CARELESS.

Wid. Why ay, here are men have some wit; by this good night, had we lain at my servant's, we should have found the lac'd cap and slippers, that have been entail'd upon the family these five descents, advanc'd upon the cupboard's head instead of plate.

[*They sit down to undress them.*

Plea. They are a couple of the readiest youths too; how they run and do all things with a thought! I love him for sending his sister's maid: a pretty wench!

Wid. Pray, let's go to-bed; I am weary.

Plea. You will not go to bed with all those windows open: sweetheart, pr'ythee shut them, and bring me hither——dost understand me? as I live, 'tis a great while since I went to the play.

Wid. It has been one of the longest days; a year of them would be an age.

Plea. Oh, do you grow weary? you'll break your covenant ere the year go out.

[*The curtains are closed.*

Wid. Pr'ythee, shut the windows, and come pin up my hair.

SCENE VII.

Enter WILD, JOLLY, CARELESS, *Captain, and Parson, and Fidlers, and one with a torch, with their cloaks and their swords, putting them on. Enter* WILD'S *Man.*

Wild. See you wait diligently, and let them want nothing they call for.—Come, shall we go? 'tis very late.

Capt. But how does Wanton carry it?

Wild. They saluted her; and Mrs Pleasant swore you might see the country-simplicity in her face.

Par. A pox upon her, crafty gypsy.

Capt. Why, art not thou glad to see she can be honest when she will?

Par. I'll shew you all a trick for her, within these few days, or I'll miss my aim.

Jol. Come, let's go. [*They all offer to go.*

Capt. I have a mind to stay till Wanton comes.

Wild. Stay a little then, for 'twill not be long ere they be a-bed.

Enter WANTON.

Capt. I hear Wanton's voice.

Wild. Are they a-bed.

Wan. Yes, and have so admir'd you and Mr Careless, and abus'd the lovers—Well, gentlemen, you are the wits of the time; but if I might counsel—well, they might lie alone this night; but it should go hard if I lay not with one of them within a month.

Care. Were they so taken with their lodging?

Wan. All that can be said they said: you are the friendliest men, the readiest men, the handsomest men; men that had wit and could tell when to be civil, and when to be wild; and Mrs (what's her name) the younger, asked why Mr Wild did not go a wooing to some rich heir; upon her conscience, she said, you would speed.

Care. Well, well, there's a time for all things; come, let's go. [*They offer to depart.*

Wild. Take a light.—Good night, Wanton.

Capt. D'ye hear, d'ye hear? let me speak with you. [*They all come back again.*

Wild. What's the business?

Capt. I cannot get hence this night: but your good angels hang at my heels; and if I can prevail, you shall stay.

Wild. What to do?

Capt. What to do! why I'll be hang'd if all this company do not guess.

Jol. Pr'ythee, what should we stay for?

Capt. For the widow, and her niece: Are they worth the watching for a night?

Wild. Yes, certainly.

Capt. Then take my counsel, and let me give it out y'are married: you have new cloaths come home this morning, and there's that you spoke of I'll fetch from the taylor's; and here's a parson shall rather give them his living, than stay for a licence; the fidlers too are ready to salute 'em.

Care. But if they refuse?

Jol. Which, upon my conscience, they will.

Capt. As you hope, else you are laugh'd at for missing the widow. Ned, follow my counsel; appear at her chamber-window in thy shirt, and salute all that passes by; let me alone to give it out, and invite company, and provide dinner; then when the business is known, and I have presented all your friends at court with ribbands, she must consent, or her honour is lost, if you have but the grace to swear it, and keep your own counsel.

Care. By this hand, he has reason; and I'll undertake the widow.

Wild. It will incense them, and precipitate the business, which is in a fair way now; and if they have wit, they must hate us for such a treachery.

Capt. If they have wit they will love you; beside, if it come to that, we two will swear we saw you married, and the parson shall be sworn he did it:——Priest, will you not swear?

Par. Yes, any thing; what is't, captain?

Wild. If this jest could do it, yet 'tis base to gain a wife so poorly: she came hither too for sanctuary; it would be an uncivil and an unhospitable thing, and look as if I had not merit enough to get a wife without stealing her from herself; then, 'tis in mine own house.

Capt. The better; nay, now I think on't, why

came she hither? how do you know the plague is there? all was well at dinner; I'll be hang'd if it be not a plot; the lovers too, whom you abus'd at dinner, are join'd with them; a trick, a mere trick of wit to abuse us; and to-morrow, when the birds are flown, they'll laugh at you, and say, two country-ladies put themselves naked into the hands of three travel'd city-wits, and they durst not lay hold on them.

Care. A pox upon these niceties!

Wan. If they have not some design upon you, hang me; why did they talk so freely before me else?

Care. Let's but try; we are not now to begin to make the world talk; nor is it a new thing to them to hear we are mad fellows.

Capt. If you get them, are they worth having?

Wild. Having! yes.

Capt. If you miss them, the jest is good. Pr'ythee, Ned, let me prevail; 'tis but a mad trick.

Wild. If we would, how shall we get into the chamber?

Wan. Let me alone for that; I'll put on my country simplicity, and carry in a chamber-pot; then, under pretence of bolting the back-door, I'll open it—and yet I grudge them the sport so honestly; for you wenchers make the best husbands; after you are once married, one never sees you.

Capt. I warrant thee, wench.

Wan. No, faith, I have observ'd it, they are still the dotin'st husbands, and then retreat and become justices of the peace, and none so violent upon the bench, as they, against us poor sinners. Yet I'll do it; for, upon my conscience, the young gentlewoman will fall upon her back, and thank me. [*Exit* WANTON.

Capt. Away, go then, and leave your fooling; and in the morning, Ned, get in, and plead naked with your hands in the bed.

Par. And if they cry, put your lips in their mouths, and stop them.

Capt. Why, look you, you have the authority of the church, too.

Wild. Well, I am now resolv'd; go you about your part, and make the report strong.

Care. And, d'ye hear? be sure you set the cook at work, that if we miss we may have a good dinner, and good wine, to drink down our grief.

Capt. Miss! I warrant thee, 'twill thrive. [*Exit Captain.*

Care. Nay, if I knock not down the widow, geld me, and come out to-morrow compleat uncle, and salute the company with, You are welcome, gentlemen, and Good-morrow, nephew Ned.

Wild. Uncle Tom, good morrow, uncle Tom.

Enter WANTON.

Wan. All's done; the door is open, and they're as still as children's thoughts; 'tis time you made you ready, which is, to put off your breeches, for 'tis almost day; and take my counsel, be sure to offer force enough, the less reason will serve; especially you, Master Wild, do not put a maid to the pain of saying, Ay.

Wild. I warrant thee, wench; let me alone.

Care. We'll in and undress us, and come again; for we must go in at the back-door.

Wild. I'll meet you. Is the captain gone? [*Exeunt* WILD *and* CARELESS.

Wan. Yes, yes, he's gone.

Jol. Come, Master Parson, let us see the cook in readiness. Where are the fidlers? What will become of our plot? for the coach-man, Master Sad, and his friend, will stink of their jest if this thrive.

Par. They have slept all night, on purpose to play all day.

Jol. When the ribbands and points come from the Exchange, pray see the fidlers have some; the rogues will play so out of tune all day else, they will spoil the dancing, if the plot do take.

Enter WILD, *and* CARELESS, *in their shirts, with drawers under; night-gowns on, and in slippers.*

Wan. Let's see them in the chamber first, and then I shall go with some heart about the business.—So, so, creep close and quietly: you know the way; the widow lies in the high bed, and the pallet is next the door.

[*They kneel at the door to go in; she shakes her coats over 'em.*

Wild. Must we creep?

Wan. Yes, yes, down upon your knees, always, till you get a woman, and then stand up for the cause: stay, let me shake my smock over you for luck sake.

Jol. Why so? I warrant you thrive.

Par. A pox take you, I'll pare your nails when I get you from this place once.

Wan. Sweet-heart, sweet-heart, off with your shoes.

Par. Ay, with all my heart, there's an old shoe after you. Would I gave all in my shop the rest were furnish'd with wives too!

Jol. Parson, the sun is rising; go send in the fidlers, and set the cook on work; let him chop soundly.

Par. I have a tythe-pig at home, I'll e'en sacrifice it to the wedding. [*Exit Parson.*

Wan. They will find them in good posture, they may take privy marks if they please; for they said it was so hot they could endure no cloaths, and my simplicity was so diligent to lay them naked, and with such twists and turns fastened them to the feet, I'll answer for 't they find not the way into them in an hour.

Enter Servant and Parson.

Jol. Why then they may pull up their smocks, and hide their faces.

Serv. Master Jolly, there was one without would speak with you.

Jol. Who was it?

Serv. It is the lady that talks so well.

Jol. They say, indeed, she has an excellent tongue; I would she had chang'd it for a face; 'tis she that has been handsome.

Par. Who, not the poetess we met at Mr Sal's?

Jol. Yes, the same.

Par. Sure she's mad.

Jol. Pr'ythee, tell her I am gone to bed.

Serv. I have done as well, sir; I told her Mrs Wanton was here; at which discreetly, being touch'd with the guilt of her face, she threw out a curse or two, and retreated.

Wan. Who is this you speak of? I will know who 'tis.

Par. Why 'tis she that married the Genoa merchant; they cozen'd one another.

Wan. Who? Peg Driver, bewgle-eyes?

Jol. The same, the same.

Wan. Why, she is ugly now?

Par. Yes; but I have known her, by this hand, as fine a wench as ever sinn'd in town or suburbs: when I knew her first, she was the original of all the wainscot chamber-maids with brooms, and bare-foot madams, you see sold at Temple-bar and the Exchange.

Wan. Ah! th' art a devil! how could'st thou find in thy heart to abuse her so! Thou lov'st antiquities too: the very memory that she had been handsome should have pleaded something.

Jol. Was handsome, signifies nothing to me.

Wan. But she's a wit, and a wench of an excellent discourse. [town.

Par. And as good company as any 's i' th'

Jol. Company! for whom, Leather-ears, his majesty of Newgate-watch? There her story will do well while they louse themselves.

Par. Well, you are curious now; but the time was when you have skip'd for a kiss.

Jol. Pr'ythee, parson, no more of wit, and was handsome; but let us keep to this text—[*he kisses* WANTON]—and with joy think upon thy little Wanton here, that's kind, soft, sweet, and sound: these are epithets for a mistress, nor is there any elegancy in a woman like it. Give me such a naked scene to study night and day: I care not for her tongue, so her face be good. A whore, dress'd in verse, and set speeches, tempts me no more to that sweet sin, than the statute of whipping can keep me from it. This thing we talk'd on, which retains nothing but the name of what she was, is not only poetical in her discourse, but her tears and her love, her health, nay her pleasure, were all fictions, and had scarce any live flesh about her till I administer'd.

Par. Indeed, 'tis time she set out, and gave others leave to play; for a reverend whore is an unseemly sight; besides, it makes the sin malicious, which is but venial else.

Wan. Sure he'll make a case of conscience on't: you should do well (sweet-heart) to recommend her case to your brethren that attend the committee of affection, that they may order her to be sound and young again, for the good of the commonwealth.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Fidlers, JOLLY, *and* WANTON.

Jol. Oh, are you ready? are you ready?

Fid. Yes, an't like your worship.

Jol. And did you bid the cook chop lustily, and make a noise?

Fid. Yes, sir, he's at it.

Wan. I hear the captain.

Enter the Captain.

Jol. Have you brought cloaths and ribbands?

Capt. Yes, yes, all is ready: Did you hear them squeak yet?

Wan. No, by this light: I think 'tis an appointment, and we have been all abus'd.

Capt. Give the fidlers their ribbands, and carry the rest in. Mrs Wanton, you must play my lady's woman to-day, and mince it to all that come, and hold up your head finely when they kiss you; and take heed of swearing when you are angry, and pledging whole cups when they drink to you.

Wan. I'll warrant you, for my part.

Capt. Go, get you in then, and let your husband dip the [26] rosemary.

Jol. Is all ready?

Capt. All, all; some of the company are below already: I have so blown it about, one porter is gone to the Exchange to invite Mr Wild's merchant to his wedding, and, by the way, to bid two or three fruiterers to send in fruit for such a wedding; another in my lady's name to Sall's for sweet-meats: I swore at Bradborn in

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[26] *Rosemary.*—See Note 50 on *A Match at Midnight*, Vol. II. p. 433.

his shop myself, that I wonder'd he would disappoint Mr Wild for his points, and having so long warning; he protested 'twas not his fault, but they were ready, and he would send John with them presently. One of the waterman is gone to the Melon garden; the other to Cook's at the Bear, for some bottles of his best wine; and thence to Gracious-street to the poulterer's, and all with directions to send in provisions for Mr Wild's wedding; and who should I meet at the door, but apricock Tom and Mary, waiting to speak with her young master! they came to beg that they might serve the feast; I promis'd them they should, if they would cry it up and down the town, to bring company, for Mr Wild was resolv'd to keep open house.

Jol. Why, then here will be witnesses enough.

Capt. But who should I meet at the corner of the Piazza, but [27] Joseph Taylor! he tells me, there's a new play at the Fryers to-day; and I have bespoke a box for Mr Wild and his bride.

Jol. And did not he wonder to hear he was married?

Capt. Yes; but I told him 'twas a match his aunt made for him when he was abroad.

Jol. And I have spread it sufficiently at court, by sending to borrow plate for such a wedding.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. There's half a dozen coach-fulls of company lighted; they call for the bride-laces and points.

Capt. Let the fidlers play then, and bid God give them joy, by the name of my Lady Careless and Mrs Wild.

Fid. Where shall we play, sir?

Jol. Come with us, we'll shew you the window.

SCENE II.

The Fidlers play in the tiring-room; and the stage-curtains are drawn, and discover a chamber, as it were, with two beds, and the Ladies asleep in them; Mr WILD *being at Mrs* PLEASANT'S *bed-side, and Mr* CARELESS *at the Widow's. The music awakes the Widow.*

Wid. Niece, niece, niece Pleasant.

[*She opens the curtain and calls her; she is under a canopy.*

Plea. Ha! I hear you, I hear you; what would you have?

Wid. Do you not hear the fidlers?

Plea. Yes, yes; but you have wak'd me from the finest dream———

Wid. A dream! what was't, some knavery?

Plea. Why, I know not, but 'twas merry; e'en as pleasing as some sins: well, I'll lie no more in a man's bed, for fear I lose more than I get.

Wild. Hark! that's a new tune.

Plea. Yes, and they play it well. This is your jaunty nephew; I would he had less of the father in him, I'd venture to dream out my dream with him; o' my conscience he's worth a dozen of my dull servant; that's such a troublesome visitant, without any kind of conveniency.

Wid. Ay, ay, so are all of that kind; give me your subject lover; those you call servants are but troubles, I confess.

Plea. What is the difference, pray, betwixt a subject and a servant lover?

Wid. Why, one I have absolute power over, the other's at large; your servant-lovers are those who take mistresses upon trial, and scarce give them a quarter's warning before they are gone.

Plea. Why, what do your subject-lovers do? —I am so sleepy.

Wid. Do! All things for nothing: then, they are the diligentest and the humblest things a woman can employ; nay, I ha' seen of them tame, and run loose about a house: I had one once, by this light, he would fetch and carry, go back, seek out; he would do any thing: I think some faulconer bred him.

Plea. By my troth, I am of your mind.

Wid. He would come over for all my friends; but it was the dogged'st thing to my enemies; he would sit upon's tail before them, and frown like John-a-Napes when the pope is named: he heard me once praise my little spaniel bitch Smut for waiting, and hang me if I stir'd for seven years after, but I found him lying at my door.

Plea. And what became of him?

Wid. Faith, when I married he forsook me: I was advis'd since, that if I would ha' spit in's mouth sometimes, he would have stay'd.

Plea. That was cheap, but 'tis no certain way; for 'tis a general opinion, that marriage is one of the certain'st cures for love that one can apply to a man that is sick of the sighings; yet if you were to live about this town still, such a fool would do you a world of service: I'm sure Secret will miss him; he would always take such a care of her, h'as saved her a hundred walks for hoods and masques.

Wid. Yes, and I was certain of the earliest fruits and flowers that the spring afforded.

Plea. By my troth 'twas foolishly done to part with him; a few crumbs of your affection would have satisfy'd him, poor thing!

Wid. Thou art in the right; in this town

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[27] *Joseph Taylor.*—One of the original actors in the plays of Shakspeare. See an account of him in *A Dialogue on Plays and Players*, Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. XII. edit. 1780.

there's no living without 'em; they do more service in a house for nothing, than a pair of those what-d'ye-call-'ems, those he-waiting-women, beasts, that custom imposes upon ladies.

Plea. Is there none of them to be had now, think you? I'd fain get a tame one to carry down into the country.

Wid. Faith, I know but one breed of them about the town that's right, and that's at the court: the lady that has them, brings 'em up all by hand: she breeds some of them from very puppies: there's another wit too in the town that has of them; but her's will not do so many tricks; good sullen diligent waiters those are which she breeds, but not half so serviceable.

Plea. How does she do it? is there not a trick in't?

Wid. Only patience; but she has a heavy hand with 'em (they say) at first, and many of them miscarry; she governs them with signs, and by the eye, [23] as Banks breeds his horse: there are some too that arrive at writing, and those are the right breed, for they commonly betake themselves to poetry; and if you could light on one of them, 'twere worth your money; for 'tis but using of him ill, and praising his verses sometimes, and you are sure of him for ever.

Plea. But do they never grow surly, aunt?

Wid. Not if you keep them from raw flesh; for they are a kind of lyon-lovers, and if they once taste the sweet of it, they'll turn to their kind.

Plea. Lord, aunt, there will be no going without one this summer into the country; pray let's enquire for one, either a he-one to entertain us, or a she-one to tell us the story of her love; 'tis excellent to bedward, and makes one as drowsy as prayers.

Wid. Faith, niece, this parliament has so destroy'd 'em, and the Platonick humour, that 'tis uncertain whether we shall get one or no; your leading members in the lower house have so cow'd the ladies, that they have no leisure to breed any of late: their whole endeavours are spent now in feasting, and winning close committee men, a rugged kind of sullen fellows, with implacable stomachs and hard hearts, that make the gay things court and observe them as much as the foolish lovers use to do. Yet I think I know one she-lover, but she is smitten in years o' th' wrong side of forty; I am certain she is poor too, and, in this lean age for courtiers, she perhaps would be glad to run this summer in our park.

Plea. Dear aunt, let us have her. Has she been famous? has she good tales, think you, of knights, such as have been false or true to love, no matter which?

Wid. She cannot want cause to curse the sex; handsome, witty, well-born, and poor, in court cannot want the experience how false young men can be: her beauty has had the highest fame; and those eyes, that weep now unpity'd, have had their envy, and a dazzling power.

Plea. And that tongue, I warrant you, which now grows hoarse with flattering the great law-breakers, once gave law to princes: was it not so, aunt? Lord, shall I die without begetting one story?

Wid. Penthesilea, nor all the cloven knights the poets treat of, yclad in mightiest petticoats, did her excel for gallant deeds, and, with her honour, still preserv'd her freedom. My brother lov'd her; and I have heard him swear Minerva might have own'd her language; an eye like Pallas, Juno's wrists, a Venus for shape, and a mind chaste as Diana, but not so rough; never uncivilly cruel, nor faulty kind to any; no

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[23] ——*As Banks breeds his horse.*—Banks, who was famous for a horse, which was taught to shew tricks, and perform several feats of art, to the great admiration of the virtuoso spectator. This celebrated horse is mentioned by several writers of Queen Elizabeth's time, as Ben Jonson, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 4. S. 6:

"He keeps more ado with this monster than ever *Banks* did with his horse, or the fellow with the elephant."

Jack Drum's *Entertainment*, Sign. B. 3:

"It shall be chronicled next after the death of *Bankes his horse*."

Dekker's *Satiromastrix*:

"I'll teach thee to turn me into *Banks* his horse, and to tell gentlemen, I am a jugler and can shew tricks."

Dekker's *Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603:

"——These are those ranck riders of art, that have so spur gal'd your lustie wing'd Pegasus, that now he begins to be out of flesh, and (even only for provander sake) is glad to shew tricks like *Banks* his curtall."

See Digby *on Bodies*, c. 37. p. 393: Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*, 1st part, p. 178: Gayton's *Notes on Don Quixote*, p. 4. p. 289.

vanity, that sees more than lovers pay; nor blind to a gallant passion: her maxim was, he that could love, and tell her so handsomely, was better company, but not a better lover, than a silent man; thus all passions found her civility, and she a value from all her lovers. But, alas, niece, this *was* (which is a sad word) *was* handsome, and *was* beloved, are abhorr'd sounds in women's ears. [*The Fidlers play again.*

Plea. Hark, the fidlers are merry still. Will not Secret have the wit to find us this morning, think you?

Fid. God give you joy, Mr Careless! God give your ladyship joy, my Lady Wild!

Wid. What did the fellow say, God give me joy?

Plea. As I live, I think so.

Fid. God give you joy, Mrs Pleasant Wild!

Wid. This is my nephew; I smell him in this knavery.

Plea. Why did they give me joy by the name of Mrs Wild? I shall pay dear for a night's lodging, if that be so; especially lying alone. By this light, there is some knavery a-foot.

[*All the company confused without, and bid God give them joy.*

Jol. Rise, rise, for shame, the year's afore you.

Capt. Why, Ned Wild, why, Tom, will you not rise and let's in? What, is it not enough to steal your wedding over night, but lock yourselves up in the morning too? All your friends stay for points here, and kisses from the brides.

Wild. A little patience! you'll give us leave to dress us? [*The women squeak when they speak.*

Care. Why, what's a clock, captain?

Capt. It's late.

Care. Faith, so it was before we slept.

Wid. Why, nephew, what means this rudeness? As I live, I'll fall out with you. This is no jest.

Wild. No, as I live, aunt; we are in earnest; but my part lies here, and there's a gentleman will do his best to satisfy you; [*they catch the women in their arms;*] and, sweet Mrs Pleasant, I know you have so much wit as to perceive this business cannot be remedied by denials. Here we are, as you see, naked, and thus have saluted hundreds at the window that past by, and gave us joy this morning.

Plea. Joy! of what? what do you mean?

Care. Madam, this is visible; and you may coy it, and refuse to call me husband; but I am resolv'd to call you wife, and such proofs I'll bring as shall not be denied.

[CARELESS *kisses the Widow.*

Wid. Promise yourself that; see whether your fine wits can make it good—You will not be uncivil?

Care. Not a hair, but what you give, and that was in the contract before we undertook it; for any man may force a woman's body, but we have laid we will force your mind.

Wild. But that needs not; for we know by your discourse last night and this morning, we are men you have no aversion to; and I believe, if we had taken time, and woo'd hard, this would have come o' course; but we had rather win you by wit, because you defy'd us.

Wid. 'Tis very well, if it succeed.

Care. And, for my part, but for the jest of winning you, and this way, not ten jointures should have made me marry.

Wid. This is a new way of wooing.

Care. 'Tis so, madam; but we have not laid our plot so weakly (tho' it were sudden) to leave it in any body's power, but our own, to hinder it.

Plea. Do you think so?

Wild. We are secure enough, if we can be true to ourselves.

Care. Yet we submit in the midst of our strength, and beg you will not wilfully spoil a good jest by refusing us. By this hand, we are both sound, and we'll be strangely honest, and never in ill humours; but live as merry as the maids, and divide the year between the town and the country —What say you, is't a match? your bed is big enough for two, and my meat will not cost you much: I'll promise nothing but one heart, one purse betwixt us, and a whole dozen of boys. Is't a bargain?

Wid. Not, if I can hinder it, as I live.

Wild. Faith, Mrs Pleasant, he hath spoken nothing but reason, and I'll do my best to make it good: come, faith, teach my aunt what to do, and let me strike the bargain upon your lips.

Plea. No, sir, not to be half a queen; if we should yield now, your wit would domineer for ever; and still in all disputes (tho' never so much reason on our side) this shall be urg'd as an argument of your master-wit to confute us: I am of your aunt's mind, sir, and, if I can hinder it, it shall be no match.

Wild. Why, then know, it is not in your powers to prevent it.

Wid. Why? we are not married yet.

Care. No, 'tis true.

Wid. By this good light then, I'll be dumb for ever hereafter, lest I light upon the words of marriage by chance.

Plea. 'Tis hard, when our own acts cannot be in our own power, gentlemen.

Wild. The plot is only known to four; the minister, and two that stood for fathers, and a simple country-maid that waited upon you last night, which plays your chamber-maid's part.

Plea. And what will all these do?

Wild. Why, the two friends will swear they gave you, the parson will swear he married you, and the wench will swear she put us to-bed.

Wid. Have you men to swear we are married?

Plea. And a parson to swear he did it?

Both. Yes.

Wid. And a wench that will swear she put us to-bed?

Both. Yes, by this good light, and witness of reputation.

Plea. Dare they, or you, look us in the face, and swear this?

Care. Yes, faith; and all but those four know no other but really it is so; and you may deny it; but I'll make master constable put you to-bed, with this proof, at night.

Wid. Pray, let's see these witnesses.

Wild. Call in the four only. [*Exit* CARELESS.

Plea. Well, this shall be a warning to me: I say nothing, but if ever I lie from home again—

Wild. I'll lie with you.

Plea. 'Tis well. I dare say we are the first women (if this take) that ever were stolen against their wills.

Wild. I'll go call the gentlemen. [*Exit* WILD.

Wid. I that have refus'd a fellow that lov'd me these seven years, and would have put off his hat, and thank'd me to come to bed, to be beaten with watchmen's staves into another's! —for by this good light, for aught that I perceive, there's no keeping these out at night.

Plea. And unless we consent to be their wives to-day, Mr Justice will make us their whores at night. Oh, oh, what would not I give to come off! not that I mislike them, but I hate they should get us thus.

Enter WILD, JOLLY, *Captain*, CARELESS, *Parson*, WANTON, *with rosemary in their hands, and points in their hats.*

Care. Follow.———Will not you two swear we were married last night?

Jol. } Yes, by this light, will we.
Capt. }

Wild. Will you not swear you married us?

Par. Yea, verily.

Care. And come hither, pretty one; Will not you swear you left us all a-bed last night, and pleas'd?

Wan. Yes, forsooth; I'll swear any thing your worship shall appoint me.

Wid. But, gentlemen, have you no shame, no conscience? Will you swear false for sport?

Jol. By this light, I'll swear, if it be but to vex you: remember you refus'd me. [That is contrary to covenants tho' with my brace of lovers: what will they do with their coachman's plot? but 'tis no matter, I have my ends; and so they are cozen'd, I care not who does it.]

[*Speaks these words mark'd aside.*

Capt. And, faith, madam, I have sworn many times false to no purpose; and I should take it ill, if it were mine own case, to have a friend refuse me an oath upon such an occasion.

Plea. And are you all of one mind?

Par. Verily, we will all swear.

Plea. Will you verily? What shall we do, aunt? [PLEASANT *laughs.*

Wid. Do you laugh? by this light, I am heartily angry.

Plea. Why, as I live, let's marry them, aunt, and be reveng'd.

Wid. Marry! Where's the Parson?

Capt. Here, here; Mr Parson, come and do your office.

Plea. That fellow! no, by my troth, let's be honestly join'd, for luck's sake; we know not how soon we may part.

Wild. What shall we do for a parson? Captain, you must run and fetch one.

Capt. Yes, yes; but methinks this might serve turn; by this hand, he's [29] a *Marshal*, and a *Case*, by sire and dam; pray try him; by this light, he comes of the best preaching kind in Essex.

Wid. Not I, as I live; that were a blessing in the devil's name.

Par. A pox on your wedding! give me my wife, and let me be gone.

Capt. Nay, nay, no choler, parson; the ladies do not like the colour of your beard.

Par. No, no, fetch another, and let them escape with that trick, then they'll jeer your beards blue, i'faith.

Care. By this hand, he's in the right; either this parson, or take one another's words: to bed now, and marry when we rise.

Plea. As I live, you come not here till you are married; I have been no body's whore yet, and I will not begin with my husband.

Wild. Will you kiss upon the bargain, and promise before these witnesses not to spoil our jest, but rise and go to church?

Plea. And what will Mr Constant and Mr Sad say?

Capt. Why, I'll run and invite them to the wedding; and you shall see them expire in their own garters.

Jol. No, no, ne'er fear't, their jest is only spoil'd.

Capt. Their jest! what jest?

Jol. Faith, now you shall know it, and the whole plot: in the first place, your coachman is well, whose death, we, by the help of Secret, contriv'd, thinking by that trick to prevent this danger, and carry you out of town.

Capt. But had they this plot?

Jol. Yes, faith; and see how it thrives! they'll fret like carted bawds when they hear this news.

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[29] *A Marshal*, and a *Case*.—*Stephen Marshal* and——*Case*, two of the most celebrated divines amongst the Presbyterians. Marshal was the person who preached the famous sermon before the House of Commons, Feb. 13, 1641, from Judges v. 23. *Curse ye Meroz*, &c. This sermon is mentioned by Lord Clarendon. Both these Sectaries are noticed by Butler. See Dr Grey's *edition of Hudibras*, p. 3. c. 1. l. 834. p. 3. c. 2. l. 636, and the notes.

Plea. Why, aunt, would you have thought Mr Sad a plotter? well, 'tis some comfort we have them to laugh at.

Wid. Nay, faith, then, gentlemen, give us leave to rise, and I'll take my venture, if it be but for a revenge on them.

Care. Gentlemen, bear witness.

Capt. Come, come away, I'll get the points; I'm glad the coachman's well; the rogue had like to have spoil'd our comedy. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.

Enter the Lady LOVEALL; *Master* SAD *and* CONSTANT, *undress'd, and buttoning themselves as they go.*

Sad. Married?

Con. And to them?

Love. Ay, married, if you prevent it not; catch'd with a trick, an old stale trick; I have seen a ballad on't.

Sad. We shall go near to prevent 'em.—Boy, my sword.

Enter Captain.

Capt. Whither so fast?

Sad. You guess.

Capt. If you mean the wedding, you come too late.

Con. Why, are they married?

Capt. No, but lustily promised.

Sad. We may come time enough to be reveng'd tho'——

Capt. Upon whom? yourselves, for you are only guilty: who carry'd them thither last night? who laid the plot for the coachman?

Sad. Why, do they know it?

Love. Well, you'll find the poet a rogue, 'tis he that has betray'd you; and if you'll take my counsel, be reveng'd upon him.

Con. Nay, we were told he did not love us.

Capt. By my life, you wrong him: upon my knowledge the poet meant you should have them.

Sad. Why, who had the power to hinder, then?

Capt. I know not where the fault lies directly; they say the wits of the town would not consent to't; they claim a right in the ladies, as orphan-wits.

Con. The wits! hang 'em in their strong lines.

Capt. Why, ay, such a clinch as that has undone you; and upon my knowledge 'twere enough to hinder your next match.

Sad. Why, what have they to do with us?

Capt. I know not what you have done to disoblige them; but they cross'd it; there was amongst them too a pair of she-wits, something stricken in years; they grew in fury at the mention of it, and concluded you both with an authority out of a modern author; besides, 'tis said, you run naturally into the six-penny room and steal sayings, and a discourse more than your penny-worth of jests every term. Why, just now, you spit out one jest stolen from a poor play, that has but two more in five acts; what conscience is there in 't, knowing how dear we pay poets for our plays?

Con. 'Twas madam with the ill face, one of those whom you refused to salute the other day at Chipp's house; a cheese-cake had sav'd all this.

Love. Why do you not make haste about your business, but lose time with this babbler?

Sad. Madam, will you give us leave to make use of your coach?

Love. You may command it, sir; when you have done, send him to the Exchange, where I'll dispatch a little business, and be with you immediately. [*Exeunt all but the Captain.*

Capt. So, this fire is kindled; put it out that can. What would not I give for a peeper's place at the meeting? I'll make haste, and it shall go hard but I'll bear my part of the mirth too. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Widow, PLEASANT, CARELESS, WILD, *Parson,* JOLLY, WANTON, *and* SECRET: *the Fidlers play as they come in.*

Par. Master Jolly, I find I am naturally inclin'd to mirth this day, and methinks my corns ach more than my horns; and to a man that has read Seneca, a cuckold ought to be no grief; especially in this parish, where I see such droves of St Luke's cloathing. There's little Secret too, th' allay of waiting-woman, makes me hope, she may prove metal of the parson's standard. Find a way to rid me of Wanton, and I'll put in to be chaplain to this merry family; if I did not inveigle formal Secret, you should hang me. I know the trick on 't; 'tis but praying to, and preaching of the waiting-woman, then carefully seeing her cushion laid, with her book and leaf turn'd down, does it, with a few anagrams, acrosticks, and her name in the register of my bible; these charm the soft-soul'd sinner: then sometimes to read a piece of my sermon, and tell her, a Saturday, where my text shall be, spells that work more than philters.

Jol. If you can be serious, we'll think of this at leisure.——See how they eye Wanton!

Care. What! consulting, parson? let us be judges betwixt you. D' ye hear, Jack? if he offers ready money, I counsel, as a friend, take it; for, by this light, if you refuse it, your wife will not. D' ye see those gay petticoats?

Par. Yes, if you mean my wife's.

Care. You know they're his, and she only wears 'em for his pleasure; and 'tis dangerous to have a wife under another man's petticoats; What if you should find his breeches upon her?

Par. Are not you marry'd too? take care that yours does not wear the breeches, another kind

of danger, but as troublesome as that, or sore eyes; and if she get but a trick of taking as readily as she's persuaded to give, you may find a horn at home. I have seen a cuckold of your complexion; if he had had as much hoof as horn, you might have hunted the beast by his slat.

Plea. How fine she is! and by this light, a handsome wench. Mr Jolly, I am easier persuaded to be reconcil'd to your fault, than any man's I have seen of this kind; her eyes have more arguments in 'em than a thousand of those that seduce the world; hang me if those quivers be not full of darts; I could kiss that mouth myself. Is this she my aunt quarrel'd with you for?

Jol. The same, self-same. And, by this hand, I was barbarous to her, for your aunt's sake; and had I not 'scap'd that mischief of matrimony, by this light, I had never seen her again; but I was resolv'd not to quit her, till I was sure of a wife, for fear of what has follow'd. Had I been such an ass as to have left her, upon the airy hopes of a widow's oaths, what a case had I been in now! You see your aunt's provided of a man. Bless him, and send him patience! 'Twould have been fine, to have seen me walking, and sighing upon cold hunting, seeking my whore again, or forc'd to make use of some common mercenary thing, that sells sin and diseases, crimes, penance, and sad repentance together! Here's consolation and satisfaction in Wanton, tho' a man lose his meal with the widow. And faith, be free, how do you like my girl? Rid thee of her! What does she want now, pray, but a jointure, to satisfy any honest man? Speak your conscience, ladies: don't you think a little repentance hereafter will serve for all the small sins that good-nature can act with such a sinner?

Par. Pray, sir, remember she's my wife; and be so civil to us both, as to forget these things.

Jol. For that, Jack, we'll understand hereafter. 'Tis but a trick of youth, man; and her jest will make us both merry, I warrant thee.

Par. Pray, sir, no more of your jests, nor your Jack. Remember my coat and calling. This familiarity, both with my wife and myself, is not decent; your clergy with Christian names are scarce held good Christians.

Enter Widow.

Wid. I wonder at nothing so much as Mr Jolly's mirth to-day! Where lies his part of the jest? Cozen'd, or refus'd by all, not a fish that stays in's net.

Jol. No; what's this? [JOLLY *hugs* WANTON.] shew me a fairer in all your streams. Nor is this my single joy; who am pleased to find you may be cozen'd; rejoice to see you may be brought to lie with a man for a jest. Let me alone to fit you with a trick too.

Care. Faith, it must be some new trick; for thou art so beaten at the old one; 'twill neither please thee nor her; besides, I mean to teach her that myself.

Plea. I shall never be perfectly quiet in my mind, till I see somebody as angry as myself yet, I have some consolation when I think on the wise plot that killed the coachman. How the plague, red-cross, and halberd, has cut their fingers that design'd it! their anger will be perfect. Secret says they are coming, and that the Lady Loveall has given 'em the alarm.

Enter SAD *and* CONSTANT.

Wild. And see where the parties come!—storms and tempests in their minds! their looks are daggers!

Plea. Servant, what? you're melancholy, and full of wonder; I see you have met the news.

Sad. Yes, madam; we have heard a report that will concern both your judgment and your honour.

Plea. Alas, sir, we're innocent; 'tis mere predestination.

Con. All weddings, Mr Sad, you know, go by chance, like hanging.

Plea. And, I thank my stars, I have 'scap'd hanging. To ha' been his bride had been both.

Con. This is not like the promise you made us yesterday.

Wid. Why truly, servant, I scarce know what I do yet. The fright of the plague had so possess'd my mind with fear, that I could think and dream of nothing last night, but of a tall black man that came and kiss'd me in my sleep, and slapp'd his whip in mine ears. 'Twas a saucy ghost, (not unlike my coachman that's dead,) and accus'd you of having a hand in his murder; and vow'd to haunt me till I was married. I told my niece the dream.

Plea. Nay, the ghost sigh'd, and accus'd Secret and Master Sad of making him away. Confess, faith; had you a hand in that bloody jest?

Wid. Fie, servant! Could you be so cruel as to join with my woman against me?

Con. 'Tis well, ladies. Why a pox do you look at me? This was your subtle plot; a pox on your clerk's wit. You said the jest would beget a comedy when 'twas known; and so I believe 'twill.

Sad. Madam, I find you have discover'd our design, whose chief end was to prevent this mischief; which I doubt not, but you'll both live to repent your share of, before you have done travelling to the Epsoms, Burbons, and the Spaws, to cure those travell'd diseases these knights-errant have with curiosity sought out for you. 'Tis true, they are mischiefs that dwell in pleasant countries; yet those roses have their thorns; and I doubt not, but these gentlemen's wit may sting as well as please some time; and you may find it harder to satisfy their travell'd experience than to have suffer'd our homebred ignorance.

Care. Hark, if he be not fallen into a fit of his cousin! these names of places he has stolen out of her receipt-book: amongst all whose diseases,

find me any so dangerous, troublesome, or incurable, as a fool; a lean, pale, sighing, coughing fool, that's rich and poor both; being born to an estate without a mind or heart capable to use it; of a nature so miserable, he grudges himself meat, nay, they say, he eats his meals twice: a fellow whose breath smells of yesterday's dinner, and stinks as if he had eat all our suppers over again. I would advise you, Mr Sad, to sleep with your mouth open, to air it, or get the brewer to taste it. Foh! an empty Justice, that stinks of the lees and casks, and belches Littleton and Plowden's cases! Dost thou think any woman that has wit or honour, would kiss that bunghole? By this light, his head and belly look as blue and lank as French rabbits, or stale poultry! Alas, sir, my lady would have a husband to rejoice with: no green-tail'd lecturer, to stand sentry at his bedside, while his nasty soul scours thro' him, sneaking out at the back-door!—These, sir, are diseases which neither the Spaw or Bath can cure: your garters and willow are a more certain remedy.

Con. Well, sir, I find our plot's betray'd, and we have patience left. 'Tis that damn'd captain has inform'd.

Sad. Yet 'tis one comfort, madam, that you have miss'd that man of war, that knight of Finsbury. His dowager, with ale and switches, would ha' bred a ballad.

Plea. Faith, sir, you see what a difficulty it is in this age, for a woman to live honest, though she have a proper man for her husband; therefore, it behoves us to consider whom we choose.

Jol. The lady has reason: for being allow'd but one, who would choose such weasels, as we see daily marry'd? that are all head and tail, crooked, dirty, sordid vermin, predestin'd for cuckolds, painted snails, with houses on their backs, and horns as big as Dutch cows! Would any woman marry such? Nay, can any woman be honest that lets such hodmandods crawl o'er her virgin-breast and belly, or suffer 'em to leave their slimy paths upon their bodies only for jointures? Out! 'tis mercenary and base! The generous heart has only the laws of nature and kindness in her view; and when she will oblige, Friend is all the ties that Nature seeks; who can both bear and excuse those kind crimes. And I believe, one as poor as the despis'd captain and neglected courtier, may make a woman as happy in a friendship as Master Sad, who has as many faults as we have debts; one, whose father had no more credit with Nature, than ours had with Fortune; whose soul wears rags as well as the captain's body.

Sad. Nay then, I'll laugh; for I perceive y' are angrier than we. Alas! h'as lost both ventures; Wanton, and the Widow.

Jol. Both; and neither so unlucky as to be thy wife. Thy face is haug'd with blacks already: we may see the bells toll in thy eyes. A bride and a wedding-shirt! a sexton and a winding-sheet. A scrivener to draw up jointures! a parson to make thy will, man. By this light, he's as chap-fallen as if he had lain under the table all night.

Care. Faith, Master Sad, he's parlously in the right. Ne'er think of marrying in this dull clime. Wedlock's a trade you'll ne'er go through with. Wives draw bills upon sight; and 'twill not be for your credit to protest them. Rather follow my counsel, and marry *la Venetiano*, for a night and away; a pistole jointure does it: then, 'tis but repenting in the morning, and leave your woman and the sin both i' th' bed. But if you play the fool, like your friends, and marry in serious earnest, you may repent it too, as they do; but where's the remedy?

Wid. What was't you said, sir? Do you repent?

Care. By this hand, widow, I don't know: but we have pursu'd a jest a great way. Parson, are you sure we are married?

Par. Yes, I warrant you, for their escaping.

Care. Their escaping! Fool, thou mistak'st me; there's no fear of that! But I would fain know, if there be no way for me to get out of this noose? no hole to hide a man's head in from this wedlock?

Par. Not any, but what I presume she'll shew you anon.

Care. Hum! now do I feel all my fears flowing in upon me. Wanton and Mrs Pleasant both grow dangerously handsome. A thousand graces in each, I never observ'd before now, just now. When I must not taste, I begin to long for some of their plumbs.

Wid. Is this serious, sir?

Care. Yes, truly, widow, sadly serious. Is there no way to get three or four mouthfuls of kisses from the parson's wife?

Wid. This is sad, sir, upon my wedding-day, to despise me for such a common thing.

Sad. As sad, as I could wish. This is a jest makes me laugh.———Common! No, madam, that's too bitter; she's forest only, where the royal chace is as free as fair.

Wan. Were not you a widow to day?

Sad. Yes, faith, girl, and as foolish a one as ever coach jumbled out of joint.

Wan. Stay then till to morrow, and tell me the difference betwixt us.

Sad. I hope, thou'lt prove a she-prophet. Could I live to see thee turn honest wife, and she the wanton widow!

Wan. I cannot but laugh, to see how easy it is to lose or win the opinion of the world. A little custom heals all, or else what's the difference betwixt a married widow and one of us? Can any woman be pure, or worth the serious sighing of a generous heart, that has had above one hand laid upon her? Is there place to write above one lover's name with honour in her heart? 'Tis indeed for one a royal palace; but if it admits of more, an hospital, or an inn at best, as

well as ours; only off from the road and less frequented.

Plea. Shrewdly urg'd.

Wan. And tho' the sins of my family threw me into want, and made me subject to the treachery of that broken faith to whose perjury I owe all my crimes, yet still I can distinguish betwixt that folly and this honour, which must tell you, *he or she that would be thought twice so, was never once a lover.*

Con. Parson, thou art fitted; a whore and apothegms! What sport will she make us under a tree with a sallad, and sayings, in the summer!

Wild. Come, Wanton, no fury; you see my aunt's angry.

Wan. So am I, sir, and yet can calmly reason this truth: Marry'd widows, tho' chaste to the law and custom, yet their second hymens make that which was but dying in the first husband's bed, a stain in the second's sheets; where all their kindness and repeated embraces want their value, because they're sully'd, and have lost their lustre.

Sad. By this light, I'll go to school to Wanton; she has open'd my eyes, and I begin to believe I have 'scap'd miraculously. By this hand, wench, I was within an inch of being marry'd to this danger. For what can we call these second submissions, but a tolerated lawful mercenariness, which tho' it be a rude and harsh expression, yet your carriage deserves it?

Plea. Fie, Master Sad! pray leave being witty. I fear 'tis a mortal sin, to begin in the fifth act of your days, upon an old subject too, abusing of widows, because they despise you.

Wid. Alas, niece, let him alone, he may come in for his share; the parson that has so oft receiv'd 'em, will not refuse him tythes there, in charity.

Wan. That, or conveniency, interest, or importunity, may, by your example, prevail: but 'tis not fair play, madam, to turn your lover to the common, as you call it, now he's rid lean in your service. Take heed, Mr Careless, and warning, Mr Sad; you see how fit for the scavenger's team your lady leaves her lovers!

Care. Such a lecture before I had married, would ha' made me have consider'd of this matter. Do'st thou hear, Wanton? Let us forgive one another being marry'd, for that folly has made us guilty alike.

Wan. And I would fain know the difference betwixt ours and a wedding crime, which is worst: to let love, youth, and good-humour, betray us to a kindness; or to be gravely seduc'd by some aunt or uncle, without consideration of the disparity of age, birth, or persons, to lie down before a jointure. Ladies, you may flatter yourselves; but the ingenuous part of the world cannot deny, but such minds, had they been born where our faults are not only tolerated but protected, would have listen'd to the same things: interest counsels thereto.

Care. Parson, what boot betwixt our wives? Either come to a price, or draw off your dogs.

Par. Propose, propose: here will be birth anon.

Sad. Yes, yes, propose, while I break it to your lady. Madam, you see here's a proper man to be had, and money to boot.—What, dumb?

Wan. No, she's only thinking. Faith, madam, try 'em both to night, and choose to-morrow.

Wild. Come, no more of this. Aunt, take my word for your husband, that have had more experience of him than all these; 'tis true, he will long for these girls, as children do for plumbs; and when h'as done, make a meal upon cheese. And you must not wonder nor quarrel at what he says in his humour, but judge him by his actions; and when he is in his fit, and raves most, put him into your bed, and fold him close in your arms, aunt: if he does not rise as kind and as good a husband as he that sings psalms best, hang me!—Why, you're a fool, aunt: a widow, and dislike a longing bridegroom! I thought you had known better. Do you love a spurr'd horse rather than a duker, that neighs and scrapes? I would not say this, but that I know him. Let him not go out of your sight, for he's now in season; a ripe mature husband. No delays: if you let him hang longer upon hope, his fruit will fall alone.

Wid. You are merry, sir: but if I had known this humour—

Wild. You'd ha' kiss'd him first; but being ignorant, let me make you blush. Come, a kiss, and all's friends.—[*She kisses* CARELESS, *and he kisses her twice.*]—How now, sir! again! again! Aunt, look to yourself.

Care. Um! By this light, sweetheart, and I thank thee. Nay, widow, there's no jesting with these things—[*Kisses her again*]—nay, I am a lion, in my love. Aware, puss, if you flatter me, for I shall deceive you.

Par. Since all are cozen'd, why should I be troubled at my fortune? Faith, gentlemen, what will you two give me for a wife, betwixt you?

Con. Faith, they're mischiefs dear bought, though a man get 'em for nothing.

Par. I am almost of his mind; and if other people find no more pleasure in a marry'd life than I upon my wedding-day, I'd pass my time in the Piazza, with the mountebank, and let him practise upon my teeth, and draw 'em too, ere he persuades the words of matrimony out of my mouth again. Ay, ay, Mr Constant, you may laugh, you ha' miss'd a wife; would I were in your case, the world should see how chearfully I should bear such an affliction.

Con. Jack, I ha' made my peace at home; and by seeing others shipwreck'd, will avoid the danger; and here resolve never to sigh again for any woman: they're weeds grow in ev'ry hedge;

and transplanting of 'em thus to our beds, gives certain trouble, seldom pleasure, never profit.

Enter Captain.

See where the enemy comes! Now, if you be wise, arm, and unite against him, as a common foe. He's come from his old lady, designing a reconcilintion. The rogue's provident, and would fain have a nest for his age to rest in. Buff and feathers do well in the youth and heat of thirty; but in the winter of old age, captain, at threescore, lame and lean, may lie with the almanack out of date.

Capt. The parson's grown witty, and prophesies upon the strength of bride-cake. If I guess aright, thou'lt be hang'd; for 'tis a truth, I have been endeavouring to make it appear, her fears were mistaken in me: but I find the witch more implacable than the devil. The waiting-woman is harder to forgive her part than my lady. Faithful will not be reconcil'd: the merciless bawd is all fire and sword; no quarter. Bless me from an old waiting-woman's wrath! She'll never forgive me the disappointing her of a promise when I was drunk. Her lady and she are coming, but in such a fury. I would not have the storm find you in the street; therefore I counsel you to avoid the buoys, and take shelter in the next house.

Wild. No, let's home, and with all diligence get our dinner to defend us; and let the porter dispute it at the wicket, till she signs articles of peace.

Omnes. Agreed.———

[CARELESS *is kind to the Widow.* *As he goes out,* WILD *and* PLEASANT *go together;* JOLLY *and the Parson's Wife go together.*

Wild. See how they pair now! 'Tis not threescore year will part 'em, now he has tasted a kiss or two.

Jol. Parson, I'll be your bride-man.

Par. 'Tis well, sir; I shall ha' my time too.

Jol. Ay, by this hand. Nay, we'll share fairly.

Capt. That's but reason, Wanton: and since he grows tame, use him kindly for my sake.

Par. Can any of you digest spunge and arsenick?

Capt. Arsenick! what's that?

Par. An Italian sallad, which I'll dress for you, by Jove, ere I'll walk in my canonical coat lin'd with horn. Death! if I suffer this, we shall have that damn'd courtier pluck on his shoes with the parson's musons. Fine i'faith! none but the small Levite's brow to plant your shoeing-horn seed in?—How now?

[*As he is going off, the Captain stays him.*

Capt. Pr'ythee, Jack, stay, and say something to the gentlemen, by way of epilogue. Thou art a piece of scurvy poet thyself; pr'ythee oblige the author, and give us a line or two in praise of his play.

Par. I oblige him! hang him and all his friends, and hurt nobody.—Yes, I'm likely to speak for him. You see how I ha' been us'd today betwixt you. I shall find a time to be reveng'd. Let go my cloak; I have a province, within, of mine own to govern: let me go.

Capt. Who, thy wife? Faith stay, and give them an opportunity; thy pain will be the sooner over. You see, 'tis a thing resolv'd betwixt 'em; and now thou'rt satisfy'd in the matter, be wise and silent; who knows what good she may do thee another time? I dare say, if she had as many souls in her as she had men, she'd bring thee a cure of herself.

Par. Let me go, or I shall be as troublesome as you are injurious, for all your titles, sir.

Capt. Lend me your cloak then, to appear more decent; [30] you'd not ha' me present epilogue in buff, whoreson dunce, with a red nose?

Par. Sir, my business is praying, not epilogues.

Capt. With that face? By this light, 'tis a scandal to see it flaming so near the altar: thou look'st as if thou'dst cry Tope in the face of the congregation, instead of Amen.

Par. Thou'rt an ass, 'tis proper there; 't has zeal and fervor in't, and burns before the altar like the primitive lamps.

Capt. I cry thee mercy. By this light, he'll make it sacrilege anon to steal his nose! thou'lt entitle the altar to that coal. Was't not kindled *ex voto?* Nay, I will have your cloak.

Par. Take it; would 'twere Nessus his shirt, for you and your poet's sake. [*Exit Parson.*

Capt. What, does the rogue wish 'twere made of nettles?

[*Captain puts on his cloak, and addresses himself to speak the epilogue, and is interrupted by Lady* LOVEALL, *and* FAITHFUL, *her Woman; who, in haste, and full of anger, pull him by the cloak.*

Love. By your favour, sir; did you see any company pass this way?

Capt. None, but the three-brides, and they are gone just before you.——Hark! the music will guide you. [*The musick plays.*

Love. Is it certain then they're married?

Capt. Yes, lady, I saw the church's rites performed.

Faith. Why does your ladyship lose time in talking with this fellow; don't you know him, madam? 'tis the rascally captain, hid in a black cloak: I know you, sirrah.

Love. She has reason; now I mark him bet-

30 *You'd not ha' me present epilogue in buff.*—Prologues and epilogues were formerly spoken *in black cloaks.* See Note 1 to *The Four Prentices of London*, ante, p. 73.

ter, I should know that false face too; see, Faithful, there are those treacherous eyes still.

Capt. Alas! you mistake me, madam, I am Epilogue now; the captain's within; and as a friend I counsel you, not to incense the gentlemen against the poet, for he knows all your story; and if you anger him he'll put it in a play: but if you'll do friendly offices, I'll undertake, instead of your pearl you lost, to help you to the jewel, the Scotch dictionary will tell you the value of it; let them go alone, and fret not at their loss; stay, and take my counsel, it shall be worth three revenges.

Love. Well, what is't, sir?

Capt. They say, you have a great power over the parson; if you can prevail with him to express his anger in some satirick comedy (for the knave has wit, and they say his genius lies that way,) tell him, 'tis expected he should be revenged upon the illiterate courtier that made this play. If you can bring this business about, I may find a way, as Epilogue, to be thankful, though the captain abus'd you to-day. Think on't; Stephen is as handsome when the play is done, as Mr Wild was in the scene.

Love. There's something of reason in what he says.——But, my friend, how shall one believe you? you that were such a rascal to-day, in buff, is it to be hoped you can be honest only with putting on a black cloak? Well, I'll venture once again; and if I have any power, he shall sting the malicious rascal; and I think he is fit for such a business. I'm sure he has the worst tongue; and a conscience that neither honour nor truth binds; and therefore 'tis to be believed, if he will rail in publick, he may be even with your poet; I will clothe and feed him and his muse this seven years, but I will plague him: Secret tells me, 'twas your poet too that [illegible] me, to-day, in the tavern.

Capt. By my faith, did he; may-[illegible] that told me of your friendship with [illegible]ly.

Love. I wonder the parson [illegible] so long silent; a man of his [illegible] parts, to [illegible] with a pen, by one that speaks sense by rote, like parrots! one that knows not why a noun is sense, but by the sound! one that can scarce read, nay, not his own hand! Well, remember your promise.

Capt. Leave it to me, he is your's; and if our plot take, you shall all have your shares in the mirth; but not the profit of the play; and the parson, more than his tythe, a second day.

Love. We will discourse of this some other time; and pray dispatch what 'tis you have to say to this noble company, that I may be gone; for those gentlemen will be in such fury, if I stay; and think, because we are alone, God knows what.

Capt. 'Tis no matter what they think, 'tis not them we are to study now, but these guests; to whom pray address yourself civilly, and beg that they would please to become fathers, and give those brides within.—What say you, gentlemen, will you lend your hands to join them? the match you see, is made; if you refuse, Stephen misses the wench, and then you cannot justly blame the poet; for you know, they say, that alone is enough to spoil the play.

EDITION.

The Parson's Wedding: a Comedy. The Scene London. Written at Basil in Switzerland. By Thomas Killegrew. Dedicated to Lady Ursula Bartu, Widow. London: Printed by J. M. for Henry Herringman, and are to be sold at his shop at the Signe of the Blew Anchor, in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1663. Fo.

THE

ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS.

BY

SIR SAMUEL TUKE.

Sir Samuel Tuke, *of Temple Cressy, in the County of Essex, was a Colonel of Horse in the King's army, and served against the Parliament, as long as the affairs of his master had any prospect of success. He was very active in that rising in the County of Essex, which ended fatally to some of the chief actors in it. From the prologue to the present play, spoken at Court, it appears that he intended to retire from business, soon after the Restoration, but was diverted from that design for some time, by his Majesty's recommending him to adapt a Spanish play to the English stage, which he executed with some degree of success. On the 31st * March, 1664, he was created a Baronet. He married Mary, the daughter of Edward Sheldon, a lady who was one of the dressers to Queen Mary, and probably a Roman Catholick, of which persuasion our author seems also to have been. † He died at Somerset House, on the 26th of January, 1673, and was buried in the vault under the chapel there. Langbaine, by mistake, says he was alive at the time he published his* Lives of the Dramatick Poets.

Sir Samuel did not escape the censure of his brother poets. ‡ One of them, speaking of Cowley, says, he

> "Writ verses unjustly in praise of Sam Tuke."

And in the same poem:

> "Sam Tuke sat, and formally smil'd at the rest;
> But Apollo, who well did his vanity know,
> Call'd him to the bar to put him to the test,
> But his Muse was so still, she scarcely could go.
> She pleaded her age, desir'd a reward;
> It seems in her age, she doated on praise:
> But Apollo resolv'd that such a bold bard
> Should never be grac'd with a per'wig of bays."

Sir Samuel was one of the first members of the Royal Society, and wrote a history of the ordering and generation of green Colchester oysters, printed in Sprat's History, p. 307.

The several editions of this play are—in Folio, 1663, *and in 4to.* 1664, 1671, *and* 1704.

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* Heylin's *Help to History.*

† Wood's *Ath.* Vol. II. p. 802.

‡ Dryden's *Miscellanies,* Vol. II. p. 92.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY HOWARD,

OF NORFOLK.

SINCE it is your pleasure, (noble sir,) that I should hold my fortune from you; like those tenants, who pay some inconsiderable trifle in lieu of a valuable rent, I humbly offer you this poem, in acknowledgment of my tenure: and I am well pleas'd with this occasion to publish my sense of your favours, since it seems to me a kind of ingratitude to be thankful in private.

It was bred upon the terrace-walks in your garden at Aldbury; and, if I mistake not, it resembles the place where it was brought up: the plot is delightful, the elevations natural, the ascents easy, without any great embellishments of art.

I designed the character of Antonio, as a copy of your steady virtue; if it appear to those who have the honour to know you, short of the original, I take leave to inform them, that you have not sat to me long; 'tis possible, hereafter I may gratify my country, for their civility to this essay, with something more worthy of your patronage and their indulgence.

In the interim, I make it my glory to avow, that, had fortune been just to me, she could not have recompensed the loyal industry of my life with a more illustrious title, than that which you have been pleased to confer upon me, of Your Friend. To which (as in gratitude I am bound) I subjoin that of,

Your most humble servant,

S. TUKE.

The first SCENE is the City of SEVILLE.

The Prologue enters, with a play-bill in his hand, and reads,

This day, being the 15th of December, shall be acted a new play, never play'd before, call'd "The Adventures of Five Hours."

A NEW PLAY.

Th' are i' the right, for I dare boldly say,
The English stage ne'er had so new a play;
The dress, the author, and the scenes are new.
This ye have seen before ye'll say; 'tis true;
But tell me, gentlemen, who ever saw,
A deep intrigue confin'd to five hours' law.
Such as for close contrivance yields to none:
A modest man may praise what's not his own.
'Tis true, the dress is his, which he submits
To those who are, and those who would be wits;
Ne'er spare him, gentlemen; for, to speak truth,
He has a pet'lous cens'rer been in 's youth;
And now grown bald with age, doating on praise,
He thinks to get a periwig of bays.
Teach him what 'tis, in this discerning age,
To bring his heavy genius on the stage;
Where you have seen such nimble wits appear,
That pass'd so soon, one scarce could say th' were here.
Yet, after our discoveries of late
Of their designs, who would subvert the state,
You'll wonder much, if it should prove his lot,
To take all England with a Spanish plot;
But if, through his ill conduct, or hard fate,
This foreign plot (like that of eighty-eight)
Should suffer shipwreck in your narrow seas,
You'll give your modern poet his writ of ease;
For, by th' example of the King of Spain,
He resolves ne'er to trouble you again.

THE PROLOGUE AT COURT.

HE ADDRESSES HIMSELF TO THE PIT.

As to a dying lamp, one drop of oil
Gives a new blaze, and makes it live awhile;
So th' author, seeing his decaying light,
And therefore thinking to retire from *sight,
Was hinder'd by a ray from the upper sphere,
Just at that time he thought to disappear.
He chanc'd to hear his Majesty once say
He lik'd this plot; he stay'd, and writ the play:
So should obsequious subjects catch the minds
Of princes, as your seamen do the winds.
If this attempt then shews more zeal than light,
'T may teach you to obey, though not to write.

Ah! he is there † himself. Pardon my ‡ sight,
My eyes were dazzled with excess of light;
Even so the sun, who all things else displays,
Is hid from us i' th' glory of his rays.
Will you vouchsafe your presence? You, that were given
To be our Atlas, and support our heaven?
Will you (dread sir) your precious moments lose
To grace the first endeavours of our Muse?
This with your character most aptly suits,
Even Heaven itself is pleas'd with the first-fruits.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

HAVING been desired by a lady, who has more than ordinary favour for this play (though in other things very judicious) to make a song, and insert it in that scene where you may now read it; I found it more difficult to disobey the commands of this excellent person, than to obtain of myself to write any more upon subjects of this nature.

This occasion'd the revising of this piece, upon which I had not cast my eyes since it was first printed; and finding there some very obvious faults, (with respect to their judgments, who have been pleased to applaud it,) I could not well imagine how they came to escape my last hand; unless poetic rage, or, in a more humble phrase, heat of fancy, will not, at the same time, admit the calm temper of judgment; or that, being importuned by those, for whose benefit this play was intended, I was even forc'd to expose it, before it was fit to be seen in such good company.

This refers only to the dress; for certainly the plot needs no apology; it was taken out of ‖ Don Pedro Calderon, a celebrated Spanish author, the nation of the world who are the happiest in the force and delicacy of their inventions, and recommended to me by his sacred Majesty, as an excellent design; whose judgment is no more to be doubted, than his commands are to be disobeyed: and therefore it might seem a great presumption in me, to enter my sentiments, with his royal suffrage: But as secretaries of state subscribe their names to the mandates of their prince, so at the bottom of the leaf I take the boldness to sign my opinion, that this is incomparably the best plot that I ever met with: and yet, if I may be allowed to do myself justice, I might acquaint the readers, that there are several alterations in the copy, which do not disgrace the original.

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* This refers to the author's purpose of retirement, at that time when his Majesty recommended this plot to him.

† He looking up and seeing the King, starts. ‡ He kneels. He rises.

‖ Calderon de la Barca was a Spanish officer, who, after having signalized himself in the military profession, quitted it for the ecclesiastical, and then commenced dramatic writer. His plays make nine volumes in 4to. and several of them have been adapted to the English stage. He flourished about the year 1640.

I confess, 'tis something new, that trifles of this nature should have a second edition; but if in truth this essay be at present more correct, I have then found an easy way to gratify their civility, who have been pleased to indulge the errors in the former impressions.

If they who have formerly seen or read this play, should not perceive the amendments, then I have touched the point; since the chiefest art in writing is the concealing of art; and they who discover 'em, and are pleased with them, are indebted only to themselves for their new satisfaction; since their former favour to our negligent Muses has occasion'd their appearing again in a more studied dress: and certainly those labours are not ungrateful, with which [illegible] and reader are both pleas'd.

And since I am upon the subject of novelties, I take the boldness to advertise the reader, that tho' it be unusual, I have in a distinct column prefix'd the several characters of the most eminent persons in the play; that, being acquainted with them at his first setting out, he may the better judge how they are carried on in the whole composition; for plays being moral pictures, their chiefest perfections consist in the force and congruity of passions and humours, which are the features and complexion of our minds; and I cannot chuse but hope, that he will approve the ingenuity of this design, though possibly he may dislike the painting.

As for those who have been so angry with this innocent piece, not guilty of so much as that current wit, obscenity and profaneness: These are to let them know, that though the author converses but with few, he writes to all; and aiming as well at the delight as profit of his readers, if there be any amongst them, who are pleased to enter their haggard Muses at so mean a quarry, they may freely use their poetic licence; for he pretends not to any royalty on the mount of Parnassus: and I dare answer for him, that he will sing no more, till he comes into that choir, where there is room enough for all: and such, he presumes, is the good-breeding of these criticks, that they will not be so unmannerly as to crowd him there.

FAREWELL.

PROLOGUE. SPOKEN BY MR BETTERTON.

If we could hit on't, *gallants*, there are due
Certain respects from *writers*, and from *you*;
Which, well observ'd, would celebrate this *age*,
And both support, and vindicate the *stage*.
If there were only *candour* on your part,
And on the poet's, *judgment*, *fancy*, *art*;
If they remember that their *audience*
Are persons of the most exalted sense;
And you consider well the just respect
Due to their *poems*, when they are correct:
Our two *houses*, then, may have the fate,
To help to form the manners of the state;
For there are crimes arraign'd a' th' *poet's bar*,
Which cannot be redress'd at *Westminster*.
Our ancient *bards* their *morals* did dispense
In numbers, to insinuate the sense,
Knowing that *harmony* affects the soul,
And who our passions charm, our wills controul.
This our well-meaning *author* had in view,
And tho' but faintly executed, you
Indulg'd th' *attempt* with such benevolence,
That he has been uneasy ever since;
For though his *vanity* you gratify'd,
The obligation did provoke his *pride*.
But he has now compounded with *ambition*,
For that more solid greatness, *self-fruition*;
And, going to embrace a civil death,
He's loath to die indebted to your breath;
Therefore he would be even w' you, but wants force;
The stream will rise no higher than the source.
And they who treat such *judges*, should excell;
Here, 'tis to do ill, to do only well.
He has, as other *writers* have, good-will,
And only wants (like those) nature and skill;
But, since he cannot reach the envied height,
H' has cast some grains in this to mend the weight;
And being to part w' you, prays you to accept
This revived piece, as *legacy* or *debt*.

THE

ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PERSONS.	RELATIONS.	CHARACTERS.
Don HENRIQUE,	*In love with* CAMILLA, *but rejected.*	*Cholerick, jealous, revengeful.*
Don CARLOS,	*Near kinsman to Don* HENRIQUE.	*A well-natur'd moral Gentleman.*
Don OCTAVIO,	*In love with* PORCIA, *but feigning to be in love with* CAMILLA.	*A valiant and accomplish'd Cavalier.*
Don ANTONIO,	*Contracted to* PORCIA, *by Proxy, before he saw her.*	*A Soldier, haughty, and of exact honour.*
PORCIA,	*Sister to Don* HENRIQUE.	*Ingenious, constant, and severely virtuous.*
CAMILLA,	*Sister to Don* CARLOS.	*Susceptible of love, but cautious of her honour.*
DIEGO,	*Servant to* OCTAVIO, *bred a Scholar.*	*A great Coward and a pleasant Droll.*
FLORA,	*Waiting-woman to* PORCIA.	*Witty, contriving, and faithful to her Mistress.*

ERNESTO, SANCHO, *Servants to Don* ANTONIO.

SILVIO, GERALDO, PEDRO, BERNARDINO, JAGO, *Servants to Don* HENRIQUE.

The Corrigidor and Attendants.

SCENE—SEVILLE.

ACT I.

SCENE—*Don* ANTONIO'S *House.*

Enter Don HENRIQUE.

D. Hen. How happy are the men of easy phlegm!
Born on the confines of indifference,
Holding from nature, the securest tenure,
The peaceful empire o'er themselves; which we,
Th' unhappy men of fire, without the aids
Of mighty reason, or Almighty grace,
Are all our lives contending for in vain.
'Tis evident, that solid happiness
Is founded on the conquest of our passions;
But since they are the favourites of sense,
Self-love bribes reason still in their defence:

* This play, in the third edition, from which it is here printed, received some additions and improvements. Downes says, the Earl of Bristol joined in writing it. The first performance of it was

Thus, in a calm, I reason; but when cross'd,
The pilot quits the helm, and I am toss'd.

Enter SILVIO.

Sil. Sir, Don Carlos is without.
D. Hen. Wait on him in.

Enter Don CARLOS.

D. Car. Cousin, methinks this day hath longer seem'd
Than usual; since 'tis so far advanc'd
Without our seeing one another.
D. Hen. If I had not been hinder'd by some business,
I should, ere this, have seen you, t' have told you
Some pleasing news I lately have receiv'd;
You have so often borne with my distempers,
'Tis fit that once, at least, you should partake
Of my good humour.
D. Car. What cause soever has produc'd this change,
I heartily rejoice in the effect,
And may it long continue.
D. Hen. I can inform you, by experience, now,
How great a satisfaction 'tis to find
A heart and head eas'd of a weighty care;
For a gentleman of my warm temper,
Jealous of the honour of his family,
(As yet ne'er blemish'd,) to be fairly freed
From the tuition of an orphan sister,
Rich, beautiful, and young.
D. Car. You know, Don Henrique, for these thirteen years,
That I have been with the like province charg'd;
An only sister, by our parents' will,
(When they were called from their cares below,)
Committed to my trust; much more expos'd
To the great world than yours; and, sir, unless
Nearness of blood deceive me, short of few
In those perfections which invite the gallants:
Yet, thanks to my temper, cousin, as well
As to her virtue, I have seen her grow,
Even from her childhood to her dangerous age,
Without the least disturbance to my rest;
And when with equal justice I reflect
On the great modesty and circumspection
Of lovely Porcia, I conclude, that you
Might well have slept as undisturb'd as I.
D. Hen. Sir, I complain not of my sister's conduct;
But you know well, young maids are so expos'd
To the invasion of audacious men,
And to the malice of their envious sex;
You must confess the confines of their fame
Are never safe, till guarded by a husband.
'Tis true, discreet religious ought to use
Preventions of all kinds; but, dear Carlos,
The blemish once receiv'd, no wash is good
For stains of honour, but th' offender's blood.
D. Car. Y' are too severe a judge of points of honour.
D. Hen. And therefore, having not long since receiv'd
The news, that Don Antonio de Mendoza
Is likely to be here this night, from Flanders;
To whom my sister, by th' intervention
O' th' Marquiss d'Olivera, is contracted;
I will not close these eyes till I have seen
Her, and my cares, safe lodg'd within his arms.
D. Car. I find your travels, cousin, have not cur'd you
Of that innate severity to women;
Urg'd justly as a national reproach
To all of us abroad; the rest o' th' world
Lament that tender sex amongst us here,
Born only to be honorable prisoners;
The greater quality, the closer kept;
Which cruelty is reveng'd upon ourselves,
Whilst, by immuring those whom most we love,
We sing and sigh only to iron-grates.
As cruel is that over-cautious custom,
By proxy to contract parties unknown
To one another; this is only fit
For sovereign princes, whose high qualities
Will not allow of previous interviews;
They sacrifice their love to publick good,
Consulting interest of state and blood:
A custom, which, as yet, I never knew
Us'd amongst persons of a lower rank,
Without a sequel of sad accidents.
Sir, understand me right; I speak not this
By way of prophecy; I am no stranger
To Don Antonio's reputation,
Which I believe so just, I no way doubt
Your sister's being happy in him.
D. Hen. Don Carlos, let us quit this argument;
I am now going to our noble friend

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at court; and on its appearance on the stage at the Duke's theatre, it met with great applause, and was acted thirteen nights successively. Echard, in the preface to his translation of Terence, gives it this general character, that it "is one of the pleasantest stories that ever appeared upon our stage, and has as much variety of plots and intrigues, without any thing being precipitated, improper, or unnatural, as to the main action." In the year 1767, Mr Hull made some alterations in it, with which it was acted at Covent Garden theatre about nine nights, under the title of *The Perplexities*. To the 2d edition were prefixed complimentary verses by James Long, J. Evelyn, A. Cowley, Jasper Needham, M.D., Lod. Carlile, Chr. Wase, William Joyner, and one copy signed Melpomene. In Sir Wm Davenant's Works, p. 339, is a prologue written by him, addressed to the Lord Chancellor, on the acting of this play at the Inner Temple.

And kinsman the Corrigidor, to see
If he'll oblige us with his company
At my sister's wedding; will you come along?
D. Car. Most willingly; as soon as I have brought
My sister hither, who has given this evening
To her cousin Porcia.
D. Hen. I have some business, cousin, by the way,
I'll go before, and wait you i' th' piazza.
Your servant, sir.
[*Don* HENRIQUE *waits on him to the door. Exit Don* CARLOS.
D. Hen. This kinsman is my bosom friend; and yet,
Of all men living, I must hide from him
My deep resentments of his sister's scorn.
That cruel maid, to wound me to the heart,
Then close her ears against my just complaints!
But though as yet I cannot heal my wound,
I may, by my revenge upon my rival,
Divert the pain; and I will drive it home;
There's in revenge a balm, which will appease
The present grief, and time cure the disease.
[*Exit Don* HENRIQUE.

Enter PORCIA.

Por. My heart is so oppress'd with fear and grief,
That it must break, unless it finds relief;
The man I love, is forc'd to fly my sight,
And like a Parthian kills me in his flight;[1]
One whom I never saw, I must embrace,
Or else destroy the honour of my race.
A brother's care, more cruel than his hate;
O how perplexed are the intrigues of fate!

Enter Don CARLOS *and* CAMILLA.

D. Car. Cousin, I thought my sister's company
Would not displease you, whilst I wait upon
Your brother in a visit.
Por. Sir, you oblige me with a welcome favour.
I rather should have stil'd it charity,
To bring a friend to her, whose cruel fate
Has robb'd her of herself. [*Aside.*
Cam. Methinks, 'tis pity that a wall should make
The houses two, of friends so entirely one,
As you, and I, and our two brothers are.
Por. If it be true, that lovers live much more
There where they love, than where they breathe, I'm sure
No walls can sever us, we're still together.
D. Car. Were I not much engag'd, I would not quit
So sweet a conversation; but, sister,
At my return I'll wait upon you home.
Por. For this night, cousin, pray let her be mine,
I beg it of you both.
D. Car. You may command, we are both yours. [*Exit Don* CARLOS.
Por. My dear Camilla, how I long'd to have thee,
[PORCIA *throws herself on* CAMILLA'S *neck.*
Where, freely breathing out my grief, I might
Some mitigation from thy pity find!
But since there's no true pity without pain,
Why should I ease by thy affliction gain?
Cam. Ah, Porcia! if compassion suffering be,
And to condole be pain; my destiny
Will full revenge in the same kind afford,
Should I but my unequal'd griefs relate,
And you but equally participate.
Por. If your's, as mine, from love-disasters rise,
Our fates are more ally'd than families.
Cam. What to our sex and blooming age can prove
An anguish worthy of our sighs, but love?
Por. 'Tis true, Camilla, were your fate like mine,
Hopeless to hold, unable to resign.
Cam. Let's tell our stories, then we soon shall see
Which of us two excels in misery.
Por. Cousin, agreed.
Cam. Do you begin then.
Por. You know, Camilla, best, how generously,
How long, and how discreetly, Don Octavio
Has serv'd me; and what trials of his faith
And fervour I did make, ere I allow'd him
The least hope to sustain his noble love.
Cousin, all this you know; 'twas in your house
We had our interviews; where you were pleas'd
To suffer feign'd addresses to yourself,
To cover from my watchful brother's eyes
The passion which Octavio had for me.
Cam. My memory in this needs no refreshing.
Por. And how one evening (O that fatal hour!)
My brother passing by Don Carlos' house,

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[1] *And like a Parthian*, &c.—Prior has adopted this image:

"So when the Parthian turn'd his steed,
And from the hostile camp withdrew,
He backward sent the fatal reed,
Secure of conquest as he flew."

Poems, Vol. I. p. 40, edition 1778.

With his great friend and confident Don Pedro,
Did chance to see the unfortunate Octavio
In your balcony, entertaining me:
Whom, not believing there, he took for you;
My back being towards him, and both dress'd alike;
Enrag'd with jealousy, this cruel man
(To whom all moderation is unknown)
Resolves to stamp all your neglects of him
In's suppos'd rival, poor Octavio's heart.
They take their stand i' th' corner of our street;
And after some little time, Octavio,
Free from suspicion, as design of ill,
Retires; they assault him, and in 's own defence
He kills Don Pedro, and is forc'd to fly;
My brother cruelly pursues him still,
With such insatiate thirst after revenge,
That nothing but Octavio's blood can quench;
Covering his ill-nature and suspicion
With the resentment of Don Pedro's death.

Cam. Is this the sum of your sad story, Porcia?
Is this all?

Por. No, no, Camilla, 'tis the prologue only,
The tragedy will follow—This brother,
To whose impetuous will my deceas'd parents
(May their souls rest in peace!) having condemn'd
Me and my fortune, treats me like a slave;
So far from suff'ring me to make my choice,
That he denounces death if I refuse;
And now, to frustrate all my hopes at once,
Has very lately made me sign a contract
To one in Flanders, whom I never saw;
And is this night (they say) expected here.

Cam. Is such a rigour possible, dear Porcia?

Por. Was ever misery like mine, Camilla?
Reduc'd to such extremes, past all relief?
If I acquaint my brother with my love
T' Octavio, the man whom he most hates,
I must expect the worst effects of fury;
If I endeavour to forget Octavio,
Even that attempt renews his memory,
And heightens my disquiet; if I refuse
To marry, I am lost; if I obey,
I cast Octavio and myself away.
Two such extremes of ill no choice admit,
Each seems the worst; on which rock shall I split?
Since, if I marry, I cannot survive;
And not to marry, were to die alive. [ing;

Cam. Your story, I confess, is strangely mov-
Yet, if you could my fortune weigh with your's,
In scales of equal sensibility,
You would not change your sufferings for mine.

Por. What can there be in nature more afflicting,
Than to be torn from th' object of my love,
And forc'd to embrace a man whom I must hate?

Cam. Have you not known that object of your love,
And entertain'd the person you esteem?
Have you not heard, and answer'd to his sighs?
Has he not borne his part in all your cares?
Do not you live and reign within his heart?

Por. I doubt no more his faith, than my hard fate.

Cam. Tell me, dearest Porcia, if I love one,
Whom I shall never see, suff'ring as much,
Without the means of e'er expressing it,
As what I suffer is above expression;
If all my sighs wander in fleeting air,
And ne'er can reach his ears for whom they're form'd;
If all my passion, all my killing cares,
Must be for ever to their cause unknown;
If their sad weight must sink me to my grave,
Without one groan that he can ever hear,
Or the least hope, that I should e'er obtain
Ease by 's pity, or cure by his disdain;
If this the state of my misfortune be,
(As Heaven, that has decreed it, knows it is,)
Say, dearest Porcia, do you envy me?

Por. What over-cruel laws of decency
Have struck you dumb? have you misplac'd your love,
On such a party as you dare not own?

Cam. No, no; the cause is worthy of th' effect;
For, though I had no passion for this person,
I were ungrateful if I should not give
The first place in my heart to such high merit.

Por. If he has been so happy to deserve
Your love, why are not you so just to let
Him know it?

Cam. 'Tis impossible. Ah, that dismal word!
Clearly states the difference of our fortunes!
You, in your first adventure have been cross'd,
But I, before I can set out, am lost.

Por. Pray make me comprehend this mystery.

Cam. 'Tis t' open my wounds afresh, dear Porcia,
But you must be obey'd— [*After a little pause.*
His excellence the Conde d' Oniate
Being sent ambassador to th' emperor,
We, having the honour to be near ally'd
To 's lady, went with him; my brother
Was desir'd by her, to make that journey:
Whose tenderness for me, not suffering him
To let me stay behind, I was engag'd,
And treated by th' ambassadress, my cousin,
With more respect than I could ever merit.

Por. She 's a lady fam'd for great civility.

Cam. We had not pass'd much time i' th' emperor's court,
When my dear brother, unexpectedly,
By urgent business was call'd back to Seville;
In our return (passing too near a garrison
Of th' enemy's) our convoy was surpriz'd
And routed by a party of their horse——

Por. Camilla, you begin to raise my fears.

Cam. We being pris'ners, were hurry'd strait away
To the enemy's quarters, where my ill fate
Made me appear too pleasing to the eyes
Of their commander; who, at first approach,
Pretends to parly in a lover's stile,
Protesting that my face had chang'd our fortune;

And him my captive made: but finding soon
How little he advanc'd in his design,
By flattery and his feign'd submission;
He shifts his person, calls me his prisoner,
And swears my virgin treasure was his prize;
But yet protests he had much rather owe it
To my indulgence, than his own good fortune;
And so, through storms and calms, the villain still
Pursues his course to his accursed end;
But finding me inflexible to his threats
As well as fawnings, he resolves to use
The last and uncontrouled argument
Of impious men in power, force.

Por. Ah, poor Camilla! where was your brother,
At a time of such distress?

Cam. My brother! he, alas, was long before
Borne away from me in the first encounter;
Where having certainly behav'd himself,
As well became his nation and his name,
Remain'd sore wounded in another house.

Por. Pr'ythee make haste to free me from this fright.

Cam. The brute approaches, and by violence
Endeavours to accomplish his intent;
I invocate my guardian angel, and resist,
But with unequal force, though rage supply'd
Those spirits which my fear had put to flight;
At length grown faint with crying out and striving,
I spy'd a dagger by the villain's side,
Which snatching boldly out, as my last refuge,
With his own arms I wound the savage beast;
He, at the stroke, unseiz'd me, and gave back;
So guilt produces cowardice; then I,
The dagger pointing to my breast, cry'd out,
Villain, keep off, for if thou dost persist,
I'll be myself both sacrifice and priest:
I boldly now defy thy lust and hate;
She that dares chuse to die, may brave her fate.

Por. How I love and envy thee, at once!
[PORCIA *starts to her and kisses her.*
Go on, brave maid.

Cam. Immediately the drums and trumpets sound,
Pistols go off, and a great cry, To arms,
To arms: the lustful satyr flies; I stand
Fix'd with amazement to the marble floor,
Holding my guardian dagger up aloft,
As if the ravisher had threaten'd still.

Por. I fancy thee, Camilla, in that posture,
Like a noble statue, which I remember
To have seen, of the enraged Juno,
When she had robb'd Jove of his thunderbolt.

Cam. Freed from this fright, my spirits flow'd so fast
To the forsaken channels of my heart,
That they, who by their orderly access
Would have supported life, by throngs oppress:
O'ercharg'd with joy, I fell into a swoon,
And that which happen'd during this interval,
Is not within the circle of my knowledge.

Por. Y' have rais'd me to a mighty expectation;
Will the adventure answer it, Camilla?

Cam. At my return to life, op'ning my eyes,
Think, dearest Porcia, how I was astonish'd,
To find there, kneeling by my side, a man
Of a most noble form, who bowing to me,
Madam (says he) y' are welcome to the world;
Pardon, I pray, the boldness of a stranger,
Who humbly sues t' you to continue in it;
Or, if you needs will leave us, stay at least
Until I have reveng'd your wrongs, and then
I'll wait upon you to the other world.
For you withdrawn, this will a desart seem,
And life a torment.

Por. High gallantry, cousin, for the first address.

Cam. 'Twas so surprizing, that my confusion
Check'd my reply; but I suppose my looks
Did speak the grateful language of my heart;
For I perceiv'd an air of joy enlighten
His manly face; but, oh! how soon 'twas clouded
By fresh alarms! we heard the soldiers cry,
Where's Antonio? the enemy is rally'd,
And coming on to give a second charge.
He started up, and, with a mien that mark'd
The conflict 'twixt his honour and his love,
Madam (says he) the soul was never yet
With such convulsion from the body torn,
As I from you; but it must ne'er be said
That Don Antonio de Mendoza
Follows those in dangers, whom he ought to lead.
Thus the vanquish'd conqueror disappear'd,
Leaving that image stamp'd upon my heart,
To which I all the joys must sacrifice
Of the poor remnant of my wretched life;
If properly to live I may be said,
When all my hopes of seeing him are dead.
[*She puts her handkerchief to her eyes.*

Por. Though you have kept this part of your adventure
Still from me—

Cam. And from every body living.

Por. I have observ'd the signs of smother'd grief;
I 've often seen those lovely eyes much swoln.
Those are true tears, Camilla, which are stol'n.
But what said you was his name, Camilla?

Cam. Antonio de Mendoza.

Por. O heavens, Antonio de Mendoza!

Enter Don HENRIQUE.

D. Hen. I'm pleas'd to find you speaking of your husband.

Cam. What's that I hear? her husband! [*Aside.*

D. Hen. Have you the letter ready, I desir'd you
To write to him? I'll send a servant with it,
To meet him on the way, 'twill shew respect.

Por. You know my obedience, brother.

D. Hen. 'Tis well, sister.

Enter SILVIO.

Sil. Sir, heres a servant of Don Antonio
Newly alighted at the gate; he's come
Post from his master, charg'd with letters for you.
D. Hen. I could not have receiv'd more welcome news.
Go, bring him in; sister, you may withdraw.
[*Exeunt* PORCIA *and* CAMILLA.

Enter ERNESTO *and* SILVIO.

Ern. Sir, Don Antonio kisses your hands,
And sends me to present this letter to you.
[*He gives a letter to Don* HENRIQUE. *Don* HENRIQUE *opens it, and, having read it to himself, says:*
D. Hen. I'm glad to find by 's letter he 's in health;
Yet methinks, friend, he writes but doubtfully
Of 's being here this night, as I expected.
Ern. His letter, I suppose, sir, speaks his purpose.
D. Hen. I'll answer 't, and dispatch you presently;
In the mean while, go make him welcome, Silvio. [*Exeunt* SILVIO *and* ERNESTO.
I would to Heaven he were arriv'd; I grow
Each minute more impatient: as bodies
Near the centre move with more violence;
So when we approach the ends of our designs,
Our expectations are the more intense,
And our fears greater, of all cross events.
[*Exit* HENRIQUE.

Enter SILVIO, ERNESTO, GERALDO, PEDRO, BERNARDINO, JAGO, *with some cups of chocolate.*

Sil. Methinks, camerade, a soup of chocolate
Is not amiss after a tedious journey—
Your master's health, sir. [*He drinks.*
Ern. [2] I'll do you reason, sir.
Sil. Pray how long is 't, brother, since you left Spain?
Ern. 'Tis now five years, and upwards, since I went
From Seville, with my master, into Flanders,
The king's fencing-school; where all his subjects
Given to fighting, are taught the use of arms,
And notably kept in breath.
Sil. Your master, I am sure, has got the fame
To be a per'lous man in that rough trade.
Ern. He's a brave soldier, envy must confess it.
Ped. It seems so, faith, since merely by the force
Of his great reputation, he can take
Our bright young mistress in without a siege.
Ern. If I mistake not, she will be reveng'd
On him ere long, and take him too, by th' force
Of her rare wit and beauty.
Ped. Sh' as a fair portion, sir, of both, I dare
Assure you.
Sil. But pr'ythee, brother, instruct us a little;
Tell us, what kind of country is this Holland,
That's so much talk'd of, and so much fought for?
Ern. Why, friend 'tis a huge ship at anchor, fraught
With a sort of creatures made up of turf
And butter.
Ped. Pray, sir, what do they drink in that country?
'Tis said, there's neither fountains there
Nor vines.
Ern. This is the butler, sure, by his apt question. [*Aside.*
Friend, they drink there a certain muddy liquor,
Made of that grain with which you feed your mules.
Ped. What, barley? can that juice quench their thirst?
Ern. You'd scarce believe it could, did you but see
How oft they drink.
Ped. But methinks that should make them drunk, camerade—
Ern. Indeed most strangers are of that opinion.
But they themselves believe it not, because
They are so often.
Ger. A nation, sure, of walking tuns! the world
Has not the like.
Ern. Pardon me, friend; there is but a great ditch
Betwixt them and such another nation;
If these good fellows would but join, and drink
That dry, i' faith they might shake hands.
Ger. Pr'ythee, friend, can these Dutch Borracios fight?
Ern. They can do even as well, for they can pay
Those that can fight.
Sil. But where, I pray, sir, do they get their money?
Ern. Oh, sir, they have a thriving mystery;
They cheat their neighb'ring princes of their trade,
And then they buy their subjects for their soldiers.
Sil. Methinks our armies should beat these butter-boxes
Out of the world.
Ern. Trust me, brother, they'll sooner beat our armies
Out of their country; why, ready money, friend,
Will do much more in camps, as well as courts,
Than a ready wit, I dare assure you.

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[2] *I'll do you reason.*—See Note 23 to *The Widow's Tears*, Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. VI. p. 199. edit. 1780.

Ger. Methinks, camerade, our king should have more money,
Than these Dutch swabbers; he's master o' th' Indies,
Where money grows.
Ern. But they have herrings, friend, which, I assure you,
Are worth our master's mines.
Ger. Herrings! why, what a devil do they grow
In their country?
Ern. No, faith, they fish 'em on the English coast,
And fetch their salt from France, then they pickle 'em,
And sell 'em all o'er the world.
Ger. 'Slife, these rascals live by cookery.
Ern. This is the coddled cook, I've found him out. [*Aside.*
Ber. What kind of beds, sir, have they i' that country?
Ern. This, I dare swear 's the groom o' th' chamber. [*Aside.*
Sir, they have certain niches in their walls,
Where they climb up o' nights, and there they stew
In their own grease till morning.
Jag. Pray, sir, give me leave to ask you one question;
What manner of women have they in that country?
Ern. The gentleman-usher, upon my life. [*Aside.*
Pray excuse me, sir; we gentlemen soldiers
Value ourselves upon our civility
To that soft sex; and, in good faith, they are
The softest of that sex, I ever met with.
Jag. Does any of our Spaniards ever marry
With 'em?
Ern. Yes, some lean families, that have a mind
To lard their progeny.
Sil. What, a God's name, could come into the heads
Of this people, to make them rebel?
Ern. Why, religion; that came into their heads
A God's name.
Ger. But what a devil made the noblemen
Rebel, they never mind religion?
Ern. Why, that which made the devil himself rebel,
Ambition.
Sil. This is a pleasant fellow. [*Aside.*
I find you gentlemen soldiers want no wit.
Ern. When we're well paid, sir; but that's so seldom,
I find that gentleman wants wit that is
A soldier—Your company's very good,
But I have business which requires dispatch.
Ped. Will you not mend your draught before you go?
Ern. I thank you, sir, I have done very well.
All. Your servant, your servant, &c. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CAMILLA, PORCIA, FLORA.

Por. Was e'er disaster like to mine, Camilla?
Cam. Was e'er misfortune, Porcia, like to mine?
Por. That I must never see Octavio more?
Cam. That I again must Don Antonio see,
Yet never see him mine?
Por. I, to be marry'd to the man I hate.
Cam. And I, to have the man I love torn from me.
Por. I am, by robbing of my friend, undone.
Cam. I, for not hind'ring of the theft, am lost.
Por. Ye powers, who these entangled fortunes give,
Instruct us how to die, or how to live. [*She weeps.*
Cam. Cousin, when we should act, then to complain
Is childishly to beat the air in vain.
These descants on our griefs only perplex;
Let 's seek the remedy; you know, our sex
This honour bears from men, in exigents
Of love, never to want expedients.
Por. You have awaken'd me, give me your veil;
[PORCIA *takes off* CAMILLA'S *veil and puts it on herself.*
Quickly, dear cousin, quickly; and you, Flora,
Run presently, and see whether my brother
Be settled to dispatch Antonio's man.
[*Exit* FLORA.
Cam. What mean you, Porcia?
Por. If once my brother be set down to write,
I may securely reckon one hour mine;
For he is so extravagantly jealous,
That he distrusts the sense of his own words,
And will weigh a subscription to a scruple,
Lest he should wrong his family by his stile;
Therefore, I'll serve myself on this occasion
To see Octavio, and to let him know,
That all our hopes are ready to expire,
Unless he finds some prompt expedient
For our relief.
Cam. Pray how, and where d' you hope to speak with him?
Por. At his own house, where he lies yet conceal'd;
'Tis not far off, and I will venture thither.
Cam. D' you know the way?
Por. Not very well, but Flora's a good guide.

Enter FLORA *hastily.*

Flo. O madam! he's coming already.
Por. Ah, spiteful destiny! Come, let's retire
Into my chamber, cousin.
[*Exeunt* PORCIA *and* CAMILLA.

Enter Don HENRIQUE *and* ERNESTO.

D. Hen. If you desire to see her, friend, you may.
Ern. I should be glad to acquaint my master, sir,
That I have had the honour to see his bride.
D. Hen. Where's your lady, Flora?

Flo. She's in her chamber, sir.
D. Hen. Tell her, Antonio's man attends her here,
To do his duty to her, ere he goes. [*Exit* FLORA.
Stay here; you'll find her with a kinswoman,
In her home-dress, without a veil, but you
Are privileg'd, by your relation, for this access;
I'll go dispatch my letter. [*Exit* HENRIQUE.

Enter CAMILLA, PORCIA, *and* FLORA.

[ERNESTO *addresses himself to* CAMILLA, *seeing her without a veil.*
Ern. Madam, I have been bold to beg the honour
Of seeing your ladyship, to make myself
More welcome to my lord, at my return.
Por. A rare mistake! further it, dear Camilla,
Who knows what good this error may produce?
[*Aside.*
Cam. Friend, in what state left you your lord and mine?
Ern. As happy as the hopes of being your's
Could make him, madam.
Cam. I wou'd the master were as easily deceiv'd. [*Aside.*
I pray, present my humble service to him;
And let him know, that I am very glad
He has pass'd his journey so successfully—
Give him the letter, Flora—farewel, friend.
[*Exeunt* CAMILLA, PORCIA, *and* FLORA.
Ern. Now, by my life, she is a lovely lady;
My master will be ravish'd with her form.
I hope this blind bargain, made by proxy,
May prove as happy a marriage as those
Made after th' old fashion, chiefly for love;
And that this unseen beauty may have charms
To bring him back to his right wits again,
From his wild ravings on an unknown dame,
Whom, as he fancies (once upon a time)
He recover'd from a trance, that's to say
From a sound sleep, which makes him dream e'er since.
I'll hasten to him with this pleasing news.
[*Exit* ERNESTO.

Enter CAMILLA, PORCIA, *and* FLORA.

Cam. My melancholy could hardly hinder me
From laughing at the formal fool's mistake.
But tell me, did not I present your person
With rare assurance? The way for both to thrive,
Is to make me your representative.
Por. Most willingly; and I am confident,
When you your charms shall to his heart apply,
You all your rivals safely may defy.
Cam. I wish I could be vain enough to hope it.
But, cousin, my despairs are so extreme,
I can't be flatter'd, though but in a dream.
Flo. Madam, do we go; or what do you resolve on?
Por. I must resolve, but know not what to chuse.
Cam. Cousin, take heed, I am afraid you venture
Too much: your brother cannot tarry long;
And if at his return he finds you missing——
Por. Y' have reason, th' opportunity is lost.
What is 't a clock, Flora?
Flo. I think near seven, for the clock struck six
Just as Camilla entr'd the chamber.
Por. Quick then, Flora, fetch your veil; you shall carry
My tablets to Octavio; there he'll find
The hour and place where I would have him meet. [*Exit* FLORA.
Cam. 'Tis well resolv'd; but where do you design
Your meeting?
Por. In the remotest part of all the garden,
Which answers, as you know, to my apartment;
And Flora has the key of the back-door.
Cam. As the case stands, you chuse the fittest place. [FLORA *returns veiled.*
Por. Cousin, I beg your patience whilst I write. [PORCIA *writes in her tablets.*
Cam. You, Mistress Flora, by this accident
May chance to see your faithful lover, Diego.
Flo. He is a faithful lover of himself,
Without a rival, madam.
Cam. Damsel, your words and thoughts hardly agree;
For could we see his image in your heart,
'Twould be a fairer far, than e'er his glass
Reflected.
Flo. Madam, I am not yet so very old,
That I should dote.
Cam. Nor yet so very young but you may love;
Dotage and love are cousin-germans, Flora.
Flo. Yes, when we love and are not lov'd again; [*Smiling.*
For else, I think they 're not so near akin.
Cam. I have touch'd a nettle, and stung myself. [*Aside.*
Por. Make all the haste you can, pray, Flora.
Flo. Madam, I'll fly.
Should I not play my part, I were to blame,
Since all my fortune's betted on her game. [*Aside.*
Madam, has Octavio the other key
Belonging to the tablets?
Por. Yes, yes; I pray make haste.
[*Exit* FLORA.
Cam. Cousin, pray call for Mirabel, and let her
Divert us with a song.
Por. Who waits there?

Enter Page.

Page, bid Mirabel come in, and Floridor
With his lute, and send in somebody with chairs.
Cam. Pray, cousin, let her sing her newest air.
Por. What you please.

Cam. Tell me, pr'ythee, whose composition was it?

Por. Guess, and I'll tell you true. [*They bring in chairs.*

Cam. Octavio's?

Por. Y' are i' th' right.

Enter MIRABEL *and* FLORIDOR.

Por. Mirabel, sing Misbken Kindness.

THE SONG.

Can Luciamira so mistake,
To persuade me to fly?
'Tis (cruel kind) for my own sake,
To counsel me to die.
Like those faint souls, who cheat themselves of breath,
And die for fear of death.

Since love's the principle of life,
And you the object lov'd,
Let's, Luciamira, end this strife,
I cease to be remov'd.
We know not what they do, are gone from hence,
But here we love by sense.

If the Platonicks, who would prove
Souls without bodies love,
Had, with respect, well understood
The passions i' the blood,
Th' had suffer'd bodies to have had their part,
And seated love i' th' heart.

Por. What discord there's in musick, when the heart,
Untun'd by trouble, cannot bear a part!
Cam. In vain we seek content in outward things,
'Tis only from within where quiet springs.

ACT II.

SCENE—*the City of Seville.*

Enter Don ANTONIO *and* SANCHO, *in riding cloaths.*

San. Sir, we are arriv'd in very good time.
D. Ant. I did not think it would have been so soon
By an hour at least; but lovers ride apace.
Why smile you, Sancho?
San. Faith, at the novelty of your amours.
To fall in love with one you hardly saw,
And marry one you never saw; 'tis pretty,
But we poor mortals have another method.
D. Ant. Y' are very pleasant, friend; but is not this
The market-place, behind the Jacobins?
San. Yes, sir.
D. Ant. 'Tis here I charg'd Ernesto to expect me.
San. Since you are here, sir, earlier than you thought,
Why might you not go shift you at the post-house,
And be return'd before Ernesto come?
Howe'er, 'tis better that he wait for you
Than you for him, in the open street.
D. Ant. 'Tis well thought on; come, let's go then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don OCTAVIO *and* DIEGO.

D. Oct. Come, Diego, 'tis now time to quit our dens,
And to begin our chase.
Die. Of what, sir, bats or owls, now the sun's set?
Call you this making of love? why, methinks
'Tis more like making of war; marching all night
In arms, as if we design'd to beat up
The enemy's quarters.
D. Oct. Why, would not you venture as much for Flora?
Die. No, in good faith, sir; I shall venture enough
If e'er I marry her; I'll run no hazard
(By my good-will) beforehand.
D. Oct. That's from your fear, not prudence, Diego.
Die. Sir, you may call it what you please; but I
Dare boldly say, there lives not in the world
A more valiant man than I, whilst danger
Keeps its distance; but when saucily
It presses on, then (I confess) 'tis true,
I have a certain tenderness for life,
Which checks my ardour, and inclines my prudence
Timely to withdraw. [self;
D. Oct. Your stile is wond'rous civil to your-
How you soften that harsh word call'd cowardice!
But the danger is not always evident,
When you are pleas'd, my friend, to run away.
Die. It may be so, sir, not to vulgar eyes;
But I have such a piercing sight, that I
Discover perils out of others' ken;
Which they not seeing soon enough to shun,
Are forc'd t' encounter; and then their struggling
Is, by th' unwary world, taken for courage.
D. Oct. Who's truly valiant, will be always so.
Die. Who's wisely valiant, will avoid the foe.
D. Oct. You have more light, Diego, I see, than heat;
But I'll allow your wit and honesty
To come to composition for your want
Of courage.
Die. I have courage enough for the profession
To which my parents did design me.

D. Oct. Why, what was that?
Die. An advocate, I could have acted choler
In my client's sight, and, when his back was turn'd,
Have bugg'd the lawyer of the adverse party;
And, if I mistake not, they sell their breath
Much dearer than you soldiers do your blood.
'Tis true, you get honour, a fine light food
For delicate complexions; but I have
Known some captains of plain stomachs starve upon 't.
D. Oct. The varlet 's i' the right.—[*Aside.*]
—How came 't about
You were not of this thriving trade?
Die. After I had spent seven years at Salamanca,
My father, a rich merchant of this city,
Was utterly undone, by that damn'd Englishman,
With whom we fright our children.
D. Oct. Who, Captain Drake? Was he a pirate?
Die. He had been so on this side of the line.
D. Oct. 'Tis strange that war and peace should have degrees
Of latitude; one would have thought they should
Have been the same all o'er the world—But what's this
To my amours? I trifle away my time.
Was ever lover's fate so rude as mine?
Condemn'd to darkness, forc'd to hide my head,
As well as love? and, to spite me the more,
Fortune has contradictions reconcil'd,
I am at once a pris'ner, and exil'd.

Enter Don Antonio *and* Sancho.

D. Ant. Methinks Ernesto should not tarry long,
If not already come. Sancho, how call you
The street there just before us, where you see
Yon gentleman with his cloak o'er his face?
I have lost all my measures of this town.
San. I am as much to seek as you, sir.
D. Ant. Let us go to him, Sancho, and enquire;
He has a notable good mien: I ne'er
Saw an air more like Octavio's.
D. Oct. Unless my eyes do very much deceive me,
That's Don Antonio; if it be he, Diego,
There is no danger in his knowing us:
He was my comrade when I first bore arms.
[*Don* Octavio *lets fall his cloak from before his face.*
'Tis he.
D. Ant. You injure me, Octavio, to be so long
A knowing one who 's so entirely yours.
[*They embrace.*
D. Oct. Your presence in this place, noble Antonio,
Was so unexpected, I hardly durst
Believe my eyes; when came you to this town?
D. Ant. I am just now arrived.
D. Oct. I joy to see you here; but should have thought
It likelier to have heard of you at court,
Pursuing there the recompences due
To your great merit.
D. Ant. That is no place for men of morality:
I have been taught, Octavio, to deserve,
But not to seek reward; that does profane
The dignity of [illegible] of princes,
For their own [illegible] will not advance
Deserving subj[illegible] must raise themselves
By a brave co[illegible]ortune.
D. Oct. Ri[illegible]virtue! which makes us to des[illegible],
Yet suffer the [illegible]al those we serve.
D. Ant. Virtue to 't terest has no regard;
Nor is it virtue, if we expect reward.
D. Oct. If for their service kings our virtues press,
Is no pay due to valour and success?
D. Ant. When we gave up our persons to their will,
We gave with those, our valour, fortune, skill.
D. Oct. But this condition tacitly was meant,
Kings should adjust reward and punishment.
D. Ant. Kings are the only judges of deserts,
And our tribunal 's seated in their hearts.
D. Oct. But if they judge and act amiss, what then?
D. Ant. They must account to th' powers above, not men.
D. Oct. Then we must suffer.
D. Ant. Yes; if we reject
Their power as too great, we must erect
A greater to controul them; and thus we,
Instead of shrinking, swell the tyranny.
D. Oct. W' obey for fear, then.
D. Ant. True; 'tis only above
Where power is justice, and obedience love.
D. Oct. I'm glad to find, in you, the seeds yet left
Of steady virtue; may they bring forth fruit
Fit to illustrate and instruct the age.
Let me once more embrace you; welcome, brave man. [*Embraces Don* Antonio.
Both the delight and honour of your friends,
D. Ant. You will give me leave, sir, to distinguish
Betwixt your judgment and civility.
D. Oct. He has not liv'd i' th' reach of public fame,
Who is a stranger to your character.
This is my house, be pleas'd, sir, to go in,
And make it your's; though truly at present
I am but in an ill condition
To receive the honour of such a guest;
Having, by an unlucky accident,
Been forc'd of late to keep myself conceal'd.
D. Ant. I humbly thank you, sir, but cannot yet
Receive your favour; for I must stay here
Expecting the return of one I sent
Before me to my brother-in-law's.

D. Oct. Have you a brother-in-law in Seville?
You surprize me much.
D. Ant. It is most true, Octavio, I come hither
A married man, as much as friends can make me.
D. Oct. Since it import[illegible] t to miss your servant,
Let us stay here without [illegible] comes,
And then go in and rest [illegible] while.
But how go our affairs in [illegible]?
D. Ant. I left our arm[illegible] better state
Than formerly.
D. Oct. And your governor, the Duke of Alva,
I suppose in great reputation.
D. Ant. The honour of our country, and the terror
Of others; fortune consulted reason
When she bestow'd such favours upon him.
D. Oct. And yet 'tis said, he loses ground at court.
D. Ant. 'Tis possible; under a jealous prince,
A great 's as prejudicial as an evil fame.
D. Oct. They say he's cruel, even to barbarity.
D. Ant. 'Tis mercy, that which they call cruelty.*
In a civil war, in fertile provinces,
(And the sun sees not richer than are these,)
The soldier, especially th' auxiliary,
Whose trade it is to fight for salary,
Is brib'd by gain the rebels' lives to spare,
That mutual quarter may prolong the war;
Till this slow fever has consum'd their force,
And then they'll fall to our rival France of course.
War made in earnest, maketh war to cease,
And vigorous prosecution hastens peace.
D. Oct. Y' have made me comprehend his conduct; he's sure
As great a politician as a soldier.
D. Ant. Loyalty 's his centre, his circumf'rence glory;
And t' after ages he 'll show great in story.
D. Oct. And is our good friend, the Marquis d'Olivera,
In high esteem?
D. Ant. The boast of our army; he has exceeded
Hope, and made flattery impossible.
D. Oct. They say he did wonders [3] at the siege of Mons.
D. Ant. You mean (as I suppose) at the pursuit
O' th' German army led by the prince of Orange.
Indeed his courage, and his conduct there,
Were very signal.
D. Oct. You'll much oblige me, if, whilst you expect
Your servant here, I might learn from yourself
Some few particulars of your own actions;
Fame speaks loudly of them, but not distinctly.
D. Ant. Fame, like water, bears up the lighter things,
And lets the weighty sink. I do not use
To speak in the first person; but, if you needs
Will have a story to fill up the time,
I'll tell you an adventure of my own,
Where you'll find love so intermix'd with arms,
That (I am confident) 'twill raise your wonder,
How, being prepossess'd with such a passion,
I should (upon prudential motives only)
Be engaged (as now you find me) to marry
A lady whom I never saw.
D. Oct. The person, and the subject, sir, both challenge
My best attention.
D. Ant. [*After a little pause*] The following evening to that glorious day,
Wherein the Duke of Alva gain'd such fame
Against the cautelous Nassaw, some horse
Were sent from the army, under my command,
To cover the Limbourg frontiers, much expos'd
To th' enemy's inroads; my troops scarce lodg'd,
I receiv'd intelligence, that a party
Of th' enemy (about two hundred horse)
Were newly come t' a village three leagues off,
Intending there to lodge; immediately
We sounded to horse, and march to their surprize
So luckily, that by the break of day
Their quarters were on fire.
D. Oct. You had been taught, sir, by your wise general,
That diligence in execution is
(Even above fortune) mistress of success.
D. Ant. They made but faint resistance; some were slain,
Some perish'd in the fire, others escap'd,
Giving the alarm, in quarters more remote,
To their companions drown'd in sleep and wine;
Who, at the outcry, and the noise of trumpets,
Methinks I fancy starting from their beds,
As pale and wan, as from their dormitories
Those the last trump shall rouse, diff'ring in this,
That those awake to live, but these to die.
D. Oct. Oh how unsafe it is to be secure!
D. Ant. Finding no more resistance, I made haste
To a lofty structure, which, as I conceiv'd,

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[3] *At the siege of Mons.*—In the year 1572, the town of Mons, in Henault, was surprized by Count Lodowicke, who fortified himself in it, intending to hold it against the power of Spain. It was soon after invested by the Duke of Alva, and surrendered to him after a long siege, though attempted to be succoured by the Prince of Orange, who came before it with an army with which he some time harrassed his enemy, but without effecting his principal design.

Was the likeliest quarter for their officer;
Led thither by desire to rescue both,
Him, from the soldiers' rage, that from the fire.
D. Oct. A care most worthy of a gallant leader.
D. Ant. But think, Octavio, how I was surpriz'd,
When, entering a pavilion i' th' garden,
I found a woman of a matchless form,
Stretch'd all along upon the marble floor.
D. Oct. I easily can divine how such a heart,
As harbours in the brave Antonio's breast,
May suffer at so sad a spectacle.
D. Ant. At the first sight, I did believe her dead;
Yet in that state so awful she appear'd,
That I approach'd her with as much respect,
As if the soul had animated still
That body, which, though dead, scarce mortal seem'd.
But as the sun from our horizon gone,
His beams do leave a tincture on the skies,
Which shews it was not long since he withdrew;
So in her lovely face there still appear'd
Some scatter'd streaks of those vermillion beams,
Which us'd t' irradiate that bright firmament.
Thus did I find that distress'd miracle,
Able to wound a heart as if alive,
Uncapable to cure it, as if dead.
D. Oct. I no more doubt your pity, than your wonder.
D. Ant. My admiration did suspend my aid,
Till passion join'd to pity made me bold;
I kneel'd and took her in my arms, then bow'd
Her body gently forward; at which instant,
A sigh stole from her; Oh the ravishing sound!
Which, being a symptom of remaining life,
Made me forget that 'twas a sign of grief.
At length she faintly opens her bright eyes;
So breaks the day, and so do all the creatures
Rejoice, as I did, at the new-born light:
But as the Indians, who adore the sun,
Are scorch'd by 's beam, ere half his race be run;
So I, who did adore her rising eyes,
Found myself wounded by those deities.
D. Oct. I am big with expectation, pray
Deliver me.
D. Ant. From her fair hand a bloody poniard fell,
Which she held fast during her trance, as if
She had only needed arms whilst she did sleep,
And trusted to her eyes when she did wake.
What I said to her, being a production
Of mere extasy, I remember not;
She made me no reply, yet I discern'd,
In a serener air of her pale face,
Some lines of satisfaction, mix'd with fear.
D. Oct. Such looks in silence have an eloquence.
But pray go on.
D. Ant. Rais'd from the ground, and to herself return'd,
I stept a fitting distance back; as well
To gaze upon that lovely apparition,
As to express respect; when at that instant
The trumpets sound a charge; my soldiers [illegible]
Where is our leader? Where's Antonio?
My love a while disputed with honour,
But that, being the longer settled power
O'ercame; I join'd my troops, left in reserve,
As they were ready to receive a charge
From divers squadrons of fresh horse, which [illegible]
Quarter'd in neighb'ouring villages, had [illegible]
Hotly th' alarm, and I came (though then too late)
In succour of their friends. Honour and [illegible]
Had so inflam'd my heart, that I advanc'd
Beyond the rules of conduct, and receiv'd
So many wounds, that I with faintness fell.
D. Oct. How can this story end?
D. Ant. My soldiers beat the enemy, and brought me off,
Where surgeons quickly cur'd my outward wounds:
But the remembrance of that heroine,
My inward hurts kept bleeding still afresh;
Till, by the business of the war constrain'd
T' attend my charge i' th' army, my despair
Of ever seeing her again, conspiring
With the strong persuasions of Olivera,
I was at length even forc'd to an engagement
Of marriage with a lady of this city,
Rich, noble, and, as they say, beautiful.
And so you have me here, come to consummate
Those nuptial rites, to which my interest,
And the importunity of trusty friends,
O'er-rule my judgment, tho' against my heart.
D. Oct. A wonderful adventure! but pray, sir,
May I not take the liberty to ask you,
Who may this noble lady be, to whom
The fates have destin'd so much happiness?
D. Ant. I have no reserves for you, Octavio
'Tis the sister of——

Enter Ernesto, *and Don* Octavio *retires hastily, and covers his face with his cloak.*

D. Ant. [*nodding to Oct.*] It is my servant, sir,
D. Oct. Step to Antonio, Diego, and desire him
To send him off.
[Diego *goes to* Antonio *and whispers.*
D. Ant. I will immediately—Well, Ernesto,
What good news? speak freely.
Ern. Sir, as you charg'd me, I told your brother-in-law,
I thought you hardly could be there this night;
He kisses your hands, and bade me tell you,
That he expects your coming with impatience,
This letter 's from Don Henrique, th' other from
Your beauteous bride, the most accomplish'd person
I ever saw; my being of your train
Gave me the privilege of a domestick,
To see her in her chamber dress, without

A veil, either to cover faults, or hide
Perfections.
D. Ant. Tell me truly, is she so very handsome?
Ern. Handsomer far, in my opinion, sir,
Than all those Brussels beauties, which you call
The finish'd pieces: but I say no more;
Let your own eyes inform you; here's a key
Of the apartment that 's made ready for you;
A lower quarter, very nobly furnish'd,
That opens on St Vincent's street.
D. Ant. Give it me; and go to the post-house,
And take care that my things be brought from thence. [*Exit* ERNESTO.
Octavio, will you go along with me,
And be a witness of my first address?
D. Oct. Sir, you chuse in me an ill companion
Of lovers' interviews, or nuptial joys:
One whose misfortunes to such sad extremes
Are heighten'd, that the very mentioning
Of happy hours, serves only to imbitter
The memory of my lost joys.
D. Ant. So very deep a sense of your misfortunes,
Holds no proportion with Octavio's mind.

Enter FLORA *in haste.*

Flo. Where's your master, Diego?
Die. There's some ill towards, when this bird appears. [*Aside.*
Do you not see him? y' have liv'd too long a maid.
Flo. Sir, I have something to say t' you in private,
That requires haste.
D. Oct. What new accident brings you hither, Flora?
Flo. These tablets will inform you, sir.
[FLORA *retires.*
Die. Will you not stay for an answer, damsel?
Flo. 'Tis a command, not a question, Diego.
Die. Short and sweet, Flora.
D. Oct. Good Flora, stay a minute; I much fear
It is some new misfortune.
Die. Nay, sir, you may be sure 'tis some disaster,
Else it would ne'er have come so easily,
And so unsought for.
D. Oct. Will you allow me for a moment, sir,
To step into my house, and read a letter?
[*Bowing to* ANTONIO.
D. Ant. I'll wait upon you in, and stay your leisure. [*Exeunt all but* DIEGO.
Die. These little black books do more devils raise,
Than all the figures of the conjurers.
This is some missive from the heroine;
If it ends not in fighting I'll be hang'd;
It is the method of their dear romances,
And persons of their rank make love by book.
Curse of the inventor of that damn'd device
Of painting words, and speaking to our eyes!
Had I a hundred daughters, by this light,
Not one of 'em should ever read or write.

Enter FLORA, *and seems to go away in haste.*

Here she comes again. 'Twas a quick dispatch.
A word, Flora, or a kind glance at least;
What, grown cruel? Diego, no body w' you.
Flo. This is no time for fooling, friend.
Die. Nay, if you be so serious, fare you well;
But, now I think on't better, I'll do th' honours
Of our street, and bring you to the end on't.
Flo. I shall be well help'd up with such a 'squire.
If some wandering knight should chance to assault you,
To bear away your damsel, what would you do?
Die. I'd use no other weapon but a torch;
I'd put aside your veil, shew him your face,
That, I suppose, would guard us both.
Flo. Why, d' you think 'twould fright him, Diego?
Die. Oh, no; 'twould charm him, Flora.
Flo. Well, such as 'tis, *I'll venture it without*
Engaging your known valour; good-night.
[*Exit* FLORA.

Enter Don OCTAVIO *and Don* ANTONIO.

D. Oct. What may this be? I swear I cannot guess;
The warning's short, but she must be obey'd.
The hour draws near; I must go seek a friend,
Her words seem to imply need of a second;
'Twere barbarous to engage Antonio,
Newly arriv'd, and come on such an errand.
[*Aside.*
Noble Antonio, my confusion's great,
[*Addressing to* ANTONIO.
To tell you thus abruptly, I must leave you;
Th' occasion's indispensable.
D. Ant. I must not quit you, sir, I know too well
The laws of honour, to desert you now:
When I perceive my friend in such disorder,
And all the marks that he is call'd to danger,
To leave him then—
D. Oct. It is a summons from a lady, sir,
Whom I have lov'd with passion and success,
To meet her in her garden presently:
All is propitious on her part and mine;
But she's so guarded by a tyrant brother,
So naturally jealous, and so incens'd
By a late accident which I shall tell you,
That to assure you there would be no danger
In this adventure, were, sir, to abuse you;
But for that very reason I am bound
Not to consent you should embark yourself
In a business, so directly opposite
To the occasion which has brought you hither.
D. Ant. I like the omen, at my first arrival
To have the honour to serve so brave a friend.
D. Oct. You from a life of perils hither come
To find a nuptial bed, not seek a tomb.

D. Ant. My friend engag'd, it never must be said
Antonio left him so to go to bed.
D. Oct. Y' are marry'd, and expose what's not your own.
D. Ant. Wedded to honour, that must yield to none. [we must
D. Oct. Honour makes me refuse your aid;
As well to friends, as to ourselves, be just.
D. Ant. He ought not to pretend to friendship's name,
Who reckons not himself and friend the same.
D. Oct. Friendship with justice must not disagree,
That were to break the virtue's harmony.
D. Ant. Friendship is justice; for whene'er we give,
We then receive; so 'tis commutative.
D. Oct. So great 's your friendship, you [illegible] friend oppress:
To make it juster, you must make it less.
D. Ant. Friendship can never err in the extent,
Like Nile, when [illegible] 'tis most benef[illegible]
D. Oct. I fear [illegible] you will still suf[illegible]
D. Ant. I [illegible] triumph to my cause, you
Come, we lose time, your mistress must not stay.
D. Oct. Who 's so accompany'd, needs not fear his way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE—*Don* HENRIQUE'S *House.*

CAMILLA, PORCIA, *and* FLORA, *appear as in a balcony.*

Por. Come, cousin, the hour assign'd approaches.
Cam. Nay, more than so, for 'tis already night.
Flor. And, thanks to your stars, sufficiently dark.
Por. To the clouds you would say, Flora; for stars,
In this occasion, would not much befriend us.
Pray, cousin, when Octavio shall arrive,
Do you and Flora watch above with care;
For if my cruel brother should surprize us—
Cam. Let us alone to play the centinels.
Flor. I'm confident he's abroad, and will not
Suddenly return; for I heard him say,
He'd pass the evening at the Corrigidor's;
And thence, you know, he seldom comes home early.

Enter ANTONIO, OCTAVIO, *and* DIEGO, *with their cloaks o'er their faces and their swords undrawn in their hands.*

D. Ant. Is it not something early for adventures
Of this nature?
D. Oct. 'Tis the hour she appointed.
D. Ant. How dark 'tis grown o' th' sudden! there's not one
Star appears in all the firmament.
Die. So much the better; for, when I must fight,
I covet no spectators of my prowess. [*Aside.*
D. Oct. Stay you here, Antonio, I'll step before,
And give the sign; when you hear the door open,
Then come on, and follow me in.

Enter, at the other side of the stage, Don HENRIQUE *and Don* CARLOS.

D. Hen. The Corrigidor's is a sweet place.
D. Car. The walks and fountains so entice me, I still
Weary myself before I can retire.
D. Hen. Indeed we have stand longer than we thought,
And therefore let's go home the shorter way;
The back-door of my garden's here at hand.
D. Car. It will be better than to go about.
Por. Would he were come, I fear the rising moon
Will give us little time. [*Above in the balcony.*
[OCTAVIO *knocks upon the hilt of his sword.*
I think I hear his usual knock; who's there?
D. Oct. 'Tis I.
Por. I hope y' are not alone.
D. Oct. No; here's Diego with me, and a friend.
Por. 'Tis well; I'll open the door presently.
D. Hen. Come, we are now hard by the garden-gate.
D. Oct. Let's to the door, sure she's there by this time;
Be not afraid, Diego.
Die. You had as good command me not to breathe.
D. Oct. Come on; what are you thinking on?
Die. That I see company, or that my fear does.
D. Oct. Y' are i' th' right; let 's, to avoid suspicion,
Walk on at large, till they are out of distance.
[*The noise of a lock.*
D. Car. I think I heard your garden-door open.
D. Hen. I think so too; ha, at this time of the night!
Why, what a devil can this mean? 'Tis so.
D. Ant. They have open'd this door; 'tis time for me
To follow, surely Octavio is gone in.
[ANTONIO *goes towards the door.*
Por. What stay you for?
[*Holding the door half open.*

D. Hen. What is 't I hear? sure 'tis Porcia's voice.

Por. What mean you to stand there? come in, I say.

D. Hen. Hell and furies!

[*He goes to draw his sword.*

D. Car. Be patient, [illegible] and you will make a clearer [illegible]

[illegible] very of your affront.

Por. You may come [illegible], Octavio,

[*Seeing open the door.*

[illegible] those will watch my brother's coming.

D. Ant. Madam, I [illegible] not Octavio.

Por. Not Octavio! who are you then? and who's

That shadow there?

D. Hen. I can hold no longer—I'm thy destiny, [*Draws his sword.*

Vile woman; and his mortal enemy.

D. Ant. Ha, my mortal enemy?

D. Hen. Yes, villain; whoe'er thou art, thou shalt pay

This treachery with thy life.

D. Ant. Vain man! whoe'er thou art, know, the life thou

Threaten'st is guarded by a trusty sword.

[*Don* CARLOS *draws, and they all enter the garden fighting.*

D. Hen. Make fast the door.

[*To Don* CARLOS.

Thou art some desperate villain, hir'd to murder.

[OCTAVIO *and* DIEGO *come to the door.*

D. Ant. Hir'd by friendship, and honour's my salary. [*In the garden.*

D. Oct. That's Antonio's voice within the garden.

[*Runs to the door, and finds it shut.*

What, the door shut! my friend engag'd, and I

Excluded! cursed fate! this tree may help me

To climb o'er; if not, I'll fly t' him.

[*He climbs up.*

Die. You may do so: your sprightly love has wings,

And 's ever fledge; 'tis molting-time with mine;

Yet I'll up too; the hazard 's not in climbing:

[DIEGO *climbs the tree.*

Here I will sit, and out of danger's reach

Expect the issue.

SCENE *changes to a Garden, out of which they issue fighting.*

D. Oct. Courage, brave friend; you have Octavio by you. [firm.

D. Ant. So seconded, a coward would grow

D. Hen. What, is there more of your crew? then 'tis time

To call for help—ho, Silvio, Geraldo, [you.

Pedro, come forth, and bring out torches with

Enter SILVIO *with his sword drawn.*

Sil. Here am I, sir, my camerades will follow, [*They fight.*

As soon as they have lighted their torches.

D. Ant. How I despise these slaves, Octavio

Having you by me!

Die. Their swords do clatter bravely in the dark. [*In the tree.*

Sil. I 'm slain. [SILVIO *falls.*

[*Don* HENRIQUE *stepping back, falls over* SILVIO, *and loses his sword, and* CARLOS *runs in to him.*

D. Car. What, are you hurt?

D. Hen. No, I fell by chance: help me to find my sword.

D. Oct. What, do you give back? you do well to take breath,

Whilst you have any left; 'twill not be long,

Now that the rising moon lends us some light.

[*The rising moon appears behind the scene.*

[PORCIA *runs out to* OCTAVIO.

Por. O Octavio, let not this moment slip

To free me from my cruel brother's fury,

Or never hope to see me any more

Amongst the living.

[OCTAVIO *leads her away by the arm.*

D. Oct. Ah, noble maid! he that is once possess'd

Of such a treasure, and defends it not,

Let him live wretched, and detested die.

Where's my brave friend?

D. Ant. You have me by your side; lead off your mistress;

I'll secure your retreat. [torious,

Die. That, doubtless, is my master, who vic-

[*In the tree, pointing to those who are going off.*

Is bravely marching off with his fair prize;

I'll down and follow.

D. Car. But, whilst I was engag'd to succour you, [*Having helped up Don* HEN.

Our enemies, I fear, are got away;

I heard the door open, and see none here,

Although the night's much brighter than 'twas.

I'll follow, and trace the villains, if I can,

To their dens: mean while take care of your sister;

And, pray, till my return be moderate.

D. Hen. How! moderation in this case?—what, ho!

Geraldo, Pedro, ah, ye cursed rogues!

Enter Servants with torches.

Durst ye not shew your heads till they were gone?

Geraldo, light me in, whilst Pedro looks

To his hurt companion—ah, Porcia! Porcia!

[*Exeunt Don* HENRIQUE *and* GERALDO, PEDRO *carries out* SILVIO *fainting with his hurts.*

SCENE *changes to the City of Seville.*

Enter Don OCTAVIO, PORCIA, *Don* ANTONIO, *and a little after* DIEGO, *and after them Don* CARLOS.

Die. Sure, that's Antonio bringing up the rear.

Sir, th' are but just before; my master bears her [*Looking back to Don* CARLOS.
Most gallantly away; lose not sight of me.
D. Car. This rogue takes me for one of his own crew;
He will, by his mistake, help me to harbour 'em.
[*Exeunt.*

[CAMILLA *and* FLORA *appear in the balcony.*

SCENE *changes to Don* HENRIQUE'S *House.*

Cam. Was there ever such a disaster, Flora?
Sure th' are all dead, so great 's the silence.
Porcia! Porcia!—nobody answers.
Flo. Madam, let us go down into the garden.
Cam. Excuse me; that were to involve myself
In this unlucky scandal; 'tis possible,
Affrighted with the scuffle, she's return'd
Into her quarter by the other door;
Let 's away thither.
[*They go down upon the stage.*
Flo. Oh, madam! I see a light, and Don Henrique
Coming this way with his sword drawn: what shall
We do?
Cam. Peace; let us hide ourselves behind the door, [*They go behind the door.*
Till we discover his intentions.

Enter Don HENRIQUE *and* GERALDO *with a torch, and* PEDRO *with a light; Don* HENRIQUE *and* GERALDO *their swords drawn.*

Ped. Sir, I have search'd all the rooms of the house,
And cannot find her.
D. Hen. Base infamous woman! may be she 's fled
To the quarter order'd for Antonio.
Ped. That door is lock'd, and 's servant has the key.
D. Hen. Ah, this cursed vagabond! thus to rob [*He stamps.*
A brother of the fruits of all his care,
And cast this stain on th' honour of our house!
But if ever I get the fugitive
Within my reach, I'll sacrifice her blood
To the offended spirits of my ancestors.
Flo. Madam, d' you hear?
Cam. Yes, and tremble, Flora.
D. Hen. Call for her woman.
Ped. Flora! Flora!

Enter FLORA.

Flo. My good angel guard me—what's your pleasure, sir?
D. Hen. Where's your mistress, hussy?
Flo. She told me, sir, about half an hour since, She would go down into the garden. [*Exit* FLORA.
D. Hen. My shame is certain; ah! the sad condition
Of us men of honour! how unequally
Our crosses and our comforts mingled are!
Our orphan sisters are no sooner grown
Above the follies of their childish age,
(During which season, custom does exact
Our watchful caution over all their actions,)
But they are grafted on some stranger stock,
Where they do change both their abodes and names,
Without the least reflection on their kindness,
Who pain'd themselves to cultivate their youth;
Or else remain to exercise our fears.
O unjust Heavens! why suffer you that they,
Who to our joys of life such bubbles are,
Should add such weight unto our griefs and care?
Ah Porcia, Porcia!

Enter Don CARLOS.

D. Car. Don Henrique, if I am not much mistaken,
I have in this short time made a great progress
Towards your redress; I come from harbouring
The villains, who have done you this affront.
Cam. It imports to be attentive now.
D. Hen. O you revive me! May I but once enjoy
The pleasure of my revenge, though the next
Moment were the last period of my life,
I should depart contented. Are the villains
Within our reach?
D. Car. Be patient, sir, and I'll inform you fully.
You were no sooner up, but I pursu'd
Your flying enemies, hoping, the night
Grown somewhat lighter, might help me to discover
The place of their retreat—one of their party,
Who was behind the rest, mistaking me
For one of his camerades, bade me come on;
Saying, his master was but just before;
That he had borne his mistress bravely off,
And put her champion brother out of combat.
D. Hen. Insolent rascal!— [*He stamps.*
D. Car. We had not pass'd above a street or two
Before he stopp'd, and at the second house
Beyond the church, in Saint Iago's street,
He enter'd, and desir'd me to follow him;
I, making a stand, he grew suspicious,
And, from my silence, guessing his mistake,
He slipp'd into the house and lock'd the door:
When I had well observ'd the street and house
I came with speed to give you this account.
Flor. Oh, madam, this is Don Octavio's house!
Without all doubt, they 've carry'd Porcia thither.
Cam. Peace, Flora, and listen to the sequel.
D. Hen. Come, cousin, we lose time—Heigh! who waits there?
I will besiege the house: if they refuse
To render, I'll reduce that theatre
Of my shame to ashes, and make their fort
Both theirs and it's own sepulchre. There are
Such charms in vengeance, that I do not wonder
It is reserv'd for him who form'd the thunder.

D. Car. Have patience, cousin, and consult your reason;
'Twill soon convince you how unpracticable
And vain your proposition is, t' attempt,
At this time of night, a house so guarded,
In a well-govern'd city; that would prove
Very like thunder, which the cloud destroys
Wherein 'twas form'd, producing only noise.
What can the issue be, but to alarm
The town, expose your person and your fortune
To th' rigour of the law, publish your shame,
And frustrate your revenge for ever?

D. Hen. What! would you have me tarry till these villains,
Who have invaded my house, affronted
My person, murder'd my servant, and robb'd
Me of a sister, may evade my vengeance?
[*Spoken hastily.*

D. Car. No; fear not that, let me alone to find
A certain way to hinder their escape;
I'll instantly to the Corrigidor,
And beg the assistance of his authority
To secure these criminals for the present,
That afterwards the law may punish them.

D. Hen. A fine proposal! Why, cousin, can you think
That I'll submit a personal injury
To th' tame decision of the formal law?
And having been affronted by the sword,
To pray the aid of the long robe, and take
An advocate for second?—reliev'd by law?

D. Car. Since we all parties are in making laws,
We must not judges be in our own cause;
We hold it infamous to break our words,
Yet cancel the great charter with our swords.

D. Hen. They, by their insolence, the laws invade.

D. Car. But you, by your revenge, the laws degrade.

D. Hen. Honour obliges me to take revenge.

D. Car. Honour is justice, rightly understood;
Your idol honour 's only heat of blood.

D. Hen. Honour 's opinion, which rules all the world. [fools;

D. Car. Opinion, Henrique, only governs
Reason, the wise and truly valiant rules.

D. Hen. Reason 's opinion; for every one
Stamps reason on his own opinion.

D. Car. Then, by your argument, when people join
In making laws, because they all opine,
Laws are reasonable, and bind us all.

D. Hen. Curse on your sophistry, to treat a friend
With figures, that 's raging in a fever!
You may as well pretend to teach a man
To sing his part, that's stretch'd upon a rack.
No, sir, I'll sooner lose this irksome life,
Than e'er consent to publish my disgrace,
Before I have reveng'd it—to assist
At the funeral of my own honour!—[*He stamps.*

D. Car. What a wild creature is a cholerick man! [*Aside.*
'Tis far from my intent; all my design
Is only how we may conceal your shame,
Till we have got these villains in our power;
Which can be brought about by no such means,
As by demanding justice against those
Who did assault your person, and have wounded
Your servant, a very plausible pretence!
Will this content you? Trust my conduct, cousin;
Is not my interest the same with yours?

D. Hen. Well, since it must be so, I pray make haste.

D. Car. Doubt not my diligence; by this I'll prove
Friendship has fire and wings, as well as love.

D. Hen. If you could fly, you 'd move with too much leisure;
Ah, tedious minutes, which revenge does measure! [*Exit* CARLOS.

Flo. Madam, y' have heard their mischievous design?

Cam. Yes, Flora, out of question Porcia 's there;
And, if they find her, she is lost for ever.

Flo. I'll try to hinder it, though I were certain
To perish in th' attempt: I'm confident
The house at present is in such confusion,
I may run thither without being miss'd.

Cam. 'Tis well thought on; in the interim I'll retire
To Porcia's chamber.
[*Exeunt from behind the door.*

Enter GERALDO.

Ger. Sir, Don Antonio is just arriv'd.

D. Hen. Ha! what 's that you say, sirrah?

Ger. That Don Antonio, sir, your brother-in-law,
Is without, walking i' th' hall, and bade me
Give you notice of it; shall he come in?

D. Hen. Antonio arriv'd! O heavens, this circumstance
Was only wanting to complent my shame!
When he desires to see his wife, shall I,
Myself, inform a person of his quality,
That she is run away? Where shall I find
A heart, a tongue, a voice, or breath, or face,
To utter this unparallell'd disgrace?
[*Spoken hastily.*
O this fantastick sense of honour! I
At my own tribunal stand [4]assoil'd,
Yet fearing others' censure am embroil'd.

[4] *Assoil'd.—Absolved, discharged.* Fr. *absoudre.* Lat. *absolvere.*—JUNIUS.

Ger. What is your pleasure, sir? 'tis possible
That Don Antonio may think it long.
D. Hen. Wait on him in, but at the same time tell him
You cannot find me—I will leave my house,
And the discovery of my shame, to fate,
And any censure rather undergo,
Than be the reporter of my own disgrace;
Till first I have my honour's ransom paid,
In the vile blood of this perfidious maid.
[*Exit* HENRIQUE.

Enter Don ANTONIO *and* ERNESTO.

D. Ant. My friend and his fair mistress safely lodg'd,
And free from their adventure; 'tis now fit
To mind my own engagement—But, Ernesto,
What can the meaning be of this rude usage,
In suffering me to stay without thus long,
Upon my first arrival? Come, let 's go on
Into the other rooms.
Ern. I swear, sir, I 'm amaz'd at this great change;
'Tis not above two hours, since I found here
A numerous and well-order'd family,
In all appearance; now I see the pages
Bolt out of the doors, then start back again
Into their holes, like rabbits in a warren;
The maids lie peeping at the garret windows,
Like th' upper tier of ordnance in a ship;
All looks disorder'd now; nor can I guess
What may have caus'd so great an alteration;
But there I see the servant you sent in.

Enter GERALDO.

D. Ant. Friend, where's your master?
Ger. I cannot tell, sir.
D. Ant. Where is his sister?
Ger. In truth I know not, sir; we men-servants
Have little to do in the ladies' quarters.
[*Exit* GERALDO.
D. Ant. This looks but oddly; are you sure, Ernesto,
Y' have not misguided me to a wrong house?
Ern. If you are sure, sir, that we are awake,
Then I am certain this is the same house,
Wherein this afternoon I saw and spoke with
Don Henrique and your bride; by the same token
There was a lady with her in a veil;
And this very room is the anti-chamber
To her apartment.
D. Ant. I should be finely serv'd, if, after all
This negociation, and a tedious journey,
My pains and patience should be cast away
On home such wither'd Sybil for a wife,
As her own brother is asham'd to shew me.
Ern. You'll soon be freed from that fear, sir.
[ERNESTO *goes toward the door.*
D. Ant. How so?
Ern. Because I see her in the inner-room,
Lying along upon her couch, and reading;
Her face is turn'd the other way, but yet
Her shape and cloaths assure me 'tis the same.
D. Ant. Art certain that 'tis she?
Ern. There are not many like her.
D. Ant. If thou be'st sure 'tis she, I'll venture in,
Without her brother's presence t' introduce me.
Ern. She's coming this way, sir.

Enter CAMILLA, *reading.*

Cam. Y' have reason, Dido, and 'tis well remark'd,—
[*She shuts her book; after a little pause.*
The woman who suffers herself to love,
Ought likewise to prepare herself to suffer;
There was great power in your charms, Æneas,
T' enthrall a lady's heart at first approach,
And make such early and such deep impressions,
That nothing but her death could e'er deface.
Alas, poor Dido!—
D. Ant. O heavens! what's that I see?—or do I dream?
[ANTONIO *seeing her, starts, then stands as if amaz'd.*
Sure I am asleep, and 'tis a vision
Of her who's always present to my thoughts;
Who, fearing my revolt, does now appear
To prove and to confirm my constancy.
When first I saw that miracle, she seem'd
An apparition; here it must be one.
Ern. What fit of frenzy 's this?—Sir, 'tis Porcia,
A lovely, living woman, and your bride.
D. Ant. The blessing is too mighty for my faith.
Ern. Faith! ne'er trouble your faith in this occasion;
Approach her boldly, sir, and trust your sense.
D. Ant. As when we dream of some transporting pleasure,
And, finding that we dream, we fear to wake,
Lest sense should rob us of our fancy's treasure,
And our delightful vision from us take;
Bless'd apparition, so it fares with me.
That very angel, now, once more appears,
To whose divinity, long since, I rais'd
An altar in my heart; where I have offer'd
The constant sacrifice of sighs and vows.
My eyes are open, yet I dare not trust 'em!
Bliss above faith must pass for an illusion;
If such it be, O let me sleep for ever,
Happily deceiv'd: But, celestial maid,
If this thy glorious presence real be,
O let one word of pity raise my soul
From visionary bliss, and make me die
With real joy instead of extasy.
Speak, speak, my destiny; for the same breath
May warm my heart, or cool it into death.
Ern. 'Slife! he 's in one of his old fits again—
Why, what d' you mean, sir? 'tis Porcia herself.
Cam. I am that maid, who to your virtue owes

Her honour then, and her disquiet since;
Yet in my pain, I cannot but be pleas'd
To find a passion, censur'd in our sex,
Justify'd by so great an obligation.
'Tis true, I blush, yet I must own the fire,
To which both love and gratitude conspire.
D. Ant. Incomparable creature! can it be,
That, having suffer'd all which might, love
Did e'er inflict, I now should be repaid
With as full joys as love could ever give?
Fortune, to make my happiness compleat,
Has join'd her power, and made me find a bride
In a lost mistress; but with this allay,
Of leaving me no means my faith to prove,
Since chance anticipates the pains of love.
Cam. The servant's error has misled the master,
He takes me too for Porcia; blessed mistake!
Assist me now, artful dissimulation. [*Aside.*
But how can that consist with so much passion?
'Tis possible the sense of my distress'd
Condition might dispose a noble heart
To take impressions then, which afterwards
Time, and your second thoughts, may have defac'd;
But can a constant passion be produc'd
From those ideas pity introduc'd?
Let your tongue speak your heart; for, should y' abuse me,
I shall in time discover the deceit:
You may paint fire, Antonio, but not heat.
D. Ant. Madam—
Cam. Hold; be not too scrupulous, Antonio;
Let me believe it, though it be not true;
For the chief happiness poor maids receive,
Is when themselves they happily deceive.
D. Ant. If, since those conquering eyes I first beheld,
You have not reign'd unrival'd in my heart,
May you despise me now you are my own;
Which is to me all curses summ'd in one.
But may your servant, madam, take the boldness
To ask, if you have ever thought of him?
Cam. A love so founded in a grateful heart,
Has need of no remembrance, Antonio;
You know yourself too well; those of your trade
Have skill to hold, as well as to invade.
D. Ant. Fortune has lifted me to such a height
Of happiness, that it may turn my brain,
When I look down upon the world.
What have I now to wish but moderation,
To temper and to fix my joys?
Cam. I yield as little t' you, noble Antonio,
In happiness, as affection; but still
Porcia must do as may become your bride,
And sister to Don Henrique; in whose absence
A longer conference must be excus'd;
Therefore I take the freedom to withdraw.
Should I have staid until Don Henrique came,
His presence would have marr'd my whole design. [*Aside.*

[*Exit* CAMILLA.

D. Ant. Where beauty, virtue, and discretion join,
'Tis heaven, methinks, to find that treasure mine.

Enter Don HENRIQUE.

D. Hen. Sure, Don Antonio, having long ere this
Found out th' infamous flight of my vile sister,
Will be retir'd to meditate revenge
Upon us both—Ah, curse! he is there still;
[*He sees him.*
I'll slip away—But it is now too late,
He has perceiv'd me.
D. Ant. How, Don Henrique! avoid your friend, that 's come
So long a journey t' embrace you, and cast
Himself at the feet of your fair sister?
D. Hen. Noble Antonio, you may well imagine
The trouble I am in, that you should find
My house in such disorder, so unfit
To receive th' honour of so brave a guest.
D. Ant. 'Tis true, Don Henrique, I am much surpriz'd
With what I find; I little did expect
Your sister Porcia should have been—
D. Hen. Oh heavens! I'm lost, he has discover'd all. [*Aside.*
'Tis not, Antonio, in a brother's power
To make a sister of a better paste
Than Heav'n has made her.
D. Ant. In your case 'specially; for, without doubt,
Heaven never made a more accomplish'd creature.
D. Hen. What means the man? [*Aside.*
D. Ant. I come just now from entertaining her;
Whose wit and beauty so excel all those
Of her fair sex, whom I have ever known,
That my description of her would appear
Rather detraction than a just report
Of her perfections.
D. Hen. Certainly he mocks me; he never could
Have chosen a worse sufferer of scorn;
But I will yet contain myself awhile,
To see how far he 'll drive it. [*Aside.*]—Say you, sir,
That you have seen and entertain'd my sister?
D. Ant. Yes, Don Henrique; and with such full contentment,
So rais'd above expression, that I think
The pains and care of all my former life
Rewarded with excess, in the delight
Of those few minutes of her conversation.
'Tis true, that satisfaction was abridg'd
By her well-weigh'd severity; to give me
A greater pleasure in the contemplation
Of her discreet observance of the rules
Of decency; not suffering me, though now
Her husband, any longer to enjoy
So great a happiness, you not being by.

D. Hen. I am confounded; but I must dissemble
My astonishment, till I can unfold
The mystery. [*Aside.*]—She might have spar'd that caution;
But I suppose you 'll easily forgive
An error on the better side.
D. Ant. Sir, I have seen so much of her perfection
In that short visit, I shall sooner doubt
Our definitions in morality,
Than once suppose her capable of error.
D. Hen. This exposition makes it more obscure;
I must get him away. [*Aside.*]—Sir, is 't not time
To wait on you to your chamber? It 's late,
And I believe you have need of rest.
D. Ant. I should accept your offer, sir, with thanks,
If I were not oblig'd, as late as 'tis,
To see a friend before I go to bed.
D. Hen. I'll bear you company, if you 'll give me leave.
D. Ant. I humbly thank you, sir; but can't consent
To give you so much trouble; I'll return
Within an hour at farthest.
D. Hen. Whene'er you please; y' are wholly master here.
D. Ant. I never saw a man so discompos'd,
Whate'er the matter is.— [*Aside.*
Ernesto, I must make a step to see
A friend near hand; bid Sancho follow me,
And stay you in my chamber till I come.
[*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* ERNESTO.

D. Hen. Your servant, sir.
[*Don.* HENRIQUE *waits on him to the door.*
This sudden sally hence
At this time of the night, newly arriv'd
From a long journey, and not to suffer me
To wait upon him, does embroil me more.
But now I will not long be in suspence;
I 'll to my sister's chamber.

Enter Don CARLOS, *as Don* HENRIQUE *is going into* PORCIA'S *chamber.*

D. Car. Ho! Don Henrique; come away, all 's prepar'd;
Our kinsman the Corrigidor is ready
With a strong band of serjeants, and stays for you.
D. Hen. Speak softly, Don Antonio is arriv'd,
And some of his may over-hear us.
D. Car. That 's very unlucky; but does he know
Your sister 's missing?
D. Hen. I think not yet.
D. Car. Come, let 's away; we have no time to lose.
D. Hen. Pray stay a while; I labour with a doubt
Will burst me, if not clear'd before I go.
D. Car. What, cousin! will you lose an opportunity
Never to be recover'd? Are you mad?
Will you permit the villains to escape,
And laugh at us for ever? Come away.
[*He pulls him.*
D. Hen. Well, I must go; and let him make it out;
The worst estate of human life is doubt.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE—*Don* OCTAVIO'S *House.*

Enter Don OCTAVIO *angrily, pushing* DIEGO, *and* PORCIA *following.*

D. Oct. Villain, thou hast undone us; cursed villain,
Where was thy soul? had fear quite banish'd it,
And left thee not one grain of common sense?
Por. Was there ever so fatal an accident?
D. Oct. Why, traitor, didst thou not let me know it,
As soon as we were come into the house?
Die. What would y' have done, if you had known it then?
D. Oct. I would have sally'd out, and kill'd the rogue,
In whose power thou hast put it to destroy us.
Can it be doubted, but that long ere this
He has acquainted Henrique where we are?
From whose black rage we must immediately
Expect t' encounter all the worst extremes
Of malice, seconded by seeming justice;
For the unfortunate are still i' th' wrong.
Curse on all cowards! better far be serv'd
By fools and knaves: they make less dangerous faults.
Die. Am I in fault, because I'm not a cat?
How could I tell i' th' dark, whether that rascal
Were a knight-errant, or a recreant knight?
I thought him one of us, and true to love.
Were it not for such accidents as these,
That mock man's forecast, sure the destinies
Had ne'er been plac'd amongst the deities.
D. Oct. Peace, cowardly slave; having thus play'd the rogue,
Are you grown sententious? Did I not fear
To stain my sword with such base blood, I'd let
Thy soul out with it at a thousand wounds.
Die. Why then a thousand thanks to my base blood,
For saving my good flesh. [*Aside.*
D. Oct. Pardon, my dearest mistress, this excess
Of passion in your presence.

Por. What shall we do, Octavio? if we stay here,
We are undone for ever: my brother
Will be instantly upon us. Alas!
My own life I value not, Octavio,
When your's, my better life, such hazard runs;
But O my honour! O my innocence!
Expos'd to scandal; there's my deepest sense.
D. Oct. Though the complexion of your brother's malice
Resemble hell, it is not black enough
To cast a stain upon your virgin innocence.
Sure two such diff'rent branches ne'er did spring
From the same stock: to me 't seems very strange,
Our middle natures, form'd of flesh and blood,
Should have such depths of ill, such heights of good,
An angel sister, and a devil brother.
Por. He 's my brother, and I know no defence
For injur'd innocence, but innocence.
Fly, fly, Octavio; leave me to my fate.
D. Oct. Your kindness, generous maid, confutes itself;
To save my life, you counsel me to fly,
Which is at once to bid me live and die.
Por. What then, for Heaven's sake, d'you resolve to do?
D. Oct. I must resolve, and suddenly, but what,
I swear I know not! there have been such turns
In my misfortunes, they have made me giddy.
Por. You must determine; time wastes, Octavio.
D. Oct. Madam, if I should lead you through the streets,
And chance to meet the officers of justice,
I not daring to avow my person,
For that unlucky accident you know of,
You might, I fear, by that means, be in danger;
We must not venture 't—Run, rascal, and fetch
A chair immediately.
Dic. A pretty errand at this time o' th' night!
These chairmen are exceedingly well-natur'd,
Th' are likely to obey a servant's orders
After nine o'clock. [*Exit* DIEGO.
D. Oct. Ye Pow'rs above, why do ye lay so great
A weight on human nature, and bestow
Such an unequal force to bear our loads?
After a long pursuit, through all those stories
Which hell-bred malice, or the power of fate,
Could ever raise t' oppress a noble love;
To be at length possess'd of a rich mine,
Where nature seem'd to have lodged all her treasure,
And in an instant have it ravish'd from me,
Is too rude a trial for my patience
To sustain; I cannot bear it.
Por. My sense of this misfortune equals your's;
But yet I must conjure you to submit
To the decrees of those who rule above;
Such resignation may incline their justice
Th' impending mischief to divert; besides,
In human things, there's such vicissitude,
Where hope should end, we hardly can conclude.
D. Oct. Weak hope the parent is of anxious care,
And more tormenting far, than fix'd despair:
This makes us turn to new expedients;
That, languish 'twixt desire and diffidence.
Por. Fortune will blush for shame, when she shall find
Her best-aim'd darts can never touch your mind.
D. Oct. Ah, Porcia! though my mind be far above
The reach of fate, 'tis level unto love;
Urge it no more: I'll die a thousand deaths
Ere I'll consent to part with you.
[*Strikes his breast.*
Por. I shall be always your's; for though we 're forc'd
To separate, yet we are not divorc'd.
D. Oct. Whilst our souls act by organs of the sense,
'Twixt death and parting there's no difference.
Por. Consult your reason, then you will comply;
Making a virtue of necessity.
D. Oct. Ah, lovely maid! 'twas not allow'd to Jove,
To hold at once his reason and his love.

Enter DIEGO.

Die. The chair is come, sir, just as I expected.
D. Oct. Where is it?
Die. Even where it was; they are deeply engag'd
[5] A las pintas, and will not leave their game,
They swear, for all the Dons in Seville.
D. Oct. A curse upon these rogues! I'll make 'em come,
Or make their hearts ake.
[*Don* OCTAVIO *runs out.*
Die. Madam, though I was never yet unkind
To my own person, I am so much troubled
At the disquiet my mistake has brought you,
That, could I do 't conveniently, i' faith,
I would even cudgel myself.
Por. Away, buffoon; is this a time for fooling?

Enter Don ANTONIO *and* SANCHO.

D. Ant. Where is my noble friend, Octavio?
Die. Did you not meet him at the door, sir?
D. Ant. No.
Die. He went out, sir, just as you came in.

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[5] *A las pintas.*—At cards. From *pinta*, a spot or mark. *Sp.*

D. Ant. Madam, I might have gone to bed, but not [*Addresses himself to* PORCIA.
To rest, without returning to enquire
Of your's, and of my noble friend's condition;
And once more to offer you my service.
Por. I take the boldness, in Octavio's absence,
To return his, with my most humble thanks,
For your late generous assistance of us,
And for this new addition to our debt.
D. Ant. Tho' I have not th' honour to be known t' you,
The service of your sex in their distresses
Is the first vow of those of our profession;
And my constant friendship for Octavio
Is of so old a date, that all occasions,
By which I may express the fervour of it,
Are most welcome to me.

Enter FLORA *in great haste.*

Flo. O madam—I'm out of breath with running.
Por. What accident, Flora, brings you hither?
Flo. A sad one, madam, and requiring haste,
To give you timely notice on't—Don Carlos,
Assisted by the light o' th' rising moon,
And by a mistake of some of your train,
Has trac'd you to this house, and in my hearing
Inform'd your brother of the place and manner
Of your retreat; who is now coming hither
Accompany'd with the Corrigidor,
To seize on whomsoever shall be found
Within these walls, upon pretence of murder.
Por. Oh, cruel accident!
Flo. Madam, make haste; get out of the back door,
Or you will certainly be met with.
Por. How vile a creature am I now become!
For, though in my own innocence secure,
To the censorious world, who, like false glasses
Mingling their own irregular figures,
Misreflect the object, I shall appear
Some sinful woman, sold to infamy.
D. Ant. Your own clear mind 's the glass, which to yourself
Reflects yourself; and, trust me, madam,
W' are only happy then, when all our joys
Flow from ourselves, not from the people's voice.
Flo. Madam, they 'll instantly be here.
Por. Oh that Octavio should just now be absent!
But to expect till he return were madness.
D. Ant. Y' have reason, madam; and, if you dare trust
Your person to the conduct of a stranger,
Upon my honour, lady, I'll secure you,
Or perish in th' attempt.
Por. Generous sir, how shall a wretched maid,
Abandon'd by her fate to the pursuit
Of an inhuman brother, e'er be able
Either to merit, or requite your favours? [stood,
D. Ant. I am th' oblig'd, if rightly under-
Being o'erpaid by th' joy of doing good.
Por. Sir, I resign myself to your protection,
With equal gratitude and confidence.
D. Ant. Come, madam, we must lose no time—
Diego, find out your master presently,
And tell him, that the danger not allowing
Our stay till his return, I shall convey
His mistress safely to a nunnery.
Por. And, Flora, stay you here to bring me word
What he resolves to do in this our desperate
Condition. [*Exit* DIEGO.
Flo. Madam, I shall.
D. Ant. But stay—I swear I'd like to have committed [*Going out, returns.*
A foul mistake; the monastery gates
Will not be open'd at this time o' th' night,
Without a strict enquiry into the cause;
Besides, 'tis possible, that, once lodg'd there,
She may be out of my friend's power, or mine,
Ever to get her thence, if it be known.
It must not be——I have thought better on't:
[*He pauses, and thinks.*
I will convey you to my brother-in-law's,
A person of such quality and honour,
As may protect and serve you with his credit:
And there my wife may have the happiness
T' accompany you, and pay the offices
Due to your virtue and distress'd condition:
And, going to a house that 's so much mine,
Make account, madam, 'tis to your own home.
Sancho, stay you here, to attend Octavio,
[*Turning to* SANCHO.
And guide him the next way to my apartment:
Here is the key, I shall have little use on't,
Having Ernesto waiting for me there.
One word more, Sancho; let Octavio know
'Tis my advice, that he come in a chair;
He, by that means, may possibly escape
Examination, if he should be met with.
Por. Flora, I pray do you continue here,
And if by any accident Octavio
Should be hinder'd from coming after us,
Observe his motions well, and where he fixes;
Then return home, and I shall find some way
Of sending to you, to inform myself.
Flo. I shall not fail t' observe your orders, madam.
D. Ant. Madam, I am ready to attend you.
Por. Ah, cruel brother! ah, my dear Octavio!
How am I tortur'd betwixt love and hate!
D. Ant. W' had better suffer than deserve our fate.
[*Exit Don* ANTONIO *and* PORCIA.
San. 'Tis no small compliment my master makes
Your lady and her gallant, at this time
O' th' night, to quit his brother-in-law's, and leave
So fair a bride as Porcia all alone.
Flo. What, is his mistress's name Porcia too?
San. Yes; and if she has as fair a hand-maid

As yourself, I shall soon forget my damsels
In the Low-Countries.
Flo. If your Low-Country damsels resemble us,
You would not be put to 't to forget first.
But I believe that you are safe enough;
I have not heard such praises of their wit,
But that we may suppose they have good memories.

Enter Diego.

Die. Is not my master yet return'd?
Flo. No.
Die. Well; now have we an honourable cause
To wear the beadle's livery: faith, Flora,
If your tender sex had not been privileg'd
From this harsh discipline, how prettily
Would the beadle's crimson lace show upon
Your white back!
Flo. 'T won't do so well as on a darker ground;
'Twill suit much better with your tawny hide.
San. I pray, camerade, is it the mode in Seville,
To be whipp'd for company?
Die. Oh, sir, a well-bred soldier will ne'er refuse
Such a civility to an old friend;
This is a new way of being a second,
To shew your passive courage.
San. We soldiers do not use to shew our backs.
Die. Not to your enemies; but, sir, the beadle
Will prove your friend; for, your blood being heated
With riding post, the breathing of a vein
Is very requisite.
San. Would t' Heaven that I were i' the camp again;
There we are never stripp'd till we are dead.

Enter Don Octavio, *and the Chairmen appear at the door.*

D. Oct. Be sure you stir not thence till I return. [*To the Chairmen.*
Sirrah, where's Porcia?
Die. She's fled away i' th' dark, with a young man
Of your acquaintance.
D. Oct. Rascal, leave your fooling.
Die. There 's none i' th' case, sir; 'tis the wisest thing
She ever did; had she staid your return,
She would have fallen into those very clutches,
In which you will immediately be grip'd,
Unless you make more haste. Flora is come
With all the speed she could, to let you know
Th' are coming with the justice, to lay hold
Of all within this house; pray be quick, sir,
And save yourself. She's safe in a nunnery;
Conducted thither by Antonio.

D. Oct. Peace, screech-owl! fire consume that tongue of thine!
What say'st thou, villain! in a nunnery?
Porcia in a nunnery? O heavens! nothing
But this was wanting to make me desperate;
What hope 's there left ever to get her thence,
After such accidents as these made publick?
Ah, Flora, is it true that my dear Porcia
Is gone into a nunnery?
Flo. Once, sir, 'twas so resolv'd, and Diego sent
To give you notice on 't; but afterwards,
He being gone, they chang'd their resolutions:
There's one can tell you more—
[*Pointing to* Sancho.
San. My master bade me stay, to let you know
He has convey'd her to his own apartment,
In his brother-in-law's house, a person
So eminent in quality and credit,
That the imagining him in her and your
Protection, sir, may much avail ye both;
Besides, she 'll have the satisfaction there
Of being treated by my master's bride.
There he 'll expect you, and advises you
To come in a chair, to avoid questioning,
In case of any encounter.
D. Oct. I'll take his counsel, he's a generous friend.
Come, chairmen, away: pray, friend, do you guide us. [*To* Sancho.
Die. Up with your burden, beasts, and fall forthwith
To your half-trot. [*Exeunt.*
[*The chair is carried over the stage;* Diego, Sancho, *and* Flora, *follow.*
[*A noise within.* Follow, follow, follow.

Enter Don Carlos, *the Corrigidor, and Serjeants, pursuing* Sancho, Flora, *and* Diego.

Die. This is one of Don Cupid's pretty jests;
W' are struck upon a shelf before we could
Put out to sea.
D. Car. You find, sir, my conjecture's not ill-grounded. [*To the Corrigidor.*
Cor. What are you, sirrah?
Die. A living creature, very like a man,
Only I want a heart.
Cor. Y' are pleasant, sir, pray Heaven your mirth continue.
Who is that woman with the veil?
Die. Let her answer for herself, sh' has a tongue;
Set it but once a going, and she'll tell
All that she knows, and more.
Cor. Make her uncover her face.
[*One of the Serjeants goes to lift up her veil.*
D. Car. Hold, friend—Cousin, if it should be Porcia, [*Turning to the Corrigidor.*
It were not fit to expose her here.
Cor. 'Tis very well considered; go you to her,
And speak to her in private.
[*Don* Carlos *goes towards* Flora.

Flo. 'Tis I, sir, Flora; who being commanded
By my lady——
D. Car. Speak softly pr'ythee, Flora, 'tis enough;
I understand the rest, and pity her;
Bid her sit still i' th' chair, I'll do my best
To save her from dishonour.
Flo. He thinks 'tis Porcia there; a good mistake;
It may secure Octavio from the hands
Of this rude rabble. [*Aside.*
They take you for my mistress, sir; sit still,
[*To Don* Octavio *in the chair.*
I'll follow the chair, and watch all occasions
To further your escape.
D. Car. We have found our wand'ring nymph, sir.
Cor. Was it Porcia?
D. Car. No, sir, 'twas her waiting-woman, Flora;
Following the chair, wherein they were conveying
Her lady to some other place.
Cor. We arriv'd luckily; had we but staid
A moment longer, they had all been fled.
Serj. Will you have us see, sir, who 's i' th' chair?
Cor. Forbear, fellow!
Her own folly is punishment enough,
[*To Don* Carlos.
T' a woman of her quality, without
Our adding that of publick shame.
D. Car. 'Twas happily thought on, when you oblig'd
Don Henrique to expect us at your house;
For had he come, and found his sister here,
'T had been impossible to have restrain'd
His passion from some great extravagance.
Cor. I cou'd not think it fit to let him come;
For one of such a spirit would ne'er brook
The sight of those had done him these affronts.
And 's better that a business of this nature,
Especially 'twixt persons of such quality,
Should be compos'd, if it were possible,
By th' mediation of some chosen friends,
Than brought t' a publick trial of the law;
Or, which is worse, some barbarous revenge.
D. Car. This fellow (if I am not mistaken)
[*Looking upon* Diego.
Is Don Octavio's man.
Cor. Who do you belong to, friend?
Die. To nobody, sir.
Cor. Do not you serve?
Die. Yes, sir, but my master is not himself.
Cor. Take his sword from him, serjeant.
[*The Serjeant goes to take away his sword.*
Die. Diego disarm'd, by any other hand
Than by his own? Know, friend, it is a weapon
Of such dire execution, that I dare not
Give it up, but to the hands of justice.
[*The Corrigidor receives the sword, and gives it to the hands of his Serjeants.*
Pray call for 't, sir, as soon as you come home,
And hang 't up in your hall, then under-write,
This is bold Diego's sword; O may it be
Ever from rust, as 'tis from slaughter, free.
Cor. Thou art a fellow of a pleasant humour.
Die. Faith, sir, I never pain myself for love,
Or fame, or riches; nor do I pretend
To that great subtilty of sense, to feel
Before I'm hurt; and for the most part
I keep myself out of harm's way.
D. Car. The definition of a philosopher.
Cor. Come, leave your fooling, sirrah; where's your master?
Die. The only way to leave my fooling, sir,
Is to leave my master; for without doubt,
Whoever has but the least grain of wit,
Would never serve a lover militant;
He had better wait upon a mountebank,
And be run through the body twice a week
To recommend his balsam.
Cor. This fellow is an original.
Die. But of so ill a hand, I am not worth
The hanging up, sir, in my master's room,
Amongst the worst of your collection.

Enter Serjeants with two Footmen, and two Maid-servants.

Ser. An 't please your worship, we have search'd the house,
From the cellars to the garrets, and these
Are all the living cattle we can find.
Cor. Friends, take a special care of that same varlet,
And the waiting-woman; we 'll find a way
To make them tell the truth, I warrant you.
Flo. O Diego! must we be prisoners together?
Die. Why, that 's not so bad as the bands of wedlock, Flora.
Cor. Come, let 's away; but whether to convey her——
To her own house, certainly were not fit,
Because of her incensed brother.
D. Car. If you approve on 't, cousin, I'll carry her
To mine; for since we seek (if possible)
To compose the business, she will be there
With much more decency and satisfaction,
Being in a kinsman's house; and where she'll have
My sister to accompany her.
Cor. This business cannot be in better hands
Than your's; and there I'll leave it, and bid you
Good-night.
D. Car. Your servant, cousin; I wish you well at home.
You may be pleas'd to take your serjeants with you; [*As the Corrigidor goes out.*
There are without two servants of Don Henrique's;
They'll be enough to guard our prisoners,
And with less notice.
Cor. Come, serjeants, follow me.

D. Car. Well, ye may go about your business, friends.

[*To the Footmen and Maids.*

I am glad we did not find Octavio here;
For, though I might justly pretend ignorance,
I would not have him suffer, though by chance.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

San. Well, I am now sufficiently instructed,
And, since there is no notice ta'en of me,
I'll fairly steal away, and give my master
An account of this misfortune. [*Exit* SANCHO.

D. Car. Take up the chair and follow me.

[*They take up the chair.*

Dic. A lovely dame they bear; 'tis true, she's something
Hairy about the chin, but that, they say, 's
A sign of strength: it tickles me to think
How like an ass he'll look, when, op'ning the shell,
His worship finds within so rough a kernel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Don* ANTONIO's *Apartment in Don* HENRIQUE's *House.*

Enter Don ANTONIO *and* PORCIA.

D. Ant. Madam, banish your fear, you are now safe
Within these walls; be pleas'd to remain here,
Till I shall bring some lights, and acquaint Porcia
With th' honour she'll receive, in entertaining
So fair a guest.

Por. Who is 't you say you will advertise, sir?

D. Ant. My wife Porcia; have but a little patience,
And she'll attend you, madam. [*Exit* ANTONIO.

Por. Is her name Porcia too? Pray Heaven send her
A better fate than her distressed name's-sake.
But whither am I brought? What house is this?
What with my fears, and darkness of the night,
I have lost all my measures, I can't guess
What quarter of the town it is w' are in;
For to avoid the meeting with my brother,
And his revengeful train, we have been forc'd
To make so many turnings, I am giddy.
But, thanks to Providence, I have this comfort,
That now I'm in a place out of his reach.

Enter Don ANTONIO *with two lights, and sets them on the table.*

D. Ant. Madam, my wife will suddenly attend you;
Pardon, I pray, my absence for a moment.

[*Exit* ANTONIO.

Por. Now I begin to hope my sighs and tears
Have in some measure with just Heaven prevail'd
At length to free me—But what do I see!

[*Looking about her, she starts.*

Am I awake, or is it an illusion?
Bless me, is not this my brother's house? this
The quarter joining to my own apartment?
There is no room for doubt; and my misfortunes
Are always certain, and without redress.
Unerring Powers, arbiters of fate,
Teach me my crimes, and how to expiate
Your wrath: Alas, I know not what I have done,
To merit this continued persecution!
But how came I here? brought by Octavio's friend,
One on whose virtue I did so rely,
That I my brother's malice durst defy.
Can he betray me? sure I 'm in a dream.
But if Octavio—O vile suspicion!
Octavio false? No, truth and he are one.
'Tis possible his friend may guilty be;
But to what end so base a treachery?
And, if perfidious, how could he be his friend?
I am confounded with the various forms
Of my misfortunes, heighten'd still the more,
The less I can their hidden cause explore.
This only 's evident, that I must fly
Immediately this fatal place. But why
Struggle I thus with fate: since, go or stay,
Death seems alike to wait me every way?

[*She weeps.*

Enter Don ANTONIO *and* CAMILLA.

Cam. I wonder much what lady this can be
Antonio mentions. [*Aside.*

D. Ant. Pardon, I beseech you, madam, the liberty
Which I so early take; but I presume
Such is your generous tenderness to those
Whose spiteful fortunes, not their fault, has brought
Into distress, that you will think yourself
Oblig'd to him who gives you the occasion
T' exercise those virtues which only visit
Others, but reside with you.—This fair lady—
But she will best relate her own sad story,
Whilst I seek out Don Henrique, and engage him
T' employ his power and int'rest for her service.

[*Exit Don* ANTONIO.

[*Upon* CAMILLA's *approach* PORCIA *takes the handkerchief from her eyes.*

Cam. Ha; what 's that I see? Stay, stay, Antonio, [*She runs after* ANTONIO.
It is not fit Don Henrique—but he's gone,
And we are lost for ever.

Por. O heavens! is this Antonio, the same man
To whom I am betroth'd? then my destruction
Is inevitable.

Cam. Are you an apparition; or are you
Porcia herself? speak; that when y' have said it thrice,
I may not yet believe you.

Por. You well may doubt even what you see, Camilla,
Since my disasters are so new and strange,
They sever truth from credibility.

Cam. How is it possible you should be here?

Por. I know not how; only of this I'm sure,
I have not long to expect the dismal end
Of my sad tragedy; since 'tis evident,
The person that hath led me to this place,
This fatal place, is the abus'd Antonio;
Who has conspir'd with my unnatural brother
To take away my wretched life, and chose
This scene as fittest for their cruelty.
And thus, strange fate! (through ignorance betray'd)
I have sought protection from the same party
Whom I have injur'd; and have made my husband
Th' only confident of his own affront;
Who, to accomplish his too just revenge,
As well upon my family as person,
Gives me up to be murder'd by my brother.
So, whilst I 'm branded as a faithless bride,
He 'll be detested as a parricide.

Cam. Prodigious accident! but wert thou blind,
Not to know thine own house, unhappy Porcia?

Por. Alas, how could I, in so dark a night,
In such confusion, and so full of fear?
Besides, he brought me in by the back way,
Through his own quarter, where was neither light,
Nor any creature of the family.

Cam. Although I cannot comprehend the steps
Of this your strange adventure, yet, dear cousin,
Your case, as I conceive, is not so desperate.

Por. We easily persuade ourselves to hope
The things we wish. But, cousin, my condition
Will not admit self-flattery, and what
Can you propose to temper my despair?

Cam. Don't you remember, how this afternoon
Antonio's man, finding me in your quarter
Without a veil, you having put on mine,
That he applied himself to me, and I,
By your command, assum'd your person?

Por. Yes, very well.

Cam. The master since has, by the man's mistake,
Been happily led into the same error:
I have not disabus'd him yet, in hopes
It might produce advantage to us both.

Por. Oh! he has spoken with my brother since,
Who sure has undeceiv'd him long ere this.
No, without doubt, they, having found themselves
Affronted both, have both conspir'd my death.

Cam. How, cousin, can that be, if Don Antonio
Has engag'd himself in your protection,
And is Octavio's friend?

Por. Cousin, if you impartially reflect
On the affront which I have done Antonio,
You will not wonder much, if he recede
From the scarce-trodden path of rigid honour,
To meet with his revenge; and to that end
Proceeds thus cautelously; still pretending
He knows not me; that he may not disavow,
Both to Octavio and to all the world,
Th' infamy of betraying a poor maid
To loss of life and honour.

Cam. Misfortunes make you rave; this vile suspicion
Is inconsistent with Antonio's fame;
You may as well believe, that nature will
Reverse the order of the whole creation,
As that Antonio, a man whose soul
Is of so strong and perfect a complexion,
Should e'er descend to such a slavish sin.
[*Spoken with heat.*
And if we had the leisure, I could give you
Such reasons to convince you of your error,
That you would both acknowledge and repent it.

Por. Alas! I had forgot her near concernments
For Antonio. [*Aside.*]—Pardon and pity me, Camilla;
My mind is so distracted by afflictions,
I know not what I shou'd, or shou'd not fear.

Cam. I pity thee with all my heart; but, cousin,
If Antonio, not knowing you, nor your
Relations, should chance to find your brother,
And tell him unawares all that has pass'd,
And that h' as brought the distress'd party hither,
He 'll presently imagine it is you;
And then, I fear, 't will be impossible
(Though he should interpose with all his power)
To stop the torrent, or divert his rage
From breaking in, and executing on us
That horrid parricide, which, though too late,
It may be he himself would execrate.

Por. There 's too much ground for what you fear, Camilla;
But if I could secure myself this night,
'Tis very possible, that to-morrow
We might engage Antonio and your brother
To find out some expedient to relieve me.

Cam. Were you only in pain for your security
This night, I know an easy remedy
For that.

Por. Which way, my dearest?

Cam. Why, what does hinder us from making use,
On this occasion, of the secret door,
By which, you know, you have so often pass'd
Into your house, upon more pleasing errands?
By this we shall obtain these benefits,
Safety from your brother's present fury,
And time to try if Carlos and Antonio
May be engag'd to mediate in this business.
And I have cause to think you will not find
Antonio so implacable as you
Imagine.

Por. I conceive you, cousin: fool that I was,
To think a heart once conquer'd by your eyes,
Should e'er become another virgin's prize!

Enter Don ANTONIO.

D. Ant. So late! a guest in 's house! that 's come so far!
On such a business! and not yet come home!

There 's something in 't I cannot comprehend. [*Aside.*
Madam, I ha' n't as yet found out your brother,
But sure it will not be long ere he return;
Then I 'll acquaint him with the accident
Has made his house this lady's sanctuary.
Por. Here is a glimpse of comfort, for I see
He takes my cousin for Don Henrique's sister. [*Aside.*
O bless'd mistake, so luckily continu'd!
Cam. I am, by his permission, mistress here;
And since that I am pleas'd, sir, 'tis enough,
Without our troubling him with the account
Of her sad story.
D. Ant. True, madam, as to her reception here;
But yet 't were very fit he knew it too,
That we might serve ourselves of his advice
And credit, for this lady's service.

Enter Don HENRIQUE.

D. Hen. Though I did promise the Corrigidor
Not to stir from his house till his return,
Yet I could not obtain it of myself; [*Aside.*
I 'm so impatient to unfold the riddle
Of Don Antonio's seeing of my sister,
And entertaining her in her own lodgings.
I shall not now be long i' th' dark.—O heavens! [*He sees her.*
'Tis she herself, and Camilla with her.
Were all my servants mad; or all agreed
T' abuse me in affirming she was fled?
But Don Carlos, was he mad too, to swear
That he had trac'd her to another house?
Certainly I or they must be possess'd;
Or some enchantment reigns within these walls.
D. Ant. O here comes Don Henrique, now I'll acquaint him
With your sad story, madam.
Cam. I fear we are undone.
D. Ant. Don Henrique—
Por. I 'm dead if he proceed, but how to hinder him—
D. Ant. Here 's a lady with your sister Porcia——
D. Hen. Yes, sir, I see who 'tis.
D. Ant. Since you know her, sir, you will the easier
Excuse my boldness.
D. Hen. Boldness! in what, sir?
D. Ant. To have been th' occasion of your finding her
Here, with your sister, at this time o' th' night.
D. Hen. Lord, sir, what do you mean?
D. Ant. There was in truth, such a necessity in it,
That 't will, I hope, excuse my humble suit to you,
In her's and my behalf.
Por. Now all comes out.
D. Hen. I understand you, sir; she does desire
To pass this night with Porcia, to assist her
In th' ordering of her nuptial ceremonies:
Let her stay a God's name.
Por. If he does not dissemble, my condition
Is not so desperate as I imagin'd. [*Aside.*
D. Ant. I hope you 'll pardon this great liberty;
So early a confidence will need it, sir.
D. Hen. 'Tis more than enough, that you desire it;
Th' occasion too does justify her stay.
D. Ant. 'Tis most true, sir, th' occasion did inforce me
Thus boldly to presume upon your friendship.
D. Hen. Ha' done, for Heaven's sake; is it a novelty,
Think you, for Porcia and her cousin-german
To pass a night together?
D. Ant. Is she so near a kinswoman of his?
Strange inadvertence in her, not to tell me
Her relation to him, when I nam'd him first.
I 'd made fine work on 't, had I told him all.
D. Hen. She knows I owe her many a good turn
Upon Octavio's score, and hope ere long
To be able to repay her to the full.
[*Looking on the Ladies, and spoken aside, that* ANTONIO *might not hear him.*
Por. Can he declare his mind in plainer terms?
Cam. I cannot tell which of us two he means,
These words may be applied to either of us;
But I begin to fear that he knows all.
D. Hen. Since 'tis so late, pray give the ladies leave
To retire to their chambers; go in, sister.
D. Ant. My brother's words and his behaviour
Imply some mystery; but I must be silent
Till I discover more. [*Aside.*
For. Let us be gone, w' are lost if we stay here;
I 'm confident he counterfeits this calm
To cover his revenge, until Antonio
And the rest of the house are gone to bed.
Cam. But we shall ne'er be able to get out,
Whilst they continue in the outward rooms.
Por. Yes, by the garden door, but I'm afraid
'Tis shut.
Cam. No, now I think on 't, Flora went that way,
And left it open.
Por. Come, let 's be gone; I hope Heaven will ordain
Ease by that door, which first let in my pain.
[*Exeunt* PORCIA *and* CAMILLA.
D. Ant. I 'll only make a step, sir, to my chamber,
And then return to you immedintely. [you.
D. Hen. Pray, sir, give me leave to wait on
D. Ant. I humbly thank you, sir; I know the way,
And shall not stay above a moment from you.
D. Hen. What you please, sir; you command here.
D. Ant. I 'll now go see whether my servant Sancho
Has brought Octavio to my lodgings,
As I directed him. [*Exit Don* ANTONIO.

D. Hen. Heavens! was there ever so strange a mystery!
Don Carlos he affirm'd that those we fought with
Had convey'd Porcia away; and when I come
To seek her in the house, I find her missing;
To second this, her waiting-woman, Flora,
Tells me that she went down, about that time,
Into the garden; Antonio, not long after,
Affirms that he both saw and entertain'd her
In her own apartment, where I now find her,
And Camilla with her: What can this be?
These sure are riddles to pose an Oedipus;
But if, by my own sense, I am assur'd
My honour 's safe, which was so much in doubt,
What matter is it how 'tis brought about?

ACT V.

SCENE—*Don* CARLOS's *House.*

Enter DIEGO, FLORA, *and* PEDRO, *accompanying the chair, groping as i' th' dark.*

Ped. Dame Flora, and Signior Diego, go in there.
And you, my friends, set down the chair, and let
The lady out: go, there's money for you.
I 'll go fetch a candle.

[DIEGO *and* FLORA *go in, and the chair being set in the door,* OCTAVIO *goes out into the room;* PEDRO *claps to the door, and goes away.*

Enter Don OCTAVIO, DIEGO, FLORA, *at another door.*

D. Oct. What! put in all alone here i' th' dark, [*Groping as in the dark.*
And the door shut upon me! Diego, Flora!

Die. Here am I, sir, and Mistress Flora too,
Unless my sense of feeling fails me.

D. Oct. I can't conjecture where we are; I durst not
So much as peep out of the chair, since Flora
Gave me the warning; but where'er I am,
'Tis better far than in the serjeants' hands.

Flo. Though now i' th' dark, I know well where we are;
I have too often walk'd the streets, Octavio,
From your house hither, upon Cupid's errands,
Not to know the back-door of Carlos his
Apartment, 'tis there I am sure w' are now.

D. Oct. Curse on thee, Flora! had'st thou lost thy wits,
Not to let me know it sooner?

Die. A gypsy told me by my palm, long since,
A sour-fac'd damsel should be my undoing.

Flo. Suspend a while your apprehensions, sir;
You may escape before the candles come;
The door was wont to open on this side;
If not, I have another way in store.

[OCTAVIO *goes to the door.*

D. Oct. Flora, I cannot make the lock go back.

[PEDRO *unlocks it on the other side, and coming in with a candle, meets with* OCTAVIO, *and starting back and stumbling, lets the candle fall, then running out again, double-locks the door.*

Die. Nay then, 'faith w' are fast; I heard him give
The key a double turn.

[DIEGO *takes up the candle.*

Here 's a fair trial for your maiden breath;
Flora, blow 't in again, let 's owe your mouth
More light, than yet your eyes could e'er impart.

Flo. Light 's cast away on such an owl as you;
But yet I 'll try. [FLORA *blows the candle in.*

Die. Thanks, gentle Flora, to your virgin puff;
'Tis a strong breath that can o'ercome a snuff. [*Aside.*
But I had rather 't had been let alone:
If I must needs be kill'd, unless it were
Behind my back, I 'd have it i' the dark;
For I hate to be kill'd in my own presence.

D. Oct. What must we do, Flora? all my hope 's in you.

Flo. W' have yet some room for hope; there 's a back-stairs
Beyond that inner chamber, which goes down
Into the garden; if the door be open,
As certainly it is, the way is easy.

D. Oct. Come, let 's lose no time; pr'ythee guide us, Flora. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Don* HENRIQUE's *House.*

Enter Don HENRIQUE.

D. Hen. As well pleas'd as I am, to find my honour
Less desperate than I thought, I cannot rest
Till I have drawn from Porcia a confession
Of the whole truth, before she goes to-bed;
She 's in her chamber now, unless by new
Enchantments carried thence.

[*As he is going towards* PORCIA's *chamber, enter Don* CARLOS *in haste.*

D. Car. I can't imagine what should make Don Henrique
Quit the Corrigidor's till we return'd:
One of his servants tells me he 's come home.
O, here he is—Now shall I raise a storm,
Which (if we do not take a special care)
Will scarce b' allay'd without a shower of blood;
Yet I must venture 't, since it so imports
Our friendship and the honour of our house. [*Aside.*

Happiness is such a stranger to mankind,
[*Addressing to* HENRIQUE.
That, like to forc'd motion, it is ever strongest
At the first setting out, then, languishing
With time, grows weary of our company;
But to misfortunes we so subject are,
That like to natural motion they acquire
More force in their progression.

D. Hen. What means this philosophical preamble?

D. Car. You 'll know too soon, I fear.

D. Hen. Don Carlos, I am now so well recover'd
From all m' inquietudes, that for the future
I dare defy the malice of my stars
To cause a new relapse into distemper.

D. Car. Cousin, I 'm much surpriz'd with this great change:
But since y' are such a master of your passions,
I'll spare my ethicks, and proceed to give you
In short the narrative of our success.
Our worthy kinsman the Corrigidor,
Forward to serve you in th' affair I mention'd,
Was pleas'd to go along with me in person,
With a strong band of serjeants, to the place
Where I, attended by your servants, led him.
Cousin, 'twas there;—(it wounds my heart to speak it;
And I conjure you summon all your patience—)
'Twas there I found——

D. Hen. Whom, cousin, did you find? for, since I'm sure
You found no Porcia there, my concernments
In your discoveries are not very likely
To discompose me.

D. Car. I would to Heaven we had not found her there.

D. Hen. What's that you say, Don Carlos? My sister there!

D. Car. Yes, sir, your sister.

D. Hen. My sister? that's good, i'faith; ha, ha, ha.

D. Car. Why do you laugh? Is the dishonour of
Our family become a laughing matter?
This is a worse extreme, methinks, than t' other.

D. Hen. How can I chuse but laugh, to see you dream?
Awake, for Heaven's sake; and recall your senses.
Porcia there, said you?

D. Car. Yes, sir, Porcia, I say; your sister Porcia;
And, which is more, 't was in Octavio's house.

D. Hen. Why sure, y' are not in earnest, cousin?

D. Car. As sure as y' are alive, I found her there.

D. Hen. Then you transport me, sir, beyond all patience:
Why, cousin, if she has been still at home,
Antonio seen and entertain'd her here,
Accompany'd by Camilla; if even now
I left them there within; is 't possible
You should have found her in Octavio's house?
To be here and there too at the same time,
None sure but Janus with his double face
Can e'er unfold this mystery.

D. Car. Let me advise you, abuse not yourself;
I tell you positively, I found her there:
And, by the same token, her waiting-woman
Flora was there attending her.

D. Hen. Flora! dear cousin, do not still persist
Thus to affirm impossibilities.

D. Car. Sure you are making some experiment
Upon my temper; and would fain provoke
My patience to some such high disorder,
That I should ne'er hereafter have the face,
When you are in your fits, to play the stoick.

D. Hen. Cousin, I swear to you, upon my honour,
'Tis not above a quarter of an hour
Since I did speak with Porcia and your sister,
In that very apartment, and am now
Returning to them in my sister's chamber.

D. Car. And, sir, I swear to you, upon my honour,
'Tis not above a quarter of an hour
Since I left Porcia carrying in a chair
From Don Octavio's house, and your man Pedro
Leading the chair-men to mine, and follow'd
By Flora; whilst I came to find you out,
To acquaint you with this unpleasing news,
But fit for you to know as soon as might be.

D. Hen. This question, cousin, may be soon decided;
Pray come along, her chamber 's not far off.

D. Car. And my house but the next door; let 's go thither.

D. Hen. You 'll quickly find your error, cousin.

D. Car. And you 'll as soon be undeceiv'd—but stay,
Here comes your servant, whom I left to guard her;
He 'll instantly convince you of the truth.

Enter PEDRO.

Ped. O sir!——

D. Hen. What brings you hither, Pedro?

Ped. Give me my [6]albricias; sir, I bring you
The rarest news, your enemy Octavio—
I'm quite out of breath——

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6 *Albricias.*—A reward or gratuity given to one that brings good news. Stevens's *Spanish Dictionary.*

D. Hen. What does the varlet mean?
Ped. Sir, I suppose Don Carlos has inform'd you,
That he left me to see your sister Porcia,
With Flora and Diego, Octavio's man,
Safely convey'd t' his house.
D. Car. See now, Don Henrique, who was i' the right.
Ped. I did as he commanded me, and put them
All three into Don Carlos's anti-chamber,
Porcia in the same chair which brought her thither;
And, for more safety, double-lock'd the door,
Whilst I went down in haste to fetch some candles.
D. Hen. As sure as death this madness is infectious;
My man is now in one of Carlos's fits.
Ped. Returning with some lights a moment after,
I no sooner open'd the door, but, heavens!
Who should I see there, standing just before me,
In the self-same place where I left Porcia,
But Octavio, your enemy Octavio.
D. Hen. Here is some witchcraft, sure; what can this mean?
Ped. Amaz'd at this sight, I let the candle fall;
And clapp'd the door to, then double-lock'd it,
And brought away the key.
D. Car. But how could he get in, if you be sure
You lock'd the door when you went out for lights?
Ped. I know not whether he was there before,
Or got in after; but of this I 'm sure,
That there I have him now, and safe enough.
D. Hen. Let 's not, Don Carlos, now perplex ourselves
With needless circumstances, when, and how;
Those queries are too phlegmatic for me;
If the beast be i' th' toil, it is enough;
Let us go seize him; for he must die.

Enter Don ANTONIO.

D. Ant. Pray, brother, what unhappy man is he,
Whom you so positively doom to death?
I have a sword to serve you, in all occasions
Worthy of you and me.
D. Hen. His intervening, Carlos, is unlucky;
How shall we behave ourselves towards him
In this business, so unfit for his knowledge?
D. Car. Cousin, you should consider with yourself
[CARLOS *draws* HENRIQUE *aside.*
What answer to return him; he's not a man
To be put off with any slight pretences;
Nor yet to be engag'd in such an action,
As bears th' appearance rather of brutality
Than true honour: you know Antonio needs
No fresh occasions to support his name:
Who dangers seek, are indigent of fame.
D. Hen. I beg your patience, sir, but for one word
With this gentleman, my friend.
[*Don* HENRIQUE *addresses himself to Don* ANTONIO.
D. Ant. I'll attend your leisure.
I find my coming has disorder'd 'em, [*Aside.*
There's something they would fain conceal from me;
All here is discompos'd, whate'er 's the matter.
D. Hen. I am a rogue if I know what to do.
D. Car. Since the event 's so dangerous and doubtful,
'Tis best, in my opinion, sir, to temporize.
D. Hen. How easily men get the name of wise!
To fear t' engage, is call'd to temporize:
Sure fear and courage cannot be the same,
Yet th' are confounded by a specious name;
And I must tamely suffer, because fools
Are rul'd by nice distinctions of the schools.
How I hate such cold complexions! [*He stamps.*
D. Car. Why so transported? as if vehemence
Were for your passion an approv'd defence.
D. Hen. Who condemns passions, nature he arraigns.
D. Car. 'Th' are useful succours, when they serve in chains;
But he who throws the bridle on their necks,
From a good cause, will produce ill effects.
D. Hen. Be th' effects what they will, I am resolv'd.
I doubt not of your kind concurrence, sir,
[*Addressing to Don* ANTONIO.
In all the near concernments of a person
Ally'd to you as I am; but, noble brother,
It were against the laws of hospitality
And civil breeding, to engage a guest
(Newly arriv'd after so long a journey)
In an occasion where there may be danger.
D. Ant. If such be the occasion, I must then
Acquaint you freely, that I wear a sword,
Which must not be excluded from your service;
I'm sure you are too noble to employ your's
In any cause not justify'd by honour.
D. Hen. Though with regret, I see, sir, I must yield
To your excess of generosity,
This only I shall say, to satisfy
Your just reflections; that my resentments
Are grounded on affronts of such a nature,
That, as nothing but the offender's life
Can e'er repair 'em, so as to the forms
Of taking my revenge, they can't admit
Of the least scruple.
D. Ant. Honour's my standard, and 'tis true, that I
Had rather fall, than blush for victory;
But you are such a judge of honour's laws,
That 't were injurious to suspect your cause.
Allow me, sir, th' honour to lead the way.
[*Exeunt Don* ANTONIO *and Don* HEN.

D. Car. If Porcia be there too (as I believe)
'T will prove, I fear, a fatal tragedy;
But should she not be there, yet 'tis too much
For such a heart as mine, through ignorance
To have betray'd a gentleman, though faulty,
Into such cruel hands. I must go with them;
But, so resolv'd, as in this bloody strife,
I'll salve my honour, or I'll lose my life.
[*Exit* CARLOS.

SCENE *changes to Don* CARLOS'S *House.*

Enter Don OCTAVIO, DIEGO, *and* FLORA *with a candle.*

Flo. O th' unluckiness! I vow t' you, sir,
I have scarce known that door e'er lock'd before.
D. Oct. There's no remedy, Flora; I am now
At the mercy of my enemies.
Die. Having broken into another's ground,
'Tis just, i'faith, you should be put i' th' pound.
D. Oct. The tide of my ill fate is swoln so high,
'T will not admit increase of misery;
Since, amongst all the curses, there is none
So wounds the spirit as privation:
For 'tis not where we lie, but whence we fell;
The loss of heav'n 's the greatest pain in hell.
When I had sail'd the doubtful course of love,
Had safely gain'd my port, and, far above
My hopes, the precious treasure had secur'd,
For which so many storms I had endur'd,
To be so soon from this great blessing torn,
That's hard to say, if 'twere first dead or born,
May doubtless seem such a transcendent curse,
That even the Fates themselves could do no worse;
Yet this I bore with an erected face,
Since fortune, not my fault, caus'd my disgrace;
But now my eyes unto the earth are bent,
Conscious of meriting this punishment:
For trusting a fond maid's officious care,
My life and honour 's taken in this snare;
And thus I perish on this unseen shelf,
Pursu'd by fate, and false unto myself.
Flora, when I am dead, I pray present
[*He pulls out his tablets.*
These tablets to your lady; there she'll find
My last request, with reasons which I give,
That for my sake she would vouchsafe to live.
Give me the candle, Flora.
[OCTAVIO *sets the candle on a table, and sits down to write in his tablets.*
Die. A double curse upon all love in earnest,
All constant love; 'tis still accompany'd
With strange disasters; or else ends in that
Which is the worst of all disasters, marriage.
Flo. Sure you could wish that every body living
Had such a soul of quicksilver as your's,
That can fix no where.
Die. Why, 'twould not be the worse for you, dear Flora,
You then might hope in time to have your turn,
As well as those who have much better faces.
Flo. You, I presume, sir, would be one o' th' latest
Which I should hear of; yet 'tis possible
That one might see you before you should be
Welcome.
Die. She has wit and good-humour, excellent
Ingredients to pass away the time;
And I have kindness for her person too;
But that will end with marriage, and possibly
Her good-humour; for I have seldom known
The husband and the wife make any musick,
Though when asunder they can play their parts.
Well, friend Diego, I advise you to look
Before you leap, for if you should be coupled
To a yoke, instead of a yoke-fellow,
'Tis likely you may wear it to your grave.
Yet, honest Diego, now I think on 't better,
Your dancing and your vaulting days are done;
Faith, all your pleasures are three stories high,
They are come up to your mouth; you are now
For ease and eating, the only joys of life:
And there's no cook, nor dry-nurse, like a wife.
D. Oct. Here, take my tablets, Flora; sure they'll spare
Thy life for thy sex's sake. But for poor Diego—
Die. Why, sir, they'll never offer to kill me,
There's nothing in the world I hate like death.
D. Oct. Since death 's the passage to eternity,
To be for ever happy, we must die. [live,
Die. 'Tis very true; but most that die would
If to themselves they could new leases give.
D. Oct. We must possess our souls with such indifference,
As not to wish nor fear to part from hence.
Die. The first I may pretend to, for I swear
I do not wish to part; 'tis true, I fear.
D. Oct. Fear! why, death 's only cruel when she flies,
And will not deign to close the weeping eyes.
Die. That is a cruelty I can forgive,
For I confess, I 'm not afraid to live.
D. Oct. We shall still live, though 'tis by other's breath,
By our good fame, which is secur'd by death.
Die. But we shall catch such colds, sir, under ground,
That we shall never hear fame's trumpet sound.
D. Oct. 'Tis but returning, when from hence we go,
As rivers to their mother-ocean flow.
Die. We know our names and channels whilst w' are here,
W' are swallow'd in that dark abyss when there.
D. Oct. Inguilph'd in endless joys and perfect rest,
Unchangeable, i' th' center of the bless'd.
Die. Hark, I hear a noise—
[*The noise of the opening of a door.*
[DIEGO *runs to the door, looks into the next room, then comes running to* OCTAVIO.
Die. O sir, w' are lost; I see two female giants
Coming most terribly upon us.
D. Oct. Away, you fearful fool——

Enter CAMILLA *and* PORCIA, *the one with a key, the other with a candle.*

Por. I 'm confident nobody saw us pass
From th' other house.
Cam. However, let us go through my brother's quarter,
And open the back-door into the street;
'Tis good in all events t' have a retreat
More ways than one.
[*A door claps behind, and both look back.*
Por. O heavens, our passage is cut off!
The wind has shut the door through which we came.
Cam. The accident 's unlucky; 'tis a spring lock,
That opens only on the other side.
Por. Let 's on the faster, and make sure of th' other— [*Seeing* OCTAVIO, *she starts.*
Octavio here!——
[OCTAVIO *hearing them, starts up.*
D. Oct. Porcia in this place! may I trust my senses,
Or does my fancy form these chimeras?
Die. Either we sleep, and dream extravagantly,
Or else the fairies govern in this house.
[FLORA *runs to* PORCIA.
Flo. Ah, dearest mistress! you shall never make me
Quit you so again.
Por. But can that be Octavio?
D. Oct. I was Octavio, but I am at present
So much astonish'd, I am not myself.
Cam. What can the meaning of this vision be?
[*Don* OCTAVIO *approaches* PORCIA.
D. Oct. My dearest Porcia, how is 't possible
To find you in this place, my friend Antonio
Having so generously undertaken
Your protection?
Por. Did he not your's so too? and yet I find
Octavio here, where he is more expos'd
Than I, to certain ruin; I am loth
To say 'tis he who has betray'd us both.
D. Oct. Antonio false? It is impossible.
Die. 'Tis but too evident.
D. Oct. Peace, slave; he is my noble friend, of noble blood,
Whose fame 's above the level of those tongues
That bark by custom at the brightest virtues,
As dogs do at the moon.
Por. How hard it is for virtue to suspect!
Ah, Octavio! we have been both deceiv'd;
This vile Antonio is the very man
To whom my brother, without my consent
Or knowledge, has contracted me in Flanders.
D. Oct. Antonio the man to whom you are contracted?
Porcia the bride whom he is come to marry?
Por. The very same.
D. Oct. Why did you not acquaint me with it sooner? [it;
Por. Alas, I have not seen you since I knew
But those few hours such wonders have produc'd,
As exceed all belief; and ask more time
Than your unsafe condition, in this place,
Will allow me, to make you comprehend it.
Cam. Cousin, I cannot blame your apprehensions,
Nor your suspicion of Antonio's friendship:
But I am so possess'd with the opinion
Of his virtue, I shall as soon believe
Impossibilities as his apostacy
From honour.
D. Oct. What 's her concernment in Antonio, Porcia?
Por. O, that 's the strangest part of our sad story,
And which requires most time to let you know it.
[*A blaze of light appears at the window, and a noise without.*
See, Flora, at the window, what 's that light
And noise we hear. [FLORA *goes to the window.*
Flo. O madam, we are all undone; I see
Henrique, Carlos, and their servants, with torches,
All coming hither; and, which is wonderful,
Antonio leading them with his sword drawn.
Cam. Thou dream'st, distracted wench; Antonio false!
It is impossible——
[CAMILLA *runs to the window, and turning back, says:*
All she has said is in appearance true;
There is some hidden mystery which thus
Abuses us; for I shall ne'er believe
Antonio can transgress the rules of friendship.
D. Oct. Friendship 's a specious name, made to deceive
Those whose good-nature tempts them to believe;
The traffick of good offices 'mongst friends,
Moves from ourselves, and in ourselves it ends.
When competition brings us to the test,
Then we find friendship is self-interest.
Por. Ye Pow'rs above! what pleasure can ye take
To persecute submitting innocence?
D. Oct. Retire, dear Porcia, to that inner room;
For should thy cruel brother find thee here,
He 's so revolted from humanity,
He 'll mingle thine with my impurer blood.
Por. That were a kind of contract; let him come,
We 'll meet at once marriage and martyrdom.
D. Oct. Soul of my life, retire.
Por. I will not leave you.
D. Oct. Thou preserv'st me by saving of thyself;
For they can murder only half of me,
Whilst that my better part survives in thee.
Por. I will die too, Octavio, to maintain,
That different causes form the same effects:
'Tis courage in you men, love in our sex.

D. Oct. Though souls no sexes have, when w' are above,
If we can know each other, we may love.
Por. I'll meet you there above, here, take my word.
[*Don* OCTAVIO *takes her hand and kisses it.*
This Porcia knows the way of joining souls,
As well as th' other when she swallow'd coals.
[*They retire to the other room,* PORCIA *leaning on* CAMILLA, *and* OCTAVIO *waits on them to the door.*
Die. Nay if y' are good at that, the devil take
The hindmost; 'tis for your sake, fair Flora,
[*Taking* FLORA *by the hand.*
I shun these honourable occasions.
Having no weapon, sir, 'tis fit that I
March off with the baggage.
[*Turning to Don* OCTAVIO.
[*Exeunt* DIEGO *and* FLORA.
D. Oct. I 'm now upon the frontiers of this life,
There 's but one step to immortality;
And, since my cruel fortune has allow'd me
No other witness of my tragick end,
But a false friend and barbarous enemy,
I'll leave my genius to inform the world,
My life and death was uniform; as I
Liv'd firm to love and honour, so I die.
[*Draws his sword.*
Look down, ye spirits above; for if there be
A sight on earth worthy of you to see,
'Tis a brave man, pursu'd by unjust hate,
Bravely contending with his adverse fate.
[*Waving his sword.*
Stay till this heaven-born soul puts off her earth,
And she 'll attend ye to her place of birth.

Enter Don ANTONIO, *Don* HENRIQUE, *Don* CARLOS, *and* PEDRO, *their swords drawn, Don* ANTONIO *before the rest.*

D. Ant. Where is the man whose insolence and folly
Has so misled him to affront my friend?
D. Oct. Here is the man thou seek'st, and he whom thou
So basely hast betray'd.
D. Ant. Oh heavens! what is 't I see? it is Octavio,
My friend.
D. Oct. Not thy friend, Antonio, but 'tis Octavio,
Who by thy perfidy has been betray'd
To this forlorn condition; but, vile man,
Thou now shalt pay thy treachery with thy life.
[*Don* OCTAVIO *makes at Don* ANTONIO.
D. Ant. Hold Octavio; though thy injurious error
May transport thee, it shall not me, beyond
The bounds of honour; Heaven knows I thought
Of nothing less than what I find, Octavio
In this place.
D. Hen. What pause is this, Antonio? All your fervour
In the concernments of a brother-in-law,
Reduc'd to a tame parly with our enemy?
Do all the promises you have made to me,
T' assist my just revenge, conclude in this?
D. Oct. Do all the promises you have made to me,
T' assist my virtuous love, conclude in this?
D. Hen. Where is your wonted bravery? where your kindness
To such a near ally?
D. Oct. Where is your former honour? where your firmness
To such an ancient friend?
D. Ant. What course shall my distracted honour steer,
Betwixt these equal opposite engagements?
[*Aside.*
D. Hen. What, demur still? nay then I 'll right myself.
[*Don* HENRIQUE *makes at Don* OCTAVIO, *Don* ANTONIO *turns on Don* OCTAVIO's *side.*
D. Ant. Who attacks Octavio must pass through me.
D. Car. I must lay hold on this occasion.
[*Aside.*
Good cousin, I conjure you to restrain
Your passion for a while; there lies conceal'd
Some mystery in this, which, once unfolded,
May reconcile this difference.
D. Hen. Sweetly propos'd, sir; an accommodation!
Think'st thou my anger 's like a fire of straw,
Only to blaze and then expire in smoke?
Think'st thou I can forget my name and nation,
And barter for revenge when honour bleeds?
His life must pay this insolence, or mine.
[*He makes at Don* OCTAVIO *again, Don* ANTONIO *interposes.*
D. Ant. Mine must protect his, or else perish with him.
D. Hen. Since neither faith nor friendship can prevail,
'Tis time to try what proof you are, Antonio,
Against your own near interest: know that the man,
Whom you protect against my just revenge,
Has seconded his insolence to me
By foul attempts upon my sister's honour;
Your Porcia 's, sir; if this will not enflame you—
[*Don* ANTONIO *turns from Don* OCTAVIO, *and beholds him with a stern countenance.*
D. Oct. How! I attempt your sister's honour, Henrique?
[*Don* ANTONIO *turns, and looks sternly upon Don* HENRIQUE,
The parent of your black designs, the devil,
Did ne'er invent a more malicious falsehood;
'Tis true, that I have serv'd the virtuous Porcia,
With such devotion, and such spotless love,
That, though unworthy, yet she has been pleas'd

To recompense my passion with esteem;
[*Don* ANTONIO *turns, and looks sternly upon Don* OCTAVIO.
By which she has so chain'd me to her service,
That here I vow either to live her prize,
Or else in death to fall love's sacrifice.
D. Ant. O heavens! what 's that I hear? thou blessed angel,
Guardian of my honour, I now implore
Thy powerful assistance, to preserve
That reputation, which I hitherto
By virtuous actions have maintain'd unblemish'd.
In vain, Don Henrique, you design to change
[*He pauses a little, and rubs his forehead.*
My resolutions: it must ne'er be said,
That passion could return Antonio
From the strict rules of honour. Sir, I tell you
Nothing can make me violate my first
Engagement.
D. Hen. Nay then, thou shalt die too, perfidious man;
Ho! Geraldo, Pedro, Leonido!

Enter GERALDO, PEDRO, *and* LEONIDO, *with their swords drawn; they join with Don* HENRIQUE; *Don* CARLOS *interposes.*

D. Car. For heaven's sake, cousin, draw not on yourself
The horrid infamy of assassinating
Persons of noble blood, by servile hands.
D. Hen. Do you defend them too? Kill 'em, I say.
D. Ant. Retire, Octavio, I 'll sustain their shock.
D. Oct. Octavio retire!
D. Ant. Trust me, you must, they will surround us else;
Through that narrow passage they 'll assail us
With less advantage.
[*They retire, fighting, off the stage; Don* HENRIQUE *and his Men pursuing them, and Don* CARLOS *endeavouring to stop Don* HENRIQUE.
D. Hen. What, d' ye give back, ye mighty men of fame?
D. Ant. Don Henrique, you shall quickly find, 'tis honour,
Not fear, makes me retire. [*Exeunt.*

Enter presently Don ANTONIO *and Don* OCT. *at another door, which Don* ANTONIO *bolts.*

D. Ant. Now we shall have a breathing-while at least,
Octavio, and time to look about us;
Pray see you other door be fast.
[*Don* OCTAVIO *steps to the door where they went out, and Don* HENRIQUE *bounces at the door they came in at.*
D. Hen. Geraldo, fetch an iron bar, to force The door. [*Within aloud.*
[*Don* ANTONIO *goes to both the doors, to see if they be fast.*
D. Ant. So, 'tis now as I could wish it.
D. Oct. What do you mean, generous Antonio?
D. Ant. To kill thee now myself:—having *perform'd*
What my engagement did exact from me,
In your defence 'gainst others, my love now
Requires its dues, as honour has had his;
There 's no protection for you from my sword,
But in your own, or in your frank renouncing
All claim to Porcia; she is so much mine,
That none must breathe, and have the vanity
Of a pretension to her, whilst I live.
D. Oct. I never will renounce my claims to Porcia;
But still assert them by all noble ways:
Yet, sir, this hand shall never use a sword
(Without the last compulsion) 'gainst that man
Who has so much oblig'd me; no, Antonio,
You are securely guarded by the favours
Which you so frankly have conferr'd upon me.
D. Ant. Pray, sir, let not your pretended gratitude
Enervate your defence; 'tis not my custom
To serve my friends with prospects of return.
D. Oct. And, sir, 'tis not my custom to receive
An obligation, but with a purpose,
And within the power of my return.
Friendship, Antonio, is reciprocal;
He that will only give, and not receive,
Enslaves the person whom he would relieve.
D. Ant. Your rule is right, but you apply it wrong;
It was Octavio, my camerade in arms,
And ancient friend, whom I design'd to serve;
Not that disloyal man, who has invaded
My honour and my love:—'Tis the intent
Which forms the obligation, not th' event.
D. Oct. I call those powers, which both discern and punish,
To witness for me, that I never knew
You e'er pretended to Don Henrique's sister,
Before I came within these fatal walls:
This I declare, only to clear myself
From th' imputation of disloyalty,
And to prevent the progress of your error.
D. Ant. How can I think you should speak truth to me,
Who am a witness y' have been false to her,
To whom you now profess so high devotion?
D. Oct. I false to Porcia! take heed, Antonio,
So foul an injury provokes too much.
But, sir, I must confess I owe you more,
Than the forgiveness of one gross mistake.
D. Ant. Rare impudence! I must not trust my senses.
D. Oct. If we cannot adjust this competition,
Let 's charge our envious fortunes, not our passions,
With this fatal breach of friendship. [yourself;
D. Ant. Leave your discourses, and defend
Either immediately renounce all claims
To Porcia, or this must speak the rest.
[*Shaking his sword.*

D. Oct. Nay then, I must reply. [*They fight. [A noise, as if the door were broken open.*

Enter Don HENRIQUE, *Don* CARLOS, LEONIDO *and* GERALDO, *with their swords drawn.*

D. Hen. What 's this! Antonio fighting with Octavio?
This bravery is excessive, gallant friend,
Not to allow a share in your revenge
To him who 's most concern'd; he must not fall
Without some marks of mine.

[*Don* HENRIQUE *makes at Don* OCTAVIO, *and Don* ANTONIO *turns to Don* OCTAVIO'S *side.*

D. Ant. Nay, then my honour you invade anew,
And, by assaulting him, revive in me
My pre-engagements to protect and serve him
Against all others.

D. Hen. Why, were not you, Antonio, fighting with him?
Were you not doing all you could to kill him?

D. Ant. Henrique, 'tis true; but finding in my breast
An equal strife 'twixt honour and revenge,
I do, in just compliance with them both,
Preserve him from your sword, to fall by mine.

D. Car. Brave man, how nicely he does honour weigh!
Justice herself holds not the scales more even.

D. Hen. My honour suffers more, as yet, than your's,
And I must have a share in the revenge.

D. Ant. My honour, sir, is so sublim'd by love,
'Twill not admit comparison or rival.

D. Hen. Either he must renounce all claims to Porcia,
Or die immediately.

D. Ant. Y' are i' the right, that he must do, or die:
But by no other hand than mine.

D. Oct. Cease your contention, and turn all your swords
Against this breast; whilst Porcia and I have breath,
She must be mine, there 's no divorce but death.

D. Hen. I'll hear no more, protect him if thou canst:
Kill the slave; kill him, I say.

[*Don* HENRIQUE *makes at him, and Don* CARLOS *endeavours to interpose.*

D. Car. For Heaven's sake hold a moment; certainly
There 's some mistake lies hidden here, which clear'd
Might hinder these extremes.

[*Don* HENRIQUE *and his Servants press Don* ANTONIO *and Don* OCTAVIO.

[FLORA *peeps out, and, seeing them fight, cries out,* CAMILLA! PORCIA! CAMILLA *and* PORCIA *looking out, both shriek, and then run out upon the stage.*

Enter PORCIA *and* CAMILLA *from the inner-room.*

Por. Don Henrique!
Cam. Antonio! Carlos!
Por. Octavio!
Cam. } Hear us but speak, hear us but speak.
Por. }

D. Hen. By heavens 'tis Porcia! why, how came she here?

D. Car. Why, did not I tell you she was brought hither
By my directions? you would not believe me.

D. Hen. But how then could Octavio come hither?

D. Car. Nay, that Heaven knows, you heard as well as I
Your man's relation.

D. Hen. Ah, thou vile woman! that I could destroy
Thy memory with thy life?

[*He offers to run at* PORCIA, *Don* ANTONIO *interposes.*

D. Ant. Hold, sir, that must not be.

D. Hen. What, may not I do justice upon her Neither?

D. Ant. No, sir; although I have not yet the honour
To know who this lady is, I have this night
Engag'd myself both to secure and serve her.

D. Car. He knows not Porcia; who was i' the right,
Don Henrique, you or I?

D. Hen. He not know Porcia! why, 'tis not an hour
Since I saw him entertaining her at home.
Sure w' are inchanted, and all we see 's illusion.

Cam. Allow me, Henrique, to unspel these charms;
Who is 't, Octavio, you pretend to? speak.

D. Oct. You might have spar'd that question, madam; none
Knows, so well as you, 'tis Porcia I adore.

D. Ant. Porcia 's my wife; disloyal man, thou dy'st.

[*Offers to make at Don* OCTAVIO.

Cam. Hold, sir; which is the Porcia you lay claim to?

D. Ant. Can you doubt of that? why, sure you know too well
The conquest that you made, some days ago,
Of my poor heart, in Flanders.

D. Car. Conquest! poor heart! Flanders! what can this mean?

D. Hen. New riddles every moment do arise,
And mysteries are born of mysteries.

D. Car. Sure, 'tis the pastime of the destinies
To mock us, for pretending to be wise.

Cam. Thanks be to Heaven, our work draws near an end;
Cousin, it belongs to you to finish it.

Por. To free you from that labyrinth, Antonio,
In which a slight mistake, not rectify'd,

Involv'd us all; know, the suppos'd Porcia,
Whom you have lov'd, is the true Camilla.
Cam. And you, Don Henrique, know, that Don Octavio
Has always been your sister's faithful lover,
And only feign'd a gallantry to me,
To hide his real passion for my cousin
From your discerning eyes.
D. Ant. Generous Octavio!
D. Oct. Brave Antonio! how happy are we both, [*They embrace.*
Both in our loves and friendships!
D. Ant. Ah, how the memory of our crosses past,
Heightens our joys, when we succeed at last!
D. Oct. Our pleasures in this world are always mix'd;
'Tis in the next where all our joys are fix'd.
[CAMILLA *takes Don* ANTONIO *by the hand, and leads him to Don* CARLOS.
Cam. This, my dear brother, is that brave commander,
To whom you owe your life and liberty;
And I much more, the safety of my honour.
D. Car. Is this that gallant leader, who redeem'd us
With so much valour from the enemy?
Cam. The very same.
D. Car. Why did you not acquaint me with it sooner?
'Twas ill done, Camilla.
Cam. Alas, my dearest brother, gratitude, [*Drawing Don* CARLOS *aside.*
Conspiring with the graces of his person,
So soon possess'd him of my heart, that I,
Asham'd of such a visionary love,
Durst never trust my tongue with my own thoughts.
D. Car. 'Tis enough; here, sir, take from me her hand, [*Addressing to Don* ANT.
Whose heart your merit has long since made your's.
[*Don* ANTONIO *takes* CAMILLA'S *hand and kisses it.*
D. Ant. Sir, with your leave, and her's, I seal the vows
Of my eternal faith unto you both.
D. Car. But let 's take heed, Antonio, lest, whilst we
Are joying in our mutual happiness,
Don Henrique's scarcely yet compos'd distemper
Revive not, and disorder us afresh;
I like not his grim posture.
D. Ant. 'Tis well thought on, let 's approach him.
[*Don* OCTAVIO, *holding* PORCIA *by the hand, advances towards Don* HEN.
D. Oct. Here, with respect, we wait your confirmation
Of that, which seems to be decreed above,
Though travers'd by unlucky accidents.
This lady, your incomparable sister,
Can witness, that I never did invade
Your passion for Camilla; and Pedro's death
Happen'd by your mistaken jealousy;
The causes of your hate being once remov'd,
'Tis just, Don Henrique, the effects should cease.
D. Hen. I shall consult my honour—
D. Car. You cannot take a better counsellor
In this case, than your own sister's honour;
What, to secure them both, could have been wish'd
Beyond what fate has of itself produc'd?
D. Hen. How hard it is to act upon constraint!
That which I could have wish'd, I now would fly;
Since 'tis obtruded by necessity.—
'Tis fit that I consent, but yet I must
Still seem displeas'd, that m' anger may seem just. [*Aside.*
D. Ant. Noble Don Henrique, you may reckon me
To be as truly your's, by this alliance,
As if a brother's name subsisted still.
D. Hen. Well, I must yield, I see, or worse will follow. [*Aside.*
He is a fool, who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will:
Since fair Camilla is Antonio's lot,
I Porcia yield to Don Antonio's friend.
Our strength and wisdom must submit to fate:
Stripp'd of my love, I will put off my hate.
Here, take her hand, and may she make you, sir,
[*Don* HENRIQUE *takes* PORCIA *by the hand, and gives her to Don* OCTAVIO.
Happier than she has done me.

DIEGO *and* FLORA *advance.*

Flo. Had e'er disorders such a rare come-off?
Methinks 't would make a fine plot for a play.
Die. Faith, Flora, I should have the worst of that;
For, by the laws of comedy, 't would be
My lot to marry you.
D. Oct. Well thought on, Diego, tho' 'tis spoke in jest;
We cannot do a better thing in earnest
Than to join these, who seem to have been made
For one another; what say'st thou to it, Flora?
Flo. Troth I have had so many frights this night,
That I am e'en afraid to lie alone.
[DIEGO *takes her by the hand.*
Die. Give me thy hand, sweet Flora, 'tis a bargain;
I promise thee, dear spouse, I'll do my best
To make thee first repent this earnest jest.
Flo. You may mistake; we have a certain way,
By going halves, to match your foulest play.
D. Car. Since this last happy scene is in my house,
You'll make collation with me ere you part.
D. Ant. } Agreed, agreed, agreed.
D. Oct. }
D. Ant. Thus end the strange *Adventures of Five Hours,*

As sometimes blust'ring storms, in gentle showers.
[*Addressing to the Pit.*
D. Oct. Thus, noble gallants, after blust'ring lives,
You'll end, as we have done, in taking wives.
Dic. Hold, sirs, there 's not an end as yet; for then
Comes your own brats, and those of other men.
D. Hen. Besides the cares of th' honour of your race,
Which, as you know, is my accursed case.
[*Addressing to the Boxes.*
Cam. You, ladies, whilst unmarried, tread on snares;
Marry'd, y' are cumber'd with domestic cares.
Por. If handsome, y' are by fools and fame attack'd;
If ugly, then, by your own envy rack'd.
Flo. We, by unthrifty parents forc'd to serve,
When fed are slaves, and when w' are free we starve.
D. Car. Which put together, we must needs confess,
This world is not the scene of happiness.

EPILOGUE. BY MR SMITH.

Our poet, gentlemen, thought to steal away,
Hoping those wretched rhimes, i' th' end o' th' play,
Might serve for epilogue; for truly he
Takes epilogues for arrant bribery;
H' observes your poet, in our modern plays,
Humbly sheweth,—and then as humbly prays:
So that it can't be said, what they have writ
Was without fear, though often without wit.
He trusts (as ye say papists do) to merit;
Leaves you (like quakers) to be mov'd by th' spirit.
But since that epilogues are so much in vogue,
Take this as prologue to the epilogue.

BY MR HARRIS.

Some, as soon as th' enter, we wish 'em gone;
Taking their visit as a visitation:
Yet when they go there are certain grimaces
(Which, in plain English, is but making faces)
That we, for manners sake, to all allow.
The poet 's parting; don't rise, but smile and bow;
And, 's back being turn'd, ye may take the liberty
To turn him, and all h' has writ, to raillery.
Now as I shall be sav'd, were I as you,
I'd make no bones on't—why, 'tis but his due.
A fop! in this brave, licentious age,
To bring his musty morals on the stage?
Rhime us to reason? and our lives redress
In metre, as Druids did the Savages?
Affront the free-born vices of the nation?
And bring dull virtue into reputation?
Virtue! would any man of common sense
Pretend to 't? why virtue now is impudence;
And such another modest play would blast
Our new stage, and put your palates out of taste.
We told him, sir, 'tis whisper'd in the pit,
This may be common sense, but 'tis not wit;
That has a flaming spirit, and stirs the blood.
That 's bawdery, said he, if rightly understood;
Which our late poets make their chiefest tasks,
As if they writ only to th' vizard-masks.
Nor that poetick rage, which hectors heaven,
Your writer's stile, like 's temper, 's grown more even;
And he 's afraid to shock their tender ears,
Whose God, say they, 's the fiction of their fears;
Your moral 's to no purpose. He reply'd,
Some men talk'd idly just before they dy'd,
And yet we heard them with respect:—'Twas all he said.
Well, we may count him now as good as dead:
And, since ghosts have left walking, if you please,
We'll let our virtuous poet rest in peace.

ELVIRA;

OR,

THE WORST NOT ALWAYS TRUE.

BY

GEORGE DIGBY, EARL OF BRISTOL.

GEORGE DIGBY, *Earl of Bristol, was the author of the following play. He was, as* * *Mr Walpole observes, "a singular person, whose life was one contradiction. He wrote against Popery, and embraced it; he was a zealous opposer of the Court, and a sacrifice for it: was conscientiously converted in the midst of his prosecution of Lord Strafford, and was most unconscientiously a prosecutor of Lord Clarendon. With great parts, he always hurt himself and his friends; with romantic bravery, he was always an unsuccessful commander. He spoke for the Test Act, though a Roman Catholic; and addicted himself to astrology on the birth-day of true philosophy. The histories of England abound with the adventures of this inconsistent and eccentric nobleman, who, amongst his other pursuits, esteemed the drama not unworthy of his attention. Downes the* † *Prompter asserts, that he wrote two plays between the years* 1662 *and* 1665, made out of the Spanish; *one called* 'Tis better than it was, *and the other entitled* Worse and Worse. *Whether either of these is the present performance cannot now be ascertained. It is, however, at least, probable to be one of them with a new title. The same* ‡ *writer says, he also joined with Sir Samuel Tuke in the composition of* The Adventures of Five Hours. Elvira *was printed in the year* 1667, *and Mr Walpole imagines that it occasioned our author's being introduced into Sir John Suckling's Session of Poets: a conjecture which, however, will by no means correspond with the time in which Lord Bristol and Sir John Suckling are supposed to have written the respective works before mentioned. From the notice taken of him by Sir John Suckling as a poet, he seems to have been the author of some pieces which are now lost to the world. After a life, which at different periods of it commanded both the respect and contempt of mankind, and not unfrequently the same sentiments at one time, he died, neither loved nor regretted by any party, in the year* 1676.

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* *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, Vol. II. p. 25.
† *Roscius Anglicanus*, 1708, p. 26. ‡ P. 22.

ELVIRA;

OR,

THE WORST NOT ALWAYS TRUE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don JULIO ROCCA.
Don PEDRO DE MENDOZA.
Don FERNANDO SOLIS, *in love with Donna* ELVIRA.
Don ZANCHO DE MONEZES, *in love with Donna* BLANCA.
FABIO, *Servant to Don* FERNANDO.
FULVIO, *Servant to Don* PEDRO.
CHICHON, *Servant to Don* ZANCHO.
A Page.

Donna ELVIRA, *a beautiful Lady, Don* PEDRO'S *Daughter.*
Donna BLANCA, *a Lady of high spirit, Don* JULIO'S *Sister.*
FRANCISCA, *Donna* BLANCA'S *Woman.*

SCENE—VALENCIA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Room in the Inn.*

Enter Don FERNANDO, *and at another door his Servant* FABIO, *both in riding-cloaths.*

D. Fer. Have you not been with him, Fabio, and given him
The note?
Fab. I found him newly got out of his bed;
He seem'd much satisfy'd, though much surpriz'd,
With your arrival; and as soon as possibly
He can get ready, he'll be with you here.
He says, he hopes some good occasion brings you
To Valencia, and that he shall not be
At quiet till he know it. 'Twas not fit
For me, without your orders, to give him
Any more light than what your ticket did.
D. Fer. 'Tis well: go now and see if Donna Elvira
Be stirring yet, for I would gladly have her
A witness, even at first, to what shall pass
Betwixt my friend and me in her concernments:
If she be still asleep, Fabio, make bold
To knock, and wake her, w' have no time to lose.
O here she comes—Wait you, Don Julio.

[*Exit* FABIO.

Enter Donna ELVIRA.

Elv. Ah, can you think my cares and sleep consistent?
Slumber and tears have sometimes met in dreams;
But hearts with such a weight as mine oppress'd,
Find still the heaviest sleep too light a guest.
D. Fer. Madam, those such least pity do deserve,
Who by their own unsteadiness have drawn
Misfortune on themselves; yet truly, Elvira,
Such is my sense of your's, and my compassion,
To see a lady of your quality

Brought to such sad extremes in what is dearest,
As makes me even forget my own resentments,
Granting to pity the whole place of love,
And at that rate I'll serve you. Yet thus far
You must allow th' eruption of a heart
So highly injur'd, as to tell you frankly,
'Tis to comply with my own principles
Of honour, now, without the least relation
To former passion, or to former favours.

Elv. Those you have found a ready way to cancel;
Your sullen silence, during all our journey,
Might well have spar'd you these superfluous words;
That had sufficiently instructed me
What power mere appearances have had,
Without examination, to destroy,
With an umbrageous nature, all that love
Was ever able on the solid'st grounds
To found and to establish. Yet, methinks,
A man that boasts such principles of honour,
And of such force to sway him in his actions,
In spite of all resentments, should reflect,
That honour does oblige to a suspense,
At least, of judgment, when surprising chances,
Yet unenquir'd into, tempt gallant men
To prejudicial thoughts of those, with whom
They had settled friendship upon virtuous grounds,
But 'tis from Heav'n, I see, and not from you,
Elvira must expect her vindication;
And until then submit to th' hardest fate,
That ever can befall a generous spirit,
Of being oblig'd by him that injures her.

D. Fern. Nay, speak, Elvira, speak, you have me attentive:
[*With a kind of scornful accent.*
It were a wonder worthy of your wit,
To make me trust my ears before my eyes.

Elv. Those are the witnesses indeed, Fernando,
To whose true testimony's false inference
You owe my moderation and my silence,
And that I leave it to the gods and time,
To make appear both to the world and you,
The maxim false, that still the worst proves true.

Enter FABIO.

Fab. Don Julio is without.

D. Fern. Wait on him in—— [*Exit* FABIO.
And now, Elvira,
If you'll be pleas'd to rest yourself awhile
Within that closet, you may hear what passes
Betwixt my friend and me, until such time
As I by some discourse having prevented
Too great surprize, you shall think fit t' appear.
He is the man (as I have often told you,
During my happy days) for whom alone
I have no reserves; and 'tis to his assistance
That I must owe the means of serving you,
In the concernments of your safety and honour;
And therefore, madam, 't will be no offence,
I hope, to trust him with the true occasion
That brings me hither, to employ his friendship;
Observing that respect in the relation,
Which I shall always pay you.
[ELVIRA *retiring as into the closet.*

Elv. There needs no management in the relation,
I am indifferent what others think,
Since those who ought t' have thought the best, have fail'd me:
Sir, I obey, resign'd up to your conduct,
Till mistress of my own. [*Exit.*

Enter Don JULIO; *Don* FERNANDO *and he embrace.*

D. Jul. My joy to have my dear Fernando here
So unexpectedly, as great as 'tis,
Cannot make Julio unsensible
Of th' injury you have done him, t' have alighted
And pass'd a night within Valencia,
At any other place than at his house;
Donna Blanca herself will scarce forgive it,
When she shall know it.

D. Fer. I hope she 's well.

D. Jul. She is so, thanks to Heaven;
But I must bid you expect a chiding from her.

D. Fer. You both might well accuse me of a failure,
Did not th' occasion of my coming hither
Bring with it an excuse, alas! too just,
As you will quickly find.

D. Jul. Nay, then you raise disquiet; ease me quickly,
By telling me what 'tis: of this be sure,
Heart, hand, and fortune, are entirely your's
At all essays.

D. Fer. It is not new t' ye, that I was a lover,
[*After pausing a while.*
Engaged in all the passion that e'er beauty,
In heighth of it's perfection, could produce;
And that confirm'd by reason, from her wit,
Her quality, and most unblemish'd conduct:
Nor was there more to justify my love,
Than to persuade my happiness in her
Just correspondence to it, by all the ways
Of honourable admission, that might serve
To make esteem transcend the pitch of love.

D. Jul. Of all this I have not only had knowledge,
But great participation in your joys;
Than which, I thought nothing more permanent,
Since founded on such virtue as Elvira's.

D. Fer. Ah, Julio, how fond a creature is the man
That founds his bliss upon a woman's firmness!
Even that Elvira, when I thought myself
Securest in my happiness, nothing wanting
To make her mine, but those exterior forms,
Without which, men of honour, that pretend
In way of marriage, would be loth to find
Greater concession, where the love is greatest:
As I was sitting with her, late at night,
By usual admittance to her chamber,

As two whose hearts in wedlock-bands were join'd,
And seem'd above all other care but how
Best to disguise things to a wayward father,
Till time and art might compass his consent;
A sudden noise was heard in th' inner room
Belonging to her chamber: she starts up
In manifest disorder, and runs in,
Desiring me to stay till she had seen
What caus'd it; I impatient, follow,
As fearing for her, had it been her father:
My head no sooner was within the room,
But strait I spy'd, behind a curtain shrinking,
A goodly gallant, but not known to me.
D. Jul. Heavens! what can this be?
D. Fer. You will not think that there, and at that hour,
I stay'd to ask his name; he, ready as I
To make his sword th' expresser of his mind,
We soon determin'd what we sought; I hurt
But slightly in the arm, he fell as slain,
Ran through the body: what Elvira did,
My rage allow'd me not to mark; but strait
I got away, more wounded to the heart
Than he I left for dead.
D. Jul. Prodigious accident! where can it end?
D. Fer. I got safe home, where carefully conceal'd,
I sought, by Fabio's diligence, to learn
Who my slain rival was, and what became
Of my unhappy mistress, and what course
Don Pedro de Mendoza took, to right
The honour of his house.
D. Jul. You long'd not more to know it then, than I
Do now.
D. Fer. All could be learn'd was this: That my rival,
Whom I thought dead, was likely to recover,
And that he was a stranger lately come
Up to the court, to follow some pretensions;
His name he either learn'd not perfectly,
Or did not well retain. As for Elvira,
That none knew where she was; and that Don Pedro
Had set a stop to prosecution
In any publick way. with what reserves
Was not yet known.
D. Jul. More and more intricate.
D. Fer. I must now come to that you least would look for.
I had but few days past in my concealment
(Resentment and revenge still boiling in me)
When late one evening, as I buried was
In deepest thought, I suddenly was rous'd
By a surprising apparition, Julio,
Elvira in my chamber, speaking to me
With rare assurance thus——Don Fernando,
I come not here to justify myself,
That were below Elvira, towards one
Whose action in deserting me hath shown,
So disobligingly, his rash judgment of me.
I come to mind you of honour, not of love:
Mine can protection seek from none but your's.
I 've hitherto been shelter'd from the fury
Of my enrag'd father, by my cousin Camilla;
But that 's no place, you easily may judge,
For longer stay; I do expect from you
To be convey'd, where, free from violence,
And from new hazards of my wounded fame,
I may attend my righting from the gods.
D. Jul. Can guilt maintain such confidence in a maid?
Yet how to think her innocent, I know not.
D. Fer. 'T were loss of time to dwell on circumstances,
Either of my wonder, or reply; in short,
What I found honour dictated, I did;
Within two hours I put her in a coach,
And, favour'd by the night, convey'd her safe
Out of Madrid to Ocana, and thence
In three days hither to Valencia,
The only place where, by your generous aid,
I could have hopes to settle and secure
Her person and her honour. That once done,
Farewel to Spain: I 'll to the wars of Milan,
And there soon put a noble end to cares.
D. Jul. Let us first think how to dispose of her,
Since here you say she is; that done, which presses,
You will have time to weigh all other things.
D. Fer. My thoughts can pitch upon no other way
Decent or safe for her, but in a convent,
If you have any abbess here to friend.
D. Jul. I have an aunt, ruling the Ursulins,
With whom I have full power, and she is wise,
In case that course were to be fix'd upon;
But that 's not my opinion.
D. Fer. What can your reason be?
D. Jul. Last remedies, in my judgment,
Are not to be used till easier have been try'd;
Had this strange accident been thoroughly
Examin'd in all its circumstances,
And that from thence she were convicted guilty,
Nought else were to be thought on but a cloister:
But, as things stand imperfectly discover'd,
Although appearances condemn her strongly,
I cannot yet conclude a person guilty
Of what throughout so contradictory seems
To the whole tenor of her former life,
As well as to her quality and wit;
And therefore let 's avoid precipitation.
Let my house be her shelter for a while;
You know my sister Blanca is discreet,
And may be trusted; she shall there be serv'd
By her and me, with care and secrecy.
D. Fer. The offer 's kind, but no wise practicable,
And might prove hazardous to Blanca's honour,
When it should once break out (as needs it must)
From servants seeing such a guest so treated.
D. Jul. That, I confess, I know not how to answer:
But, could Elvira's mind submit unto it,
I could propose a course without objection.

D. Fer. That she can soon resolve; what is it, Julio?

D. Jul. A gentlewoman who waited on my sister
Hath newly left her service for a husband,
And it is known she means to take another;
I have a ready way to recommend one,
By Violante, of whose love and mine
You are not ignorant, since that ere this
We had been married, had not kindred forc'd us
To wait a dispensation for 't from Rome.
Blanca I 'm sure will readily embrace
Any occasion of obliging her.

D. Fer. That were a right expedient indeed,
Could but Elvira's spirit brook it.

Enter ELVIRA *as from the closet.*

Elv. You have ill measures of Elvira's spirit,
Mistaken Don Fernando. Till Heaven's justice
Shall her entirely to herself restore,
The lowlier shape her fate shall hide her under,
The more 't will fit her humour.

[*Don* JULIO *starts back as it were amazed.*

D. Jul. [*Aside.*] O heavens! can guilt with such perfection dwell,
And put on such assurance? It cannot be.

[*Don* JULIO *addressing himself to her, and beginning. She holding out her hand and interrupting him.*

D. Jul. Madam.

Elv. Spare compliments, and let your actions speak,
Those may oblige both him and me; your words
Cannot comply with both.

D. Jul. [*Aside.*] ——Did ever yet
Such majesty with misery combine,
But in this woman?

[*To her.*] ——Madam, I obey,
And, since you 're pleas'd t' approve what I propos'd,
No moment shall be lost in th' execution.

[*Exit* JULIO, FERNANDO *accompanying him and* FABIO. [dealt

Elv. [*Sola.*] O how unkindly have the heavens
With womankind, above all other creatures!
Our pleasure, and our glory, to have placed
All on the brink of precipices, such
As every breath can blow the least light of us
Headlong into, past all hopes of redemption:
Nor can our wit, or virtue, give exemption.
'Tis true, I lov'd; but, justify'd therein
By spotless thoughts, and by the object's merit,
I deem'd myself above the reach of malice;
When in an instant, by another's folly,
I am more lost than any by my own.
Accurs'd Don Zancho, what occasion
E'er gave Elvira to thy mad intrusion?
Unless disdain and scorn incentives are,
To make men's passions more irregular.
Ah, matchless rigour of the Powers above!
Not only to submit our honour's fate
Unto the vanity of those we love,
But to the rashness even of those we hate. [*Exit.*

Enter Donna BLANCA *at one door, reading a paper with great marks of passion and disturbance; and her waiting-woman* FRANCISCA *at another, observing her.*

Blan. Ah, the traitor!

Fran. What can this mean? [*Aside.*

Blan. Was this thy sweet pretension at Madrid,
Drawn out in length, and hind'ring thy return?
Thy fair pretence, thou should'st have said, false man.

Fran. For love's sake, madam, what can move you thus?

Blan. For hate's sake, say, and for revenge, Francisca,
And so thou may'st persuade me to discover
My shame unto thee. Read, read that letter;
'Tis from your favourite, Chichon.

[FRANCISCA *takes the letter and reads it.*

Madam, to make good my engagements of concealing nothing from you during this absence of my master; I am bound to tell you, that some ten days since, late at night, he was left for dead, run through the body by another unknown gallant, in the chamber of a famed beauty of the court. Whilst the danger continued, I thought it not fit to let you know either the accident, or the occasion; which, now he is recovered, and thinking of his return to Valencia, I must no longer forbear. I hope you will have a care not to undo me for being more faithful to you, than to the master you gave me.

Your creature CHICHON.

Blan. Have I not a worthy gallant, think you?

Fran. Madam, this comes of being over-curious,
And gaining servants to betray their masters.
How quiet might you have slept, and never felt
What pass'd with your Don Zancho at Madrid!
His pale and dismal looks at his return,
Though caus'd by loss of blood in the hot service
Of other dames, might fairly have been thought
Effects of care, and want of sleep for you;
And, taken so, have pass'd for new endearments.
Who ever pry'd into another's letter,
Or slyly hearken'd to another's whisper,
But saw or heard somewhat that did not please him?
'Twas Eve's curiosity undid us all.

Blan. Away with thy formalities, dull creature!
I'll make thee see, and false Don Zancho feel,
That Blanca's not a dame to be so treated.
But who are those I hear without? whoe'er
They be, they come at an unwelcome hour.

[FRANCISCA *looks out.*

Fran. Madam, it is a page of Violante's
Ushering a handsome maid.

Enter a Page with a letter, and ELVIRA; *the Page presents the letter to* BLANCA, *she addresses herself to* ELVIRA, *and she throws up her veil.*

Blan. This letter is in your behalf, fair maid,
[*Having read the letter.*
There's no denying such a recommender;
But such a face as your's is, needed none.
Page, tell your lady as much: and you, Silvia,
[*Turning.*
(For so she says you are call'd,) be confident
Y' are fallen into the hands of one that knows
How to be kind, more as your friend than mistress.
If your demeanour and good-nature answer
But what your looks do promise.

Elv. Madam, it is the noble charity
Of those you cast upon me, not mine own,
To which I must acknowledge any advantage
I ever can pretend to, more than what
Fair Violante's mediation gives me.

Blan. She 's strangely handsome, and how well she speaks! [*Aside to* FRANCISCA.

Fran. So, so, methinks: you know new comers, madam,
Set still the best foot forward.

Blan. And know as well, that you decaying stagers
Are always jealous of new comers, young
And handsome.

Fran. You may be as sharp upon me as you please,
I know to what t' attribute your ill-humour.

Blan. Francisca, entertain her; I'll go write
To Violante, and then rest a while,
In hopes to ease the head-ach that hath seiz'd me;
That done, sweet Silvia, we shall talk at leisure.
[*Exit* BLANCA.

Fran. Sweet Silvia! kind epithets are for new faces. [*Aside.*

Elv. Now comes the hard part of my task indeed,
To act the fellow waiting-woman right.
But, since the gods already have conform'd
My mind to my condition, I do hope,
They 'll teach me words and gestures suitable.
[*Aside.*
[FRANCISCA *embraces* ELVIRA.

Fran. Let me embrace thee, my sweet sister, and beg you
To be no niggard of a little kindness;
A very little serves, with such a face,
To gain what heart you please.

Elv. If it can help to gain me your's, I'll take it
For the best office that it ever did me,
And love it much the better.

Fran. Make much on 't then, for that 't has done already.

Elv. If you will have me vain enough to think it,
You must confirm it, by the proof of being
My kind instructor how to please my lady,
For I am very raw in service.

Fran. —— ——O that
I were so too, and had thy youth t' excuse it;
But my experience, sister, shall be your's,
By free communication. Come, let 's in
And rest us in my chamber; there I 'll give you
First handsel of the frankness of my nature.
[*Exeunt* ELVIRA *and* FRANCISCA.

Enter Don ZANCHO *and* CHICHON *his Man, in riding habits.*

D. Zan. I must confess, Chichon, the very smell
Of sweet Valencia has even reviv'd my spirits.
There is no such pleasure, as to suck and breathe
One's native air.

Chi. Chiefly after being in so fair a way
As you, of never breathing any more.

D. Zan. Pr'ythee no more of that; since I have forgot it,
Methinks thou easily may'st.

Chi. Faith hardly, sir, whilst still your ghastly face
Doth bear such dismal memorandums of it,
Apter to raise inquisitiveness in those
Know nothing of the matter, than t' allay
Remembrance in partakers.

D. Zan. Heaven shield us from Donna Blanca's queries;
No matter for the rest.

Chi. You would not wish to find her so unconcern'd,
I'm sure you would not; faith I long to hear
Th' ingenious defeats, I make account,
You are prepar'd to give to her suspicions.

D. Zan. Let me alone for that: but on thy life
Be sure that nothing be screw'd out of thee,
Neither by her, nor by her sly Francisca.

Chi. Be you, sir, sure, that from your true Chichon,
They 'll know no more to-day, than yesterday
They did, nor thence more to the world's end,
Than what they did before we left Madrid.

D. Zan. Truly, Chichon, we needs must find the means
To get a sight of her this very night;
I die if I should miss it.

Chi. Last week left gasping for Elvira's love,
And scarce reviv'd, when presently expiring
For Blanca's again!—I did not think Don Cupid
Had been a merchant of such quick returns.

D. Zan. Thou art an ass, and want'st distinctiveness
'Twixt love and love; that was a love of sport,
To keep the serious one in breath.

Chi. Faith, sir, I must confess my ignorance,
That when I saw you groveling in your blood,
I thought your love had been in sober sadness.

D. Zan. Pr'ythee leave fooling, and let 's carefully
Gain the back way into my house unseen,

That none may know of my return, till Blanca
Find me at her feet: And be you industrious
T' observe Don Julio's going forth this evening;
Doubtless he 'll keep his usual hours abroad
At Violante's, since not married yet.
Chi. I shall observe your orders punctually.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Don JULIO, *and knocks as at* BLANCA'S *door.*

D. Jul. What, sister, at your [1] siesta already? if so,
You must have patience to be wak'd out of it,
For I have news to tell you.

Enter BLANCA.

Blan. No, brother, I was much more pleasingly
Employ'd, in serving you; that is, making
My court to Violante, by receiving
To wait upon me, in Lucilla's place,
A gentlewoman of her recommending.
D. Jul. Where is she? let me see her.
Blan ———'Twere not safe,
She is too handsome. You think now I jest;
But, without raillery, she is so lovely,
That, were not Violante very assur'd
Of her own beauty, and the strong ideas
That still upholds within you, one might question
Her wit, to have set her in her gallant's way.
But what 's the news you mean?
D. Jul. That our dear friend and kinsman, Don Fernando,
Is come to town, and going for Italy:
The secret of it doth so much import him,
It forc'd him to forbear alighting here,
And lodging with us, as he us'd to do;
But yet he says, nothing shall hinder him
From waiting on you in the dusk of th' evening:
I hope you 'll find wherewith to regale him.
Blan. As well as you have drain'd my cabinets
Of late, in presents to your mistress, some
Perfumes will yet be found, such as at Rome
Itself shall not disgrace Valencia.
D. Jul. I know your humour, and that the best present
Can be given you, is to give you the occasion
Of presenting; but I am come in now
Only to advertise you, and must be gone;
Yet not, I hope, without a sight of one
So recommended, and commended so.
Blan. I should have thought you strangely chang'd in humour,
Should you have gone away so uncuriously.
Ho! [*She knocks.*

Enter FRANCISCA.

Fran. What please you, madam? [lier.
Blan. Pr'ythee tell Silvia I would speak with
Well, clear your eyes, and say I have no skill,
If she appears not t' ye exceeding handsome.

Enter FRANCISCA *with* ELVIRA; *Don* JULIO *salutes her.*

D. Jul. Welcome, fair maid, into this family,
Where, whilst you take a servant's name upon you,
To do my sister honour, you must allow
It's master to be your's, and that by strongest ties,
Knowing who plac'd you here, and having eyes.
Elv. I wish my service, sir, to her and you,
May merit such a happy introduction.
D. Jul. Farewel, sister, till anon; accompanied
As now you are, I think you 'll miss me little.
[*Exit* JULIO.
Blan. I must confess I ne'er could better spare you
Than at this time, but not for any reason
That you, I hope, can guess at.
Francisca, you and Silvia may retire,
[*Exeunt* ELVIRA *and* FRANCISCA.
And entertain yourselves; I'll to my closet
And try to rest.
————Or rather, to vent freely
My restless thoughts. O the self-torturing part!
[*Aside.*
To force complacence from a jealous heart.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE *changes to the Room in the Inn.*

Enter Don JULIO *and Don* FERNANDO.

D. Jul. [2] Albricias, friend, for the good news I bring you;
All has fallen out as well as we could wish.
As to Elvira's settling with my sister,
So lucky a success, in our first aims
Concerning her, I trust, does bode good fortune
Beyond our hopes; yet, in the farther progress
Of this affair— [as better,
D. Fer. There 's no such thing in nature left

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[1] *Siesta.*—The heat of the day, from noon forwards. So called from hora sexta, noon-day, a time when the Spanish ladies retire to sleep.
[2] *Albricias.*—See Note 6, ante, p. 457.

Julio, the worst proves always true with me.
Yet pr'ythee tell, how does that noble beauty
(Wherein high quality is so richly stamp'd)
Comport her servile metamorphosis?
D. Jul. As one, whose body, as divine as 'tis,
Seems bound to obey exactly such a mind,
And gently take whate'er shape that imposes.
D. Fer. Ah, let us mention her no more, my Julio;
Ideas flow upon me too abstracted
From her unfaithfulness, and may corrupt
The firmest reason: above all, be sure
I do not see her so transform'd, lest that
Transform me too; I'll rather pass with Blanca
Both for unkind and rude, and leave Valencia
Without seeing her.
D. Jul. Leave that to me, Fernando;
But if you intend the honour to my sister,
It will be time, the night draws on apace.
D. Fer. Come, let 's be gone then.
[*As they are going out, enter* FABIO *hastily.*
Fab. Stay, sir, for Heaven's sake, stay—
D. Fer. Why, what 's the matter?
Fab. That will surprize you both, as much as me:
Don Pedro de Mendoza is below,
Newly alighted.
D. Fer. Ha! What say'st thou, sirrah?
Elvira's father?
Fab. Sir, the very same,
And he had scarcely set one foot to ground,
When he enquir'd, where lives Don Julio Rocca?
D. Jul. For my house, Fabio? it cannot be,
I never knew the man.
D. Fer. The thing does speak itself, and my hard fate;
What else could bring him hither, but pursuit
Of me, and of his daughter, having learn'd
The way we took? and what so easy, Julio,
Here at Valencia, as to know our friendship;
And then, of consequence, your house to be
My likeliest retreat?
D. Jul. 'Tis surely so;
Let us apply our thoughts to best preventives.
D. Fer. Whilst we retire into the inner room
T' advise together, Fabio, be you sure
(Since unknown to him) to observe his motions.
[*Exunt omnes.*

SCENE *changes to the Prospect of Valencia.*

Enter Don ZANCHO *and* CHICHON, *as in the street near Don* JULIO'S *house.*

D. Zan. Newly gone out, say you?
That is as lucky as we could have wish'd;
And see but how invitingly the door
Stands open still!
Chi. An open door may lead to a face of wood— [*Aside to Don* ZANCHO.
But mean you, sir, to go abruptly in
Without more ceremony?
D. Zan. Surprize redoubles (fool) the joys of lovers.
But stay, Chichon, let's walk aside a while
Till yonder coach be past. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Room in the Inn.*

Enter Don JULIO *and Don* FERNANDO.

D. Jul. There is no safety in any other way;
You must not stir from hence, until w' have got
Some farther light what course he means to steer,
Let Fabio be vigilant; I'll get home,
Down that back stairs, and take such order there
Not to be found, in case he comes to enquire,
As for this night at least shall break his measures;
And in the morning we'll resolve together
Whether you ought to quit Valencia or no.
D. Fer. Farewell then for to-night, I'll be alert;
But see y' excuse me fairly to my cousin. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* BLANCA'S *Anti-chamber.*

Enter Donna BLANCA *and* FRANCISCA.

Blan. As well as Silvia plenses me, Francisca,
I'm glad at present that she is not well,
She would constrain me else; she has wit enough
To descant on my humour, and from thence
To make perhaps discoveries, not fit
For such new-comers.
Fran. If she has wit, she keeps it to herself,
At least from me; of pride and melancholy
I see good store.
Blan. Still envious and detracting?

Enter Don ZANCHO *and* CHICHON.

Fran. See who comes there, madam, to stop your mouth!
[*Donna* BLANCA *casting an eye that way, and* CHICHON *clinging up close behind his master, and making a mouth.*
Chi. Sh' has spy'd us, and it thickens in the clear.
I fear a storm; goes not your heart pit-a-pat?
[*To his master, aside.*
Blan. Ah, the bold traitor!—but I must dissemble,
And give his impudence a little line,
The better to confound him.
[*Advancing to him, and as it were embracing him with an affected chearfulness.*
Welcome, as unexpected, my Don Zancho.
D. Zan. Nay, then we are safe, Chichon.
[*Aside to* CHICHON.
Incomparable maid! Heaven bless those eyes,
From which I find a new life springing in me;
Having so long been banish'd from their rays,
How dark the court appear'd to me without them!
Could it have kept me from their influence,
As from their light, I had expir'd long since.
Blan. Y' express your love now in so courtly a stile,
I fear you have acted it in earnest there,
And but rehearse to me, your country mistress.

D. Zan. Ah, let Chichon but tell you how he
hath seen me
During my absence from you.
Chi. I vow I have seen him even dead for
love;
You might have found it in his very looks,
Before you brought the blood into his cheeks.
Blan. E'en dead you say for love; but say of
whom?
D. Zan. Can Blanca ask a question so injurious,
As well to her own perfections as my faith?
Blan. I can hold no longer.
[*Aside to* FRANCISCA.
My faithful lover, then it is not you—
[*To him scornfully.*
Chi. She changes tone; I like not, faith, the
key,
The musick will be jarring. [*Aside to his master.*
Blan. 'Tis not then you, Don Zancho, who,
having chang'd
His suit at court into a love pretension,
And his concurrence into a gallant rival,
Fell by his hand, a bloody sacrifice
At his fair mistress' feet; who was it then?
[*Don* ZANCHO *stands awhile as amaz'd, with folded arms.* CHICHON *behind his master, holding up his hands, and making a pitiful face;* FRANCISCA *steals to him, and holding up her hand threateningly.*
Fran. A blab, Chichon, a pick-thank, peaching varlet!
Ne'er think to look me in the face again.
[*Aside to* CHICHON.
Chi. In what part shall I look thee, hast thou
a worse?
It is the devil has discover'd it—
Some witch dwells here, I've long suspected thee.
[*Aside to* FRANCISCA.
Fran. I never more shall think thee worth my
charms.
Blan. What, struck dumb with guilt? perfidious man!
That happens most to the most impudent,
When once detected. Well, get thee hence,
And see thou ne'er presum'st to come again
Within these walls, or I shall let thee see
'Tis not at court alone where hands are found,
To let such madmen blood.
[*She turns as going away, and Don* ZANCHO *holds her gently by the gown.*
D. Zan. Give me but hearing, madam, and
then if——
D. Jul. What, ho! no lights below stairs?
[*Aloud as below.*
Fran. O heavens! madam, hear you not your
brother?
Into the chamber quickly, and let them
Retire behind that hanging; there's a place,
Where usually we throw neglected things.
I'll take the lights and meet him; certainly
His stay will not be long from Violante,
At this time of the night; besides, you know,
He never was suspicious.
[*Don* ZANCHO *and* CHICHON *go behind the hanging, and Donna* BLANCA *retiring to her chamber, says:*
Capricious fate! must I, who, whilst I lov'd him,
Ne'er met with checking accident, fall now
Into extremest hazards for a man
Whom I begin to hate?
[*Exit; and* FRANCISCA *at another door with the lights.*

FRANCISCA *re-enters with Don* JULIO.

D. Jul. Where's my sister?
Fran. In her chamber, sir,
Not very well; she's taken with a megrim.
D. Jul. Light me in to her.
[*Exit Don* JULIO, FRANCISCA *lighting him with one of the lights.* CHICHON *peeping out from behind the hanging.*
Chi. If this be Cupid's prison, 'tis no sweet
Here are no chains of roses; yet I think [one,
Y' had rather b' in 't than in Elvira's chamber,
As gay and as perfum'd as 'twas.
D. Zan. Hold your peace, puppy; is this a
time for fooling?

Enter FRANCISCA, *and* CHICHON *starts back.*

Fran. [*coming towards him.*] Chichon, look
out; you may, the coast is clear.
[CHICHON *looks out.*
Could I my lady's near concerns but sever
From your's in this occasion, both of you
Should dearly pay your falshood. [out
Chi. You are jealous too, I see; but help us
This once, and if you catch me here again,
Let Chichon pay for all, faithful Chichon.
Fran. Y' are both too lucky, in the likelihood
Of getting off so soon; stay but a moment,
Whilst I go down to see the wicket open,
And see that there be nobody in the way.
[*Exit* FRANCISCA.
Chi. It is a cunning drab, and knows her trade.

Re-enter FRANCISCA, *and comes to the hanging.*

Fran. There 's now some witch o' th' wing
indeed, Chichon.
Julio, that never till this night forbore
To go to Violante's ere he slept,
And pass some hours there; Julio, who never
Inquired after the shutting of a door,
Hath lock'd the gate himself, at 's coming in,
And bid a servant wait below till midnight,
With charge to say, to any that should knock
And ask for him, that he 's gone sick to bed;
What it can mean I know not.
Chi. I would I did not; but I have too true
An almanack in my bones foretells a beating,
Far surer than foul weather. He has us, faith,
Fast in lob's-pond; Heaven send him a light
hand,
To whom my fustigation shall belong;
As for my master, he may have the honour
To be rebuked at sharp.

Fran. May terror rack this varlet; but for you, sir,
Be not dismay'd, the hazard 's not so great:
Yonder balcony, at further end o' th' room,
Opens into the street, and the descent is
Little beyond your height, hung by the arms:
When Julio is asleep, I shall not fail
To come and let you out; I keep the key;
In the mean while you must have patience.
Chi. It were a nasty hole to stay in long,
Did not my fear correct its evil savour. [*Aside.*
Dame, you say well for him, with whom I think
Y' have measur'd length, you speak so punctually
Of his dimensions; but I see no care
For me, your pretty, not your proper man,
Who does abhor feats of activity. [*To her.*
Fran. I'll help you, with a halter.
[*Exit* FRANCISCA, *and* CHICHON *retires.*

SCENE *changes to* BLANCA's *Bed-chamber.*

Enter BLANCA *and* ELVIRA, *and soon after* FRANCISCA, *as in* BLANCA's *chamber, she sitting at her toilet undressing.*

Blan. My brother told me I should see him again,
Before he went to rest.
Fran. I think I hear him coming.
Blan. He'll not stay long, I hope; for I am on thorns
Till I know they are out. I' th' mean while
We must persuade Silvia to go to bed,
Lest some odd chance should raise suspicion in her,
Before I know her fitness for such trusts.

Enter Don JULIO. ELVIRA *offers to unpin her gorget.*

Blan. I pry'thee, Silvia, leave, and get thee gone
To bed; you ha' n't been well, nor are not yet;
Your heavy eyes betray indisposition.
Elv. Good madam, suffer me; 'twill make me well
To do you service.
Blan. Brother, I ask your help; [*To* JULIO.
Take Silvia hence, and see her in her chamber;
This night she must be treated as a stranger,
And you must do the honour of your house.
[JULIO *goes to* ELVIRA, *and taking her by the hand, leads her away.*
Elv. Since you will not let me begin to serve,
I will begin to obey. [*Making a low courtsey.*
Fran. Quaint, in good faith. [*Bridling.*
D. Jul. My sister 's kinder than she thinks, to give me [*To* ELVIRA, *as he leads her.*
This opportunity of telling Silvia,
How absolutely mistress, in this place,
Elvira is.
[FRANCISCA *whispers all this while with* BLANCA.
Elv. Good sir, forget that name.
[*Exeunt* JULIO *and* ELVIRA.
Blan. If that be so, what shall we do, Francisca?
What way to get them out?
Fran. It is a thing so unusual with him,
It raises ominous thoughts, else I make sure
To get them off as well as you can wish;
But if already awaken'd by suspicion,
Nothing can then be sure.
Blan. O fear not that; what you have seen him do
Of unaccustom'd, I dare say relates
To quite another business.
Fran. Then set your heart at rest, from all disturbance
Arising from this accident.
Blan. If you are certain
To get them off so clear from observation,
'T will out of doubt be best; I'll tell my brother
Don Zancho is return'd, and had call'd here
This evening to have seen him; for my fears
Sprang only from the hour, and the surprize,
Warm'd as he then had found me, since you know
How little apt he is to jealousy.
Fran. Madam, y' have reason; that will make all sure,
In case he should be told of 's being here;
The time of 's stay can hardly have been noted.

Enter Don JULIO.

D. Jul. As an obedient brother I have perform'd
What you commanded me.
Blan. A hard injunction from a cruel sister,
To wait upon a handsome maid to her chamber.
D. Jul. You see I 've not abused your indulgence
By staying long, nor can I stay, indeed,
With you, I must be abroad so early
To-morrow morning; therefore, dear, good-night.
Blan. Stay brother, stay; I had forgot to tell you [*As he is going.*
Don Zancho de Monezes is return'd,
And call'd this evening here t' have kiss'd your hands;
Francisca spake with him.
D. Jul. I hope he 's come successful in his suit.
To-morrow I'll go see him. [*Exit Don* JULIO.
Blan. You see he 's free from umbrage on that subject.
Fran. I see all 's well, and may he sleep profoundly—
The sooner, madam, you are a-bed, the better.
Blan. Would once my fears were over, that my rage
Might have its course.
Fran. I shall not stop it;
But after it has had its full career,
'Twill pause, I hope, and reason find an ear.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Room in the Inn.*

Enter Don FERNANDO *and* FABIO.

D. Fer. Is he gone out?
Fab. No, sir, not as yet;
But seeing the servant he had sent abroad
Newly return'd, I listen'd at his door,
And heard him plainly give him this account—
That he had found Don Julio Rocca's house,
And having knock'd a good while at the door,
Answer was made him, without opening it,
Don Julio 's not at home; whereat Don Pedro,
Impatient, rose, and, calling for his cloak
And sword, he swore he 'd rather wait himself
Till midnight at his door, than lose a night
In such a pressing business—This I thought
Fit to acquaint you with, and that he spake
Doubtfully of his returning to lodge here.
D. Fer. You have done well, but must do better yet,
In following him, and being sure to lose
No circumstance of what he does.
Fab. To dog him, possibly might be observ'd,
This moon-light, by his servant; but since, sir,
We 're certain whither he goes, my best course,
I think, will be to go out the back way,
And place myself beforehand in some porch
Near Julio's house, where I may see and hear
What passes, and then do as I shall see cause.
D. Fer. 'Tis not ill thought on; but how late soever
Your return be, I shall expect to see you
Before we go to bed.
Fab. I shall not fail. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Donna* BLANCA'S *Anti-chamber.*

Enter FRANCISCA, *and goes to the hanging where Don* ZANCHO *and* CHICHON *are hid.*

Fran. Ho—trusty servant with his faithful master!
Come out; the balcony's open, lose no time,
Julio's a-bed, and fast asleep ere this—
There 's nobody in the street, it is so light
One may discover a mile, therefore be quick.
[*Don* ZANCHO *and* CHICHON *come out from behind the hanging, and follow her, as leading to the balcony.* [Exeunt.
[*And soon after Don* ZANCHO *and* CHICHON *appear as in the balcony, and* FRANCISCA'S *head as peeping out of the door into it.*

SCENE *changes to the Prospect of Valencia.*

Enter FABIO *as in the street, and settling himself in a porch.*

Fab. Here is a porch as if 'twere built on purpose—
[FABIO *looking up, perceives them in the balcony.*
Ha! here 's a vision that I little dreamt of;
Stand close, Fabio, and mum.
[*Don* ZANCHO *gets over the balcony, and letting himself down at arm's end, leaps gently into the street.* CHICHON *offers at the like, but takes a fall as he lights, and rising, counterfeits lameness.* FRANCISCA *retires, and locks the balcony.*
Chi. Curse on the drab, I think I 've broke my leg.
Fab. The moon has turn'd my brains, or I 've seen
That person somewhere, and that very lately—
[*He pauses, scratching his head.*
But sure I'm mad, to think it can be he.
[*Exunt Don* ZANCHO *and* CHICHON, *as turning down the next street.*

Enter Don PEDRO *and* FULVIO.

Fab. O, now I see my men.
[*Retiring into the porch.*
D. Ped. This is the street, you say; which is the house?
Ful. That fair one, over-against the monastery;
Shall I go knock?
D. Ped. What else?
[FULVIO *knocks as at Don* JULIO'S *door, and nobody answers.*
D. Ped. Knock harder.
[*He knocks again, and one asks as from within, Who's there?*
D. Ped. A stranger, who must needs speak with Don Julio—
Although unknown to him, my business presses.
[*From within.*] Whoe'er you be, and whatsoe'er your business,
You must have patience till to-morrow, sir;
Don Julio went sick to bed, and I dare not
Wake him.
D. Ped. Fortune takes pleasure, sure, in disappointing,
When men are press'd with most impatience;
But since there is no remedy, guide, Fulvio,
Unto the lodging y' have provided for me;
I hope 'tis near at hand.
Ful. Not above three doors from Don Julio's,
There, where it makes the corner of the street.
[*Pointing.*
Fab. Here I must follow till I 've harbour'd them.
[*Exunt,* FABIO *stealing after them.*

SCENE *changes to the Room in the Inn.*

Enter Don FERNANDO *alone, as in his chamber.*

D. Fer. It cannot now be long, ere Fabio come,
And 't were in vain to go to bed before,
For rest I'm sure I should not—
[*He walks about the room pensively.*
Ah, my Elvira!—Mine? thou dost infect
My very words with falshood when I name thee:

Did ever mistress make a lover pay
So dear as I for the short bliss she gave?
What now I suffer in exchange of that,
May make mankind afraid of joys excessive.
But here he comes—

Enter FABIO.

Have you learn'd any thing
That 's worth the knowing? [*To* FABIO.

Fab. Two things I think considerable, sir;
The one, that Julio hath found means to gain
This night to cast your business in, without
Admitting of Don Pedro, whose pressures
Might have been troublesome, and urged you
To hasty resolutions; whereas, now, [sir,
You 've time to take your measures. The other,
Is, that Don Pedro lodges here no more,
And consequently hath eas'd you of constraint
Whilst you rest here, and left the way more free
For intercourse betwixt Don Julio and you.
This more I must observe t' ye, that Don Pedro
Took special care to have his lodging near
Don Julio's house, whereby 'tis evident,
That there he makes account his business lies.

D. Fer. The news you bring me, hath been worth your pains,
And thanks t' ye for 't; I suppose that is all.

Fab. Perhaps there 's something else.

D. Fer. Say, Fabio, what is 't?

Fab. Pray, sir, allow me
This night, to think whether it be fit or no
To tell it you; since 'tis a thing relates not,
As I conceive, to you, nor to your business;
And, yet in the concernments of another,
May trouble you.

D. Fer. Be not over wise, I pr'ythee; I will know
What 'tis, since you have raised curiosity
By such grimaces.

Fab. You must be obey'd: but pray remember, sir,
If afterwards I am call'd fool for my pains,
Who made me so: but since I do not only
Expect the fool, but ready to be thought
A madman too, ere I have done my story,
In this I will be wilful, not to tell it
Till y' are a-bed, that I may run away—
So if you long to hear it, hasten thither.

[*Exit* FABIO, *as to the chamber within.*

D. Fer. Content i' faith; you ask no great compliance. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Room in* ZANCHO'S *House.*

Enter Don ZANCHO, *and* CHICHON, *as at home, halting.*

D. Zan. We 're well come off from danger, would we were
But half as well from Blanca's jealousy. [worse;

Chi. Speak for yourself, I never came off
A pox upon your venery, it has made me
Another Vulcan. [*He halts about, grumbling.*

D. Zan. Go rest to-night, or grumble, as you please;
But do not think limping will serve your turn
To-morrow; faith, I 'll make you stir your stumps;
Think you a lover of my temper likely
To sit down by it so?

Chi. I 'm sure I am only fit to sit down by it,
Since I can hardly stand.

[*He makes as if he would sit down, and Don* ZANCHO *giving him a kick on the breech.*

D. Zan. Coxcomb, come away.

Chi. To-night 's to-night, to-morrow 's a new day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Don FERNANDO *and* FABIO, *as in the room in the Inn.*

D. Fer. Are all things ready, Fabio, in case Don Julio, when he comes, conclude with me That I should be gone presently?

Fab. Horses stand ready for you at the Post-house.

D. Fer. 'Tis well; attend without. [*Exit* FABIO.

Enter Don JULIO.

I see you sleep not in your friend's concerns,
You are so early; and since so, the sooner
We fix a resolution, certainly
'T will be the better. 'T was no small point gain'd,
To frustrate for a night Don Pedro's aims,
As Fabio tells me you have done; for he
Ne'er quitted him an inch last night, until
He had harboured him.

D. Jul. What, has he left his lodging?

D. Fer. That he has,
And, which is more considerable, taken one
Close by your house, which evidences clearly
Where his suspicions lie; that being so,
I 'm confident you 'll be of my opinion
For my dislodging from Valencia
Immediately; for, Elvira being
Already so well settled, nothing can
So much indanger her discovery,
As my remaining longer in these parts.

D. Jul. Were I but free as yesterday, Fernando,
To think of nothing but Elvira and your
Concernments, I must confess your absence

From hence were to be wish'd: but, cousin,
There 's fallen out, this very night, a thing,
Which shews how little I beholden am
To fortune, that having so newly lent me
The means of serving handsomely my friend,
Calls back the debt already, and makes me
As needing of your aid, as you of mine.
D. Fer. Ho, Fabio, forbid the horses presently. [FABIO *looks in.*
The least appearance, Julio, of my being
[*To* JULIO.
Useful to you by staying, puts an end
To all deliberation for myself;
Say, what's the accident? you have me ready.
D. Jul. Such, and of such a nature, my Fernando,
That, as to be communicated to none
But you, another self, so I am sure
It will astonish you with the rehearsal.
Ah! could you think it possible, that Blanca
Should raise disturbance in the heart of Julio,
As to the honour of his family?
D. Fer. Heavens forbid.
D. Jul. Never was brother so secure as I,
Or so unalterable in his persuasion,
Of having a sister of unmatch'd discretion,
Nor e'er could less than evidence itself
Have shaken such a confidence.
D. Fer. For God's sake, Julio,
Hold me no longer in such pain of mind.
But sure we shall be better there within,
Free from the noise of the street.
D. Jul. You say well. [*Exit* JULIO.
D. Fer. [*as he follows him, aside.*] This is what Fabio told me he saw last night,
Discovered by some accident to Julio;
It can be nothing else—O women! women!
[*Exit* FERNANDO.

Enter Don PEDRO *and* FULVIO, *as in their new lodgings.*

D. Ped. I am glad you have lighted on so fit a place
For all I intend, as this is, Fulvio:
I shall repair the last night's disappointment
By early care this morning; in the mean while,
Fail not of your part in the discovery
Where my enemy dwells, and i' th' observation
Of all his motions; that 's the important part.
Ful. Rely, sir, on my care and vigilance.
[*Exeunt Don* PEDRO *and* FULVIO.

Enter Don JULIO *and Don* FERNANDO, *as in the outward room of the Inn.*

D. Jul. It is a quarter
Always reserv'd to my own privacy;
There lying unsuspected, if whilst I
Continue late abroad, under pretence
Of being at Violante's, you keep watch
Carefully within, he cannot 'scape us:
So you be sure t' observe punctually
The sign agreed, and bolting of the doors
When he is once within.
D. Fer. Since you have so resolv'd and laid your business,
Dispose of me, and lead the way, whilst I
Give Fabio his instructions what to do
During my absence.
[*Exeunt* FERNANDO *and* JULIO.

Enter Donna BLANCA *and* FRANCISCA, *as in* BLANCA'S *anti-chamber.*

Fran. Since the black cloud that threaten'd you last night
With such a storm, is luckily blown over,
Without a sprinkling; I hope, madam, you
Will imitate the fates, and grow serene
From all those clouds which so much threaten'd others.
Blan. Ah! Francisca, can'st thou—
[*She stops, seeing* ELVIRA *coming.*

Enter ELVIRA *with a fine bason of flowers.*

But here 's Silvia. [*Aside.*
O the sharp thorns she brings me at this time,
With flowers in her hand, by the constraint
Her presence gives me! [flowers
Elv. Madam, I wish the ranging of these
May be to your mind; but, alas! I fear
I am too dull for works of fancy.
Blan. 'Tis me you find too dull to relish them;
Anon they may be welcomer.
Elv. I 'll wait that happy hour.
——She 's in ill humour. [*Aside.*
[*Exit* ELVIRA.
Blan. But tell me now, didst ever see, Francisca,
So false and bold a creature? The impudence
He had, to clothe his treachery with new courtships,
Provokes me most of all.
Fran. Last night, indeed, incens'd as you were, madam,
I fain would know what air so soft and gentle
He could have breath'd, would not have blown the flame
Higher and higher; but methinks your pillow
Should in so many hours have had some power
T' allay and mollify: I then complied
(He present) with your anger; but now, madam,
You must allow me to speak reason t' you
In his behalf, before you go too far,
And put things, in your passion, past recall,
Which, that once over, you would give your life
To have again.
Blan. Pray think me not so tame.
Fran. So tame, say you? I think you wild, I swear,
To take so much to heart, what at the most
Deserves but some such sparkling brisk resentment,
As, once flash'd out in a few cholerick words,
Ought to expire in a next visit's coyness.
Blan. Make you so slight of infidelity?
Fran. Cupid forbid! I 'd have men true to love;

But I 'd have women too, true to themselves,
And not rebuke their gallants, by requiring
More than the nature of frail flesh will bear.
I 'd have men true as steel; but steel, you know,
(The purest and best-polish'd steel,) will ply,
Urg'd from its rectitude, forsooth; but then,
With a smart spring, comes to its place again.
Blan. Come leave your fooling, and speak soberly.
Fran. Why then, in sober sadness, you 're in the wrong;
I do not say in being angry with him,
And nettled at the thing, that 's natural.
We love no partners even in what we know
We cannot keep all to ourselves; but, madam,
To think the worse of him for it, or resolve
A breach of friendship for a slight excursion,
That were a greater fault than his, who has
For one excuse, long absence; and in truth
Another, you'd be sorry he wanted, youth.
Blan. You talk as if——
[FRANCISCA *interrupting her.*
Fran. Stay, madam, I beseech you,
And let me make an end; I have not yet
Touch'd the main point in his excuse, a suit
At court, enough I trow for any dog-trick.
Blan. How like a goose you talk! a court pretension!
What has that to do, one way or other,
With his faith to me?
Fran. So, one displeased to find his crawfishes
Shrivel'd within, and empty, said to his cook,
(Who laid the fault upon the wane o'th' moon)
What has the moon to do with crawfishes?
Marry she has, 'tis she that governs shell-fish;
And 'tis as true, in courts, that love rules business
By as preposterous an influence.
Blan. I pr'ythee make an end, or come to the point.
Fran. Why then I'll tell you; you may believe me,
(Having been train'd up in my youth, you know,
In the best school to learn court mysteries;
An aunt of mine being mother of the maids,)
Love holds the rudder, and steers in all courts.
How oft, when great affairs perplex the brains
Of mighty politicians, to conjecture
From whence sprung such designs, such revolutions,
Such exaltations, madam, such depressions,
Against the rules of their mysterious art;
And when, as in surprizing works of nature,
Reason 's confounded, men cry those are secrets
Of the high powers above, that govern all;
Grave lookers on, stroking their beards, would say,
What a transcendant fetch of state is this!
These are the things that wisdom hides and hatches
Under black cap of weighty jobbernoll;
I mean Count Olivarez. All the while,
We female Machiavels would smile to think,
How closely lurking lay the nick of all,
Under our daughter Doll's white petticoat.
Blan. All this I grant you may be true, and yet
Ne'er make a jot for his excuse, Francisca;
His suit had no relation to such matters.
Fran. Whate'er the thing be, 'tis all one: D' you think
Suits, be they what they will, can be obtain'd
By such as pass for fops, as all young men
Without a mistress or a confident,
Are sure to do there? A sharp-pointed hat,
(Now that you see the gallants all flat-headed,)
Appears not so ridiculous, as a yonker,
Without a love-intrigue, to introduce
And sparkify him there. Madam, in short,
Allow me once to be sententious;
It is a thing that always was, and is,
And ever will be true, to the world's end:
That, as in courts of justice, none can carry
On business well without a procurator;
So none in princes' courts their suits make surer,
Than those that work them by the best procurer.
[*Smiling a little.*
Blan. Well, hast done, Francisca?
Fran. Madam, I have.
Blan. Then letting pass
Thy fine reflections politick, now vented
To shew thy skill in courts, I'll tell thee freely,
I'm not transported in my jealousy
So far beyond the bounds of reason, as
Not to know well the difference betwixt
Such escapades of youth as only spring
From warmth of blood, or gales of vanity,
And such engagements as do carry with them
Dishonour unto those, whose quality
And love leave little to the serious part,
Once embark'd by them in a gallantry.
Fran. I see the clouds disperse;——there 's no such art
Of compassing one's ends with those above us,
As that of working them into good-humour
By things brought in by the bye. [*Aside.*
Why, surely, madam, unless anger lend you
Its spectacles, to see things, I cannot think
You judge Don Zancho's fault to be any other
Than of the first kind, so well stated by you.
Blan. Francisca, were I otherwise persuaded,
I am not of an humour that could suffer
Such parlies for him, much less intercession;
But since, upon reflection, I find cause
To think what he has done a sally only
Of youth and vanity, when I shall find him
Sufficiently mortified, I may pardon him.
Fran. Heavens bless so sweet a temper! but, madam,
Have a care I beseech you of one thing.
Blan. What's that?
Fran. That, whilst your pride of heart
Prolongs his re-admission, his despair
Urge him not to some precipitate attempt,
That may expose your honour, safe as yet.
You see what danger the last night's distemper

Had like t' have brought you into: transported lovers,
Like angels fallen from their bliss, grow devils.
Blan. What, would you have me appear so flexible?
Is 't not enough
I tell you I may pardon him in due time?
Fran. Good madam, be advis'd; I do not press you
For his sake, but your own. Trust my experience,
To women nought 's so fatal as suspense;
Whose smartest actions ne'er did cast such blot
On honour, as this—Shall I? or shall I not?
Blan. I 'd rather die, than have him think me easy.
Fran. Your spirit never can be liable
To that suspicion.—Madam, leave to me
The conduct of this matter, I beseech you:
If, ere you sleep, you do not see the gallant
Sufficiently humbled at your feet,
Ne'er trust Francisca more.
Blan. You are so troublesome, do what you will.
[BLANCA *turns away, and exit, as into her closet.*
Fran. —What, gone away?
I'll do what she would have, but dares not say.
[*Exit.*

Enter Don JULIO, *and* ELVIRA, *as in* BLANCA'S *chamber.*

D. Jul. Where 's my sister, Silvia?
[*Looking about him.*
Elv. In her closet, sir,
As yet not ready.
D. Jul. And where 's Francisca?
Elv. She 's with her, dressing her.
D. Jul. Why then, Elvira,
Let me not lose this opportunity
Of telling you, how sad a man I am
To see you in this posture, and to assure you
How gladly I would lay down life and fortune
To serve you, in Don Fernando's absence.
Elv. Your generosity I make no doubt of:
But is Fernando gone?
D. Jul. I cannot say
That he is gone; for he was not himself,
With the thought of leaving you, and yet less
Himself, whene'er he thought of staying near you;
Tortur'd by two such contrary passions,
As love and sharp resentment.
Elv. He is gone then?—— [*She pauses.*
Ah! generous Don Julio,
[*Putting her handkerchief to her eyes.*
You needs must be indulgent to a weakness,
Which, whilst that he was present, indignation,
And a just sense of what I am, had power
To keep within myself; but now I find
That check remov'd, nature will have its tribute,
And you must pardon my withdrawing, where
[*She weeps.*
Such grief may pay it with unwitness'd tears.
[*Exit* ELVIRA.

D. Jul. Can a demeanor so compos'd, so noble,
And yet so tender, want true innocence?
It cannot be. It grieves my heart, I swear,
T' have given her new affliction; but the secret
Of Don Fernando's close concealment here
Is so important, it necessitated
My saying what I did, since secrets are
Ever kept best by those that know them least.

Enter BLANCA *and* FRANCISCA.

Now, high dissimulation, play thy part.
Good-morrow, sister, have you rested well?
And do you rise serene, as does the sun,
Free from distemper, as the day from clouds?
Your looks persuade it me, they are so clear
And fresh this morning.
Blan. The pleasure of seeing you, puts life into them,
Else they 'd be dull enough, this ugly head-ach
Having tormented me all night: you might
Have heard me call Francisca up at midnight.
Fran. That was well thought on, for 'tis possible
He may have heard some noise. [*Aside.*
D. Jul. How cunning she is! [*Aside.*
Faith, now you put me in mind of it, I think,
'Twixt sleep and waking, I once heard some stirring.
Blan. The worst of my indisposition is,
That 't will, I fear, hinder me again to-day
From visiting Violante, to thank her
For Silvia. [ments;
D. Jul. I charge myself with all your compli-
For this whole afternoon, till late at night,
I needs must pass with her, to make amends
For yesterday's failings, caus'd, as you know,
By Don Fernando's being in town.
Blan. I must not hope to see you then again
To-day, when once gone out?
D. Jul. Hardly, unless to wait on Violante,
In case she come to see you, as 'tis likely,
When I shall tell her you are indispos'd:
And so farewel. [*Exit Don* JULIO.
Blan. All 's well I see, Francisca, as to him;
I wish my heart were but as much at rest
In what concerns Don Zancho.
Fran. It shall be
Your own fault if it be not quickly so,
As I 'll order the matter. [solent,
Blan. Take heed you make him not grow in-
By discovering to him my facility.
Fran. I'm too well vers'd to need instructions.
Blan. I leave all t' you—but how does Silvia
This morning?
Fran. I think she has been crying,
She looks so dull and moped.
I 'll in and see her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Don* ZANCHO'S *House.*

Enter Don ZANCHO, *and* CHICHON *limping.*

D. Zan. What, not yet gone, thou lazy, trifling rascal?

Chi. What juster excuse, sir, for not going,
Than is a broken leg?
D. Zan. If you find not your own leg quickly, sirrah,
I shall find you a wooden one.
Chi. Be as angry as you will, sir, I'll not go
Till I have made my conditions; the true time
For servants to stand upon points, is, when
Their masters stand upon thorns.
D. Zan. What are they, owl's-face?
Chi. Assurance, sir, but of free air within,
With fair retreat upon an even floor;
And that it shall not be in a slut's power,
After having kept me in a nasty place,
To empty me out at window.
D. Zan. Pr'ythee, Chichon,
Ha' done, and miss not th' opportunity
By fooling. Unless you take Francisca
Just as she comes from mass, this day is lost,
And I lost with it.
Chi. Come, I'll hobble to her:
Expect a sorry account, but yet a true one;
Truth always comes by the lame messenger.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a fine pleasant Apartment.*

Enter Don JULIO, *and knocks, as at the door of his private apartment;* FERNANDO *opens the door and lets him in.*

D. Fer. Y' have given me here a very pleasant prison;
But what news, my Julio? are things disposed
For clearing of your doubts? My own concerns
I cannot think on, during your disquiet.
D. Jul. And I come now so strangely moved with your's,
I scarce have sense or memory of my own.
A heart of adamant could not be hinder'd,
I think, from liquefaction into tears,
To 've seen and heard Elvira, as I have done,
Upon th' occasion of my telling her
That you were gone:
A sense so gallant, and so tender both,
I never saw in woman.
D. Fer. Can that high heart descend to tenderness?
D. Jul. Not whilst you present: noble pride upheld it;
But nature once set free from that constraint,
O, how pathetick was her very silence!
And the restraint of tears in her swoln eyes,
More eloquent in grief than other's torrents:
If she be guilty, all her sex are devils.
D. Fer. O say no more; for were there room but left
For self-deceit, I might be happy yet.
Ah evidence, too cruel to deny me that!
[*A noise without.*
D. Jul. But what can be the noise I hear without,
In the next room?
[FERNANDO *peeps through the key-hole.*
D. Fer. 'Slife, I see Don Pedro,
Elvira's father; there 's no avoiding him:
He 'd not a come up so, without being sure
You are within.
D. Jul. Farther put-off would be of little use,
Since first or last he must be satisfy'd,
Being come hither upon such an errand;
The sooner now we see what 'tis he drives at,
The sooner we shall take from thence our measures;
I'll therefore go out to him, and be sure
To entertain him still so near the door,
That you may hear what passes.
D. Fer. I shall be attentive, and expect the issue
With much impatience. [*Exit Don* JULIO.

SCENE *changes to Don* JULIO's *Anti-chamber.*

Enter Don PEDRO *and his Servant, and Don* JULIO *and a Page.*

D. Ped. My business, sir, is to Don Julio Rocca;
[*Addressing himself to Don* JULIO.
If you be he, I shall desire the favour
Of some few words with you in private.
D. Jul. Sir, I am he to serve you. Page, set chairs.
[*He points to the Page, and makes him set chairs by the door where Don* FERNANDO *is, and then the Page and Don* PEDRO's *Man retire.* [*They sit down.*
D. Ped. Having not the honour to be known t' you, sir,
'Tis fit this letter make my introduction?
'Tis from the Duke of Medina.
[*He gives Don* JULIO *the letter, which he receives with great respect; and going a little aside, reads it.*

Don PEDRO *de* MENDOZA, *my kinsman, and most particular friend, goes to Valencia in pursuit of one who hath highly injur'd his family; whose righting I am so much concerned in, as, could it have been done without too much publication of the thing, I would have accompanied him myself; but my presence will be needless in a place where you have power; I do therefore conjure you, and expect from your regard and kindness to me, that you employ it thoroughly in his behalf, and what service you shall do him, put it upon my account, whom you shall always find,*
Your most affectionate cousin to serve you,
The Duke of Medina.

[*Don* JULIO *giving the letter to Don* PEDRO, *and he taking it.*
D. Jul. Sir, it is fit you see how heartily
The duke hath recommended your concernments,
Whose will 's a law to me.
[*Don* PEDRO *having read it, and restoring it.*

D. Ped. He told me, indeed, how very sure he was
Of your friendship and dependence.
I am proud to find he makes
So obliging use of it to my advantage.
D. Jul. I do avow myself his creature, sir;
Therefore the sooner you shall let me know
In what I may be useful t' you, the sooner
You'll see my readiness to serve you.
D. Ped. Your personal reputation, sir, as well
As your relation to the duke, assured me
Beforehand of what I find; and therefore
As hard a part as it is for a gentleman
Of my blood and temper to become
Relater of his own shame, unreveng'd
On the author of it, I shall tell you in short:
I live under an affront of the highest nature
To the honour of my family; and the person
Who did it, makes Valencia his retreat;
'Tis against him, Don Julio,
That your assistance must support me here:
I have already got some notice of him,
And when I shall be ascertain'd, I'll repair
Again unto you for your friendly aid,
And for the present trouble you no farther.
[*Don* PEDRO *offers to rise, as going away.*
D. Jul. A little patience, I beseech you, sir.
I have express'd my readiness, and be sure
I am a man never to fail where once
I have engag'd my word; but, sir, withall,
You must consider with a fair reflection,
That in this place are all my chief relations
Of blood and friendship; and though neither shall
Have power t' exempt me from the serving you
In any just pretension, yet you know
That men of honour ever ought to seek
How to comply with one duty, without
Violating another.
D. Ped. I understand you, sir; and as 'tis that
Which well becomes a person of your worth
To have reflected on; so it becomes me
To satisfy before I engage you farther;
Then give me leave to ask you, whether or no
Don Zancho de Monezes be of the number
Of those, towards whom y' are under obligation,
Either of blood or friendship?
[*Don* JULIO *shewing some little surprize, but presently recovering.*
D. Jul. Don Zancho de Monezes, say you?
D. Ped. Sir, the same—
He startled at his name. [*Aside.*
D. Jul. He is a person I have always liv'd
In friendly correspondence with, without
Any such tie upon me towards him,
As ought to hinder my frank serving you.
D. Ped. You have reviv'd me; and since I have now nam'd
My enemy, I can conceal no longer
The grounds on which he is so. That Don Zancho,
About a fortnight since, was late at night
Found in my house, run newly through the body,
And welt'ring in his blood, ready to expire;
I by the outcry brought upon the place,
Surpriz'd as you may imagine, and enrag'd,
Was yet so far master of my passion,
As to disdain the owing of my revenge
To an unknown hand, perhaps as guilty
Towards me, as was the sufferer; I made
Him straight be carried to a surgeon, where
I thought it generous to give him life,
Then dead, that living I might give him death;
Recover'd sooner than I thought, he fled,
And with him, as I have reason to believe,
My only daughter, who the very night
Of the accident was missing. O the curse
Of men, to have their honours subjected
To the extravagance of such vile creatures!
D. Jul. [*sighing.*] 'Tis our hard fate indeed.
D. Ped. I presently employ'd all diligence
To know what way he took, and having learn'd
'Twas towards this place, hither I have pursued him;
Confirm'd in my pursuit, by information
Along the road, that an unknown gallant
Had, with his servant, guarded all the way
A conceal'd lady in a coach. And thus, sir,
You have the story of my injury,
Whereof I doubt not but your generous heart
Will wed the just revenge.
D. Jul. You may rely on 't, sir, without reserves,
To th' utmost of my power.
D. Ped. May the gods reward you,
The life that you renew to these grey hairs!
I 'll take my leave at present, and return t' ye
As soon as from the diligences used
I shall have clearer lights.
D. Jul. Here you shall find me waiting your commands.
[*Exit Don* PEDRO, *Don* JULIO *waiting on him out.*

SCENE *changes.*

Enter Don JULIO *and Don* FERNANDO, *as in the private apartment.*

D. Jul. I hope you overheard us.
D. Fer. All distinctly,
And with surprizing joy at his mistake.
Did ever bloodhound, in a hot pursuit,
Run on so readily upon the change?
D. Jul. I hope it bodes good fortune in the rest.
D. Fer. Were e'er two friends engag'd in an adventure
So intricate as we, and so capricious?
D. Jul. Sure never in this world; methinks it merits
A special recapitulation.
You, at the height of all your happiness,
Supplanted with your mistress by a rival,
You neither knew nor dreamt of; evidence
Anticipating jealousy.

D. Fer. And when that rival, fallen by my sword
In her own presence, is by miracle
Revived, and fitter to serve her than I,
That faithless mistress, with the same assurance
She could have done had she been true as fair,
And for my sake expos'd to fatal hazards,
Flies to my arms for her protection.
D. Jul. And whilst that you, refining point of honour,
In spite of rage, expose yourself to serve her,
She asks, and takes, with a vowed indignation
To be beholden t' ye, new obligations.
D. Fer. I have recourse unto my only friend,
To help me in protecting my false mistress,
And he, at the same time, by highest powers
Impos'd upon, to be her persecutor.
D. Jul. Whilst the same friend, and by the self-same powers,
Is urg'd to act, in their revenge, against
The man on whom you most desire to take it;
And then, to heighten all beyond invention,
That very friend is forc'd, even in that instant,
To a dependence on your only aid,
In his honour's nearest and most nice concerns.
D. Fer. Heaven sure delights t' involve us in a kind
Of labyrinth, will pose itself t' unwind. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE *changes to the Room at Don* ZANCHO's.

Enter Don ZANCHO, *and* CHICHON *at another door, halting still, with a staff.*

D. Zan. What, here again already! have you sped?
Chi. Lame as I am, you see I have made good speed
In my return, whate'er I have had in my errand.
D. Zan. Leave, fool, your quibbling, and deliver me
From the disquiet of uncertainty.
Chi. That 's quickly done: set, sir, your heart at rest
From the vain hopes of ever seeing Blanca—
Now you are at ease, I trow.
D. Zan. You 'll be at little, unless you leave your jesting
With such edge-tools—Is banishment from her
Matter of raillery? Say, sirrah, and say
Quickly, what hopes?
——Pr'ythee, if thou lov'st me, [*Kindly.*
Hold me no longer in suspense, Chichon.
Chi. Why then, for fear, the devil a bit for love,
I 'll tell you, sir, that luckily I met
The drab Francisca at the capuchin's
Lodging, behind her lady, I think on purpose:
For I perceiv'd her eager sparrow-hawk's eye,
With her veil down (ne'er stirs a twinkling-while
From it's sly peeping-hole) had found me strait,
I took my time i' th' nick, but she out-nick'd me;
For trudging on, her face another way,
With such a voice, as some you have seen have had
The trick to draw from caverns of their belly,
And make one think it came from a mile off,
She made me hear these words—About twilight
Fail not to pass by our door, and ask no more
At this time, varlet—And thus, sir, you see,
That neither she nor I have been prolix,
For this is all—You have leave to make your comment
On a brief text.
D. Zan. As sweet methinks as short; such words imply
Little less than a demi-assignation.
Chi. All puddings have two ends, and most short sayings
Two handles to their meaning.
D. Zan. I 'm sure I 'll still lay hold upon the pleasing'st,
Till it be wrested from me; i' th' mean while,
If any visitants come this afternoon,
Be sure to tell them I am gone abroad,
That nothing else embark us at the time.
You shall not go alone.
Chi. I thank you for it—
I cannot go alone. [*Holding up his staff.*
[*Exit* CHICHON *halting.*

SCENE *changes to Don* JULIO's *private Apartment.*

Enter Don FERNANDO *and* JULIO.

D. Jul. All things are rightly laid, for Violante
Will pass the afternoon with Blanca, and then,
I waiting on her home in th' evening, Blanca
Will be secure from me till late at night.
I shall be where I told you, in full view
Of those two windows: If the gallant come
Up the great stairs, he must pass through that room,
And cannot 'scape your knowledge; if up the back one,
You needs must see him passing through the entry
Close by that door. If this latter way,
Be sure to set the candle in that window—
[*Pointing.*
If up the other, in that—And in either case,
As soon as he 's within, fail not to bolt,
On th' inside, the entry-door, that so he may
Find no retreat that way, I coming up
The other.
D. Fer. Be assured I shall be punctual,
As you direct. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Don* PEDRO's *Lodging.*

Enter Don PEDRO, *and his Servant* FULVIO.

D. Ped. Are you sure of what you say?
Ful. As sure, sir,
As my own eyes can make me of what I saw;
You cannot doubt my knowing him, since 'twas I
(You may remember) fetch'd the surgeon to him,
And saw his wounds dress'd more than once or twice.
The tavern where I was, looks into his garden,
And there I left him walking, to come tell you.
D. Ped. We are well advanc'd then towards my just revenge.
I found Don Julio as ready to comply
With all the duke's desires as I could wish;
And my great fear is over, that Don Zancho
Might possibly have been some near relation
Of his own; so that now, Fulvio, if you
Keep but a careful eye upon his motions,
And give me notice, he can hardly 'scape us.
Ful. Doubt not my diligence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Garden.*

Enter BLANCA *and* FRANCISCA *as in a fine garden with orange-trees and fountains.*

Blan. You must have your will; but know, Francisca,
If you expose me to his vanity,
I never shall forgive you.
Fran. I tell you, madam, I will bring him t' ye
So mortify'd, he shall an object be
For pity, not for anger; you 'll need employ
Kindness, to erect the poor dejected knight.
Blan. It fell out luckily that Violante
Came hither; for, my brother now engag'd
With her, we 're safe till ten o'clock at least.
Fran. But how shall we dispose of Silvia?
It will be hard to 'scape her observation,
For she has wit, and of the dangerous kind,
A melancholy wit—O the unlucky star,
That leads a lady, engaged in love-intrigues,
To take a new attendant near her person!
Blan. 'Twas an unluckiness; but Violante
Could not be deny'd, I having told her
So often that I wanted one; besides,
Who could have thought sh' had one ready at hand?
But we must make the best on 't for this night:
'T will not be hard to busy her till 't be late,
In the perfuming-room. This near occasion
Well o'er, I think it will not be amiss,
Against another, to say somewhat to her,
That may, in case she have perceiv'd any thing,
Persuade her she is not distrusted.
Fran. Madam, take heed of that: whene'er you find
It necessary to say any thing,
Be sure to say that, that she may think all.
Take one rule more from my experience:
Nothing so fatal as a confidence
By halves in amorous transactions.
But here she comes—

Enter ELVIRA.

Blan. Come, Silvia, and take your part of this sweet place;
This is a day indeed to taste its freshness.
Elv. Madam, I needs must say, within a town
I never saw so fine a one.
Blan. In truth
I think not many sweeter—Those fountains,
Playing among the orange-trees and myrtles,
Have a fine mix'd effect on all the senses.
But think not, Silvia, to enjoy the pleasure
Without contributing to make it more.
Elv. How can I be so happy?
Blan. Francisca tells me she has over-heard you
Warbling alone such notes unto yourself,
As have not only a good voice betray'd,
But skill to manage it.
Elv. It is Francisca
That has betray'd a very ill one, madam.
Blan. Under yon palm-tree's shade there is a seat
That yields to none, in the advantages
It lends to musick, let 's go sit down there;
For this first time one song shall satisfy.
Elv. When you have heard that one, I shall not fear
Your asking me another.
[*They go and sit down under the palm-tree, and* ELVIRA *sings.*

THE SONG.

Soe, O see!
How every tree,
Every bower,
Every flower,
A new life gives to others' joys;
Whilst that I,
Grief-stricken, lie,
Nor can meet
With any sweet,
But what faster mine destroys.
What are all the senses' pleasures,
When the mind has lost all measures?

Hear, O hear!
How sweet and clear
The nightingale,
And waters fall,
In concert join for others' ears;
Whilst to me,
For harmony,
Every air
Echoes despair,
And every drop provokes a tear.
What are the senses' pleasures,
When the mind has lost all measures?

Blan. I thank you, Silvia; but I 'll not allow
One of your youth to nourish melancholy
By tunes and words so flattering to that passion.
Elv. The happiness of serving you may fit me
In time for gayer things.
Blan. I will not ask another for the present,
Not for your reason, but because I 'll be
More moderate in my pleasures. Now, Silvia,
I have a task to give you.
Elv. Whate'er it be, 't will be a pleasing one,
Of your imposing.
Blan. 'Tis to gather store of
Fresh orange-flowers, and then carefully
To shift the oils in the perfuming-room,
As in the several ranges you shall see
The old begin to wither: To do it well
Will take you up some hours; but 'tis a work
I oft perform myself; and, that you may
Be sure not to mistake, I 'll go thither
With you, and shew you the manner of it.
Elv. I hope I shall not fail, so well instructed.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Room at Don* ZANCHO's.

Enter Don ZANCHO *and* CHICHON.

Chi. Y' are so impatient, sir, you will mar all!
I tell you that 'tis yet too light by half,
The sun is hardly set; pray fetch a turn
Or two more in the garden, ere you go. [night,
D. Zan. You must be governor, I see, to-
You are so proud o' th' service you have done;
Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Garden again.*

ELVIRA *appears in the Garden, as gathering flowers from the orange-trees, and then with her apron full, going away, says:*

Elv. The task enjoin'd me is a sweet one, truly,
But I smell somewhat more in the imposal.
So far I am happy yet in my misfortune,
That I am lighted into a lady's service
Of an obliging humour; but most of all
One that, as kind as she is, I see 's as glad
To leave me alone, as I to be it. Somewhat
There is mysterious in her looks and conduct.
Such motions just, such inequalities,
Such flatteries to those I trusted least,
Such pretty employments found to busy those
I would be rid of, and such arts as these
To single out her confident, un-noted,
I well remember would Elvira use,
Whilst the unquiet joys of love possess'd her,
How innocent soever. And besides,
Francisca's sitting up so late last night,
And going up and down so warily,
Whilst others slept, is evidence enough
What god reigns here, as well as at the court.
But I forget myself—Let descants cease,
Who serves, though she observes, must hold her peace. [*Exit* ELVIRA.

SCENE *changes to the Prospect of Valencia.*

Enter Don ZANCHO, *with his cloak over his face, and* CHICHON.

D. Zan. Advance, Chichon, I 'll follow at a distance:
'Tis the right time, just light enough, you see,
For warn'd expecters to know one another.
I hope she will not fail you.
Chi. She fail us!
No centinel perdu is half so alert
As she, in these occasions.

Enter FRANCISCA *veiled, peeping as out of the portal of Don* JULIO's *house.*

Fran. There comes the varlet, and I 'm much deceiv'd
Or that 's his master lagging at a distance—
I 'll give them a go-by, cover'd with my veil.
[*She passes by them heedlessly.*
Chi. By that light, as little as 'tis, 'tis she:
I 'll to her.
D. Zan. And I 'll stand close the while—
When you have broken the ice, I 'll take my time.
[CHICHON *going to* FRANCISCA, *lays hold of her veil, and she turns about.*
Chi. What signifies a veil to hide my doxy,
When every motion of a leg or wing
Darts round perfuming and informing airs?
Thou art the very colliflower of women.
Fran. And thou the very cabbage-stalk of men,
That never stunk to me, as does a blab.
Chi. Curse on thee, hold thy tongue—Dost thou not see
Who stands against that wall?
Fran. Away, sauce-box—
[*She thrusting him off, goes on.*
[*Don* ZANCHO *sets himself just in her way, and makes as if he would lie down in it.*
D. Zan. Pass, trample on me, do, trample—But hear me.
Fran. These shoes have been my lady's, and she 'd ne'er
Forgive it, should they do you so much honour.
[*Shewing her foot.*
'Tis thou hast caus'd all this.
[*Aside, turning to* CHICHON.
Chi. Fire on thy tongue—
D. Zan. Ah, my Francisca, if there be no hopes
Of pardon, nor of pity—yet at least
Let Blanca, for her own sake, be so just
As not to give me cruel death unheard:
Do you your part at least, and do but give her
This letter from me—
[*He offers her a letter, and she starting back.*
Fran. Guarda—That 's a thing
She has forbidden with such menaces,
I dare as well become another Porcia,
And eat red burning coals. I had much rather

Consent, that, now she 's all alone at home,
You should transportedly rush in upon her,
As following me; so possibly you might
Attain your end, without exposing me;
Who, in that case, know how to act my part
So smartly against you, as shall keep her clear
From all suspicion—But I am to blame
Thus to forget my duty; I'll stay no longer.
[*He stops her, and, pulling out a purse of money, puts it into her hand.*
D. Zan. Spoke like an angel.
[FRANCISCA *offers to restore the purse, but yet holding it fast.*
Fran. This is, you know, superfluous with me,
And shocks my humour—But any thing from you—
Be sure you follow boisterously.
[*She trudges away, and goes in hastily, as at* JULIO'S *house, and Don* ZANCHO *follows her in.* CHICHON *stops at the door.*
Chi. I'll bring you no ill-luck a second time;
If for sport's sake you have projected me
Another somerset from the balcony,
Make your account that 'tis already done,
Here you will find me halting in the street.
[*Exit* CHICHON.

SCENE *changes to Donna* BLANCA'S *Antichamber.*

Enter BLANCA.

Blan. How true it is that nature cheats mankind,
And makes us think ourselves the only tasters
Of pure delight and bliss; when as indeed,
Oppressing us with pains and griefs, she makes
Deliverance from them pass for solid pleasure!
Witness in me those images of joy
Wherewith she flatters now my expectation:
What will its highest satisfaction be?
At most, but ease from what tormented me.

Enter FRANCISCA *hastily.*

Fran. It now imports, you have affected rage
As ready at hand as usually you have
Anger in earnest—But above all, be sure
You discharge it smartly upon me, for here
He presses at my heels.

Enter Don ZANCHO, *and goes to cast himself at Donna* BLANCA'S *feet, and she starting back from him.*

Blan. What insolence is this?
—Think not, Francisca,
That I am to be fool'd—This is your work:
You shall not stay an hour within these walls;
By all that 's good you shall not!
Fran. For Heaven's sake, madam, be not so unjust [*Whining.*
To an old servant, always full of duty. [me
But can I govern madmen? would y' have had
Make all the street take notice? There he attack'd me
With such transportment, the whole town had rung on 't,
Had I not run away. Could I imagine
A man so wild as to pursue me hither
Into your presence?
Blan. It is well, Don Zancho,
[*Severely and scornfully.*
Blanca may be thus used; but he that does it
Shall find——
[*She turns away as going out, he holds her by the sleeve.*
D. Zan. Pardon this rudeness, madam; but a man
Made desperate hath nothing more to manage.
Hither I come to give you satisfaction;
And if my reasons can't, my heart blood shall:
But you must hear me, or here see me dead.
Blan. Since to be rid of him, Francisca, I see
[*Turning to* FRANCISCA.
I must the penance undergo of hearing him,
Keep careful watch, to prevent accidents.
Fran. Madam, your closet will be much more proper
For such a conference; for in case your brother
Should come, Don Zancho has a safe retreat
From thence down the back stairs. I shall be sure
To give you timely notice.
D. Zan. And I know perfectly the passage thorough
Th' entry, I 've come up more than once that way,
During my happy days.
Blan. I think y' have reason; since I must have patience,
Light us in thither.
[FRANCISCA *takes the lights, and going before them, exeunt omnes.*

SCENE *changes to the Prospect of Valencia.*

Enter Don JULIO, *as in the portal of his own house.*

D. Jul. The light was in the farther window, therefore
He went up this way: now if Fernando
Have not forgot to bolt the entry-door,
He cannot 'scape us, sure, whoe'er he be.
—— 'Tis the only comfort,
In such misfortunes, when a man hath means
To right his honour, without other help
Than such a friend, as is another self,
And that the shame 's even from domesticks hid
Until it be reveng'd.
[*Exit Don* JULIO, *as going into his own house.*

Enter CHICHON, *as coming out of the porch before Don* JULIO'S *house.*

Chi. 'Slight! 'tis Don Julio, that I saw go in—
My master 's like to pass his time but ill;

I 'll steal in after and observe; although
My courage cannot steed him, my wit may,
As things may possibly fall out.
[*Exit* CHICHON, *as stealing after Don* JULIO *into his house.*

SCENE *changes to Donna* BLANCA's *Closet.*

Enter Don ZANCHO *and Donna* BLANCA, *as in her closet.*

Blan. As fine a story as may be—No, Don Zancho,
I Blanca Rocca am not charta blanca,
Fit to receive whate'er impression
Your art——

Enter FRANCISCA *hastily.*

Fran. Your brother 's in the hall already;
Quick, quick, and let him find you in your chamber
Before your glass, I have set it ready there,
Whilst he retires the way it was resolv'd.
[*Pointing to Don* ZANCHO.

[FRANCISCA *takes the candle, and exeunt she and Donna* BLANCA; *Don* ZANCHO *another way.*

SCENE *changes to Donna* BLANCA's *Bed-chamber.*

Re-enter Donna BLANCA *and* FRANCISCA, *as in* BLANCA's *chamber, she newly seated at her toilet, and beginning to unpin.*

Enter Don JULIO.

D. Jul. Blanca, I thought you had been a-bed ere this:
Have you had company to entertain you,
And keep you up beyond your usual hour?
Blan. What company can I have, you abroad,
At this time of the night?
D. Jul. I fain would find out some such as might please you: [*Ironically.*
Francisca, take a candle and light me in
To Blanca's closet.
Blan. Good brother, what's the matter?
You were not wont to be so curious
As thus to pry into my privacies.
D. Jul. That you shall know anon—Do as I bid you,
Francisca.
[FRANCISCA *takes one of the candles, and going before him stumbles, and falling puts out the light. Don* JULIO *taking it up, lights it again at the other on the table, and going with it himself towards Donna* BLANCA's *closet.*

D. Jul. These [1] tricks are lost on me. [*Exit.*
Fran. Let him go, now we have gain'd time enough.
Blan. Thanks to thy timely fall.
Fran. Persons employ'd
In such trusts must have their wits about them:
'Tis clear that he suspects, but know he cannot.
When once you see all safe, 'twill then import you
To play the tyrant over him, with reproaches
For this his jealousy.
Blan. Let me alone for that;
But let us follow him in, that we may mark
His whole demeanor. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don ZANCHO *in disorder.*

D. Zan. Curse on 't, the entry door 's bolted within,
What shall I do? [*He pauses.*
——I must seek a way
Through the perfuming-room, into the garden.
[*Exit.*

Enter Don JULIO *with a candle in his hand, and passing hastily over the stage.*

D. Jul. He must be gone this way, there is no other,
The entry door was bolted.

Enter Donna BLANCA *and* FRANCISCA, *who pass over the stage, as stealing after Don* JULIO.

Fran. All 's safe, he takes that way; let him a God's name
Follow his nose to the perfuming-room.
Blan. He 'll fright poor Silvia out of her wits;
But I 'll come to her succour, with a peal
I 'll ring him.
[*Exeunt Donna* BLANCA *and* FRANCISCA.

SCENE *changes to the Laboratory.*

[*Here is to open a curious Scene of a Laboratory in perspective, with a fountain in it, some stills, many shelves, with pots of porcelain and glasses, with pictures above them; the room paved with black and white marble, with a prospect through pillars at the end, discovering the full moon, and by its light a perspective of orange trees; and towards that further end* ELVIRA *appears at a table, shifting flowers, her back turned.*

Enter Don ZANCHO *hastily;* ELVIRA *turning about, they both startle, and stand a while as it were amazed.*

D. Zan. O heavens! what is 't I see? 'Tis mere illusion,
Or 'tis the devil in that angel's form,

[1] *Tricks.*—The 4to. reads tropes. The alteration by Mr Dodsley.

Come here to finish, by another hand,
The fatal work that she begun upon me
By Don Fernando's.

Elv. Good gods! Zancho here! it cannot be,
Or 'tis his ghost, come to revenge his death
On its occasioner; for, were he alive,
He could not but have more humanity
Than (having been my ruin at Madrid,
And robb'd me of my home and honour there)
To envy me an obscure shelter here.

[*Whilst they amazed step back from one another, enter Don* JULIO, *who seeing Don* ZANCHO *with his back towards him, drawing his sword, says:*

D. Jul. Think not (whoe'er thou art) by flying thus
From room to room, to 'scape my just revenge;
Shouldst thou retire to th' center of the earth,
This sword should find thee there, and pierce thy heart.

[*Throwing down the candle, he makes towards Don* ZANCHO, *but upon his turning about towards him, he makes a little stop, and says:*

Nay then, if it be you, I 'm happy yet
In my misfortune, since the gods thus give me
The means at once, and by the self-same stroke,
To right my honour, and revenge my friend;
And, by that action, fully to comply
With what the duke requires in the behalf
Of wrong'd Don Pedro.

[*Don* JULIO *makes at Don* ZANCHO; *he draws, and they begin to fight;* ELVIRA, *crying out help! help! runs to part them, and they stop upon her interposing.*

Enter Don FERNANDO *hastily over the stage, as coming from the private apartment.*

D. Fer. I hear an out-cry and clattering of swords;
My friend engag'd, must find me by his side.

[*Exit, and re-enters at another door.*

[*As* FERNANDO *comes to the door of the perfuming-room, seeing them at a stand, he stops and stands close.*

D. Fer. They are parlying; let's hear. [*Aside.*

[BLANCA *and* FRANCISCA *passing over the stage.*

Blan. 'Twas Silvia's voice; my heart misgives me somewhat.

Fran. 'Tis some new accident, or some mistake,
Don Zancho cannot but be safe long since.

Blan. However, let us in and see.

[*Exeunt* BLANCA *and* FRANCISCA, *and re-enter as at another door of the perfuming-room, and make a stand, as surpriz'd with what they see.*

Blan. We are all undone, I fear.

Fran. A little patience.

[CHICHON *stealing over the stage.*

Chi. The noise is towards the perfuming-room, I know the back way to it through the garden.

[*Exit* CHICHON, *and re-enters at the farther end of the laboratory, and stands close.*

D. Zan. Wit must repair the disadvantages
I 'm under here; and save my Blanca's honour;
That once secur'd, there will be time enough
To salve Elvira's [*Aside.*

[*Whilst this passes,* ELVIRA *holds* JULIO *by the arm, he striving to get from her.*

Since, by this lady's interposing thus,
You have thought fit our swords should pause a while,
It may, I think, consist enough with honour,
So far to seek your satisfaction, sir,
As to remove mistakes. Know then, Don Julio,
That, though I have presum'd upon your house,
I have not wrong'd your honour; it is she
With whom you find me, that hath brought me hither;
Her I have long ador'd, and, having got
Intelligence that she was here conceal'd,
My passion, I confess, transported me
Beyond that circumspection and regard
Which men of quality use, and ought t' observe
Towards one another's dwellings.

D. Jul. Good gods, what an adventure 's here! Yet all
Is well, so Blanca's honour be but safe. [*Aside.*
Sir, you surprize me much, can this be true?
[*To Don* ZANCHO.

Blan. Francisca, heard'st thou that? had ever man
So ready a wit, in such an exigent? [*Aside.*

D. Jul. [*to* ELVIRA.] What say you, madam?

Fran. We 're surer lost than ever, unless she
Have wit and heart to take the thing upon her.
[*Aside.*
Madam, make signs to her, and earnestly.
[*To* BLANCA.

[BLANCA *makes earnest signs to* ELVIRA.

Fran. [*aside to* BLANCA.] She looks this way, as if she comprehended
Your meaning.

Elv. I understand her, and I know as well
What mischief I may bring upon myself;
But let Elvira still do generously,
And leave the rest to fate. [*Aside.*
——Sir, since you press me, [*To Don* JULIO.
My humour ne'er could disavow a truth——
Don Zancho's passion and transportments for me,
Beyond all rules of temper and discretion,
Have been the cause of all my sad misfortunes,
And still, I see, must be the cause of more.

D. Jul. Unhappy creature! how thou hast deceiv'd
My prone persuasion of thy innocence!

D. Zan. If that suffice not, sir, you have this ready
To give you satisfaction. [*Holding out his sword.*

D. Fer. Hell and furies!——but I will yet contain
Myself, and see how far my friend will drive it.
[*Aside.*

D. Jul. Stay, Don Zancho,
And answer me one question—Is this night
The first of your presuming thus to enter
My house by stealth?
D. Zan. The quere is malicious;
But I must thorough, as I have begun. [*Aside.*
Blan. [*aside to* FRANCISCA.] There was a question makes me tremble still.
D. Zan. No, sir, it is not: I'll keep nothing from you;
Last night upon the same occasion———
D. Jul. Hold—it suffices.
Fran. [*aside hastily to* BLANCA.] All 's safe, you see: for God's sake let 's away
Ere Julio perceive us;
Your presence here can serve for nothing, madam,
But to beget new chances and suspicions.
[*Exeunt* BLANCA *and* FRANCISCA.
[*Don* FERNANDO *rushes out, drawing his sword.*
D. Fer. Yes, it suffices, Julio, to make
This hand strike surer than it did before.
Elv. Nothing was wanting to my misery,
But his being here to over-hear—But yet
I must not suffer the same hand to kill him
A second time, upon a greater error
Than was the first. [*Aside.*
[*Don* FERNANDO *making at Don* ZANCHO; ELVIRA *steps between, and* JULIO *also offers to stay him.*
D. Fer. [*striving to come at Don* ZANCHO.] Strive to protect your gallant from me, do;
Strive, but in vain—The gods themselves cannot—
What you, Don Julio, too?
[CHICHON *running out from the place where he lurk'd, strikes out both the lights with his hat.*
Chi. I have lov'd to see fighting; but, at present,
I love to hinder seeing how to fight. [work
Knights, brandish your blades, 't will make fine
Among the gallipots! [*Aloud.*
You have me by your side, sir, let them come;
They are but two to two. [*As to his master.*
Sir, follow me, I 'll bring you to the door.
[*Aside to his master, and pulling him.*
D. Zan. There 's no dishonour in a wise retreat
From disadvantages, to meet again
One's enemy upon a fairer score.
[CHICHON *pushing his master before him out of door.*
Chi. [*aside to his Master.*] There 'tis; advance, sir, I 'll make good the rear.
[*Exit Don* ZANCHO *and* CHICHON.
D. Jul. Ho! who 's without? bring lights!
[*He stamps.*
——They cannot hear us,
The room is so remote from all the rest.—
What a confusion 's this? recall, Fernando,
[*To* FERNANDO.
Your usual temper, and let 's leave this place,
And that unhappy maid, unto its darkness,
To hide her blushes, since her shame it cannot.
[*Exit Don* JULIO *groping, and drawing Don* FERNANDO *with him.*
Elv. [*sola.*] Darkness and horror, welcome, since the gods
Live in the dark themselves—For had they light
Of what 's done here below, they would afford
Some ray to shine on injur'd innocence,
And not, instead thereof, thus multiply
Obscuring clouds upon it, such as the sun,
Should he with all his beams illuminate
Men's understandings, scarce could dissipate.
I now begin to pardon thee, Fernando,
Since what thou hast heard in this inchanted place
Carries conviction in 't against my firmness,
Above the power of nature to suspend
My condemnation: unless wrong'd virtue might
Expect in thee a justice so refin'd,
As ne'er was found in man to womankind.
'Tis now I must confess, the lost Elvira
Fit only for a cloister; where secure
In her own spotless mind, she may defy
All censures; and without impiety
Reproach her fate, even to the Deity.
[*Exit, groping her way.*

ACT V.

Enter Don JULIO *talking to himself, and at another door* FERNANDO, *who perceiving it, stands close.*

D. Jul. Blest be the gods, that yet my honour 's safe,
Amidst such strange perplexities, from which
Fortune and wit, I think, together join'd
With all their strength, could hardly an issue find.
To temper, comfort, or to serve my friend
What argument? what means? how to assist
Don Pedro in his aims, and to comply
With what I owe the duke, I see as little;
And less conceive, how to behave myself
As ought a gentleman towards a lady,
With whose protection he hath charg'd himself,
And brought her to his house on that assurance;
Whom to expose, cannot consist with honour,
However she may have expos'd her own:
And least of all, how to repair to Blanca
The injury I have done her, whose high spirit
I fear will be implacable. O heavens!
What a condition 's mine?
[*He stands pausing, and startles seeing Don* FERNANDO.

Enter Don FERNANDO.

D. Fer. Pardon, dear cousin, if to avoid one rudeness
I have another unawares committed,

Whilst fearing to interrupt, I have overheard:
Yet nothing, cousin, but the self-same things,
My thoughts have been revolving all this night,
Concern'd for you, much more than for myself;
For I, upon reflection, find I am
Much easier than I was; by certainty
Freed from the sorest weight, perplexity.
In the first place, you must forgive your friend
The high distemper of last night's transportments;
I hope you 'll find me well recovered from them,
And that my morning resolutions are
Such as will make amends.

D. Jul. Make no excuse, dear friend; such provocations
Surprizing are above philosophy;
And 'tis no small experiment of your's,
If after them you can have brought yourself
So soon to fix a judgment what to do.

D. Fer. I have fix'd on that, which I am sure will serve
All interests but my own, as heretofore
I understood my happiness; but now
I shall no longer place it in any thing
Dependent on the wild caprice of others.
—— No, Julio,
I will be happy even in spite of fate,
By carrying generosity up to the height.
Elvira shall her dear bliss owe to me,
Not only by desisting, but by making
Her lov'd Don Zancho marry her; his refusal
Alone, can make me kill him o'er again.

D. Jul. Since that unhappy maid, with all her beauty,
And that high quality, hath made herself
Unworthy of your marriage, certainly
None but Fernando ever could have pitch'd
Upon so noble a thought: but think withal
What difficulties are likely to obstruct it.

D. Fer. Say what occurs to you.

D. Jul. Don Zancho is a man of wit and courage;
And though his passion out of doubt be great,
Since it hath made him do so wild an action,
As that of coming twice into my house
After so strange a manner; yet, Fernando,
You cannot but imagine such a one
Likely to have quite different reflections
Upon Elvira's conduct for a wife,
From what he has upon it for a mistress:
They are two notions very differing.
Besides, should the proposal but appear
In the least kind to spring from your desire,
Whose former commerce with her 's not unknown,
It were the only way to drive him off
Past all recall: I think, few have accepted
Wives recommended to them by their rival.

D. Fer. In that y' have reason, I confess.
But, Julio,
Think of the way, for marry her he must,
Or die, and by no other hand but mine.
I am thinking of it, and I hope to purpose.

D. Jul. [*pausing.*] What interposer can be found so fit
As Blanca in this business? since Don Zancho
Has long been her particular acquaintance?
And what can be more natural, than for her
To take to heart Elvira's chief concernment,
Whom he finds here retir'd in her misfortune,
As to her surest friends?

D. Fer. Y' have lighted, cousin, on the only way;
And lose no time, I beg you.

D. Jul. The least that may be; but you must consider
In what a predicament I am likely
To be with Blanca at present.

D. Fer. I understand you (since the jealousy
You express'd of her.) But 'tis to be hoped
The peace will not be long a making.

D. Jul. You little know her spirit, once inflam'd.
But as I 'll lose *no* time, so I 'll omit
No art, to bring her to a temper fit
To hear and to advance the proposition.

D. Fer. Heaven give you good success!

D. Jul. [*turning back to* FERNANDO.] I had forgot to tell you, that I think
It will be necessary, that as soon
As I have weather'd Blanca's storm, I make
A visit to Don Pedro, to prevent
His coming hither to disorder us,
Before we have set things right.

D. Fer. 'Twas not ill thought on; and till your return
I shall keep close in your apartment;
For Blanca has not seen me, and Elvira
Has too great cares upon her to be curious.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter BLANCA *and* FRANCISCA; BLANCA *with a gay air, as in her anti-chamber.*

Blan. Say, my Francisca, can romances equal
Our last night's adventure? was there ever
Such a come-off! Our sex has used to boast
Presence of mind in exigents of love;
But I believe none of us ever match'd
Don Zancho's readiness in an occasion
So sudden and so critical.

Fran. Ever give me the man of ready parts.

Blan. But pr'ythee, whilst we give Don Zancho his dues,
Let us be just too to poor Silvia's merit;
Was ever any thing so generous,
Or so obliging to a mistress?

Fran. So it appears, madam, I must confess;
But the excess of it makes it suspicious.

Blan. Fie; leave this humour of detracting still,
And call her to me, that I may embrace
And thank her; that done, consider how
To bring her off, who has brought us off so well.
[*Offers to go out.*

Enter Don JULIO.

Fran. Stay, I beseech you, and compose yourself

To act a part quite of another nature;
Here comes Don Julio, towards whom I hope
You 'll tune yourself to a far differing key
From that of thanks and kindness.
Blan. Let me alone for that, I'll play the dragon.
[*As Don* JULIO *advances,* BLANCA *turns from him with a furious countenance, and flies out of the room, Don* JULIO *following her.*
D. Jul. Dear sister, stay, and hear me.
Blan. Detested brother, leave me.
[*She makes as if she were going, and he holds her.*
D. Jul. Hear me but, Blanca, and then vent your passion
Against a brother, that condemns himself
As much as you can do; but hear me speak.
Blan. Your actions, Julio, have spoke loud enough
To echo through the world your shame and mine.
Has all the tenor of my life been such,
With such exactness of unblemish'd conduct,
That malice might have stain'd the noon-day sun
More easily than tarnish'd Blanca's honour;
And must that honour now be prostitute,
By the caprice of an unworthy brother?
Should any other have invaded it,
Had not you righted her, she has a heart
Would have found ways to right herself; but you,
Th' aggressor, what remedy but rage?
[*She flings from him, and exit.*
Fran. She acts it rarely. [*Aside.*
D. Jul. Was ever man so unfortunate as I?
[*To* FRANCISCA.
I must confess she has reason, and the sense
She thus expresses of my fault becomes her;
But it must be your work, my dear Francisca,
To pacify. When once you shall but know
All that has pass'd these nights, I am certain
You 'll say, no human confidence could e'er
Be proof against such circumstances.
Fran. Alas! my offices can signify
But little. But I 'm sure the occasion
Gives me a sad heart—O my dear lady!
[*As if she were crying.*
D. Jul. I love good nature; but I pr'ythee leave,
And come in with me, that I may tell thee all.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Don PEDRO *and* FULVIO, *as in his lodging.*

D. Ped. A God's name, Fulvio, what has been thy meaning,
To make me sit up almost all last night
Expecting thee, when such impatience held me?
Thou wert not wont to be so negligent
In things of so great weight.
Ful. Nor have I been it now; 'tis over-care
Of your commands hath held me so long from you.
You know the orders that you gave me, sir,
To watch Don Zancho's motions; accordingly,
I sat all day in my observing place,
Till about twilight I saw him and 's man
Steal as it were abroad; I as warily
Dogg'd them from street to street, till, sir, at length
He made a stand up close against a wall,
Whilst that his servant entertain'd a woman,
Close veil'd, who was come out, I think, on purpose,
From an adjacent house; soon after he
Accosted her himself; their conference
Lasted but little; she made haste away
To th' house from whence she came, and he as much
To follow her in.
D. Ped. Where was 't? and why cam'st thou not presently,
To give me notice, as you were directed?
Ful. At that you will not wonder, when you know
Whose house he enter'd; but at this you 'll wonder,
It was Don Julio's.
D. Ped. [*startling.*] Ha! Don Julio's, say'st thou? [*He pauses.*
But, now I think on 't, 'tis no marvel, Fulvio,
Since newly come to town; for I remember
Don Julio told me, that Don Zancho and he
Had always liv'd in friendly correspondence.
Ful. Visits, sir, only of fair civility,
After long absence, are not usually
Begun by twilight, in such cautious manner;
Nor usher'd in by female veil'd conductors:
But pray, sir, hear the rest.
D. Ped. [*aside.*] What can this be?—Say on then quickly. [*To* FULVIO.
Ful. I presently concluded with myself,
That, since Don Julio was the friend on whose
Assistance you relied against Don Zancho,
You ne'er would think, sir, of attacking him
As he came out from thence; I judg'd it therefore
My wisest course to stay and mark the issue.
And stay I did, till it was after midnight;
About which time, walking from side to side,
That I might see both issues of the house,
It being as light almost as day, I saw
The gallant and his man leap from the wall
Of Julio's garden, and from thence in haste
Make home.
D. Ped. 'Sdeath, man, thou dream'st! Don Zancho from Don Julio's
In that manner?—Awake, fool, and speak sense.
Ful. I say but what I saw, as I see you.
D. Ped. O the devil! what, the same villain
Found the affronter of my friend too here
In the same kind? Give me my cloak and sword,
I must know the bottom of this. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BLANCA *and* FRANCISCA, *as in her anti-chamber.*

Blan. I come from seeing and caressing Silvia.

But with most strange surprize at her comportment
Towards me.
Fran. How, madam!
Blan. My words and actions both expressing to her,
Not only highest gratitude and kindness,
But a solicitude in the concerns
Of her honour, equal to what she had shown
In mine; they were receiv'd with such a coldness,
With such an air of melancholy pride,
With half replies, and those not half to th' purpose,
As make me with amazement to conclude,
That either she has lost her understanding,
Or that there 's somewhat in 't we understand not.
Fran. She 's a maid of an odd composition;
And, besides that, I needs must tell you, madam,
That, having had my observation freer
Than you, perhaps, during last night's adventure,
I remark'd somewhat both in her demeanour,
And in Don Zancho's, makes me confident
They met not there strangers to one another,
As you imagine—But there 's time enough
To think and talk of that: what presses now
Is your right ordering of Don Julio:
You have begun as well as can be wish'd.
Blan. Say, did I not do my part? [*Jollily.*
Fran. ————Beyond imagination;
But take heed now of over-doing it,
'Tis time to tack about to reconcilement,
And thought of drawing those advantages
From the embroilment, as may for the future
Secure you from like accidents.
Blan. You say well, but how?
Fran. The first step must atonement be between you,
Of which he hath so earnestly conjur'd me
To be an instrument, that you consenting
To give him a hearing through my mediation,
I am made for ever, and settled in the power
Of serving you, by better cozening him:
Besides, he tells me, he hath that to say,
And to propose unto you, as shall not only
Excuse him with you, but prevent all danger
Of prejudicial rumours which might rise
From last night's accident.
Blan. Agreed; let 's in
And play the second part. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don ZANCHO *and* CHICHON, *as in his own house.*

D. Zan. [3] Were we not born with cauls upon our heads, [*Jollily.*
Think'st thou, Chichon, to come off twice a row
Thus rarely, from such dangerous adventures?
Chi. Rather I think with combs, so oft to venture.
D. Zan. Thou coxcomb, say, had I not my wits about me?
Chi. 'Twere too uncomplaisant to deny that,
You know I love not to talk seriously;
But tell me now in earnest, are you satisfied
To have come off so? is there no qualm remaining
Upon your gentle heart, for leaving i' th' suds
A poor distressed virgin? Who she is,
I neither know nor care; but I am sure
Had generous Chichon, to save his life,
Play'd a sweet innocent lady such a trick,
He would have pass'd but for a recreant knight;
And much the more, she having shown herself
So gallant, as, to save her lady's honour,
T' expose her own: Say, true Don Galor, say,
Were your part found in a romance or play,
Whose character would it not dislustre?
D. Zan. How soon a fool's bolt 's shot, without distinction
Of what's the mark! Thou censur'st without knowing
Who th' exposed lady is. Know then, Chichon,
And wonder, 'tis Elvira; that Elvira
For whom I sighed, like to have sigh'd my last,
On her score at Madrid; Don Pedro's daughter.
Chi. You raise enchanted castles in the air;
But were it as you say, that makes the thing
More inexcusable: You had been to blame
To have us'd a stranger so; but so t' have serv'd
A lady whom you had once profest to love,
Raises the fault above all heightning.
D. Zan. Nay then, I see I must once play the fool,
In answering a fool seriously.
The things thou say'st are heightnings indeed,
Not of my fault, but merit in the action,
Towards my Blanca; since, to save her honour,
I did not only sacrifice Elvira's,
But thus expose mine own: time may recover
Elvira's fame, and mine this quickly shall.
[*Clapping his hand on his sword.*

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[3] *Were we not born with* cauls *upon our heads?*—*Cauls* are little membranes, found on some children, encompassing the head, when born. The vulgar opinion has generally been, that every person possessed of one of these *cauls*, whether originally belonging to him, or obtained by purchase, would be fortunate, and escape dangers. "Lampridius tells us, that the midwives sold *cauls* at a good price, to the advocates and pleaders of his time; it being an opinion, that while they had this about them, they should carry with them a force of persuasion which no judge could withstand: the canons forbid the use of it, because some witches and sorcerers, it seems, had abused it." See Chambers's *Dictionary*.

Here, take this letter, and employ your wit
In finding out the means with secrecy
To give it Don Fernando unobserv'd;
I shall not stir from home till I have his answer.
Chi. You found him, sir, a man of quick dispatch,
In your last business with him at Madrid.
[*Exit Don* ZANCHO.
How honourable 'tis to serve a Don!
What petit Basque on t' other side the mountains
Durst have aspir'd to the high dignity
Of carrying a cartel? A Monsieur
Would sooner have put up a twinge by the nose,
Than sent a challenge by a serving-man. [*Exit.*

Enter BLANCA *furiously, and running to the cabinet, takes out thence a stiletto; and* FRANCISCA *earnestly after her, as in* BLANCA's *closet.*

Blan. Villains shall find, I am not unprovided
Wrongs to revenge, that cannot be forgiven.
Fran. I thought the strange constraint upon herself,
Wherewith she heard her brother, would serve in the end
But to make rage break out with greater fury;
Yet it is well she kept it in so long
As to get rid of him. [*Aside.*
Good madam, moderate yourself a little.
[*To* BLANCA.
Blan. Preach temper to the damned souls in hell,
That they may teach the traitor moderation,
When I have sent him thither with his devil.
Fran. I do confess the provocation such,
As more than justifies all these transports;
And therefore I beseech you think not, madam,
In what I say, I can the least aim have
Of saving him from the extremest fury
Of your resentment; or preserving her,
Who has had the impudence to abuse you so,
Under the pretence of serving—May they perish!
But let it be in such a way, as may not
Draw a more dismal ruin on yourself:
Let swift destruction seize them; yet let not,
Madam, your hand, but head, dispense their fate,
What can the issue be of such an action,
As that of which I see that shining steel
And flaming eyes of your's, the threat'ning comets?
I beg but the reflection of a moment.
[BLANCA *walking upon the stage with enraged gestures pauses, at length sheathing and putting her stiletto in her sleeve with a sober composed tone:*
Blan. Francisca, I thank you for recalling me
Thus to myself; I will be temperate—
But it shall be to make revenge the surer.
[*Aside.*
Fran. Her tone, nor gestures, cannot cozen me,
They both seem to disguise a black design;
But I shall watch you; 'tis a half-gain'd cause
In fury's course, to have begot a pause. [*Aside.*
Blan. Do what I bid you presently, Francisca!
Send to Don Zancho, and let him know from me,
I earnestly desire to speak with him.
Fran. Lord, madam, what d' ye mean?
Blan. To make the pleasing proposition to him,
As I told my brother I would.
——Say, am I not moderate?
But do, without reply, what I command.
Fran. Madam, I shall obey—
But observe you so withall,
As to prevent the mischief if I can. [*Aside.*
[*Exit* FRANCISCA.
Blan. Ye gods, assist me in my just revenge,
Or you will make an atheist—My first work
Must be, before Don Zancho comes, to speak
With his sweet mistress, and with words and looks
As false as her's have been, so to delude her
With hopes of what she wishes, that they both
May jointly fall my honour's sacrifice. [*Exit.*

Enter Don FERNANDO, *as in Don* JULIO's *private apartment.*

D. Fer. Since generosity hath so far got
The mastery, as to have made me fix
Upon a resolution so unheard of,
I long to see it executed.
——But stay,
I think I hear Elvira's voice without,
And Blanca's too—Here curiosity
To overhear is pardonable.
[*He makes as if he hearken'd, and then exit, as to go where he may better hear.*

Enter ELVIRA *and* BLANCA, *as in the anti-chamber, and* FERNANDO *peeping as from behind a door.*

D. Fer. Here not a word can 'scape me.
Elv. Madam, you wrong my zeal in serving you,
Whilst you attribute to any other motive
My yesterday's behaviour.
Blan. Such niceties, Elvira, are out of season.
[*In a tone that may shew what she says to be forc'd.*
I seek your satisfaction in a love,
Wherein it seems you have been long engag'd.
[ELVIRA *looking round, and* FERNANDO *starting back.*
D. Fer. I hope she did not see me. [*Aside.*
Elv. My satisfaction, say you, in my love?
Of whom, for Heaven's sake? If you mean Don Zancho,
Y' are very far from guessing at my thoughts.
D. Fer. By Heaven sh' has seen me, and plays the devil still. [*Aside.*
Elv. By all that 's good, I am far from loving him—
I say not worse, because I know she loves him.
[*Aside.*

D. Fer. Ah, Elvira! this is too much, yet not enough
To change in me a noble resolution. [*Aside.*
[*A noise is heard, as of people coming up stairs.*
Blan. I hear some coming up stairs; should it be
Don Zancho, I am not yet ready for him—
[*Aside.*
I see we are likely to be interrupted here,
[*To* ELVIRA.
Elvira, we shall be better in my closet.
[*Exit* BLANCA.
Elv. Madam, I 'll follow you. [think
What can she mean? since that she needs must
I know the passion she has for him.
[ELVIRA *having staid a while behind, as she is going to follow* BLANCA, *enter her father Don* PEDRO, *and* FULVIO; *she starts and stands confounded; he, seeing her, draws out his dagger and makes at her.*
D. Ped. Vile stainer of my blood, have I here found thee?
[ELVIRA *perceiving the door a little open where Don* FERNANDO *is, flies thither, and gets in.*
D. Fer. This makes it clear she saw me.
[*Aside, as* ELVIRA *thrusts in.*
[*Don* PEDRO *seizes the door before it be quite shut, and they struggle, he to pull it open, and Don* FERNANDO *to shut it: after some contest, Don* FERNANDO *gets it close, and bolts it within: Don* PEDRO, *as an enraged person, pulls and bounces at the door.*
D. Ped. In vain should mountains interpose between
Her and her punishment.
[*He bounces still, as to break down the door.*

Enter BLANCA.

Blan. What bedlam have we here? and where's Elvira?
D. Ped. You have one here, will know how to revenge
Conspiracies to affront him: and you, lady,
Whoe'er you are, that seem to take upon you,
Y' had best produce the wicked thing you have named,
Or by this steel— [BLANCA *cries out.*
Blan. Ho! brother, brother! help against a madman.

Enter Don JULIO.

D. Jul. Peace, Blanca, peace, you know not what you say;
Don Pedro is master here. [sure
Blan. I know not your Don Pedro; but I'm
One to be ty'd in chains could do no more
Than he has done.
D. Jul. Have patience, sister; 'tis Elvira's father,
With cares enough upon him to justify
Any distemper.
Blan. Precious! Elvira's father?—
Nay, then I leave you.
[BLANCA *flings out of the room.*
D. Jul. O the unluckiness of his coming
So unseasonably!—'Twas to prevent that,
I went abroad to seek him. [*Aside.*
D. Ped. What 's this, Don Julio? can a gentleman
Of blood and honour use another thus?
What, after such engagements to the duke,
And to myself, to be my friend and helper,
To prove the shelterer of my shame's chief author?
I do not wonder now, Don Zancho himself
Should have been here at midnight.
D. Jul. I am hard put to 't; help, wit, to bring us off. [*Aside.*
Be as distemper'd as you please, Don Pedro,
[*To him.*
It shall not alter me. But yet methinks
It would not ill become your gravity,
To think a while, before you make a judgment,
And rashly frame injurious conclusions, [you.
From things wherein a friend has merited from
Do but consider, and then say, what Julio
Could do of more advance to what you wish,
Than, having found your daughter, to have brought her [honour
To his own house, where she might be with
Accompanied, and serv'd as such by Blanca,
Until such time as, things maturely weigh'd,
You should a final resolution take.
And, since Don Zancho's being here last night,
I see, 's no secret t' ye, methinks you ought
T' have been so just to me, as to believe
That since I admitted him within these walls,
It was in order to the serving you.
D. Ped. Noble Don Julio, you must pity have
Of an old man's distemper in affliction;
I see I was in the wrong, pray pardon it.
D. Jul. O this is more than needs; and now, good sir,
If you 'll be pleas'd to walk a turn or two
I' the garden, I 'll there give you a full account
How I have laid things for your satisfaction.
D. Ped. I 'll wait on you.
D. Jul. Go, sir, there lies your way——
And you, boy, fail not, when Don Zancho comes,
[*Turning to the Page.*
To give me notice of it in the garden. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don ZANCHO, *and passes over the stage with* CHICHON *after him; and enter* FRANCISCA, *and pulling* CHICHON *stays him.*

Fran. Stay, stay, Chichon, a word w' ye; it imports— [*She whispers with him.*
Chi. I hope you are not in earnest.
Fran. By my soul I am—
There is no other way, but for us both
To get up the back way, and there to watch
The time to interpose.

Chi. Can she be such a fury? her looks are
All milk and honey.
Fran. You cannot fancy any thing so tragick,
But she is capable of executing,
When once provok'd in point of love and honour,
Beyond her bounds of temper.
Chi. Lead the way—
I 'll have the pleasure to hold up the fright
[*Aside.*
She 's in, since I am sure there is no danger,
Knowing, as I do, my master's mind towards Blanca;
Besides, 'tis to be hop'd, that these disorders
May produce somewhat that may put an end
To my master's quarrel, or afford me means
To give Fernando his letter. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don FERNANDO, ELVIRA *lying upon the couch in the private apartment.*

D. Fer. This last dissimulation moves me more
Than all the rest, but yet it must not alter
What honour hath inspir'd. See how she lies,
And how, scarce brought to life from her dismay,
She resumes scorn, to have been sav'd by me!
But multiply what injuries thou wilt,
Perfidious maid, thou shalt not disappoint
Fernando of the glory that he aims at,
Of making thy proud heart, Elvira, owe
It's happiness to him.
——But I hear again
A noise without— [*He peeps.*
'Tis Don Zancho,
And I see Blanca coming towards him.
This falls out luckily, that I may hear
What passes; for certainly their meeting
Avowedly thus, can be no other subject,
But what Don Julio has propos'd to Blanca.
[*Exit, as to hearken.*

Enter Don JULIO *and Don* PEDRO, *as in the garden.*

D. Jul. That 's all the remedy, that in these cases
The wisest can propose unto themselves;
His fortune 's strait, 'tis true.
D. Ped. That 's what I least regard in this occasion,
So honour be but safe: the less they have,
The more will be her penance for her folly.
But should Don Zancho, upon any umbrage
From what has pass'd between them, prove so insolent
As to reject the marriage, then I trust—
D. Jul. O say no more of that, rely upon 't.
Should he be guilty of that horrid outrage,
This sword should pierce his heart, tho' th' only friend
I have i' the world should interpose his own;
And, sir, to let you see my frank proceeding,
Come along with me; I 'll bring you to a place
Where, jointly overhearing all that passes
'Twixt him and Blanca, should he play the villain,
His life may pay for 't, ere he stir from thence.
D. Ped. May Heaven repay such generous acts of friendship. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don ZANCHO, *and* FERNANDO *appears as behind the door.*

D. Zan. For her so suddenly, and so avowedly
To send for me hither, is very strange,
What can it mean?

Enter BLANCA.

Blan. Now lend me temper, Heaven, but for a moment,
Till calmly I have drawn him to pronounce
The sentence of his own too noble death
For such a traitor— [*Aside.*
I think you come not without some surprize,
[*To him, with an affected chearfulness.*
Don Zancho, at my sending for you so:
But let 's sit down, for I have much to say t' ye.
[*She takes him by the hand and seats him in one chair, and she sits herself in the other close to him on his right hand, and jumbles in her sleeve.*
I 'm so well plac'd I cannot miss the mark.
[*Aside.*
D. Zan. Good madam, what 's the matter? for I see
Disorder in you; put me out of pain.
Blan. That I shall quickly do—
Know then, Don Zancho,
In the first place, you must not interrupt me,
Whatever you shall hear; I 'll take it ill else;
When I have done, then speak your mind at leisure;
I come not to argue, but conclude.
D. Zan. Your will 's a law to me—
But whither tends all this? [*Aside.*
Blan. I do for once allow you to remember
All that has pass'd between us;
The folly of my love, the falshood of your's;
That done and never to be thought on more—
D. Zan. For Heaven's sake, madam—
Blan. Break not the rule was set—
Know, I instructed am in all your story,
And am so far grown mistress of myself,
That I who th' other day could scarce o'ercome
The sense of a slight failure at Madrid,
Can here at home suffer indignities,
And tell you calmly, and with unconcern'dness,
Be you Elvira's, and Elvira your's?
I come to do a part you little look'd for
From Blanca's spirit; I must make the marriage;
All things are ready, and her father here.
Now you may speak, Don Zancho, but the thing
Admits of no delay.
D. Zan. But can this be in earnest? sure it cannot;
What need these trials of so firm a faith?
[*Pausing a while.*
Blan. Leave trifling, 'tis no longer time for tricks;

It is not in the power of fate to alter
The resolutions taken. [*Don* ZANCHO *pauses.*
D. Fer. She has put it home. [*Aside.*
D. Zan. Madam, you use me hardly; this demeanour
Passes my skill, to judge from whence it springs.
You say it is not in the power of fate
To change your resolutions; but I 'm sure
If they be such, 't will less be in its power
To alter mine; but yet before I die
You must be left without excuse, by knowing
The truth of all.
D. Fer. Here it imports indeed to be attentive. [*Aside.*
D. Zan. Madam, 'tis true, that absent at Madrid,
The custom of the court, and vanity,
Embark'd me lightly in a gallantry
With the most fam'd of beauties there, Elvira;
Those, and no other, the true motives were,
To all my first addresses, till her scorns,
Which should have stopp'd them, had engag'd me more,
And made a love in jest a point of honour:
I bore all her disdains without transportment,
Till, having gain'd her waiting-woman's kindness,
I learn'd from her, that all Elvira's slightings,
She would have thought had sprung from severe maxims,
And preciousness of humour, were th' effects
Of deep engagement in another love
With a young gallant, Don Fernando Solis,
With whom the cruel dame was so far gone,
As to admit him every night
Into her chamber.
D. Fer. Blest gods! what do I hear? [*Aside.*
D. Zan. [*continuing.*] I, scarce believing the thing possible,
Urged my intelligencer to do for me
That which her lady for another did,
And to admit me to her chamber, where,
By being eye-witness of her lady's actions,
I might transfer my entire love to herself—
She granted my request, and late one night,
Somewhat before the gallant's usual hour,
She brought me a back way up into her chamber,
Within Elvira's; my stay had not been long,
When, having found the truth of what she had told me,
Converting rage into appearing kindness
To my informer, and expressing it
Uncautiously, we made a sudden noise,
With which, Elvira alarm'd, and coming in,
Followed by Don Fernando, that fell out
Which you have heard before.
[*Don* JULIO *beckoning Don* PEDRO *after him, passing over one corner of the stage.*
D. Jul. By this time, I suppose, she will have made
The proposition to the full, and we
Shall come at the just time to hear his answer.
[*Exeunt Don* PEDRO *and Don* JULIO.
D. Zan. [*continuing.*] If since that hour I have ever seen
Or thought upon her, till last night's surprize,
May I for ever perish; and methinks
The use of that, to your advantage,
Might challenge from you a more just construction.
Blan. I told you at first, I came not here to argue,
But to conclude—Say, will you marry her?
[*Don* JULIO *and Don* PEDRO *peep out as from behind the hanging.*
D. Jul. W' are come, you see, just as we could have wish'd.
D. Ped. His fate hangs on his lips.
D. Zan. You are mistress of your words and actions, madam,
And may use me as you please; but this hand
Shall sooner pierce this heart, than e'er be given
In marriage to Elvira.
[*Don* PEDRO *and Don* JULIO *rush in with their swords and daggers drawn, and Don* ZANCHO *draws too.*
D. Ped. Then, villain, die! Heav'n is too weak to save thee
By any other means.
[*Don* FERNANDO *draws, and rushing out.*
D. Fer. But here is one that shall—
Or fall by his side.
D. Ped. O heavens! what 's this?
Don Fernando Solis protecting him!
Nay, then the whole world conspires against my honour.
Blan. For Heaven's sake, gentlemen!
[BLANCA *runs in between.*
Chi. Now by my grandame's pantable 'tis pretty! [*From behind.*
I'll brush their coats, if once it come to fighting,
Fernando 's of our side.
[FRANCISCA, *and* CHICHON *with a long broom, run out also from behind the hanging.*
D. Jul. What frenzy 's this, Fernando? was 't not you [all
Engaged me to effect the marriage? sure w' are
Bewitch'd.
D. Fer. Stay, my Don Julio, stay,
And let Don Pedro have patience but to hear me—
'Tis true, but you know well upon what grounds;
Those are quite chang'd, by my having overheard
All that hath pass'd; for my Elvira, Julio,
Proves spotless in her faith, as in her beauty,
And I the only guilty, to have doubted:
What have I then to do, but here to prostrate
Myself at her offended father's feet,
And beg his pardon? that obtain'd, t' implore
His help to gain me her's, as to a person
In whom respect for him hath always held
Proportion with my passion for his daughter.
D. Ped. You know, Don Julio, when I spake with you,
The terms of estimation and respect
Wherewith I mention'd t' ye this gentleman;

And therefore, since in his address t' Elvira
There was no other fault, but making it
Unknown to me, and that I see his thoughts
Are truly noble; honour thus engaged,
That ought to be forgot, and I to think
Myself most happy in such a son-in-law.
But where 's Elvira?

D. Fer. She 's there within, where I dare not appear
Before her, knowing now such guilt upon me.
If Blanca would employ her interest
And eloquence, perhaps she might prevail
To get her hither, when she shall have told her
What changes a few minutes' time have wrought.

Blan. I never went on a more pleasing errand.

[*Exeunt* BLANCA *and* FRANCISCA.

Fran. I am struck dumb with wonder.

[*As she goes out.*

D. Fer. Now Blanca is away, I 'll take this time
To spare her blushes, Julio, and tell you,
Though I have broke one marriage for Don Zancho,
You needs must give me leave to make another;
To which, unless I 'm very much deceiv'd,
You 'll find on *neither* part repugnancy. [gods

D. Jul. I understand you; and I thank the
They did not make me understand the wrong,
Till they have made it none, since I observe
Don Zancho's looks joining in your desires.

D. Zan. A heart so full of love as mine for Blanca,
Does best express itself when it speaks least.

Enter Donna BLANCA, *Donna* ELVIRA, *and* FRANCISCA.

[ELVIRA *casts herself at her father's feet.*

Elv. Now that the justice of the gods, at length
Hath clear'd me from suspicions derogatory
To th' honour of your blood, I hope a cloister
May expiate my fault as to a father.

D. Ped. Rise, child; the inclosure I condemn you to [*Raising her.*
Is Don Fernando's arms; give him your hand.

Elv. 'Tis yours, sir, to dispose of, I confess,
And if it be your will, I must submit;
But let him know, who could suspect Elvira,
She never could be his, but by obedience.

D. Fer. I am thunder-struck.

[ELVIRA *giving him her hand.*

Elv. Be not dismay'd, Fernando,
Since I profess this a mere act of duty;
Another duty may Elvira move,
To re-inflame on better grounds her love.

D. Jul. [*ironically.*] Blanca, I fear you 'll hardly be persuaded
To give your's to Don Zancho; but a brother
For once may play the tyrant—Give it him,
It must be so. [*They join hands.*

D. Fer. I now renounce old maxims: having you,
Elvira, I am sure the very best proves true.

Chi. Hold there, I beg you, sir; that will appear
By that time you have married been a year.

EDITION.

Elvira; or, The Worst not Always True: a Comedy. Written by a person of quality. London: Printed by E. Cotes, for Henry Broom, in Little Brittain. 1667. 4to.

THE WIDOW.

BY

BEN JONSON, JOHN FLETCHER, AND THOMAS MIDDLETON.

This comedy, produced by the joint labours of three eminent poets, was acted with much applause at the Black-Fryars stage, in the reign of Charles the First: but it was never printed till the year 1652, when it fell into the hands of Mr Alexander Gough, who sent it to the press.

PROLOGUE.

A sport, only for Christmas, is the play
This hour presents to you; to make you merry
Is all th' ambition 't has; and fullest aim,
Bent at your smiles, to win itself a name:
And if your edge be not quite taken off,
Wearied with sports, I hope 't will make you laugh.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BRANDINO, *an old Justice.*
MARTINO, *his Clerk.*
FRANCISCO, ATTILIO, } *two Gentlemen.*
Two old Men, Suitors to the Widow.
RICARDO, *a decayed young Gentleman, and Suitor to the Widow.*
ANSALDO, MARTIA *disguised.*
LATROCINIO, OCCULTO, SILVIO, } *Thieves.*
STRATIO, FIDUCIO, } *Thieves.*

VALERIA, *the Widow.*
MARTIA, *Daughter to one of the old Suitors, and supposed a Man.*
PHILIPPA, *Justice* BRANDINO'S *Wife.*
VIOLETTA, *her Waiting-maid.*

Officers, Servants.

THE WIDOW.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Signior MARTINO *and* FRANCISCO.

Fran. Martino!
Mar. Signior Francisco! you 're the luckiest gentleman to meet
Or see first in a morning: I never saw you yet,
But I was sure of money within less than half an hour.
Fran. I bring you the same luck still.
Mar. What, you do not?
I hope, sir, you are not come for another warrant?
Fran. Yes, faith, for another warrant.
Mar. Why there 's my dream come out then; I never dream'd of a buttock, but I was sure to have money for a warrant. It is the luckiest part of all the body to me: Let every man speak as he finds. Now your usurer is of opinion, that to dream of the devil is your wealthier dream; and I think if a man dream of that part that brings many to the devil, 'tis as good; and has all one snatch indeed; for if one be the flesh, the other 's the broth: so 'tis in all his members, and we mark it; if gluttony be the meat, letchery is the porridge; they 're both boil'd together, and we clerks will have our modicum too, tho' it conclude in the two-penny chop: Why sir. Signior Francisco.
Fran. 'Twas her voice sure,
Or my soul takes delight to think it was,
And makes a sound like her's.
Mar. Sir, I beseech you.
Fran. It is the prettiest contriv'd building, this:
What poesy 's that, I pr'ythee?
Mar. Which, sir; that
Under the great brass squirt?
Fran. Aye, that, sir, that.
Mar. From fire, from water, and all things amiss,
Deliver the house of an honest justice.
Fran. There 's like to be a good house kept then, when fire and water 's forbidden to come into the kitchen.
Not yet a sight of her? This hour 's unfortunate.
And what 's that yonder, pr'ythee? O love's famine,
There 's no affliction like thee. Aye, I hear you, sir.
Mar. You 're quicker ear'd than I then: you hear me
Before I heard myself.
Fran. A gift in friendship;
Some call it an instinct.
Mar. It may be,
Th' other 's the sweeter phrase though: Look you, sir,
Mine own wit this, and 'tis as true as turtle;
A goose-quill and a clerk, a constable and a lanthorn,
Bring many a bawd from coach to cart, and many a thief to one turn.
Fran. That one turn help'd you well.
Mar. It has helped me to money indeed for many a warrant. I am forty dollars the better for that one turn; and 't would come off quicker 't were ne'er a whit the worse for me. But indeed when thieves are taken, and break away twice or thrice one after another, there 's my gains; then go out more warrants to fetch 'em again: one fine nimble villain may be worth a man ten dollars, in and out o' that fashion; I love such a one with my heart. Aye, and will help him to 'scape too, and I can; hear you me that: I 'll have him in at all times at a month's warning: nay, say I let him run like a summer nag all the vacation; see you these blanks, I 'll send him but one of these bridles, and bring him in at Michaelmas with a vengeance: nothing kills my heart, but when one of 'em dies, sir, then there's no hope of more money: I had rather lose at all times two of my best kindred than an excellent thief; for he 's a gentleman I 'm more beholden to.

Fran. You betray your mystery too much, sir.
Yet no comfort?
'Tis but her sight that I waste precious time for;
For more I cannot hope for, she 's so strict;
Yet that I cannot have.

Mar. I am ready now, signior.
Here are blank warrants of all dispositions; give me but the name and nature of your malefactor, and I 'll bestow him according to his merits.

Fran. This only is th' excuse that bears me out,
And keeps off impudence and suspicion
From my too frequent coming: what name now
Shall I think on, and not to wrong the house?
This coxcomb will be prating.——One Attilio,
His offence wilful murder.

Mar. Wilful murder? Oh I love o' life to have such a fellow come under my fingers; like a beggar that 's long a taking leave of a fat louse, I 'm loth to part with him, I must look upon him over and over first: *Are you wilful? i' faith I 'll be as wilful as you then.

[PHILIPPA *and* VIOLETTA *at a window.*

Phi. Martino!

Mar. Mistress.

Phi. Make haste, your master 's going.

Mar. I 'm but about a wilful murder, forsooth; I 'll dispatch that presently.

Phi. Good-morrow, sir; oh that I durst say more.

Fran. 'Tis gone again; since such are all life's pleasures,
No sooner known but lost, he that enjoys 'em
The length of life, has but a longer dream;
He wakes to this i' th' end, and sees all nothing.

Phi. He cannot see me now; I 'll mark him better
Before I be too rash: Sweetly compos'd he is;
Now as he stands, he 's worth a woman's love,
That loves only for shape, as most of 's do:
But I must have him wise, as well as proper,
[1] He comes not in my books else, and indeed
I have thought upon a course to try his wit.
Violetta!

Vio. Mistress.

Phi. Yonder 's the gentleman again.

Vio. Oh sweet mistress,
Pray give me leave to see him.

Phi. Nay, take heed,
Open not the window, an' you love me.

Vio. No, I 've the view of his whole body here, mistress,
At this poor little slit: oh enough, enough;
In troth 'tis a fine outside.

Phi. I see that.

Vio. H' as curl'd his hair most judiciously well.

Phi. Aye, there 's thy love now, it begins in barbarism: she buys a goose with feathers, that loves a gentleman for 's hair; she may be cozen'd to her face, wench. Away: he takes his leave. Reach me that letter hither; quick, quick, wench.

Mar. Nay, look upon 't, and spare not: every one cannot get that kind of warrant from me, signior. Do you see this prick i' th' bottom, it betokens power and speed; it is a privy mark, that runs between the constables and my master. Those that cannot read, when they see this, know 'tis for letchery or murder; and this being away, the warrant comes gelded, and insufficient.

Fran. I thank you, sir.

Mar. Look you; all these are nihils; They want the punction.

Fran. Yes, I see they do, sir;
There 's for thy pains; mine must go unrewarded:
The better love, the worse by fate regarded.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Well, go thy ways for the sweetest customer that ever penman was bless'd withal: now will he come for another to-morrow again; if he hold on this course, he will leave never a knave i' th' town within this twelvemonth: no matter, I shall be rich enough by that time.

Phi. Martino!

Mar. Say you, forsooth?

Phi. What paper 's that the gentleman let fall there?

Mar. Paper? 'Tis the warrant, I hope: if it be I' ll hide it, and make him pay for 't again. No, pox; 'tis *not* so happy.

Phi. What is 't, sirrah?

Mar. 'Tis nothing but a letter, forsooth.

Phi. Is that nothing?

Mar. Nothing in respect of a warrant, mistress.

Phi. A letter? Why, 't has been many a man's undoing, sir.

Mar. So has a warrant, an' you go to that, mistress.

Phi. Read but the superscription, and away with 't.
Alas! it may concern the gentleman nearly.

Mar. Why, mistress, this letter is at home already.

Phi. At home, how mean you, sir?

Mar. You shall hear, mistress. *To the deservingest of all her sex, and most worthy of his best respect and love, Mrs Philippa Brandino.*

Phi. How, sir, to me?

Mar. To you, mistress.

Phi. Run, as thou lov'st my honour, and thy life,
Call him again, I 'll not endure this injury:
But stay, stay, now I think on 't, 'tis my credit;
I 'll have your master's counsel. Ah, base fellow!
To leave his loose lines thus: 'tis even as much

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[1] *He comes not in my books else.*—See Mr Steevens's Note on *Much ado about Nothing*, A. 1. S. 1.

As a poor honest gentlewoman's undoing,
Had I not a grave wise man to my husband:
And thou a vigilant varlet to admit
Thou car'st not whom.
Mar. Alas! 'tis my office, mistress.
You know you have a kirtle every year,
And 'tis within two months of the time now,
The velvet 's coming over: pray be milder; a man that has a place must take money of any body: please you to throw me down but half a dollar, and I 'll make you a warrant for him now, that 's all I care for him.
Phi. Well, look you be clear now from this foul conspiracy
Against mine honour; or your master's love to you,
That makes you stout, shall not maintain you here;
It shall not: trust to 't.— [*Exit.*
Mar. This is strange to me now:
Dare she do this, and but eight weeks to new-year's tide?
A man that had his blood as hot as her's now, would fit her with French velvet: I 'll go near it.

Enter BRANDINO *and* PHILIPPA.

Phi. If this be a wrong to modest reputation,
Be you the censurer, sir, that are the master
Both of your fame and mine.
Bran. Signior Francisco?
I 'll make him fly the land.
Mar. That will be hard, sir;
I think he be not so well feather'd, master;
H' as spent the best part of his patrimony.
Phi. Hark of his bold confederate.
Bran. There thou 'rt bitter;
And I must chide thee now.
Phi. What should I think, sir?
He comes to your man for warrants.
Bran. There it goes then.
Come hither knave: Comes he to you for warrants?
Mar. Why, what of that, sir?
You know I give no warrants to make cuckolds;
That comes by fortune, and by nature, sir.
Bran. True, that comes by fortune, and by nature.
Wife, why dost thou wrong this man?
Mar. He needs no warrant, master, that goes about such business; a cuckold-maker carries always his warrant about him.
Bran. La; has he answer'd well now, to the full?
What cause hast thou to abuse him?
Phi. Hear me out, I pray: [tunity
Through his admittance, he has had an oppor-
To come into the house, and court me boldly.
Bran. Sirrah, you 're foul again, methinks.
Mar. Who I, sir?
Bran. You gave this man admittance into th' house.
Mar. That 's true, sir; you never gave me any order yet,
To write my warrants i' th' street.
Bran. Why sure thou tak'st delight to wrong this fellow, wife: ha, cause I love him.
Phi. Pray, see the fruits; see what he has left behind here:
Be angry where you should be: there 's few wives
Would do as I do.
Bran. Nay, I'll say that for thee,
I ne'er found thee but honest.
Phi. She 's a beast
That ever was found otherways.
Bran. Read, Martino;
Mine eyes are sore already, and such a business
Would put 'em out quite.
Mar. "Fair dear, and incomparable mistress,"——
Bran. Oh! every letter draws a tooth, methinks.
Mar. And it leads mine to watering.
Phi. [2] Here 's no villainy?
Mar. "My love being so violent, and the "opportunity so precious in your husband's ab-"sence to-night, who, as I understand, takes a "journey this morning——"
Bran. Oh plot of villainy!
Phi. Am I honest, think you, sir?
Bran. Exactly honest, perfectly improved. On, on, Martino.
Mar. "I will make bold, dear mistress, "though your chastity has given me many a "repulse, to wait the sweet blessings of this "long-desired opportunity, at the back gate, "between nine and ten this night——"
Bran. I feel this inns-a-court man in my temples.
Mar. "Where if your affection be pleas'd to "receive me, you receive the faithfullest that ever "vow'd service to woman,——FRANCISCO."
Bran. I will make Francisco smart for 't.
Phi. Shew him the letter; let him know you know him;
That will torment him: all your other courses
Are nothing, sir, to that: that breaks his heart.
Bran. The strings shall not hold long then. Come, Martino.
Phi. Now if Francisco have any wit at all,
He comes at night; if not, he never shall.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter FRANCISCO, RICARDO, *and* ATTILIO.

Ric. Nay, mark, mark it, Francisco: it was

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[2] *Here 's no villainy?*—See Note 11 to *The Mayor of Quinborough*, ante, p. 280.

the naturallest curtesie that ever was ordained; a young gentleman being spent, to have a rich widow set him up again: to see how fortune has provided for all mortality's ruins; your college for your old-standing scholar; your hospital for your lame creeping soldier; your bawd for your mangled roarer; your open house for your beggar; and your widow for your gentleman: Ha, Francisco!

Fran. Aye, sir, you may be merry, you 're in hope of a rich widow.

Ric. And why should'st not thou be in hope of another, if there were any spirit in thee; thou art as likely a fellow as any in the company. I'll be hang'd now if I do not hit the true cause of thy sadness; and confess truly, i' faith; thou hast some land unsold yet, I hold my life.

Fran. Marry, I hope so, sir.

Ric. A pox on 't, have I found it? 'Slight, away with it with all speed, man. I was never merry at heart while I had a foot: why, man, fortune never minds us, till we are left alone to ourselves: for what need she take care for them that do nothing but take care for themselves? Why, dost think if I had kept my lands still, I should ever have look'd after a rich widow? Alas, I should have married some poor young maid, got five-and-twenty children, and undone myself.

Fran. I protest, sir, I should not have the face tho' to come to a rich widow with nothing.

Ric. Why, art thou so simple as thou mak'st thyself? Dost think y' faith I come to a rich widow with nothing? [her's.

Fran. I mean with state not answerable to

Ric. Why there 's the fortune, man, that I talk'd on;

She knows all this, and yet I am welcome to her.

Fran. Aye, that 's strange, sir.

Ric. Nay more, to pierce thy hard heart, and make thee sell thy land, if thou 'st any grace: she has, amongst others, two substantial suitors;
One, in good time be 't spoke, I owe much money to,
She knows this too, and yet I 'm welcome to her,
Nor dares the unconscionable rascal trouble me;
Sh' as told him thus, those that profess love to her
Shall have the liberty to come and go,
Or else get him gone first; she knows not yet
Where fortune may bestow her, she 's her gift,
Therefore to all will shew a kind respect.

Fran. Why this is like a woman: I ha' no luck in 't.

Ric. And as at a sheriff's table, O blest custom!
A poor indebted gentleman may dine,
Feed well, and without fear, and depart so;
So to her lips fearless I come and go.

Fran. You may well boast, y' are much the happier man, sir.

Ric. So you would be, and you would sell your land, sir.

Fran. I have heard the circumstance of your sweet fortune:
Pr'ythee give ear to my unlucky tale now.

Ric. That 's an ill hearing; but come, for once, sir.

Fran. I never yet lov'd but one woman.

Ric. Right, I begun so too; but I have lov'd a thousand since. [wife.

Fran. Pray hear me, sir; but this is a man's

Ric. So has five hundred of my thousand been.

Fran. Nay see, and you 'll regard me.

Ric. No? you see I do,
I bring you an example in for every thing.

Fran. This man's wife—

Ric. So you said.

Fran. Seems very strict.

Ric. Ha, humph!

Fran. Do you laugh at that?

Ric. Seems very strict, you said;
I hear you, man; aye faith, you are so jealous still.

Fran. But why should that make you laugh?

Ric. Because she seems so: you 're such another.—

Fran. Nay, sir, I think she is.

Ric. You cannot tell then.

Fran. I dare not ask the question, I protest,
For fear of a repulse, which yet not having,
My mind 's the quieter, and I live in hope still.

Ric. Ha, hum! This 'tis to be a landed man. Come, I perceive I must show you a little of my fortune, and instruct you: Not ask the question?

Fran. Methought still she frown'd, sir.

Ric. Why that 's the cause, fool, that she look'd so scurvily. Come, come, make me your woman, you 'll ne'er do 't else; I 'll shew you her condition presently. I perceive you must begin like a young vaulter, and get up at horse tail, before you get into the saddle: have you the boldness to utter your mind to me now, being but in hose and doublet? I think, if I should put on a farthingale, thou would'st never have the heart to do it.

Fran. Perhaps I should not then for laughing at you, sir.

Ric. In the mean time I fear I shall laugh at thee without one.

Fran. Nay, you must think, friend, I dare speak to a woman.

Ric. You shall pardon me for that, friend; I will not think it, till I see 't.

Fran. Why you shall then: I shall be glad to learn too,
Of one so deep as you are.

Ric. So you may, sir. Now 'tis my best course to look mildly,
I shall put him out at first else.

Fran. A word, sweet lady.

Ric. With me, sir? say your pleasure.

Fran. O Ricardo,
Thou art too good to be a woman long.

Ric. Do not find fault with this, for fear I prove

Too scornful; be content when you 're well us'd.

Fran. You say well, sir.—Lady, I have lov'd you long.

Ric. 'Tis a good hearing, sir.—If he be not out now, I'll be hang'd.

Fran. You play a scornful woman! I perceive, Ricardo, you have not been us'd to 'em: why, I'll come in at my pleasure with you. Alas, 'tis nothing for a man to talk, when a woman gives way to 't: one shall seldom meet with a lady so kind, as thou play'dst her.

Ric. Not altogether, perhaps: he that draws their pictures must flatter 'em a little; they 'll look he that plays 'em should do 't a great deal then.

Fran. Come, come, I 'll play the woman, that I 'm us'd to; I see you ne'er wore shoe that pinch'd you yet, all your things come on easy.

Ric. Say you so, sir?
I 'll try your ladyship 'faith.—Lady, well met.

Fran. I do not think so, sir.

Ric. A scornful [3] gom! And at the first dash too: my widow never gave me such an answer. I 'll to you again, sir. Fairest of creatures, I do love thee infinitely.

Fran. There's no body bids you, sir.

Ric. Pox on thee, thou art the beastliest crossest baggage that ever man met withal; but I 'll see thee hang'd, sweet lady, ere I be daunted with this. Why, thou 'rt too aukward, sirrah.

Fran. Hang thee, base fellow.

Ric. Now, by this light, he thinks he does 't indeed. Nay, then, have at your plumb-tree; faith, I 'll not be foil'd.—Though you seem to be careless, madam, as you have enough wherewithal to be, yet I do, must, and will love you.

Fran. Sir, if you begin to be rude, I 'll call my woman.

Ric. What a pestilent queen's this! I shall have much ado with her, I see that. Tell me, as you 're a woman, lady, what serve kisses for, but to stop all your mouths?

Fran. Hold, hold, Ricardo.

Ric. Disgrace me, widow.

Fran. Art mad, I 'm Francisco.

At. Signior Ricardo, up, up.

Ric. Who is 't, Francisco?

Fran. Francisco, quotha? What, are you mad, sir?

Ric. A bots on thee, thou dost not know what injury thou hast done me; I was i' th' fairest dream. This is your way now, and you can follow it.

Fran. 'Tis a strange way, methinks.

Ric. Learn you to play a woman not so scornfully then,
For I am like the actor that you spoke on,
I must have the part that overcomes the lady,
I never like the play else.—Now your friendship,
But to assist a subtle trick I ha' thought on,
And the rich widow 's mine within these three hours.

At. } We should be proud of that, sir.
Fran. }

Ric. List to me then.
I 'll place you two—I can do 't handsomely,
I know the house so well—to hear the conference
'Twixt her and I: she 's a most affable one;
Her words will give advantage, and I'll urge 'em
To the kind proof, to catch her in a contract,
Then shall you both step in as witnesses,
And take her in the snare.

Fran. But do you love her?
And then 't will prosper.

Ric. By this hand I do,
Not for her wealth, but for her person too.

Fran. It shall be done, then.

Ric. But stay, stay, Francisco;
Where shall we meet with thee some two hours hence, now?

Fran. Why, hark you, sir.

Ric. Enough, command my life,
Get me the widow, I'll get thee the wife.

[*Exeunt* RICARDO *and* ATTILIO.

Fran. Oh that 's now with me past hope; yet I must love her.
I would I could not do 't.

Enter BRANDINO *and* MARTINO.

Mar. Yonder 's the villain, master.

Bran. Francisco? I am happy.

Mar. Let 's both draw, master, for there 's nobody with him; stay, stay, master,
Do not you draw till I be ready too,
Let 's draw just both together, and keep ev'n.

Bran. What and we kill'd him now, before he saw us?

Mar. No, then he will hardly see to read the letter.

Bran. That 's true: good counsel, marry.

Mar. Marry thus much, sir: you may kill him lawfully, all the while he 's a reading on 't, as an Anabaptist may lie with a brother's wife, all the while he 's asleep.

Bran. He turns; he looks: Come on, sir, you, Francisco;
I lov'd your father well, but you 're a villain:
He lov'd me well too: But you love my wife, sir;
After whom take you that? I will not say
Your mother play'd false.

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3 *Gom!*—Junius, in his Etymologicon, says, that *gom* or *gome*, signifies *a man*—Ricardo therefore means, that Francisco, in his assumed character of a woman, acts not with the softness and delicacy of a female, but with the scorn and haughtiness of a male.

Fran. No, sir, you were not best.
Bran. But I will say, in spite of thee, my wife 's honest.
Mar. And I, my mistress.
Fran. You may, I'll give you leave.
Bran. Leave, or leave not, there she defies you, sir;
Keep your adulterous sheet to wind you in,
Or cover your forbidden parts at least,
For fear you want one; many a letcher may,
That sins in cambrick now.
Mar. And in lawn too, master.
Bran. Nay, read, and tremble, sir.
Mar. Now shall I do 't, master? I see a piece of an open seam in his shirt, shall I run him in there? for my sword has ne'er a point.
Bran. No, let him foam a while.
Mar. If your sword be no better than mine, we shall not kill him by day-light; we had need have a lanthorn.
Bran. Talk not of lanthorns, he 's a sturdy letcher;
He would make the horns fly about my ears.
Fran. I apprehend thee: Admirable woman!
Which to love best I know not, thy wit or beauty.
Bran. Now, sir, have you well view'd your bastard there,
Got of your lustful brain? 'Give you joy on 't.
Fran. I thank you, sir; altho' you speak in jest,
I must confess, I sent your wife this letter,
And often courted, tempted, and urg'd her.
Bran. Did you so, sir?
Then first, before I kill thee, I forewarn thee my house.
Mar. And I, before I kill thee, forewarn thee my office; die to-morrow; next thou never get'st warrant of me more, for love or money.
Fran. Remember but again, from whence I came, sir,
And then I know you cannot think amiss of me.
Bran. How 's this?
Mar. Pray, hear him; it may grow to a piece: For, master, though we have carried the business nobly, we are not altogether so valiant as we should be.
Bran. Peace, thou say'st true in that: what is 't you 'd say, sir?
Fran. Was not my father (quietness be with him)
And you sworn brothers?
Bran. Why, right; that is it urges me.
Fran. And cou'd you have a thought that I could wrong you,
As far as the deed goes?
Bran. You took the course, sir.
Fran. To make you happy, if you rightly weigh'd it.
Mar. Troth I 'll put up at all adventures, master;
It comes off very fair yet.
Fran. You in years
Married a young maid: What does the world judge, think you?
Mar. By 'r lady, master, knavishly enough, I warrant you;
I should do so myself.
Fran. Now to damp slander,
And all her envious and suspicious brood,
I made this friendly trial of her constancy,
Being son to him you lov'd; that now confirm'd,
I might advance my sword against the world
In her most fair defence, which joys my spirit.
Mar. Oh, master, let me weep, while you embrace him.
Bran. Francisco, is thy father's soul in thee?
Lives he here still? What, will he shew himself
In his male seed to me? Give me thy hand,
Methinks it feels now like thy father's to me:
Pr'ythee forgive me.
Mar. And me too, pr'ythee.
Bran. Come to my house, thy father never miss'd it.
Mar. Fetch now as many warrants as you please, sir,
And welcome too.
Fran. To see how soon man's goodness
May be abused.
Bran. But now I know thy intent,
Welcome to all that I have.
Fran. Sir, I take it:
A gift so given, hang him that would forsake it.
[*Exit.*
Bran. Martino, I applaud my fortune, and thy counsel.
Mar. You never have ill fortune when you follow it.
Here were things carry'd now in the true nature of a quiet duello;
A great strife ended, without the rough soldier, or the—
And now you may take your journey.
Bran. Thou art my glee, Martino. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter VALERIA *and a Servant.*

Val. Servellio.
Serv. Mistress.
Val. If that fellow come again,
Answer him without me: I 'll not speak with him.
Serv. He in the nutmeg-colour'd band, forsooth?
Val. Aye, that spic'd coxcomb, sir: Never may I marry again

If his right worshipful idolatrous face
Be not most fearfully painted; so hope comfort me,
I might perceive it peel in many places,
And under 's eye lay a betraying foulness,
As maids sweep dust o' th' house all to one corner;
It shew'd me enough there, prodigious pride,
That cannot but fall scornfully. I 'm a woman,
Yet, I praise Heaven, I never had the ambition
To go about to mend a better workman:
She ever shames herself i' th' end that does it.
He that likes me not now, as heaven made me,
I will never hazard hell to do him a pleasure;
Nor lie ev'ry night like a *woodcock* in paste
To please some gaudy goose i' th' morning.
A wise man likes that best, that is itself,
Not that which only seems, tho' it look fairer.
Heaven send me one that loves me, and I 'm happy,
Of whom I 'll make great trial ere I have him.
Though I speak all men fair, and promise sweetly,
I learn that of my suitors, 'tis their own,
Therefore injustice 't were to keep it from 'em.

Enter RICARDO.

Ric. And so as I said, sweet widow.

Val. Do you begin where you left, sir?

Ric. I always desire, when I come to a widow, to begin i' th' middle of a sentence; for I presume she has a bad memory of a woman, that cannot remember what goes before.

Val. Stay, stay, sir; let me look upon you well;
Are not you painted too?

Ric. How, painted, widow?

Val. Not painted widow, I do not use it, trust me, sir.

Ric. That makes me love thee.

Val. I mean painted gentleman,
Or if you please to give him a greater stile, sir;
Blame me not, sir, it 's a dangerous age I tell you,
Poor simple-dealing women had need look about 'em.

Ric. But is there such a fellow in the world, widow,
As you are pleas'd to talk on?

Val. Nay, here lately, sir.

Ric. Here? a pox, I think I smell him, 'tis vermillion sure; ha: [4] oil of ben. Do but shew him me, widow, and let me never hope for comfort, if I do not immediately geld him, and grind his face upon one o' th' stones.

Val. Suffices you have express'd me your love and valour, and manly hate against that unmanly pride: but, sir, I 'll save you that labour; he never comes within my door again.

Ric. I 'll love your door the better while I know 't, widow; a pair of such brothers were [5] fitter for posts without door, indeed, to make a shew at a new-chosen magistrate's gate, than to be us'd in a woman's chamber. No, sweet widow, having me, you 've the truth of a man; all that you see of me is full of mine own, and what you see, or not see, shall be your's: I ever hated to be beholden to art, or to borrow any thing but money. [FRANCISCO *and* ATTILIO *stand unseen.*

Val. True; and that you never use to pay again.

Ric. What matter is 't? If you be pleas'd to do 't
For me, I hold it as good.

Val. Oh, soft you, sir, I pray.

Ric. Why, i' faith, you may an' you will.

Val. I know that, sir.

Ric. Troth, and I would have my will then, if I were as you;
There 's few women else but have.

Val. But since I cannot have it in all, signior, I care not to have it in any thing.

Ric. Why, you may have it in all, an' you will, widow.

Val. Pish; I would have one that loves me for myself, sir, not for my wealth; and that I cannot have.

Ric. What say you to him that does the thing you wish for?

Val. Why, here 's my hand, I 'll marry none but him then.

Ric. Your hand and faith.

Val. My hand and faith.

Ric. 'Tis I, then.

Val. I shall be glad on 't, trust me; 'shrew my heart else.

Ric. A match.

Enter FRANCISCO *and* ATTILIO.

Fran. Give you joy, sweet widow.

At. Joy to you both.

Val. How?

Ric. Nay, there 's no starting now; I have you fast, widow.
You 're witness, gentlemen.

Fran. } We 'll be depos'd on it.
At. }

Val. Am I betray'd to this, then? Then I see
'Tis for my wealth; a woman's wealth 's her traitor.

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[4] *Oil of ben.*—*Ben* or *beben*, in pharmacy, denotes a medicinal root, celebrated, especially among the Arabs, for its aromatic, cardiac, and alexiterial virtues." Chambers's *Dictionary*. The same writer says, there are two kinds of *Ben*, white and red, and that they are both brought from the Levant, and have the same virtues, being substituted for each other.

[5] *Fitter for posts*, &c.—See Note 44 to *The Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 537.

Ric. 'Tis for love chiefly, I protest, sweet widow;
I count wealth but a fiddle to make us merry.
Val Hence!
Ric. Why, thou 'rt mine.
Val. I do renounce it utterly.
Ric. Have I not hand and faith?
Val. Sir, take your course.
Ric. With all my heart; ten courses an' you will, widow.
Val. Sir, sir, I 'm not so gamesome as you think me;
I 'll stand you out by law.
Ric. By law! O cruel, merciless woman,
To talk of law, and know I have no money.
Val. I will consume myself to the last [o] stamp,
Before thou gett'st me.
Ric. 'Life, I 'll be as wilful, then, too: I 'll rob all the carriers in Christendom, but I 'll have thee, and find my lawyers money:
I scorn to get thee under *forma pauperis;*
I have too proud a heart, and love thee better.
Val. As for you, gentlemen, I 'll take course against you;
You came into my house without my leave;
Your practices are cunning and deceitful;
I know you not, and I hope law will right me.
Ric. It is sufficient that your husband knows 'em,
'Tis not your business to know every man,
An honest wife contents herself with one.
Val. You know what you shall trust to, pray depart, sir,
And take your rude confederates along with you,
Or I will send for those shall force your absence;
I 'm glad I found your purpose out so soon.
How quickly may poor women be undone!
Ric. Lose thee! by this hand I 'll see fifteen counsellors first, tho' I undo a hundred poor men for 'em; and I 'll make 'em yaul one another deaf, but I 'll have thee.
Val. Me!
Ric. Thee.
Val. Aye, fret thy heart out. [*Exit* RICARDO.
Fran. Were I he now,
I 'd see thee starve for man before I had thee.
Val. Pray counsel him to that, sir, and I 'll pay you well.
Fran. Pay me! pay your next husband.
Val. Do not scorn 't, gallant; a worse woman than I
Has paid a better man than you.
[*Exeunt* ATTILIO *and* FRANCISCO.

Enter two old Suitors.

1*st Suit.* Why, how now, sweet widow?
Val. Oh, kind gentlemen,
I 'm so abused here.
Ambo. Abus'd!
Val. What will you do, sirs? Put up your weapons.
2*d Suit.* Nay, they 're not so easily drawn, that I must tell you; mine has not been out these three years; marry, in your cause, widow, 't would not be long a drawing. Abus'd! by whom, widow?
Val. Nay, by a beggar.
2*d Suit.* A beggar! I 'll have him whipt then, and sent to the house of correction.
Val. Ricardo, sir.
2*d Suit.* Ricardo! Nay, by the mass he 's a gentleman beggar; he 'll be hang'd before he be whipt. Why, you 'll give me leave to clap him up, I hope?
Val. 'Tis too good for him; that 's the thing he wou'd have.
He would be clapt up whether I would or no, methinks;
Plac'd two of his companions privately,
Unknown to me, on purpose to entrap me
In my kind answers, and at last stole from me,
That which I fear will put me to some trouble,
A kind of verbal curtesy, which his witnesses
And he, forsooth, call by the name of contract.
1*st Suit.* O politic villain!
Val. But I 'm resolv'd, gentlemen,
If the whole power of my estate can cast him,
He never shall obtain me.
2*d Suit.* Hold you there, widow,
Well fare your heart for that, i' faith.
1*st Suit.* Stay, stay, stay;
You broke no gold between you?
Val. We broke nothing, sir.
1*st Suit.* Nor drunk to one another?
Val. Not a drop, sir.
1*st Suit.* You 're sure of this you speak?
Val. Most certain, sir.
1*st Suit.* Be of good comfort, wench. I 'll undertake, then,
At mine own charge to overthrow him for thee.
Val. O do but that, sir, and you bind me to you;
Here shall I try your goodness. I 'm but a woman,
And, alas, ignorant in law businesses:
I 'll bear the charge most willingly.
1*st Suit.* Not a penny:
Thy love will reward me.
Val. And where love must be,
It is all but one purse, now I think on 't.
1*st Suit.* All comes to one, sweet widow.
2*d Suit.* Are you so forward?
1*st Suit.* I know his mates, Attilio and Francisco;
I 'll get out process, and attach 'em all:
We 'll begin first with them.
Val. I like that strangely. [her:
1*st Suit.* I have a daughter run away, I thank

[o] *Stamp*—i. e. halfpenny.

I 'll be a scourge to all youth for her sake:
Some of 'em has got her up.
Val. Your daughter! What, sir, Martia?
1*st Suit.* Aye, a shake wed her:
I would have married her to a wealthy gentleman,
No older than myself; she was like to be shrewdly hurt, widow.
Val. It was too happy for her.
1*st Suit.* I 'm of thy mind.
Farewel, sweet widow, I 'll about this strait;
I 'll have 'em all three put into one writ,
And so save charges.
Val. How I love your providence!
[*Exit* 1*st Suitor.*
2*d Suit.* Is my nose bor'd? I 'll cross you both for this,
Although it cost me as much o' th' other side;
I have enough, and I will have my humour.
I may get out of her what may undo her too.
Hark you, sweet widow, you must now take heed
You be of a sure ground, he 'll overthrow you else.
Val. Marry fair, hope forbid.
2*d Suit.* That will be: marry let me see, let me see; pray how far past it between you and Ricardo?
Val. Farther, sir,
Than I would now it had, but I hope well yet.
2*d Suit.* Pray let me hear 't: I 've a shrewd guess o' th' law.
Val. Faith, sir, I rashly gave my hand and faith
To marry none but him.
2*d Suit.* Indeed!
Val. Aye, trust me, sir.
2*d Suit.* I 'm very glad on 't; I 'm another witness,
And he shall have you now.
Val. What said you, sir?
2*d Suit.* He shall not want money in an honest cause, widow;
I know I have enough, and I will have my humour.
Val. Are all the world betrayers?
2*d Suit.* Pish, pish, widow,
[7] Y' have borne me in hand this three months, and now fobb'd me:
I 've known the time when I could please a woman,
I 'll not be laugh'd at now; when I 'm crost, I 'm a tyger;
I have enough, and I will have my humour.
Val. This only shews your malice to me, sir;
The world knows you ha' small reason to help him,
So much is your debt already.
2*d Suit.* Therefore I do 't,
I have no way but that to help myself;
Though I lose you, I will not lose all, widow;
He marrying you, as I will follow 't for him,
I 'll make you pay his debts, or lie without him.
Val. I look'd for this from you. [*Exit.*
2*d Suit.* I ha' not deceiv'd you then:
Fret, vex, and chafe, I 'm obstinate where I take.
I 'll seek him out, and chear him up against her;
I ha' no charge at all, no child of mine own,
But two I got once of a scowering woman,
And they 're both well provided for, they 're i' th' hospital:
I have ten thousand pound to bury me, and I will have my humour. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter FRANCISCO.

Fran. A man must have a time to serve his pleasure,
As well as his dear friend. I 'm forc'd to steal from 'em,
To get this night of sport for mine own use.
What says her amiable witty letter here?
'Twixt nine and ten—now 'tis 'twixt six and seven,
As fit as can be; he that follows lechery
Leaves all at six and seven, and so do I methinks:
Sun sets at eight, it 's 'bove an hour high yet;
Some fifteen mile have I before I reach her,
But I 've an excellent horse; and a good gallop
Helps man as much as a provoking banquet.

Enter 1*st Suitor, with Officers.*

1*st Suit.* Here 's one of 'em, begin with him first, officers.
Of. By virtue of this writ we attach your body, sir.
Fran. My body? 'life, for what?
1*st Suit.* Hold him fast, officers.
Of. The least of us can do 't, now his sword 's off, sir;
We have a trick of hanging upon gentlemen,
We never lose a man.
Fran. O treacherous fortune!
Why what 's the cause?
1*st Suit.* The widow's business, sir;
I hope you know me?
Fran. For a busy coxcomb,
This fifteen year, I take it.
1*st Suit.* Oh y 're mad, sir;
Simple though you make me, I stand for the widow.
Fran. She 's simply stood for then. What 's this to me, sir,
Or she, or you, or any of these flesh-hooks?
1*st Suit.* Y' are like to find good bail before you leave us,
Or lie till the suit 's try'd.

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[7] *Y' have borne me in hand*, &c.—See Note 20 to *Ram Alley*, Vol. II. p. 299.

Fran. O my love 's misery!
1*st Suit.* I 'm put in trust to follow 't, and
I 'll do 't with all severity; build upon that, sir.

Enter RICARDO *and* ATTILIO.

Fran. How I could curse myself!
Ric. Look, here 's Francisco,
Will you believe me, now you see his qualities?
At. 'Tis strange to me.
Ric. I tell you 'tis his fashion,
He never stole away in 's life from me,
But still I found him in such scurvy company.
A pox on thee, Francisco, wilt never leave thy old
Tricks; are these lousy companions for thee?
Fran. Pish, pish, pish.
1*st Suit.* Here they be all three now: 'prehend 'em, officers.
Ric. What 's this?
Fran. I gave you warning enough to make away,
I 'm in for the widow's business, so are you now.
Ric. What, all three in a noose? this is like a widow's business indeed.
1*st Suit.* Sh' as catch'd you, gentlemen, as you catch'd her;
The widow means now to begin with you, sir.
Ric. I thank her heartily, sh' as taught me wit: for had I been any but an ass, I should ha' begun with her indeed. By this light, the widow 's a notable housewife, she bestirs herself. I have a greater mind to her now than e'er I had: I cannot go to prison for one I love better, I protest, that 's one good comfort. And what are you, I pray sir, for a coxcomb?
1*st Suit.* It seems you know me, by your anger, sir.
Ric. I 've a near guess at you, sir.
1*st Suit.* Guess what you please, sir,
I 'm he ordained to trounce you; and indeed
I am the man must carry her.
Ric. Aye, to me;
But I 'll swear she 's a beast, and she carry thee.
1*st Suit.* Come, where 's your bail, sir? quickly, or away.
Ric. Sir, I 'm held wrongfully, my bail 's taken already.
1*st Suit.* Where is it, sir, where?

Enter 2*d Suitor.*

Ric. Here they be both: pox on you, they were taken before I 'd need of them. And you be honest officers, let 's bail one another; for by this hand, I do not know who will else—'Od's light, is he come too? I 'm in for midnight then, I shall never find the way out again: my debts, my debts: I 'm like to die i' th' hole now.
1*st Suit.* We have him fast, old signior, and his consorts,
Now you may lay action on action on him.
2*d Suit.* That may I, sir, i' faith.
1*st Suit.* And I 'll not spare him, sir.
2*d Suit.* Know you me, officers?
Of. Your bounteous worship, sir.
Ric. I know the rascal so well, I dare not look upon him.
2*d Suit.* Upon my worth, deliver me that gentleman.
Fran. Which gentleman?
2*d Suit.* Not you, sir, y' re too hasty;
No, nor you neither, sir: pray stay your time.
Ric. There 's all but I now, and I dare not think he means me.
2*d Suit.* Deliver me Ricardo.
Ric. O sure he lyes,
Or else I do not hear well.
Of. Signior Ricardo.
Ric. Well, what 's the matter?
Of. You may go, who letts you? It is his worship's pleasure, sir, to bail you.
Ric. Bail me?
2*d Suit.* Aye will I, sir. Look in my face, man,
Thou 'st a good cause, thou 'lt pay me when thou 'rt able?
Ric. Aye, every penny, as I am a gentleman.
2*d Suit.* No matter if thou dost not, then I'll make thee,
And that 's as good at all times.
1*st Suit.* But I pray, sir,
[8] You go against the hair there.
2*d Suit.* Against the widow, you mean, sir:
Why 'tis my purpose truly, and against you too.
I saw your politick combination,
I was thrust out between you. Here stands one
Shall do as much for you; and he stands rightest,
His cause is strong and fair, nor shall he want
Money, or means, or friends, but he shall have her:
I 've enough, and I will have my humour.
1*st Suit.* Hang thee; I have a purse as good as thine.
Ric. I think they 're much alike, they 're rich knaves both. [*Aside.*
'Heart, an' I take you railing at my patron, sir,
I 'll cramp your joints.
2*d Suit.* Let him alone, sweet honey,
I thank thee for thy love, though.
Ric. This is wonderful.
Fran. Oh Ricardo,
'Tis seven struck in my pocket: I lose time now.
Ric. What say'st, Francisco?
Fran. I ha' mighty business,
That I ne'er thought on: get me bail'd, I 'm spoil'd else.

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[8] *You go against the hair there.*—See Note 42 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, Vol. I. p. 155.

Ric. Why you know, 'tis such a strange miraculous courtesy,
I dare not be too forward to ask more of him,
For fear he repent this and turn me in again.
Fran. Do somewhat, and you love me.
Ric. I 'll make trial, i' faith.
May 't please you, sir:—'life, if I should spoil all now?
2d Suit. What say'st Ricardo?
Ric. Only a thing by th' way, sir;
Use your own pleasure.
2d Suit. That I like well from thee.
Ric. 'T were good, and those two gentlemen were bail'd too;
They 're both my witnesses.
2d Suit. They 're well, they 're well:
And they were bail'd, we know not where to find 'em.
Let 'em go to prison, they 'll be forth-coming the better;
I have enough, and I will have my humour.
Ric. I knew there was no more good to be done upon him,
'Tis well I 've this, Heaven knows I never look'd for 't.
Fran. What plaguy luck had I to be ensnar'd thus?
Of. O, patience.

Enter BRANDINO *and* MARTINO.

Fran. Pox on your comfortable ignorance.
Bran. Martino, we ride slow.
Mar. But we ride sure, sir;
Your hasty riders often come short home, master.
Bran. 'Bless this fair company.
Fran. Here he 's again too,
I am both asham'd and cross'd.
Bran. See'st thou who 's yonder, Martino?
Mar. We ride slow, I 'll be sworn now, master.
Bran. How now, Francisco, art thou got before me?
Fran. Yes, thank my fortune, I am got before you.
Bran. What now? in hold?
Ric. Aye, o' my troth, poor gentleman;
Your worship, sir, may do a good deed to bail him.
Bran. Why do not you do 't then?
Mar. La you sir now, my master has that honesty,
He 's loth to take a good deed from you, sir.
Ric. I 'll tell you why I cannot, else I would, sir.
Fran. Luck, I beseech thee!
If he should be wrought to bail me now, to go to
His wife, 't were happiness beyond expression.
Bran. A matter but of controversy?
Ric. That 's all, trust me, sir.
Bran. Francisca shall ne'er lie for 't; he 's my friend,
And I will bail him.
Mar. He 's your secret friend, master;
Think upon that.
Bran. Give him his liberty, officers;
Upon my peril, he shall be forth-coming.
Fran. How I am bound to you!
1st Suit. Know you whom you cross, sir?
'Tis at your sister's suit; be well advis'd, sir.
Bran. How, at my sister's suit? take him again then.
Fran. Why, sir, do you refuse me?
Bran. I 'll not hear thee.
Ric. This is unkindly done, sir.
1st Suit. 'Tis wisely done, sir.
2d Suit. Well shot, foul malice.
1st Suit. Flattery stinks worse, sir.
Ric. You 'll never leave till I make you stink as bad, sir.
Fran. Oh Martino, have I this for my late kindness?
Mar. Alas, poor gentleman, do'st complain to me?
Thou shalt not fare the worse for 't: Hark you, master,
Your sister's suit, said you?
Bran. Aye, sir, my wife's sister.
Mar. And shall that daunt you, master? think again. [suit,
Why, wer't your mother's suit; your mother's
Mark what I say, the dearest suit of all suits,
You 're bound in conscience, sir, to bail this gentleman.
Bran. Yea, am I so? how provest thou that, Martino?
Mar. Have you forgot so soon, what he did lately?
Has he not try'd your wife to your hand, master,
To cut the throat of slander and suspicion?
And can you do too much for such a man?
Shall it be said, I serve an ungrateful master?
Bran. Never, Martino; I will bail him now,
An' 't were at my wife's suit.
Fran. 'Tis like to be so.
Mar. And I his friend, to follow your example, master.
Fran. Precious Martino!
1st Suit. Y' 'ave done wondrous well, sir;
Your sister shall give you thanks.
Ric. This makes him mad, sir.
2d Suit. We 'll follow 't now to th' proof.
1st Suit. Follow your humour out,
The widow shall find friends.
2d Suit. And so shall he, sir,
Money and means.
Ric. Hear you me that, old huddle?
2d Suit. Mind him not, follow me, and I 'll supply thee;
Thou shalt give all thy lawyers double fees:
I 've buried money enough to bury me,
And I will have my humour. [*Exit.*
Bran. Fare thee well once again, my dear Francisco;
I pr'ythee use my house.
Fran. It is my purpose, sir.

Bran. Nay, you must do 't then; tho' I 'm old, I 'm free. [*Exit.*

Mar. And, when you want a warrant, come to me. [*Exit.*

Fran. That will be shortly now, within these few hours. This fell out strangely happy. Now to horse, I shall be nighted; but an hour or two Never breaks square in love; he comes in time That comes at all; absence is all love's crime. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter OCCULTO, SILVIO, *and two or three other Thieves.*

Oc. Come, come, let 's watch th' event on yonder hill;
If he need help, we can relieve him suddenly.

Sil. Aye, and with safety too, the hill being watch'd, sir.

Oc. Have you the blue-coats and the beards?

Sil. They 're here, sir.

Oc. Come, come away then, a fine [9] cock shoot evening. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LATROCINIO, *the chief Thief, and* ANSALDO.

LATROCINIO *sings.*

Kuck before, and kuck behind, &c.

Ans. Troth you 're the merriest, and delightfullest company, sir,
That ever traveller was blest withal;
I praise my fortune that I overtook you, sir.

Lat. Pish, I 've hundred of 'em.

Ans. And, believe me, sir,
I 'm infinitely taken with such things.

Lat. I see there 's music in you; you kept time, methought,
Pretty handsomely, with your little hand there.

Ans. It only shews desire, but troth no skill, sir.

Lat. Well, while our horses walk down yonder hill,
I 'll have another for you.

Ans. It rids way pleasantly.

Lat. Let me see now:—one confounds another, sir;
You 've heard this certainly, *Come, my dainty doxies*—

Ans. Oh, that 's all the country over, sir;
There 's scarce a gentlewoman but has that prick'd.

Lat. Well, here comes one I 'm sure you never heard, then.

SONG.

I keep my horse, I keep my whore,
I take no rents, yet am not poor;
I traverse all the land about,
And yet was born to never a foot:
With partridge plump, with woodcock fine,
I do at midnight often dine;
And if my whore be not in case,
My hostess's daughter has her place;
The maids sit up, and watch their turns,
If I stay long, the tapster mourns;
The cookmaid has no mind to sin,
Tho' tempted by the chamberlain;
But when I knock, oh how they bustle!
The hostler yawns, the geldings justle.
If maid but sleep, oh how they curse her!
And all this comes of, Deliver your purse, sir.

Ans. How, sir?

Lat. Few words: Quickly, come, deliver your purse, sir.

Ans. You 're not that kind of gentleman, I hope, sir,
To sing me out of my money?

Lat. 'Tis most fit
Art should be rewarded: you must pay your music, sir,
Where'er you come.

Ans. But not at your own carving.

Lat. Nor am I common in it: Come, come, your purse, sir.

Ans. Say it should prove the undoing of a gentleman?

Lat. Why, sir, do you look for more conscience in usurers? young gentleman, you 've small reason for that, i' faith.

Ans. There 'tis, and all I have; and, so truth comfort me,
All I know where to have.

Lat. Sir, that 's not written
In my belief yet; search, 'tis a fine evening,
Your horse can take no harm: I must have more, sir.

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[9] *Cock shoot.*—Cock shoot is twilight. See the Notes of Mr Steevens and Mr Tollet to *King Richard the Third*, A. 5. S. 3.

Ans. May my hopes perish, if you have not all, sir,
And more I know than your compassionate charity
Would keep from me, if you but felt my wants.
Lat. Search, and that speedily: if I take you in hand,
You 'll find me rough; methinks men should be rul'd,
When they 're so kindly spoke to; fie upon 't.
Ans. Good fortune and my wit assist me then!
A thing I took in haste, and never thought on 't.
Look, sir, I 've search'd; here 's all that I can find,
And you 're so covetous, you will have all, you say,
And I 'm content you shall, being kindly spoke to.
Lat. A pox o' that young devil of a handful long;
That has afraid many a [10] tall thief from a rich [11] purchase.
Ans. This, and my money, sir, keep company;
Where one goes, the other must; assure your soul
They vow'd never to part.
Lat. Hold, I beseech you, sir.
Ans. You rob a prisoner's box, if you rob me, sir.
Lat. There 'tis again.
Ans. I knew 't would never prosper with you;
Fie, rob a younger brother! oh, take heed, sir;
'Tis against nature that: perhaps your father
Was one, sir, or your uncle, it should seem so
By the small means was left you, and less manners.
Go, keep you still before me; and, do you hear me,
To pass away the time to the next town,
I charge you, sir, sing all your songs for nothing.
Lat. Oh horrible punishment!—*A Song.*

Enter STRATIO.

Stra. Honest gentleman.
Ans. How now, what art thou?
Stra. Stand you in need of help?
I made all haste I could, my master charg'd me,
A knight of worship; he saw you first assaulted
From top of yonder hill.
Ans. Thanks, honest friend.
Lat. I taste this trick already. [*Exit.*
Stra. Look, he 's gone, sir;
Shall he be stopp'd? What is he?
Ans. Let him go, sir;
He can rejoice in nothing; that 's the comfort.
Stra. You have your purse still then?
Ans. Aye, thanks fair fortune,
And this grim handful.
Stra. We were all so 'fraid of you:
How my good lady cry'd, O help the gentleman!
'Tis a good woman that: but you 're too mild, sir,
You should ha' mark'd him for a villain, 'faith,
Before h' ad gone, having so sound a means too.
Ans. Why, there 's the jest, man; he had once my purse.
Stra. Oh villain, would you let him 'scape unmassacred?
Ans. Nay, hear me, sir, I made him yield it straight again,
And, so hope bless me, with an uncharg'd pistol.
Stra. 'Troth I should laugh at that.
Ans. It was discharg'd, sir,
Before I meddled with it.
Stra. I 'm glad to hear it.
Ans. Why how now, what 's your will?
Stra. Ho, Latrocinio, Occulto, Silvio!

Enter LATROCINIO, *and the rest;* OCCULTO, SILVIO, FIDUCIO.

Lat. What, are you caught, sir?
Stra. The pistol cannot speak.
Lat. He was too young,
I ever thought he could not; yet I fear'd him.
Ans. You 've found out ways too merciless to betray
Under the veil of friendship, and of charity.
Lat. Away, sirs, bear him in to the next copse, and strip him.
Stra. Brandino's copse, the justice?
Lat. Best of all, sir, a man of law;
A spider lies unsuspected in the corner of a buckram-bag, man.
Ans. What seek you, sirs? Take all, and use no cruelty.
Lat. You shall have songs enough.

SONG.

How round the world goes, and every thing that 's in it,
The tides of gold and silver ebb and flow in a minute:
From the usurer to his sons, there a current swiftly runs;
From the sons to queans in chief, from the gallant to the thief;
From the thief unto his host, from the host to husbandmen;
From the country to the court, and so it comes to us again.
How round the world goes, and every thing that 's in it,
The tides of gold and silver ebb and flow in a minute. [Exeunt.

Enter PHILIPPA *and* VIOLETTA *above at the window.*

Phi. What time of night is 't?

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[10] *Tall thief.*—See Note 28 to *The Pinner of Wakefield*, Vol. I. p. 454.
[11] *Purchase.*—See Note 33 to *The Second Part of The Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 589.

Vio. Time of night, do you call 't?
It 's so late, 'tis almost early, mistress.
Phi. Fie on him, there 's no looking for him then;
Why sure this gentleman apprehends me not.
Vio. 'Tis happy then you 're rid of such a fool, mistress.
Phi. Nay, sure, wench, if he find me not in this,
Which were a beaten path to any wise man,
I 'll never trust him with my reputation;
Therefore I made this trial of his wit;
If he cannot conceive what 's good for himself,
He will worse understand what 's good for me.
Vio. But suppose, mistress, as it may be likely,
He never saw your letter?
Phi. How thou plyest me
With suppositions! Why, I tell thee, wench,
'Tis equally as impossible for my husband
To keep it from him, as to be young again;
Or as his first wife knew him, which he brags on,
For bearing children by him.
Vio. There 's no remedy then;
I must conclude Francisco is an ass.
Phi. I would my letter, wench, were here again,
I 'd know him wiser ere I sent him one;
And travel some five year first.
Vio. So he had need, methinks,
To understand the words; methinks the words
Themselves should make him do 't, had he but the perseverance
Of a cock-sparrow, that will come at [12] Philip,
And cannot write nor read, poor fool; this coxcomb
He can do both, and your name 's but Philippa,
And yet to see, if he can come when 's call'd.
Phi. He never shall be call'd again for me, sirrah.
Well, as hard as the world goes, we 'll have a song, wench;
We 'll not sit up for nothing.
Vio. That 's poor comfort, tho'.
Phi. Better than any 's brought, for aught I see, yet.
So set to your lute.

SONG.

1. *If in this question I propound to thee,*
Be any, any choice,
Let me have thy voice.

2. *You shall most free.*

1. *Which hadst thou rather be,*
If thou might choose thy life,
A fool 's, a fool's mistress,
Or an old man's wife?

2. *The choice is hard, I know not which is best,*
One ill you 're bound to, and I think that 's least,

1. *But being not bound, my dearest sweet,*
I could shake off the other.

2. *Then as you lose your sport by one,*
You lose your name by t' other.

1. *You counsel well, but love refuses*
What good counsel often chooses.

[Exeunt.

Enter ANSALDO *in his shirt.*

Ans. I ha' got myself unbound yet: merciless villains!
I never felt such hardness since life dwelt in me;
'Tis for my sins. That light in yonder window,
That was my only comfort in the woods,
Which oft' the trembling of a leaf would lose me,
Has brought me thus far; yet I cannot hope
For succour in this plight, the world 's so pitiless,
And every one will fear or doubt me now:
To knock will be too bold; I 'll to the gate,
And listen if I can hear any stirring.

Enter FRANCISCO.

Fran. Was ever man so cross'd? No, 'tis but sweat, sure,
Or the dew dropping from the leaves above me;
I thought 't had bled again. These wenching businesses
Are strange unlucky things, and fatal fooleries;
No mar'l so many gallants die ere thirty;
'Tis able to vex out a man's heart in five year,
The crosses that belong to 't: First arrested,
That set me back two mangey hours at least;
Yet that 's a thing my heat could have forgotten,
Because arresting, in what kind soever,
Is a most gentleman-like affliction:
But here, within a mile o' th' town, forsooth,
And two mile off this place, when a man's oath
Might ha' been taken for his own security,
And his thoughts brisk, and set upon the business,
To light upon a roguy flight of thieves!
Pox on 'em, here 's the length of one of their whistles.
But one of my dear rascals I pursued so,
The gaol has him, and he shall bring out 's fellows.
Had ever young man's love such crooked fortune?
I 'm glad I 'm so near yet; the surgeon bad me to
Have a great care; I shall never think of that now.
Ans. One of the thieves come back again? I 'll stand close;
He dares not wrong me now, so near the house,
And call in vain 'tis, till I see him offer 't.

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[12] *Philip.*—A sparrow is called *Philip*. See the Notes of Dr Johnson, Mr Steevens, and Sir John Hawkins, to *King John*, A. 1. S. 1.

Fran. 'Life, what should that be? a prodigious thing
Stands just as I should enter, in that shape too
Which always appears terrible.
Whate'er it be, it is made strong against me
By my ill purpose: for 'tis man's own sins
That put on armour upon all his evils,
And give them strength to strike him. Were it less
Than what it is, my guilt would make it serve;
A wicked man's own shadow has distracted him.
Were this a business now to save an honour,
As 'tis to spoil one, I would pass this then
Stuck all hell 's horrors i' thee: now I dare not.
Why may 't not be the spirit of my father,
That lov'd this man so well, whom I make haste
Now to abuse? and I have been cross'd about it
Most fearfully hitherto, if I think well on 't;
'Scap'd death but lately too, nay most miraculously. [for,
And what does fond man venture all these ills
That may so sweetly rest in honest peace?
For that which being obtain'd, is as he was
To his own sense, but remov'd nearer still
To death eternal. What delight has man
Now at this present, for his pleasant sin
Of yesterday's committing? Alas, 'tis vanish'd,
And nothing but the sting remains within him.
The kind man bail'd me too; I will not do 't now
And 'twere but only that. How blest were man,
Might he but have his end appear still to him,
That he might read his actions i' th' event!
'Twould make him write true, though he never meant.
Whose check soe'er thou art, father's, or friend's,
Or enemy's, I thank thee; peace requite thee.
Light, and the lighter mistress, both farewel;
He keeps his promise best that breaks with hell. [*Exit.*

Ans. He 's gone to call the rest, and makes all speed;
I 'll knock, whate'er befalls, to please my fears,
For no compassion can be less than theirs.

Phi. [*above.*] He 's come, he 's come: Oh, are you come at last, sir?
Make little noise; away, he 'll knock again else.

Ans. I should have been at Istria by day-break too,
Near to Valeria's house, the wealthy widow's,
There waits one purposely to do me good.
What will become of me?

Enter VIOLETTA.

Vio. Oh, you 're a sweet gallant! this your hour?
Give me your hand; come, come, sir, follow me,
I 'll bring you to light presently: softly, softly, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PHILIPPA *below.*

Phi. I should ha' given him up to all my thoughts
The dullest young man, if he had not found it;
So short of apprehension, and so worthless,
He were not fit for woman's fellowship.
I 've been at cost too for a banquet for him;
Why, 't would ha' kill'd my heart, and most especially
To think that man should ha' no more conceit;
I should ha' thought the worse on 's wit for ever,
And blam'd mine own for too much forwardness.

Enter VIOLETTA.

Vio. Oh mistress, mistress!

Phi. How now, what 's the news?

Vio. Oh, I was out of my wits for a minute and a half.

Phi. Hah?

Vio. They are scarce settled yet, mistress.

Phi. What 's the matter?

Vio. Do you ask me that question seriously? Did you not hear me squeak?

Phi. How? sure thou 'rt out of thy wits indeed.

Vio. Oh, I 'm well now,
To what I was, mistress.

Phi. Why, where 's the gentleman?

Vio. The gentleman's forth-coming, and a lovely one,
But not Francisco.

Phi. What say'st! not Francisco?

Vio. Pish, he 's a coxcomb, think not on him, mistress.

Phi. What 's all this?

Vio. I 've often heard you say, you 'd rather have
A wise man in his shirt, than a fool feather'd;
And now fortune has sent you one, a sweet young gentleman,
Robb'd even to nothing, but what first he brought with him:
The slaves had stript him to the very shirt, mistress,
I think it was a shirt, I know not well,
For gallants wear both now-a-days.

Phi. This is strange.

Vio. But for a face, a hand, and as much skin
As I durst look upon, he 's a most sweet one;
Francisco is a child of Egypt to him:
I could not but in pity to the poor gentleman,
Fetch him down one of my old master's suits.

Phi. 'Twas charitably done.

Vio. You 'd say, mistress, if you had seen him as I did.
Sweet youth, I 'll be sworn, mistress, he's the loveliest
Proper'st young gentleman, and so you 'll say yourself,
If my master's cloaths do not spoil him, that 's all the fear now;
I would 't had been your luck to have seen him
Without 'em, but for scaring of you.

Phi. Go, pry'thee fetch him in, whom thou commend'st so. [*Exit* VIOLETTA.

Since fortune sends him, surely we 'll make much of him;
And better he deserves our love and welcome,
Than the respectless fellow 't was prepar'd for;
Yet if he please mine eye never so happily,
I will have trial of his wit, and faith,
Before I make him partner with my honour.
'Twas just Francisco's case, and he deceiv'd me;
I 'll take more heed o' th' next for 't; perhaps now,
To furnish his distress, he will appear
Full of fair promising courtship; but I 'll prove him then
For a next meeting, when he needs me not,
And see what he performs then when the storm
Of his so rude misfortune is blown over,
And he himself again: A distrest man's flatteries
Are like vows made in drink, or bonds in prison;
There 's poor assurance in 'em: when he 's from me,
And in 's own pow'r, then I shall see his love.

Enter ANSALDO *and* VIOLETTA.

'Mass, here he comes.
Ans. Never was star-cross'd gentleman
More happy in a courteous virgin's love,
Than I in your's.
Vio. I am sorry they 're no better for you,
I wish'd them handsomer, and more in fashion,
But truly, sir, our house affords it not:
There is a suit of our clerk's hangs i' th' garret;
But that 's far worse than this, if I may judge
With modesty of men's matters.
Ans. I deserve not
This, dear, kind gentlewoman. Is yond' your mistress?
Phi. Why trust me, here 's my husband young again;
It is no sin to welcome you, sweet gentleman.
Ans. I am so much indebted, courteous lady,
To the unmatch'd charity of your house;
My thanks are such poor things, they would but shame me.
Phi. Beshrew thy heart for bringing o' him: I fear me
I have found wit enough already in him.
If I could truly but resolve myself,
My husband was thus handsome at nineteen,
'Troth I should think the better of him at four-score now.
Vio. Nay, mistress, what would he be were he in fashion?
A hempen curse on those that put him out on't,
That now appears so handsome and so comely in cloaths
Able to make a man an unbeliever,
And good for nothing but for shift, or so,
If a man chance to fall i' th' ditch with better?
This is the best that ever I mark'd in 'em;
A man may make him ready in such cloaths
Without a candle.
Phi. Aye, for shame of himself, wench.
Vio. My master does it oft in winter mornings,
And never sees himself till he be ready.
Phi. No, nor then neither, as he should do, wench.
I am sorry, gentle sir, we cannot shew you
A courtesy, in all points answerable
To your undoubted worth. Your name, I crave, sir.
Ans. Ansaldo, lady.
Phi. 'Tis a noble name, sir.
Ans. The most unfortunate now.
Vio. So do I think, truly,
As long as that suit 's on.
Phi. The most unfitting,
And unprovided'st, sir, of all our courtesies,
I do presume, is that you 've past already;
Your pardon but for that, and we 're encourag'd.
Ans. My faithful service, lady.
Phi. Please you, sir,
To taste the next, a poor slight banquet; for sure I think you were
Unluckily prevented of your supper, sir.
Ans. My fortune makes me more than amends, lady,
In your sweet kindness, which so nobly shewn me,
It makes me bold to speak my occasions to you:
I am this morning, that with clearness now
So chearfully hastens me, to meet a friend
Upon my state's establishing, and the place
Ten miles from hence: Oh, I 'm forc'd unwillingly
To crave your leave for 't; which done, I return
In service plentiful.
Phi. Is 't so important?
Ans. If I should fail, as much as my undoing.
Phi. I think too well of you, to undo you, sir,
Upon this small acquaintance.
Ans. My great happiness.
Phi. But when should I be sure of you here again, sir?
Ans. As fast as speed can possibly return me.
Phi. You will not fail?
Ans. May never wish go well with me then.
Phi. There 's to bear charges, sir.
Ans. Courtesy dwells in you.
I brought my horse up with me from the woods,
That 's all the good they left me, 'gainst their wills too.
May your kind breast never want comfort, lady,
But still supply'd, as liberally as you give!
Phi. Farewel, sir, and be faithful.
Ans. Time shall prove me. [*Exit* ANSALDO.
Phi. In my opinion now, this young man 's likeliest
To keep his word; he 's modest, wise, and courteous;
He has the language of an honest soul in him:
A woman 's reputation may lie safe there,
I 'm much deceiv'd else; h' as a faithful eye,
If it be well observ'd.
Vio. Good speed be with thee, sir.
He puts him to 't i' faith.
Phi. Violetta!

Vio. Mistress.
Phi. Alas, what have we done, wench?
Vio. What 's the matter, mistress?
Phi. Run, run, call him again; he must stay, tell him, [else;
Though it be upon 's undoing, we 're undone
Your master's cloaths, they 're known the country over.
Vio. Now by this light that 's true, and well remember'd, [now.
But there 's no calling of him; he 's out of sight

Phi. Oh, what will people think?
Vio. What can they think, mistress?
The gentleman has the worst on 't: were I he now,
I 'd make this ten mile forty mile about
Before I 'd ride through any market town with 'em.
Phi. Will he be careful, think'st?
Vio. My life for your's, mistress.
Phi. I shall long mightily to see him again.
Vio. And so shall I, I shall never laugh till then. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter RICARDO *and 2d Suitor at one door, and* VALERIA *and 1st Suitor at another door.*

Ric. It goes well hitherto, my sweet protector.
2d Suit. Aye, and shall still to th' end, my honey:
Wherefore have I enough, but to have 't go well, sir?
1st Suit. My whole 'state on 't, thou overthrow'st him, widow.
Val. I hope well still, sir.
1st Suit. Hope? be certain, wench:
I make no question now, but thou art mine,
As sure as if I had thee in thy night-geer.
Val. By 'r lady, that I doubt, sir.
1st Suit. Oh 'tis clear, wench,
By one thing that I mark'd.
Val. What 's that, good sweet sir?
1st Suit. A thing that never fail'd me.
Val. Good sir, what?
1st Suit. I heard our counsellor speak a word of comfort,
Invita voluntate, ha, that 's he, wench,
The word of words, the precious chief, i' faith.
Val. Invita voluntate, what 's the meaning, sir?
1st Suit. Nay there I leave you, but assure you thus much,
I never heard him speak that word i' my life,
But the cause went on 's side, that I mark'd ever.
2d Suit. Do, do, and spare not: thou would'st talk with her.
Ric. Yes, with your leave and liking.
2d Suit. Do, my adoption.
My chosen child, and thou hold'st so obedient,
Sure thou wilt live, and cozen all my kindred.
Ric. A child's part in your love, that 's my ambition, sir.
2d Suit. Go, and deserve it then: please me well now;
I love a wrangling life, boy; there 's my delight;
I have no other venery but vexation,
That 's all my honey now: smartly now to her;
I have enough, and I will have my humour.
Ric. This need not ha' been, widow.
Val. You say right, sir.
No, not your treachery, your close conspiracy
Against me for my wealth, need not ha' been neither.
Ric. I had you fairly; I scorn treachery
To your woman that I never meant to marry,
Much more to you whom I reserv'd for wife.
Val. How! wife?
Ric. Aye, wife, wife, widow, be not asham'd on 't,
It 's the best calling ever woman came to,
And all your grace, indeed, brag as you list.
2d Suit. Ha, ha!
Val. I grant you, sir, but not to be your wife.
1st Suit. Oh, oh.
Ric. Not mine? I think 'tis the best bargain
That e'er thou mad'st i' thy life, or ever shall again,
When my head's laid: but that 's not yet this threescore year,
Let 's talk of nearer matters.
Val. You 're as near, sir,
As e'er you 're like to be, if law can right me.
Ric. Now, before conscience, you 're a wilful housewife.
Val. How?
Ric. Aye, and I fear you spend my goods lavishly.
Val. Your goods?
Ric. I shall miss much, I doubt me,
When I come to look over the inventory.
Val. I 'll give you my word you shall, sir.
Ric. Look to 't, widow,
A night may come will call you to account for 't.
Val. Oh if you had me now, sir, in this heat,
I do but think how you 'll be reveng'd on me.
Ric. Aye, may I perish else; if I would not get
Three children at a birth, an' I could, of thee.
1st Suit. Take off your youngster there.
2d Suit. Take off your widow first,
He shall have the last word, I pay for 't dearly;
To her again, sweet boy, that side 's the weaker.
I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Enter BRANDINO *and* MARTINO.

Val. Oh, brother! see I 'm up to th' ears in law here;
Look, copy upon copy.

Bran. 'Twere grief enough, if a man did but hear on 't,
But I 'm in pain to see 't.
Val. What, sore eyes still, brother?
Bran. Worse and worse, sister; the old woman's water does me no good.
Val. Why, it has help'd many, sir.
Bran. It helps not me, I'm sure.
Mar. Oh, oh.
Val. What ails Martino too?
Mar. Oh, oh, the tooth-ach, the tooth-ach!
Bran. Ah, poor worm, this he endures for me now.
There beats not a more mutual pulse of passion
In a kind husband, when his wife breeds child,
Than in Martino; I have mark'd it ever;
He breeds all my pains in 's teeth still; and to quit me,
It is his eye-tooth too.
Mar. Aye, aye, aye, aye.
Val. Where did I hear late of a skilful fellow,
Good for all kind of maladies? True, true, sir;
His flag hangs out in town here, i' th' Cross inn,
With admirable cures of all conditions;
It shews him a great travelling and learned empirick.
Bran. We 'll both to him, Martino.
Val. Hark you, brother.
Perhaps you may prevail, as one indifferent.
1st Suit. Aye, about that, sweet widow.
Val. True; speak low, sir.
Bran. Well, what 's the business, say, say.
Val. Marry this, brother.
Call the young man aside from the old wolf there,
And whisper in his ear a thousand dollars,
If he will vanish and let fall the suit,
And never put 's to no more cost and trouble.
1st Suit. Say me those words, good sir, I'll make 'em worth
A chain of gold to you at your sister's wedding.

Enter VIOLETTA.

Bran. I shall do much for that.
Val. Welcome, sweetheart,
Thou com'st most happily; I 'm bold to send for thee
To make a purpose good.
Vio. I take delight, forsooth,
In any such employment.
1st Suit. Good wench, trust me.
Ric. How, sir, let fall the suit? 'Life, I'll go naked first.
Bran. A thousand dollars, sir, think upon them.
Ric. Why, they 're but a thousand dollars, when they 're thought on.
Bran. A good round sum.
Ric. A good round widow 's better;
There 's meat and money too. I have been bought
Out of my lands, and yielded, but, sir, scorn
To be bought out of my affection.
Bran. Why, here 's even just my university spirit;
I priz'd a piece of red deer above gold then.
Ric. My patron would be mad, and he should hear on 't.
Mar. I pray what 's good, sir, for a wicked tooth?
Ric. Hang'd, drawn, and quartering; is 't a hollow one?
Mar. Aye, 'tis a hollow one.
Ric. Then take the powder
Of a burnt warrant, mix'd with oil of felon.
Mar. Why sure you mock me.
Ric. 'Troth I think I do, sir.
2d Suit. Come hither, honey; what 's the news in whispers?
Bran. He will not be bought out.
Val. No? That 's strange, brother.
Pray take a little pains about this project then,
And try what that effects.
Bran. I like this better.
Look you, sweet gentles, see what I produce here,
For amity's sake, and peace, to end all controversy;
This gentlewoman, my charge, left by her friends,
Whom for her person and her portion
I could bestow most richly, but in pity
To her affection, which lies bent at you, sir,
I am content to yield to her desire.
Ric. At me?
Bran. But for this jar, 't had ne'er been offer'd.
I bring you flesh and money, a rich heir,
And a maid too, and that 's a thing worth thanks, sir;
Nay, one that has rid fifteen miles this morning
For your love only.
2d Suit. Honey, hearken after her;
Being rich, I can have all my money there;
Ease my purse well, and never wage law further;
I have enough, yet I will have my humour.
Ric. Do you love me, forsooth?
Vio. Oh, infinitely.
Ric. I do not ask thee, that I meant to have thee;
But only to know what came in thy head to love me.
Vio. My time was come, sir; that 's all I can say.
Ric. Alas, poor soul, where didst thou love me, pr'ythee?
Vio. In happy hour be 't spoke, out at a window, sir.
Ric. A window! pr'ythee clap it to, and call it in again:
What was I doing then, should make thee love me?
Vio. Twirling your band-string, which, methought, became you so generously well.
Ric. 'Twas a good quality to choose a husband for: that love was likely to be ty'd in matrimony, that began in a band-string: yet I ha' known as much come to pass ere now upon

a tassel. Fare you well, sister; I may be cozen'd in a maid, I cannot in a widow.

2d Suit. Art thou come home again; stick'st thou there still?

I will defend thee still then.

1st Suit. Sir, your malice
Will have enough on 't.

2d Suit. I will have my humour.

1st Suit. Beggary will prove the spunge.

2d Suit. Spunge i' thy gascoyns,
[13] Thy gally-gascoyns there.

Ric. Ha! brave protector.

Bran. I thought 't would come to open wars again.

Let 'em agree as they will, two testy fops;
I 'll have a care of mine eyes.

Mar. I of my chops. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter LATROCINIO *and* OCCULTO *(a banner of cures and diseases hung out).*

Lat. Away: out with the banner; send 's good luck to-day.

Oc. I warrant you; your name 's spread, sir, for an empirick.

There 's an old mason, troubled with the stone,
Has sent to you this morning for your counsel,
He would have ease fain.

Lat. Marry, I cannot blame him, sir.
But how he will come by 't, there lies the question.

Oc. You must do somewhat, sir, for he 's swol'n most piteously;
H' has urine in him now was brew'd last March.

Lat. 'T will be rich geer for dyers.

Oc. I would 't were come to that, sir.

Lat. Let me see, I 'll send him a whole musket-charge of gunpowder.

Oc. Gunpowder! What, sir, to break the stone?

Lat. Aye, by my faith, sir,
It is the likeliest thing I know to do it;
I 'm sure it breaks stone-walls and castles down,
I see no reason but 't should break the stone.

Oc. Nay, use your pleasure, sir.

Lat. Troth if that do not,
I 'm' nothing else that will.

Oc. I know that too.

Lat. Why then thou 'rt a coxcomb to make question on 't.
Go call in all the rest, I have employment for them. [*Exit* OCCULTO.

When the highways grow thin with travellers,
And few portmanteaus stirring, (as all trades
Have their dead time we see, thievery poor takings,
And letchery cold doings, and so forwards still;)
Then do I take my inn, and those curmudgeons
Whose purses I can never get abroad,
I take 'em at more ease here i' my chamber,
And make 'em come to me; it 's more state-like too.
Hang him that has but one way to his trade;
He 's like a mouth that eats but on one side,
And half cozens his belly, 'specially if he dine among shavers,
And both-handed feeders. Stratio, Silvio, and Fiducio.

Enter SILVIO, STRATIO, FIDUCIO.

I will have none left out; there 's parts for you.

Sil. For us? Pray let us have 'em.

Lat. Change yourselves
With all speed possible into several shapes,
Far from your own; as you a farmer, sir;
A grazier you; and you may be a miller.

Fid. Oh no, a miller comes too near a thief;
That may spoil all again.

Lat. Some country taylor then.

Fid. That 's near enough, by 'r lady, yet I 'll venture that;
The miller 's a white devil, he wears his theft
Like innocence in badges most apparently
Upon his nose, sometimes between his lips;
The taylor modestly between his legs.

Lat. Why, pray, do you 'present that modest thief, then;
And, hark you, for the purpose.

Sil. 'T will improve you, sir.

Lat. 'T will get believers; believe that, my masters;
Repute and confidence, and make all things clearer;
When you see any come, repair you to me,
As samples of my skill. There are few arts
But have their shadows, sirs, to set 'em off;
Then, where the art itself is but a shadow,
What need is there, my friends? Make haste, away, sirs.

Enter OCCULTO.

Oc. Where are you, sir?

Lat. Not far, man: What 's the news?

Oc. The old justice, sir, whom we robb'd once by moonlight,

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[13] *Gally-gascoyns*—" or wide hôse or slops, q. d. Caligæ Gallo-vasconicæ, sic dictæ quia Vascones istiusmodi caligis utuntur."—Skinner's *Etymologicon.*

So, in Pierce Penilesse *his Supplication to the Divell*, 1592, p. 8:

" —of the vesture of salvation make some of us babies and apes coats, others straight trusses and divells breeches: some *gally gascoynes* or a shipmans hose, like the Anabaptists," &c.

And bound his man and he, in haycock time,
With a rope made of horse-meat, and in pity
Left their mares by 'em, which I think, ere midnight,
Did eat their hay-bound masters both at liberty——
Lat. 'Life, what of him, man?
Oc. He 's enquiring earnestly
For the great man of art; indeed for you, sir:
Therefore withdraw, sweet sir: make yourself dainty now,
And that 's three parts of any profession.
Lat. I have enough on 't. [*Exit.*

Enter ANSALDO.

Oc. How now, what thing 's this?
Now, by this light, the second part o' th' justice
Newly reviv'd, with ne'er a hair on 's face.
It should be the first rather by his smoothness,
But I ha' known the first part written last:
'Tis he, or let me perish, the young gentleman
We robb'd and stript; but I am far from knowledge now.
Ans. One word, I pray, sir.
Oc. With me, gentle sir?
Ans. Was there not lately seen about these parts, sir,
A knot of fellows, whose conditions
Are privily suspected?
Oc. Why do you ask, sir?
Ans. There was a poor young gentleman robb'd last night.
Oc. Robb'd?
Ans. Stript of all, i' faith.
Oc. Oh beastly rascals!
Alas, what was he?
Ans. Look o' me, and know him, sir.
Oc. Hard-hearted villains, strip? Troth when I saw you,
Methought those cloaths were never made for you, sir.
Ans. Want made me glad of 'em.
Oc. 'Send you better fortune, sir;
That we may have a bout with you once again.
[*Aside.*
Ans. I thank you for your wish of love, kind sir. [coin
Oc. 'Tis with my heart, i' faith; now store of
And better cloaths be with you.
Ans. There 's some honest yet,
And charitably minded. How, what 's here to do?

Here within this place is cur'd [Reads.
All the griefs that were ev'r endur'd.

Nay there thou lyest: I endur'd one last night
Thou can'st not cure this morning; a strange promiser.

Palsy, gout, hydropick humour,
Breath that stinks beyond perfumer,
Fistula in ano, ulcer, megrim,
Or what disease soe'er beleaguer'em,
Stone, rupture, squinancy, imposthume,
Yet too dear it shall not cost 'em.

That 's conscionably said, i' faith.

In brief, you cannot, I assure you,
Be unsound so fast as I can cure you.

By 'r lady, you shall pardon me, I 'll not try 't, sir.

Enter BRANDINO *and* MARTINO.

Bran. Martino, is not yond' my hinder parts?
Mar. Yes, and your fore-parts too, sir.
Bran. I tro' so;
I never saw my hind parts in my life else,
No, nor my fore-ones neither. What are you, sir?
Are you a justice, pray?
Ans. A justice? No, truly.
Bran. How came this suit to you, then?
Ans. How this suit?
Why, must he needs be a justice, sir, that wears it?
Bran. You 'll find it so; 'twas made for nobody else;
I paid for 't.
Ans. Oh strange fortune! I have undone
The charitable woman.
Bran. He 'll be gone.
Martino, hold him fast, I 'll call for aid.
Ans. Hold me? Oh curse of fate!
Mar. Oh, master, master.
Bran. What ails Martino?
Mar. In my conscience
H' as beat out the wrong tooth, I feel it now,
Three degrees off.
Bran. Oh slave, spoil'd a fine penman.
Ans. He lack'd good manners tho'; lay hands o' me!
I scorn all the deserts that belong to 't.

Enter LATROCINIO.

Lat. Why, how now? What 's the broil?
Bran. The man of art,
I take you, sir, to be.
Lat. I 'm the professor
Of those slight cures you read of in the banner.
Bran. Our business was to you, most skilful sir;
But in the way to you, right worshipful,
I met a thief.
Lat. A thief?
Bran. With my clothes on, sir;
Let but the coat be search'd, I 'll pawn my life
There 's yet the taylor's bill in one o' th' pockets;
And a white thimble, that I found i' th' moonlight;
Thou saw'st me when I put it in, Martino.
Mar. Aye, aye.
Bran. Oh, he has spoil'd the worthiest clerk that e'er
Drew warrant here.

Lat. Sir, you 're a stranger, but I must deal plain with you,
That suit of cloaths must needs come oddly to you.
Ans. I dare not say which way, that 's my affliction.
Lat. Is not your worship's name Signior Brandino, sir?
Bran. It has been so, these threescore years and upwards.
Lat. I heard there was a robbery done last night,
Near to your house.
Ans. You heard a truth then, sir,
And I the man was robb'd.
Lat. Ah, that 's too gross.
Send him away for fear of farther mischief;
I do not like him, he 's a cunning knave.
Bran. I want but aid.
Lat. Within there!

Enter two or three Servants.

Bran. Seize upon that impudent thief.
Ans. Then hear me speak.
Bran. Away;
I 'll neither hear thee speak, nor wear those cloaths again.
To prison with the varlet.
Ans. How am I punish'd!
Bran. I 'll make thee bring out all, before I leave thee.
[*Exeunt Servants with* ANSALDO.
Lat. You 've took an excellent course with this bold villain, sir.
Bran. I am sworn for service to the commonwealth, sir.
What are these, learned sir?

Enter STRATIO, SILVIO, *and* FIDUCIO.

Lat. Oh, they 're my patients.
Good morrow, gout, rupture, and palsy.
Stra. 'Tis farewel gout, almost, I thank your worship.
Lat. What now, you cannot part so soon, I hope?
You came but lately to me.
Stra. But most happily;
I can go near to leap, sir.
Lat. What! you cannot.
Away, I say: take heed, be not too vent'rous though;
I 've had you but three days, remember that.
Stra. Those three are better than three hundred, sir.
Lat. Yet again!
Stra. Ease takes pleasure to be known, sir.
Lat. You with the rupture there, *hernia in scrotum*,
Pray let me see your pace this morning; walk, sir,
I 'll take your distance strait; 't was *F. O.* yesterday:
Ah, sirrah, here 's a simple alteration,
Secundo gradu; you 're *F. U.* already:
Here 's a most happy change. Be of good comfort, sir,
Your knees are come within three inches now
Of one another; by to-morrow noon
I 'll make 'em kiss and jostle.
Sil. Bless your worship.
Bran. You 've a hundred prayers in a morning, sir.
Lat. 'Faith we have a few to pass away the day with.
Taylor, you had a stitch.
Fid. Oh good your worship,
I have had none since Easter: were I rid
But of this whoreson palsy, I were happy;
I cannot thread my needle.
Lat. No! that 's hard,
I never mark'd so much.
Fid. It comes by fits, sir.
Lat. Alas, poor man! What would your worship say now
To see me help this fellow at an instant?
Bran. And make him firm from shaking?
Lat. As a steeple
From the disease on 't.
Bran. 'Tis to me miraculous.
Lat. You, with your whoremaster disease, come hither;
Here, take me this round glass, and hold it stedfast,
Yet more, sir, yet, I say; so.
Bran. Admirable!
Lat. Go, live, and thread thy needle.
Bran. Here, Martino:
'Las, poor fool, his mouth is full of praises,
And cannot utter 'em.
Lat. No, what 's the malady?
Bran. The fury of a tooth.
Lat. A tooth? ha, ha;
I thought 't had been some gangrene, fistula,
Canker, or ramex.
Bran. No, it 's enough as 'tis, sir.
Lat. My man shall ease that straight: sit you down there, sir;
Take the tooth, sirrah, daintily, insensibly.
But what 's your worship's malady, that 's for me, sir?
Bran. Marry, pray look you, sir: your worship's counsel
About mine eyes.
Lat. Sore eyes! that 's nothing too, sir.
Bran. By 'r lady, I that feel it think it somewhat.
Lat. Have you no convulsions? pricking aches, sir, ruptures, or apostemates?
Bran. No, by my faith, sir,
Nor do I desire to have 'em.
Lat. Those are cures;
There do I win my fame, sir. Quickly, sirrah,
Reach me the eye-cup hither. Do you make water well, sir?
Bran. I 'm all well there.
Lat. You feel no grief i' th' kidney?

Bran. Sound, sound, sound, sir.
Lat. Oh, here 's a breath, sir, I must talk withal,
One of these mornings.
Bran. There I think, i' faith,
I am to blame indeed, and my wife's words
Are come to pass, sir.
Mar. Oh, oh, 'tis not that, 'tis not that;
It is the next beyond it; there, there.
Oc. The best have their mistakings: now I 'll fit you, sir.
Bran. What 's that, sweet sir, that comforts with his coolness?
Lat. Oh sovereign geer: wink hard and keep it in, sir.
Mar. Oh, oh, oh.
Oc. Nay, here he goes; one twitch more, and he comes, sir.
Mar. Auh, ho.
Oc. Spit out: I told you he was gone, sir.
Bran. How chears Martino?
Mar. Oh, I can answer you now, master;
I feel great ease, sir.
Bran. So do I, Martino.
Mar. I 'm rid of a sore burden, for my part, master,
Of a scal'd little one.
Lat. Please but your worship, now,
To take three drops of the rich water with you,
I 'll undertake your man shall cure you, sir,
At twice i' your own chamber.
Bran. Shall he so, sir?
Lat. I will uphold him in 't.
Mar. Then will I do 't, sir.
Lat. How lively your man 's now!
Mar. Oh, I 'm so light, methinks,
Over I was.
Bran. What is it contents your worship?
Lat. Ev'n what your worship please. I am not mercenary.
Bran. My purse is gone, Martino!
Lat. How, your purse, sir?
Bran. 'Tis gone, i' faith: I 've been among some rascals.
Mar. And that 's a thing
I ever gave you warning of, master; you care not
What company you run into.
Bran. Lend me some money: chide me anon, I pr'ythee.
A pox on 'em for vipers, they ha' suck'd blood o' me.
Mar. Oh, master!
Bran. How now, man?
Mar. My purse is gone too.
Bran. How? I 'll never take warning more of thee while I live then; thou art an hypocrite, and art not fit to give good counsel to thy master, that can'st not keep from ill company thyself.
Lat. 'Tlis is most strange, sir: both your purses gone!
Mar. Sir, I 'd my hand on mine, when I came in.
Lat. Are you but sure of that? Oh would you were!
Mar. As I 'm of ease.
Lat. Then, they 're both gone one way; be that your comfort.
Bran. Aye, but what way? that, sir?
Lat. That close knave in your cloaths has got 'em both,
'Tis well you 've clapt him fast.
Bran. Why that 's impossible.
Lat. Oh tell me, sir: I ha' known purses gone,
And the thief stand, and look one full i' th' face,
As I may do your worship, and your man, now.
Mar. Nay, that 's most certain, master.
Bran. I will make
That rascal in my cloaths answer all this then,
And all the robberies that have been done
Since the moon chang'd. Get you home first, Martino,
And know if any of my wife's things are missing,
Or any more of mine: tell her he 's taken,
And by that token he has took both our purses.
Mar. That 's an ill token, master.
Bran. That 's all one, sir,
She must have that or nothing; for I 'm sure
The rascal has left nothing else for a token.
Begone, make haste again; and meet me part o' th' way.
Mar. I 'll hang the villain,
And 't were for nothing but the sowse he gave me. [*Exit.*
Bran. Sir, I depart asham'd of my requital,
And leave this seal-ring with you as a pledge
Of further thankfulness.
Lat. No, I beseech you, sir.
Bran. Indeed you shall, sir.
Lat. Oh, your worship's word, sir.
Bran. You shall have my word too, for a rare gentleman
As e'er I met withal. [*Exit.*
Lat. Clear sight be with you, sir;
If conduit-water, and my hostess' milk,
That comes with the ninth child now, may afford it.
'Life, I fear'd none but thee, my villainous toothdrawer.
Oc. There was no fear of me; I 've often told you
I was bound 'prentice to a barber once,
But ran away i' th' second year.
Lat. Aye, marry,
That made thee give a pull at the wrong tooth,
And me afraid of thee. What have we there, sirs?
Oc. Some threescore dollars i' th' master's purse,
And sixteen in the clerk's, a silver seal,
Two or three amber beads, and four blank warrants.
Lat. Warrants! where be they? The best news came yet,

Mass, here 's his hand, and here's his seal: I thank him;
This comes most luckily: one of our fellows
Was took last night, we 'll set him first at liberty,
And other good boys after him: and if he
In th' old justice's suit, whom he robb'd lately,
Will [14]come off roundly, we 'll set him free too.
Oc. That were a good deed, faith, we may in pity.
Lat. There's nothing done merely for pity now-a-days,
Money or ware must help too.

SONG.

[IN PARTS, BY THE THIEVES.]

Give me fortune, give me health,
Give me freedom, I 'll get wealth.
Who complains his fate 's amiss,
When he has the wide world his?
He that has the devil in fee,
Can have but all, and so have we.
Give us fortune, give us health,
Give us freedom, we 'll get wealth.
In every hamlet, town, and city,
He has lands that was born witty.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter PHILIPPA *and* VIOLETTA.

Phi. How well this gentleman keeps his promise too!
Sure there 's no trust in man.
Vio. They 're all Franciscos,
That 's my opinion, mistress: fools, or false ones.
He might have had the honesty yet, i' faith,
To send my master's clouths home.
Phi. Aye, those cloaths.
Vio. Colliers come by the door every day, mistress;
Nay, this is market-day too, poulterers, butchers;
They would have lain most daintily in a pannier,
And kept veal from the wind.
Phi. Those cloaths much trouble me.
Vio. 'Faith, and he were a gentleman, as he seem'd to be,
They would trouble him too, I think;
Methinks he should have small desire to keep 'em.
Phi. 'Faith, and less pride to wear 'em, I should think, wench,
Unless he kept 'em as a testimony
For after-times, to shew what misery ['em.
He past in his young days, and then weep over

Enter MARTINO.

Vio. Weep, mistress? nay sure, methinks, he should not weep for laughing.
Phi. Martino? Oh, we 're spoil'd, wench. Are they come then?
Mar. Mistress, be of good cheer, I have excellent news for you; comfort your heart, what have you to breakfast, mistress? you shall have all again, I warrant you.
Phi. What says he, wench?
Vio. I 'm loth to understand him.
Mar. Give me a note of all your things, sweet mistress;
You shall not lose a hair, take 't of my word;
We have him safe enough.
Phi. Alas, sweet wench,
This man talks fearfully.
Vio. And I know not what yet;
That 's the worst, mistress.
Mar. Can you tell me, pray,
Whether the rascal has broke ope my desk or no;
There 's a fine little barrel of pome-citrons
Would have serv'd me this seven year; oh, and my fig-cheese,
The fig of everlasting obloquy
Go with him, if he have eat it; I 'll make haste,
He cannot eat it all yet. He was taken, mistress,
Grosly, and beastly; how do you think, i' faith?
Phi. I know not, sir.
Mar. Troth, in my master's cloaths:
Would any thief but a beast been taken so?
Phi. Wench, wench.
Vio. I have grief enough of mine own to tend, mistress.
Phi. Did he confess the robbery?
Mar. O no, no, mistress;
He 's a young cunning rascal, he confess'd nothing;
While we were examining on him, he took away
My master's purse and mine, but confess'd nothing still.
Phi. That 's but some slanderous injury rais'd against him.
Came not your master with you?
Mar. No, sweet mistress;
I must make haste and meet him: pray dispatch me then.
Phi. I have look'd over all with special heedfulness;
There's nothing miss'd, I can assure you, sir,
But that suit of your master's.
Mar. I 'm right glad on 't,
That suit would hang him, yet I would not have

[14] *Come off.*—See Note 65 to *The Wits*, Vol. I. p. 317.

him hanged in that suit though; it will disgrace my master's fashion for ever, and make it as hateful as [15] yellow bands. [*Exit.*

Phi. O what shall 's do, wench?

Vio. 'Tis no marvel, mistress,
The poor young gentleman could not keep his promise.

Phi. Alas, sweet man, he 's confess'd nothing yet, wench.

Vio. That shews his constancy and love to you, mistress;
But you must do 't of force, there is no help for 't.
The truth can neither shame nor hurt you much,
Let 'em make what they can on 't: 't were sin and pity, i' faith,
To cast away so sweet a gentleman,
For such a pair of infidel hose and doublet;

Enter ANSALDO.

I would not hang a Jew for a whole wardrobe on 'em.

Phi. Thou say'st true, wench.

Vio. Oh, oh, they 're come again, mistress.

Phi. Signior Ansaldo?

Ans. The same; mightily cross'd, lady,
But, past hope, free'd again by a doctor's means,
A man of art: I know not justly what indeed,
But pity, and the fortunate gold you gave me,
Wrought my release between 'em.

Phi. Met you not
My husband's man?

Ans. I took such strange ways, lady,
I hardly met a creature.

Phi. Oh, most welcome.

Vio. But how shall we bestow him now we have him, mistress?

Phi. Alas, that 's true.

Vio. Martino may come back again.

Phi. Step you into that little chamber speedily, sir;
And dress him up in one of my gowns and head-tires,
His youth will well endure it.

Vio. That will be admirable.

Phi. Nay do 't, do 't, quickly then; and cut that suit
Into an hundred pieces, that it may never be known again.

Vio. A hundred? nay, ten thousand at the least, mistress;
For if there be a piece of that suit left as big as my nail,
The deed will come out, 'tis worse than a murder,
I fear 't will never be hid.

Phi. Away, do your endeavour, and dispatch, wench. [*Ex.* VIOLETTA *and* ANSALDO.
I 've thought upon a way of certain safety,
And I may keep him while I have him, too,
Without suspicion now: I 've heard o' th' like:
A gentleman, that for a lady's love [her
Was thought six months her woman, tended on
In her own garments, and, she being a widow,
Lay night by night with her in way of comfort;
Marry, in conclusion, match they did together.

Enter BRANDINO *with a writing.*

Would I 'd a copy of the same conclusion.
He 's come himself now; if thou be 'st a happy wench,
Be fortunate in thy speed, I 'll delay time
With all the means I can.—Oh, welcome, sir.

Bran. I 'll speak to you anon, wife, and kiss you shortly,
I 'm very busy yet: *Cocksey-down, memberry,*
Her manor-house at *Well-dun.*

Phi. What 's that, good sir?

Bran. The widow's, your sweet sister's deed of gift;
She 's made all her estate over to me, wench:
She 'll be too hard for 'em all: and now come buss me;
Good luck after thieves' handsel.

Phi. Oh 'tis happy sir,
You have him fast.

Bran. I ha' laid him safe enough, wench.

Phi. I was so lost in joy at the report on 't,
I quite forgot one thing to tell Martino.

Bran. What 's that, sweet blood?

Phi. He, and his villains, sir,
Robb'd a sweet gentlewoman last night.

Bran. A gentlewoman?

Phi. Nay, most uncivilly, and basely stript her, sir.

Bran. Oh, barbarous slaves!

Phi. I was ev'n fain for woman-hood's sake,
(Alas) and charity's, to receive her in,
And clothe her poor wants in a suit of mine.

Bran. 'T was most religiously done: I long for her.
Who have I brought to see thee, think'st thou, woman?

Phi. Nay, sir, I know not.

Bran. Guess, I pr'ythee heartily:
An enemy of thine.

Phi. That I hope you have not, sir.

Bran. But all was done in jest: he cries thee mercy.
Francisco, sirrah.

Phi. Oh, I think not on him.

Bran. That letter was but writ to try thy constancy:
He confess'd all to me.

Phi. Joy on him, sir,

Enter FRANCISCO.

So far am I from malice, look you, sir.
Welcome, sweet signior; but I 'll never trust you, sir.

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[15] *Yellow bands.*—See Note 25 to *Albumazar*, Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. VII. p. 156, edit. 1780.

Bran. Faith, I 'm beholden to thee, wife, for this.
Fran. Methinks, I enter now this house with joy,
Sweet peace, and quietness of conscience;
I wear no guilty blush upon my cheek,
For a sin stampt last midnight: I can talk now
With that kind man, and not abuse him inwardly,
With any scornful thought made of his shame.

Enter MARTINO.

What a sweet being is an honest mind!
It speaks peace to itself, and all mankind.
Bran. Martino!
Mar. Master!
Bran. There 's another robbery done, sirrah,
By the same party.
Mar. What? your worship mocks,
Under correction.
Phi. I forgot to tell thee;
He robb'd a lovely gentlewoman.
Mar. O pagan!
This fellow will be ston'd to death with pipkins;
Your women in the suburbs will so maul him
With broken cruses, and pitchers without ears;
He will never die alive, that 's my opinion.

Enter ANSALDO (*as* MARTIA) *and* VIOLETTA.

Phi. Look you, your judgments, gentlemen, your's especially,
Signior Francisco, whose mere object now
Is woman at these years; that 's the eye-saint, I know,
Amongst young gallants: husband, you have a glimpse too:
You offer half an eye, as old as you are.
Bran. By 'r lady, better, wench: an eye and a half, I trow,
I should be sorry else.
Phi. What think you now, sirs,
Is 't not a goodly manly gentlewoman?
Bran. Beshrew my heart else, wife;
Pray soft a little, signior, you 're but my guest; remember
I 'm master of the house, I 'll have the first buss.
Phi. But, husband, 'tis the courtesy of all places
To give a stranger ever the first bit.
Bran. In woodcock or so; but there 's no heed to be taken in mutton:
We commonly fall so roundly to that, we forget ourselves.
I 'm sorry for thy fortune, but thou 'rt welcome, lady.
Mar. My master kisses, as I 've heard a hackney-coachman
Chear up his mare; chap, chap.
Bran. I have him fast, lady, and he shall lie by 't close.
Ans. You cannot do me a greater pleasure, sir.
Bran. I 'm happily glad on 't.
Fran. Methinks, there 's somewhat whispers in my soul,
This is the hour I must begin my acquaintance
With honest love, and banish all loose thoughts;
My fate speaks to me from the modest eye
Of yon sweet gentlewoman.
Phi. Wench, wench!
Vio. Pish, hold in your breath, mistress;
If you be seen to laugh, you 'll spoil all presently;
I keep it in with all the might I have——puh.
Ans. Pray what young gentleman 's that, sir?
Bran. An honest boy, i' faith,
And came of a good kind: do 'st like him, lady?
I would thou hadst him, and thou beest not promis'd;
He 's worth ten thousand dollars.
Vio. By this light, mistress, my master will go near to make a match anon; methinks I dream of admirable sport, mistress.
Phi. Pence; thou art a drab.
Bran. Come hither now, Francisco:
I 've known the time I 've had a better stomach;
Now I can dine with looking upon meat.
Fran. That face deserv'd a better fortune, lady,
Than last night's rudeness shew'd.
Ans. We cannot be
Our choosers, sir, in our own destiny.
Fran. I return better pleas'd, than when I went.
Mar. And could that beastly imp rob you, forsooth?
Ans. Most true, forsooth.
I will not altogether, sir, disgrace you,
Because you look half like a gentleman.
Mar. And that 's the mother's half.
Ans. There's my hand for you.
Mar. I swear you could not give me any thing
I love better, a hand gets me my living;
Oh sweet lemon-peel!
Fran. May I request a modest word or two, lady,
In private with you?
Ans. With me, sir?
Fran. To make it sure from all suspect of injury,
Or unbeseeming privacy, which Heaven knows
Is not my aim now, I 'll intreat this gentleman
For an ear-witness unto all our conference.
Ans. Why so; I am content, sir.
[*Exeunt* FRANCISCO *and* ANSALDO.
Bran. So am I, lady.
Mar. Oh, master, here 's a rare bedfellow for my mistress to-night;
For you know we must both out of town again.
Bran. That 's true, Martino.
Mar. I do but think how they 'll lie telling of tales together,
The prettiest!
Bran. The prettiest, indeed.

Mar. Their tongues will never [16] lin wagging, master.
Bran. Never, Martino, never. [*Exeunt.*
Phi. Take heed you be not heard.
Vio. I fear you most, mistress.
Phi. Me, fool? ha, ha.
Vio. Why look you, mistress: faith you 're faulty, ha, ha.
Phi. Well said, i' faith; where lies the fault now, gossip?
Vio. Oh, for a husband; I shall burst with laughing else:
This house is able to spoil any maid.
Phi. I 'll be reveng'd now soundly of Francisco,
For failing me when time was.
Vio. Are you there, mistress? I thought you would not forget that;
However, a good turn disappointed is ever the last thing
That a woman forgives; she 'll scarce do 't when she 's speechless;
Nay, though she hold up her whole hand for all other injuries,
She 'll forgive that but with one finger.
Phi. I 'll vex his heart as much as he mock'd mine.
Vio. But that may marr your hopes too, if our gentlewoman be known to be a man.
Phi. Not as I 'll work it;
I would not lose this sweet revenge, methinks,
For a whole fortnight of the old man's absence,
Which is the sweetest benefit next to this.

Enter ANSALDO.

Why how now, sir, what course take you for laughing?
We are undone for one.
Ans. Faith with great pain
Stifle it, and keep it in: I ha' no receipt for it.
But, pray, in sadness, say, what is the gentleman?
I never knew his like for tedious urgings;
He will receive no answer.
Phi. Would he would not, sir.
Ans. Says I 'm ordain'd for him: merely for him;
And that his wiving fate speaks in me to him:
Will force on me a jointure speedily
Of some seven thousand dollars.
Phi. Would thou had'st 'em, sir: I know he can if he will.
Ans. For wond'rous pity, what is this gentleman?
Phi. 'Faith, shall I tell you, sir?
One that would make an excellent honest husband
For her that 's a just maid at one-and-twenty;
For on my conscience he has his maidenhead yet.
Ans. Fie, out upon him, beast.
Phi. Sir, if you love me,
Give way but to one thing I shall request of you.
Ans. Your courtesies, you know, may lay commands on me. [sent
Phi. Then, at his next sollicitings, let a con-
Seem to come from you; 't will make noble sport, sir:
We 'll get jointure and all; but you must bear
Yourself most affable to all his purposes.
Ans. I can do that.
Phi. Aye, and take heed of laughing.

Enter FRANCISCO.

Ans. I 've 'bide the worst of that already, lady.
Phi. Peace, set your countenance then; for here he comes.
Fran. There is no middle continent in this passion;
I feel it here, it must be love or death;
It was ordain'd for one.
Phi. Signior Francisco,
I 'm sorry 't was your fortune, in my house, sir,
To have so violent a stroke come to you:
The gentlewoman 's a stranger; pray be counsell'd, sir,
Till you hear further of her friends and portion.
Fran. 'Tis only but her love that I desire;
She comes most rich in that.
Phi. But be advis'd though;
I think she 's a rich heir, but see the proof, sir,
Before you make her such a generous jointure.
Fran. 'Tis mine, and I will do it.
Phi. She shall be your's too,
If I may rule her, then.
Fran. You speak all sweetness.
Phi. She likes your person well, I tell you so much,
But take no note I said so.
Fran. Not a word. [sertful,
Phi. Come, lady, come, the gentleman's de-
And, o' my conscience, honest.
Ans. Blame me not, I am a maid, and fearful.
Fran. Never truth came perfecter from man.
Phi. Give her a lip-taste,

Enter BRANDINO *and* MARTINO.

That she herself may praise it.
Bran. Yea, a match, i' faith: My house is lucky for 'em.
Now, Martino.
Mar. Master, the widow has the day.
Bran. The day!
Mar. She 's overthrown my youngster.
Bran. Precious tidings.
Clap down four woodcocks more.
Mar. They 're all at hand, sir.
Bran. What, both her adversaries too?

Enter VALERIA, RICARDO, *and two Suitors.*

Mar. They 're come, sir.

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[16] *Lin.*—See Note 27 to *Grim the Collier of Croydon*, ante, p. 315.

Bran. Go, bid the cook serve in two geese in a dish.
Mar. I like your conceit, master, beyond utterance.
Bran. Welcome, sweet sister; which is the man must have you?
I 'd welcome no body else.
1st Suit. Come to me then, sir.
Bran. Are you he, i' faith, my chain of gold? I 'm glad on 't.
Val. I wonder you can have the face to follow me,
That have so prosecuted things against me.
But I ha' resolv'd myself, 'tis done to spight me.
Ric. O dearth of truth!
2d Suit. Nay, do not spoil thy hair:
Hold, hold I say, I 'll get thee a widow somewhere.
Ric. If hand and faith be nothing for a contract,
What shall man hope?
2d Suit. 'Twas wont to be enough, honey,
When there was honest meaning amongst widows;
But since your bribes came in, 'tis not allow'd
A contract without gifts to bind it fast;
Every thing now must have a selling first:
Do I come near you, widow?
Val. No, indeed, sir,
Nor ever shall, I hope: and, for your comfort, sir,
That sought all means t' entrap me for my wealth,
Had law unfortunately put you upon me,
You had lost your labour, all your aim and hopes, sir:
Here stands the honest gentleman my brother,
To whom I 've made a deed of gift of all.
Bran. Aye, that she has, i' faith, I thank her, gentlemen;
Look you here, sirs.
Val. I must not look for pleasures,
That give more grief if they prove false, or fail us,
Than ever they gave joy.
1st Suit. Have you serv'd me so, widow?
2d Suit. I 'm glad thou hast her not; laugh at him, honey; ha, ha.
Val. I must take one that loves me for myself:
Here's an old gentleman looks not after wealth,
But virtue, manners, and conditions.
1st Suit. Yes, by my faith: I must have lordships too, widow.
Val. How, sir?
1st Suit. Your manners, virtue, and conditions, widow,
Are pretty things within doors; I like well on 'em:
But I must have somewhat without, lying, or being
In the tenure or occupation of Mr such-a-one: ha!
Those are find things indeed.
Val. Why, sir, you swore to me it was for love.
1st Suit. True; but there 's two words to a bargain, ever,
All the world over; and if love be one,
I 'm sure money 's the other; 'tis no bargain else;
Pardon me, I must dine as well as sup, widow.
Val. Cry mercy, I mistook you all this while, sir;
It was this antient gentleman indeed,
Whom I crave pardon on.
2d Suit. What of me, widow?
Val. Alas, I have wronged you, sir; 'twas you that swore
You lov'd me for myself!
2d Suit. By my troth, but I did not:
Come, father not your lyes upon me, widow:
I love you for yourself! spit at me, gentlemen,
If ever I 'd such a thought: fetch me in widow!
You 'll find your reach too short.
Val. Why, you have enough, you say.
2d Suit. Aye, but I will have my humour too; you never think of that; they 're coach-horses, they go together still.
Val. Whom should a widow trust? I 'll swear 'twas one of you
That made me believe so: 'mass, think 'twas you, sir,
Now I remember me.
Ric. I swore too much,
To be believ'd so little.
Val. Was it you then?
Beshrew my heart for wronging of you.
Ric. Welcome blessing;
Are you mine faithfully now?
Val. As love can make me.
1st Suit. Why, this fills the commonwealth so full of beggars,
Marrying for love, which none of mine shall do.
Val. But, now I think on 't, we must part again, sir.
Ric. Again?
Val. You 're in debt, and I, in doubt of all,
Left myself nothing too; we must not hold;
Want on both sides makes all affection cold;
I shall not keep you from that gentleman;
You 'll be his more than mine; and, when he list,
He 'll make you lie from me in some sour prison;
Then let him take you now for a'together, sir;
For he that 's mine, shall be all mine, or nothing.
Ric. I never felt the evil of my debts,
'Till this afflicting minute.
2d Suit. I 'll be mad once in my days: I have enough to cure me, and I will have my humour; they 're now but desperate debts again, I never look for 'em.
And ever since I knew what malice was,
I always held it sweeter to sow mischief,
Than to receive money; 'tis the finer pleasure.
I 'll give him in his bonds as 't were in pity
To make the match, and bring 'em both to beggary:
Then will they never agree; that 's a sure point.

He 'll give her a black eye within these three days,
Beat half her teeth out by Alhallontide,
And break the little household-stuff they have,
With throwing at one another: O, sweet sport!
Come, widow, come, I 'll try your honesty,
Here to my honey y' have made many proffers,
I fear they 're all but tricks: here are his debts, gentlemen:
How I came by 'em I know best myself.
Take him before us faithfully for your husband,
And he shall tear 'em all before your face, widow.

Val. Else may all faith refuse me.

2d Suit. Tear 'em, honey,
'Tis firm in law, a consideration given:
What, with thy teeth? thou 'lt shortly tear her so,
That 's all my hope, thou 'd'st never had 'em else.
I 've enough, and I will have my humour.

Ric. I 'm now at liberty, widow.

Val. I 'll be so too,
And then I come to thee: give me this from you, brother.

Bran. Hold sister: sister.

Val. Look you, the deed of gift, sir; I 'm as free:
He that has me, has all, and thou art he.

Both Suit. How 's that?

Val. You're bob'd, 'twas but a deed in trust,
And all to prove thee, whom I have found most just.

Bran. I 'm bob'd among the rest too: I 'd have sworn
T' had been a thing for me and my heirs for ever;
If I 'd but got it up to the black box above,
I had been past redemption.

1st Suit. How am I cheated!

2d Suit. I hope you 'll have the conscience now to pay me, sir.

Ric. Oh, wicked man, sower of strife and envy, open not thy lips.

2d Suit. How, how 's this?

Ric. Thou hast no charge at all, no child of thine own,
But two thou got'st once of a scouring-woman,
And they are both well provided for, they're i' th' hospital:
Thou hast ten thousand pound to bury thee,
Hang thyself when thou wilt, a slave go with thee.

2d Suit. I 'm gone, my goodness comes all out together.
I have enough, but I have not my humour.

Enter VIOLETTA.

Vio. O master, gentlemen: and you, sweet widow,
I think you are no forwarder yet, I know not.
If ever you be sure to laugh again,
Now is the time.

Val. Why, what 's the matter, wench?

Vio. Ha, ha, ha.

Bran. Speak, speak.

Vio. Ha, a marriage, a marriage; I cann tell 't for laughing: ha, he..

Bran. A marriage; do you make that laughing matter?

Enter FRANCISCO *and* ANSALDO.

Vio. Ha: aye, and you 'll make it so wh you know all.
Here they come, here they come, one man married to another.

Val. How! man to man?

Vio. Aye, man to man, i' faith.
There 'll be good sport at night to bring 'em both to bed;
Do you see 'em now, ha, ha, ha!

1st Suit. My daughter Martia!

Ans. Oh, my father! your love and pardon, sir.

Val. 'Tis she indeed, gentlemen.

Ans. I have been disobedient, I confess,
Unto your mind, and Heaven has punish'd me
With much affliction since I fled your sight;
But finding reconcilement from above
In peace of heart; the next I hope 's your love.

1st Suit. I cannot but forgive thee, now I see thee.
Thou fled'st a happy fortune of an old man;
But Francisco 's of a noble family,
Though he be somewhat spent.

Fran. I lov'd her not, sir,
As she was your's, for I protest I knew 't not,
But for herself, sir, and her own deservings,
Which, had you been as foul as you 've been spightful,
I should have lov'd in her.

1st Suit. Well, hold your prating, sir,
You 're not like to lose by 't.

Phi. Oh, Violetta, who shall laugh at us now?

Vio. The child unborn, mistress.

Ans. Be good.

Fran. Be honest.

Ans. Heaven will not let you sin, and you'd be careful.

Fran. What means it sends to help you! think and mend,
You 're as much bound as we to praise that friend.

Phi. I am so, and I will so.

Ans. Marry you speedily,
Children tame you, you 'll die like a wild beast else.

Vio. Aye, by my troth should I. I 've much ado to forbear
Laughing now, more 's my hard fortune.

Enter MARTINO.

Mar. O, master, mistress, and you gentles all;
To horse, to horse presently, if you mean to do your country any service.

Bran. Art not asham'd, Martino, to talk of horsing so openly,
Before young married couples, thus.

Mar. It does concern the common-wealth and me,

And you, master, and all: the thieves are taken.
Ans. What say'st, Martino?
Mar. Law, here 's common-wealth's men,
The man of art, master, that cupt your eyes,
Is prov'd an arrant rascal; and his man
That drew my tooth, an excellent purse-drawer;
I felt no pain in that, it went insensibly.
Such notable villanies are confest!
Bran. Stop there, sir:
We 'll have time for them: Come, gentle-folks,
Take a slight meal with us: but the best chear
Is perfect joy, and that we wish all here——
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Stay, stay, sir; I 'm as hungry of my widow,
As you can be upon your maid, believe it;
But we must come to our desires in order,
There 's duties to be paid, ere we go further;
He that without your likings leaves this place,
Is like one falls to meat, and forgets grace.
And that 's not handsome, trust me, no,
Our rights being paid, and your loves understood,
My widow, and my meat, then does me good;
I ha' no money, wench, I told thee true,
For my report, pray let her hear 't from you.

EDITION.

The Widow: a Comedie. As it was acted at the private house in Black Fryers, with great applause, by his late Majesties Servants. Written by Ben Jonson, John Fletcher, Tho. Middleton, Gents. Printed by the originall copy. London: Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Sign of the Prince's Arms, in St. Paul's Church Yard. 1652. 4to.

THE

DUTCHESSE OF MALFY.

WRITTEN BY

JOHN WEBSTER.

THERE is an account of WEBSTER prefixed to his preceding play of *The White Devil*, (ante, p. 1.) *The Dutchesse of Malfy* was successful. The plot, which is founded upon fact, had already been used by Lope de Vega, and may be found in *Les Histoires Admirables* of Gerelast, as well as in Bandello's novels.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

AND

THE NAMES OF THE ORIGINAL ACTORS.

BOSOLA. *J. Lowin.*
FERDINAND. 1 *R. Burbidge.* 2 *J. Taylor.*
Cardinall. 1 *H. Cundaile.* 2 *R. Robinson.*
ANTONIO. 1 *W. Ostler.* 2 *R. Benfeild.*
DELIO. *J Vnderwood.*
FOROBOSCO. *N. Towley.*
MALATESTE.
The Marquesse of PESCARA. *J. Rice.*
SILVIO. *T. Pollard.*

The severall Mad-men. N. Towley. J. Vnderwood, &c.
The Dutchesse. R. Sharpe.
The Cardinal's Mistress. J. Tomson.
The Doctor,
CARIOLA, } *R. Pallant.*
Court Officers,
Three young Children.
Two Pilgrimes.

THE

DUTCHESSE OF MALFY

ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

ANTONIO, *and* DELIO, BOSOLA, *Cardinall.*

Del. You are wel-come to your country (deere Antonio)
You have been long in France, and you returne
A very formall French-man in your habit.
How do you like the French court?
Ant. I admire it,
In seeking to reduce both state and people
To a fix'd order, there judicious king
Begins at home: quits first his royall pallace
Of flattring sicophants, of dissolute,
And infamous persons, which he sweetly termes
His Masters master-peece (the work of Heaven),
Considering duely, that a princes court
Is like a common fountaine, whence should flow,
Pure silver drops in generall: but if 't chance
Some curs'd example poyson 't neare the head,
Death, and diseases through the whole land spread.
And what is 't makes this blessed government,
But a most provident councell, who dare freely
Informe him, the corruption of the times?
Though some o' th' court hold it presumption
To instruct princes what they ought to do,
It is a noble duety to informe them
What they ought to fore-see: Here comes Bosola,
The only court-gall: yet I observe his rayling
Is not for simple love of piety:
Indeed he rayles at those things which he wants,
Would be as leacherous, covetous, or proud,
Bloudy, or envious, as any man,
If he had meanes to be so: Here 's the Cardinall.
Bos. I do haunt you still.
Card. So.
Bos. I have done you
Better service than to be slighted thus:
Miserable age, where only the reward
Of doing well, is the doing of it.
Card. You inforce your merit too much.
Bos. I fell into the gallies in your service,
Where, for two yeeres together, I wore two towels instead of
A shirt, with a knot on the shoulder, after the fashion of a
Romane mantle: slighted thus? I will thrive some way:
Black-birds fatten best in hard weather: why not I,
In these dogge dayes?
Card. Would you could become honest.
Bos. With all your divinity, do but direct me the way to it, I
Have knowne many travell farre for it, and yet returne as
Arrant knaves, as they went forth; because they carried
Themselves alwayes along with them. Are you gon?
Some fellowes (they say) are possessed with the divell,
But this great fellow were able to possesse the greatest
Divell, and make him worse.
Ant. He hath denied thee some suit?
Bos. He, and his brother, are like plum-trees (that grow crooked
Over standing-pooles); they are rich, and ore-laden with
Fruit, but none but crowes, pyes, and cater-pillers feede
On them: could I be one of their flattring panders, I
Would hang on their eares like a hors-leech, till I were full, and
Then drop off: I pray leave me.
Who would relie upon these miserable dependances, in expection to be advanc'd to morrow? What creature ever fed worse, than hoping Tantalus? nor ever died any man more fearfully, than he that hop'd for a pardon. There are rewards for hawks, and dogges, when they have done us service; but for a souldier that

hazards his limbes in a battaile, nothing but a
kinde of geometry is his last supportation.
Del. Geometry?
Bos. I, to hang in a fair pair of slings, take
his latter swinge in the
World, upon a honorable paire of crowtches, from hospitall
To hospitall: fare ye well, sir. And yet do not
you scorn us; for
Places in the court are but like beds in the
hospitall, where this
Mans head lies at that mans foot, and so lower
and lower.
Del. I knew this fellow (seven yeeres) in the
gallies,
For a notorious murther, and 't was thought
The cardinall subborn'd it: he was releas'd
By the French generall (Gaston de Foyx)
When he recover'd Naples.
Ant. 'Tis great pity
He should be thus neglected; I have heard
He 's very valiant: this foule melancholly
Will poison all his goodnesse, for (i'le tell you)
If too immoderate sleepe be truly said
To be an inward rust unto the soule;
It then doth follow, want of action
Breeds all blacke male-contents, and their close
rearing
(Like mothes in cloth) doe hurt for want of wearing.

SCENA II.

ANTONIO, DELIO, FERDINAND, *Cardinal, Dutchesse*, CASTRUCHIO, SILVIO, RODORICO, GRISOLAN, BOSOLA, JULIA, CARIOLA.

Del. The presence 'gins to fill: you promis'd
me
To make me the partaker of the natures
Of some of your great courtiers.
Ant. The lord cardinals
And other strangers, that are now in court,
I shall: here comes the great Calabrian duke.
Fer. Who tooke the ring oftnest?
Sil. Antonio Bologna (my lord).
Fer. Our sister dutchesse great master of her
houshold?
Give him the jewell: when shall we leave this
sportive-action,
And fall to action indeed?
Cas. Methinkes (my lord)
You should desire to go to war, in person.
Fer. Now, for some gravity: why (my lord)?
Cas. It is fitting a souldier arise to be a prince,
but not necessary
A prince descend to be a captaine?
Fer. No?
Cas. No, (my lord),
He were far better to doe it by a deputy.
Fer. Why should he not as well sleep, or eat
by a deputy? [from him,
This might take idle, offensive, and base office
Whereas the other reprives him of honor.
Cas. Beleeve my experience: that
never long in quiet,
Where the ruler is a souldier.
Fer. Thou toldst me
Thy wife could not indure fighting.
Cas. True (my lord).
Fer. And of a jest she broke of a captaine,
She met full of wounds: I have forgot it.
Cas. She told him (my lord) he was a pittifull
fellow, to lie,
Like the children of Ismael, all in tents.
Fer. Why, there 's a wit were able to undoe
All the chyrurgeons o' th' city; for although
Gallants should quarrell, and had drawn their
weapons,
And were ready to go to it: yet her perswasions
would
Make them put up.
Cas. That she would (my lord):
How do you like my Spanish gennit?
Rod. He is all fire.
Fer. I am of Pliney's opinion, I think he was
begot by the wind,
He runs as if he were ballass'd with quick-silver.
Sil. True (my lord), he reeles from the tilt-often.
Rod. } Ha, ha, ha!
Gris. }
Fer. Why do you laugh? methinks you that
are courtiers
Should be my touch-wood, take fire, when I give
fire;
That is, laugh when I laugh, were the subject
never so witty.
Cas. True (my lord); I my selfe have heard a
very good jest,
And have scorn'd to seem to have so silly a wit,
as to understand it.
Fer. But I can laugh at your foole (my lord).
Cas. He cannot speak (you know) but he
makes faces,
My lady cannot abide him.
Fer. No?
Cas. Nor endure to be in merry company:
for she saies
Too much laughing, and too much company, fils
her
Too full of the wrinckle.
Fer. I would then have a mathematicall instrument made for
Her face, that she might not laugh out of compasse: I shall shortly
Visit you at Millaine (lord Silvio).
Sil. Your grace shall arrive most wel-come.
Fer. You are a good horse-man (Antonio);
you have excellent
Riders in France: what do you think of good
horse-man-ship?
Ant. Nobly (my lord): as out of the Grecian
horse issued
Many famous princes: so, out of brave horse-
man-ship, [raise
Arise the first sparkes of growing resolution, that
The mind to noble action.

Fer. You have be-spoake it worthily.
Sil. Your brother, the lord cardinall, and sister dutchesse.
Car. Are the gallies come about?
Gris. They are (my lord).
Fer. Here 's the lord Silvio, is come to take his leave.
Del. Now (sir) your promise: what 's that cardinall?
I meane his temper? they say he 's a brave fellow,
Will play his five thousand crownes at tennis, daunce,
Court ladies, and one that hath fought single combats.
Ant. Some such flashes superficially hang on him, for forme:
But observe his inward character: he is a melancholly
Church-man: the spring in his face, is nothing but the
Ingendring of toades: where he is jealous of any man,
He laies worse plots for them, than ever was impos'd on
Hercules; for he strewes in his way flatters, panders,
Intelligencers, atheists, and a thousand such politicall
Monsters: he should have been pope: but instead of
Comming to it, by the primative decencie of the church,
He did bestow bribes so largely, and so impudently, as if he would
Have carried it away without Heavens knowledge. Some good he
Hath done.
Del. You have given too much of him: what 's his brother?
Ant. The duke there? a most perverse, and turbulent nature;
What appears in him mirth, is meerely outside,
If hee laugh hartily, it is to laugh
All honesty out of fashion.
Del. Twins.
Ant. In quality:
He speakes with others tongues, and heares mens suites
With others eares: will seeme to sleep o' th' bench
Only to intrap offenders in their answers;
Doomes men to death, by information;
Rewards, by heare-say.
Del. Then the law to him
Is like a fowle black cob-web to a spider;
He makes it his dwelling, and a prison
To entangle those shall feed him.
Ant. Most true:
He ne'r payes debts, unlesse they be shrew'd turnes;
And those he will confesse, that he doth owe,
Last: for his brother, there, (the cardinall,)
They that do flatter him most, say oracles
Hang at his lips: and verily I beleeve them:
For the devill speakes in them.
But for their sister, (the right noble dutchesse,)
You never fix'd your eye on three faire meddals,
Cast in one figure, of so different temper:
For her discourse, it is so full of rapture,
You only will begin, then to be sorry
When she doth end her speech; and wish, (in wonder)
She held it lesse vaine glory, to talke much.
Than your pennance to heare her: whilst she speakes,
She throwes upon a man so sweet a looke,
That it were able raise one to a galliard
That lay in a dead palsey, and to doate
On that sweet countenance: but in that looke,
There speaketh so divine a continence,
As cuts off all lascivious and vaine hope.
Her dayes are practis'd in such noble vertue,
That, sure her nights (nay more, her very sleeps,)
Are more in heaven, than other ladies shrifts.
Let all sweet ladies breake their flattring glasses,
And dresse themselves in her.
Del. Fie, Antonio,
You play the wire-drawer with her commendations.
Ant. I'll case the picture up: only thus much,
All her particular worth growes to this sum:
She staines the time past, lights the time to come.
Card. You must attend my lady in the gallery,
Some halfe an houre hence.
Ant. I shall.
Fer. Sister, I have a suit to you.
Duch. To me, sir?
Fer. A gentleman here; Daniel de Bosola;
One that was in the gallies.
Duch. Yes, I know him.
Fer. A worthy fellow h' is: pray let me entreat for
The provisorship of your horse.
Duch. Your knowledge of him
Commends him and prefers him.
Fer. Call him hither,
We now upon parting: Good lord Silvio
Doe us commend to all our noble friends
At the Leaguer.
Sil. Sir, I shall.
Fer. You are for Millaine?
Sil. I am.
Duch. Bring the carroches: we'll bring you downe to the haven.
Card. Be sure you entertaine that Bosola
For your intelligence: I would not be seene in't;
And therefore many times I have slighted him,
When he did court our furtherance; as this morning.
Fer. Antonio, the great master of her household,
Had beene farre fitter.
Card. You are deceiv'd in him;
His nature is too honest for such businesse:
He comes: I'll leave you.
Bos. I was lur'd to you.

Fer. My brother here (the cardinall) could never abide you.
Bos. Never since he was in my debt.
Fer. May be some oblique character in your face made him suspect you?
Bos. Doth he study phisiognomy?
There 's no more credit to be give to th' face,
Than to a sicke mans uryn, which some call
The physitians whore, because she cozens him:
He did suspect me wrongfully.
Fer. For that
You must give great men leave to take their times:
Distrust doth cause us seldome be deceiv'd:
You see, the oft shaking of the cedar-tree
Fastens it more at root.
Bos. Yet take heed;
For to suspect a friend unworthily,
Instructs him the next way to suspect you,
And prompts him to deceive you.
Fer. There's gold.
Bos. So.
What follows? (Never rain'd such showres as these
Without thunderbolts i' th' taile of them): whose throat must I cut?
Fer. Your inclination to shed blood rides poste
Before my occasion to use you: I give you that
To live i' th' court, here, and observe the dutchesse;
To note all the particulars of her behaviour:
What suitors do solicite her for marriage,
And whom she best affects: she 's a yong widow:
I would not have her marry againe.
Bos. No, sir?
Fer. Doe not you aske the reason; but be satisfied:
I say I would not.
Bos. It seemes you would create me
One of your familiars.
Fer. Familiar? what 's that?
Bos. Why, a very quaint invisible divell, in flesh:
An intelligencer.
Fer. Such a kind of thriving thing
I would wish thee; and, ere long, thou maist arrive
At a higher place by 't.
Bos. Take your divels
Which hell calls angels: these curs'd gifts would make
You a corrupter, me an impudent traitor;
And, should I take these, they 'll'd take me hell.
Fer. Sir, I'le take nothing from you that I have given:
There is a place, that I procur'd for you
This morning, (the provisorship o' th' horse:)
Have you heard on't?
Bos. No.
Fer. 'Tis yours, is 't not worth thankes?
Bos. I would have you curse your selfe now, that your bounty
(Which makes men truly noble) ere should make
Me a villaine: oh, that to avoid ingratitude
For the good deed you have done me, I must do
All the ill man can invent: thus the divell
Candies all sinnes ore; and what Heaven termes vild,
That names he complementall.
Fer. Be your selfe:
Keepe your old garbe of melancholly: 't will expresse
You envy those that stand above your reach,
Yet strive not to come neere 'em: this will gaine
Accesse to private lodgings, where your selfe
May, like a pollitique dormouse——
Bos. As I have seene some,
Feed in a lords dish, halfe a sleepe, not seeming
To listen to any talke: and yet these rogues
Have cut his throat in a dreame: what 's my place?
The provisorship o' th' horse? say then my corruption
Grew out of horse-dung: I am your creature.
Fer. Away.
Bos. Let good men, for good deeds, covet good fame,
Since place and riches oft are bribes of shame;
Sometimes the divell doth preach. [*Exit* BOSOLA.
Card. We are to part from you; and your own discretion
Must now be your director.
Fer. You are a widowe:
You know already what man is: and therefore
Let not youth, high promotion, eloquence——
Card. No, nor any thing, without the addition, *honor*,
Sway your high blood.
Fer. Marry? they are most luxurious,
Will wed twice.
Card. O fie.
Fer. Their livers are more spotted
Than Labans sheepe.
Dutch. Diamonds are of most value,
They say, that have past through most jewellers hands.
Fer. Whores, by that rule, are precious:
Dutch. Will you heare me?
I 'll never marry.
Fer. So most widowes say:
But commonly that motion lasts no longer
Than the turning of an houre-glasse; the funerall sermon,
And it, end both together.
Fer. Now heare me:
You live in a ranke pasture here, i' th' court:
There is a kind of honny-dew, that 's deadly;
'Twill poyson your fame; looke to 't: be not cunning:
For they whose faces doe belye their hearts,
Are witches, e're they arrive at twenty yeeres,
I: and give the divell sucke.
Dutch. This is terrible good councell!
Fer. Hypocrisie is woven of a fine small tired,

Subtler than Vulcans engine: yet (beleev 't)
Your darkest actions; nay your privat'st thoughts,
Will come to light.
Card. You may flatter yourselfe,
And take your owne choice: privately be married
Under the eyes of night.
Fer. Think 't the best voyage
That ere you made; like the irregular crab,
Which though 't goes backward thinkes that it goes right,
Because it goes its owne way: but observe;
Such weddings may more properly be said
To be executed, than celebrated.
Card. The marriage night
Is the entrance into some prison.
Fer. And those joyes,
Those lustfull pleasures, are like heavy sleepes
Which doe fore-run mans mischiefe.
Card. Fare you well.
Wisedome begins at the end: remember it.
Dutch. I thinke this speech betweene you both was studied,
It came so roundly off.
Fer. You are my sister;
This was my fathers poyniard: doe you see.
I 'd be loath to see it looke rusty, 'cause 'twas his:
I would have you give o'er these chargeable revels;
A vizor and a masque are whispering roomes
That were never built for goodnesse: fare ye well:
And women like that part which (like the lamprey)
Hath nev'r a bone in 't.
Dutch. Fie, sir.
Fer. Nay,
I meane the tongue: variety of courtship.
What cannot a neat knave, with a smoothe tale,
Make a woman beleeve? farewell, lusty widow.
Dutch. Shall this move me? if all my royall kindred
Lay in my way, unto this marriage,
I 'd make them my low foot-steps: and even now,
Even in this hate, as men in some great battailes
By apprehending danger, have atchiev'd
Almost impossible actions: I have heard soul-diers say so:
So I, through frights, and threatnings, will assay
This dangerous venture: let old wives report
I winck'd, and chose a husband. Cariola,
To thy knowne secricy I have given up
More than my life, my fame.
Cari. Both shall be safe:
For I 'le conceal this secret from the world
As warily as those that trade in poyson,
Keepe poyson from their children.
Dutch. Thy protestation
Is ingenious and hearty; I beleeve it.
Is Antonio come?
Cari. He attends you.
Dutch. Good deare soule,
Leave me: but place thy selfe behind the arras,
Where thou maist over-heare us: wish me good speed,
For I am going into a wildernesse,
Where I shall finde no path, nor friendly clew
To be my guide. I sent for you; sit downe:
Take pen and incke, and write: are you ready?
Ant. Yes.
Dutch. What did I say?
Ant. That I should write somewhat.
Dutch. Oh, I remember:
After this triumphs, and this large expence,
It 's fit (like thrifty husbands) we enquire
What 's laid up for to morrow.
Ant. So please your beauteous excellence.
Dutch. Beauteous! indeed I thanke you: I look yong for your sake.
You have tane my cares upon you.
Ant. I 'le fetch your grace the
Particulars of your revenew and expence.
Dutch. Oh, you are an upright treasurer: but you mistooke,
For when I said I meant to make inquiry,
What 's laid up for to morrow, I did meane
What 's laid up yonder for me.
Ant. Where?
Dutch. In heaven.
I am making my will, (as 'tis fit princes should
In perfect memory,) and I pray, sir, tell me,
Were not one better to make it smiling, thus,
Than in deep groanes, and terrible ghastly lookes,
As if the gifts we parted with, procur'd
That violent distruction?
Ant. Oh, much better.
Dutch. If I had a husband now, this care were quit:
But I intend to make you over-seer;
What good deed shall we first remember? say.
Ant. Begin with that good deed that first began i' th' world,
After mans creation, the sacrament of marriage;
I 'ld have you provide for a good husband:
Give him all.
Dutch. All?
Ant. Yes, your excellent selfe.
Dutch. In a winding-sheet?
Ant. In a couple.
Dutch. St Winfrid, that were a strange will!
Ant. 'Twere strange if there were no will in you
To marry againe.
Dutch. What doe you thinke of marriage?
Ant. I take 't, as those that deny purgatory,
It locally containes, or heaven, or hell,
There 's no third place in 't.
Dutch. How doe you affect it?
Ant. My banishment, feeding my melancholly,
Would often reason thus.
Dutch. Pray let 's heare it.
Ant. Say a man never marry, nor have children,

What takes that from him? only the bare name
Of being a father, or the weake delight
To see the little wanton ride a cock-horse
Vpon a painted stick, or heare him chatter
Like a taught starling.
Dutch. Fye, fye, what 's all this?
One of your eyes is blood-shot, use my ring to 't,
They say 'tis very soveraigne, 'twas my wedding ring,
And I did vow never to part with it,
But to my second husband.
Ant. You have parted with it now.
Dutch. Yes, to helpe your eye-sight.
Ant. You have made me starke blinde.
Dutch. How?
Ant. There is a sawcy and ambitious divell,
Is dancing in this circle.
Dutch. Remoove him.
Ant. How?
Dutch. There needes small conjuration, when your finger
May doe it: thus, is it fit? [*He kneeles.*
Ant. What said you?
Dutch. Sir,
This goodly roofe of yours is too low built,
I cannot stand upright in 't, nor discourse,
Without I raise it higher: raise your selfe,
Or if you please, my hand to helpe you: so.
Ant. Ambition (madam) is a great mans madnes,
That is not kept in chaines, and close-pent-roomes,
But in faire lightsome lodgings, and is girt
With the wild noyse of prattling visitans,
Which makes it lunatique, beyond all cure.
Conceive not I am so stupid, but I ayme
Whereto your favours tend: but he 's a foole
That (being a cold) would thrust his hands i' th' fire
To warme them.
Dutch. So, now the ground 's broke,
You may discover what a wealthy mine
I make you lord of.
Ant. Oh my unworthinesse!
Dutch. You were ill to sell your selfe:
This darkning of your worth, is not like that
Which trades-men use i' th' city; their false lights
Are to rid bad wares off: and I must tell you,
If you would know where breathes a compleat man,
(I speake it without flattery,) turne your eyes,
And progresse through your selfe.
Ant. Were there nor heaven nor hell,
I should be honest: I have long serv'd vertue,
And nev'r tane wages of her.
Dutch. Now she paies it,
The misery of us, that are borne great,
We are forc'd to woe, because none dare woe us:
And as a tyrant doubles with his words,
And fearefully equivocates; so we
Are forc'd to expresse our violent passions
In riddles, and in dreames, and leave the path
Of simple vertue, which was never made
To seeme the thing it is not. Goe, go brag
You have left me heartlesse, mine is in your bosome;
I hope 'twill multiply love there: you doe tremble:
Make not your heart so dead a peece of flesh
To feare, more than to love me: sir, be confident,
What is 't distracts you? This is flesh, and blood (sir);
'Tis not the figure cut in allablaster,
Kneeles at my husbands tombe. Awake, awake, (man),
I do here put off all vaine ceremony,
And only do appeare to you, a yong widow
That claimes you for her husband, and, like a widow,
I use but halfe a blush in 't.
Ant. Truth speake for me,
I will remaine the constant sanctuary
Of your good name.
Dutch. I thanke you (gentle love);
And cause you shall not come to me in debt,
(Being now my steward,) here upon your lips
I signe your *quietus est*. This you should have beg'd now:
I have seene children oft eate sweet-meates thus,
As fearefull to devoure them too soone.
Ant. But for your brothers?
Dutch. Do not thinke of them:
All discord, without this circumference,
Is only to be pittied, and not fear'd:
Yet, should they know it, time will easily
Scatter the tempest.
Ant. These words should be mine,
And all the parts you have spoke, if some part of it
Would not have favour'd flattery.
Dutch. Kneele.
Ant. Hah!
Dutch. Be not amaz'd, this woman 's of my councell:
I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a chamber,
(*Per verba presenti,*) is absolute marriage:
Blesse (Heaven) this sacred Gordian, which, let violence
Never untwine.
Ant. And may our sweet affections (like the spheares)
Be still in motion.
Dutch. Quickning, and make
The like soft musique.
Ant. That we may imitate the loving palmes
(Best emblems of a peacefull marriage)
That nev'r bore fruit divided.
Dutch. What can the church force more?
Ant. That fortune may not know an accident
Either of joy, or sorrow, to divide
Our fixed wishes.

Dutch. How can the church build faster?
We now are man and wife, and 'tis the church
That must but eccho this. Maid, stand apart,
I now am blinde.
Ant. What 's your conceit in this?
Dutch. I would have you lead your fortune by the hand,
Unto your mariage bed:
(You speake in me this, for we now are one,)
We'll only lie, and talke together, and plot
T' appease my humorous kindred; and if you please,
(Like the old tale, in Alexander and Lodowicke,)
Lay a naked sword betweene us, keepe us chast:
Oh, let me shrowd my blushes in your bosome,
Since 'tis the treasury of all my secrets.
Cari. Whether the spirit of greatnes, or of woman,
Raigne most in her, I know not, but it shewes
A fearfull madnes, I owe her much of pity.
[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS II.

SCENA I.

BOSOLA, CASTRUCHIO, *an Old Lady*, ANTONIO, DELIO, *Dutchesse*, RODORICO, GRISOLAN.

Bos. You say you would fain be taken for an eminent courtier?
Cas. 'Tis the very maine of my ambition.
Bos. Let me see, you have a reasonable good face for 't already,
And your night-cap expresses your eares sufficient largely;
I would have you learne to twirle the strings of your band with a
Good grace; and in a set speech (at th' end of every sentence)
To hum, three or four times, or blow your nose (till it smart again)
To recover your memory: when you come to be a president in
Criminall causes, if you smile upon a prisoner, hang him; but if
You frowne upon him, and threaten him, let him be sure to scape
The gallowes.
Cas. I would be a very merry president.
Bos. Do not sup a nights, 't will beget you an admirable wit.
Cas. Rather it would make me have a good stomack to quarrel,
For they say, your roaring boyes eat meat seldome,
And that makes them so valiant: [me
But how shall I know whether the people take
For an eminent fellow?
Bos. I will teach a tricke to know it:
Give out you lye a dying, and if you
Heare the common people curse you,
Be sure you are taken for one of the prime night-caps.
You come from painting now?
O. Lady. From what?
Bos. Why, from your scurvy face-physicke,
To behold thee not painted inclines somewhat neere
A miracle: these in thy face here, were deep rutts,
And foule sloughes the last progresse:
There was a lady in France, that having had the small pockes,
Flead the skinne off her face, to make it more levell:
And wherens before she look't like a nutmeg-grater,
After she resembled an abortive hedge-hog.
O. Lady. Do you call this painting?
Bos. No, no, but you call carreening of an old
Morphew'd lady, to make her disembogue againe,
There 's rough-cast phrase to your plastique.
O. Lady. It seemes you are well acquainted with my closset?
Bos. One would suspect it for a shop of witch-craft,
To finde in it the fat of serpents, spawne of snakes, Jewes spittle,
And their yong childrens ordure, and all these for the face:
I would sooner eat a dead pigeon, taken from the soles of the feet
Of one sicke of the plague, than kisse one of you fasting:
Here are two of you, whose sin of your youth, is the very
Patrimony of the physitian, makes him renew his
Foot-cloth with the spring, and change his
High-priz'd curtezan with the fall of the leafe:
I doe wonder you doe not loath your selves.
Observe my meditation now:
What thing is in this outward forme of man
To be belov'd? we account it ominous,
If nature doe produce a colt, or lambe,
A fawne, or goat, in any limbe resembling
A man; and flye from 't as a prodegy.
Man stands amaz'd to see his deformity,
In any other creature but himselfe.
But in our owne flesh, though we heare diseases
Which have their true names, only tane from beasts,
As the most ulcerous woolfe, and swinish measeall;
Though we are eaten up of lice, and wormes,
And though continually we beare about us
A rotten and dead body, we delight

To hide it in rich tissew; all our feare,
(Nay all our terrour,) is least our physitian
Should put us in the ground, to be made sweet.
Your wife 's gone to Rome: you two couple, and get you
To the wels at Leuca, to recover your aches.
I have other worke on foot: I observe our dutchesse
Is sicke a dayes, she puykes, her stomacke seethes,
The fins of her eye-lids looke most teeming blew,
She waines i' th' cheeke, and waxes fat i' th' flanke;
And (contrary to our Italian fashion)
Weares a loose bodied gowne: there 's somewhat in 't,
I have a tricke may chance discover it
(A pretty one); I have bought some apricocks,
The first our spring yeelds.
Del. And so long since married?
You amaze me.
Ant. Let me seale your lips for ever,
For did I thinke, that any thing but th' ayre
Could carry these words from you, I should wish
You had no breath at all: Now, sir, in your contemplation?
You are studying to become a great wise fellow?
Bos. Oh, sir, the opinion of wisdome is a foule terror,
That runs all over a man's body: if simplicity
Direct us to have no evill, it directs us to a happy
Being: for the subtlest folly proceedes from the
Subtlest wisdome: let me be simply honest.
Ant. I doe understand your in-side.
Bos. Do you so?
Ant. Because you would not seeme to appeare to th' world
Puff'd up with your preferment, you continue
This out of fashion melancholly: leave it, leave it.
Bos. Give me leave to be honest in any phrase, in any
Complement whatsoever; shall I confesse my selfe to you?
I looke no higher than I can reach:
They are the gods, that must ride on winged horses,
A lawyers mule of a slow pace, will both suit
My disposition, and businesse: for (marke me)
When a man's mind rides faster than his horse can gallop,
They quickly both tyre.
Ant. You would looke up to Heaven, but I thinke
The divell, that rules i' th' aire, stands in your light.
Bos. Oh (sir) you are lord of the ascendant,
Chiefe man with the dutchesse, a duke was your
Cosen germán remov'd: say you were lineally
Descended from king Pippin, or he himselfe,
What of this? search the heads of the greatest rivers in
The world, you shall finde them but bubbles of water:
Some would thinke the soules of princes were brought
Forth by some more weighty cause, than those of meaner persons,
They are deceiv'd, there 's the same hand to them:
The like passions sway them, the same reason, that makes
A vicar to goe to law for a tithe-pig,
And undoe his neighbours, makes them spoile
A whole province, and butter downe goodly
Cities, with the canon. [fat?
Dutch. Your arme, Antonio, do I not grow
I am exceeding short-winded: Bosola,
I would have you (sir) provide for me a litter,
Such a one as the dutchesse of Florence road in.
Bos. The dutchesse us'd one when she was great with childe.
Dutch. I thinke she did: come hither, mend my ruffe,
Here, when? thou art such a tedious lady; and
Thy breath smels of lemmon pils, would thou hadst done,
Shall I swound under thy fingers? I am
So troubled with the mother.
Bos. I feare too much.
Dutch. I have heard you say, that the French courtiers
Weare their hats on fore the king.
Ant. I have seene it.
Dutch. In the presence?
Ant. Yes. [fashion?
Dutch. Why should not we bring up that
'Tis ceremony more than duty, that consists
In the remooving of a piece of felt:
Be you the example to the rest o' th' court,
Put on your hat first.
Ant. You must pardon me:
I have seene, in colder countries than in France,
Nobles stand bare to th' prince; and the distinction
My thought shew'd reverently.
Bos. I have a present for your grace.
Dutch. For me, sir?
Bos. apricocks (madame).
Dutch. O sir, where are they?
I have heard of none to yeere.
Bos. Good, her colour rises.
Dutch. Indeed I thanke you: they are wondrous faire ones:
What an unskilfull fellow is our gardiner?
We shall have none this moneth.
Bos. Will not your grace pare them?
Dutch. No, they taste of muske (methinkes) indeed they doe.
Bos. I know not: yet I wish your grace had parde 'em.
Dutch. Why?
Bos. I forgot to tell you the knave gardiner,
(only to raise his profit by them the sooner,)
Did ripen them in horse-dung.

Dutch. O you jest:
You shall judge: pray taste one.
Ant. Indeed, madam,
I doe not love the fruit.
Dutch. Sir, you are loath
To rob us of our dainties: 'tis a delicate fruit,
They say they are restorative?
Bos. 'Tis a pretty
Art: this grafting.
Dutch. 'Tis so: bettring of nature.
Bos. To make pippin grow upon a crab,
A dampson on a black-thorne: how greedily she eats them!
A whirlewinde strike off these bawd-farthingalls,
For, but for that, and the loose-bodied gowne,
I should have discover'd apparently
The yong spring-hall cutting a caper in her belly.
Dutch. I thanke you (Bosola) they were right good ones,
If they do not make me sicke.
Ant. How now, madame?
Dutch. This greene fruit and my stomacke are not friends,
How they swell me!
Bos. Nay, you are too much swell'd already.
Dutch. Oh, I am in an extreame cold sweat.
Bos. I am very sory.
Dutch. Lights to my chamber! O, good Antonio,
I feare I am undone. [*Exit Dutchesse.*
Del. Lights there! lights!
Ant. O my trusty Delio, we are lost:
I feare she 's falne in labour: and there 's left
No time for her remove.
Del. Have you prepar'd
Those ladies to attend her? and procur'd
That politique safe conveyance for the mid-wife
Your dutchesse plotted?
Ant. I have.
Del. Make use then of this forc'd occasion:
Give out that Bosola hath poyson'd her,
With these apricocks: that will give some colour
For her keeping close.
Ant. Fye, fye, the physitians
Will then flocke to her.
Del. For that you may pretend
She 'll use some prepar'd antidote of her own,
Least the physitians should repoyson her.
Ant. I am lost in amazement: I know not what to think on 't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

BOSOLA, *Old Lady*, ANTONIO, RODORICO, GRISOLAN, *Servants*, DELIO, CARIOLA.

Bos. So so: there 's no question but her teatchives
And most vulterous eating of the apricocks, are apparant
Signes of breeding, now?
O. Lady. I am in haste (sir).
Bos. There was a yong waiting-woman had a monstrous desire
To see the glasse-house.
O. Lady. Nay, pray let me go.
Bos. And it was only to know what strange instrument it was,
Should swell up a glasse to the fashion of a womans belly.
O. Lady. I will heare no more of the glasse-house,
You are still abusing women?
Bos. Who I? no, only (by the way now and then) mention
Your frailties. The orrenge tree beare ripe and greene
Fruit, and blossoms altogether: and some of you give entertainment
For pure love: but more, for more preceious reward. The lusty
Spring smels well: but drooping autumne tasts well. If we
Have the same golden showres, that rained in the time of Jupiter
The Thunderer, you have the same dames still, to hold up their
Laps to receive them: didst thou never study the mathematiques?
O. Lady. What 's that (sir)?
Bos. Why, to know the tricke how to make a many lines meete
In one center: Go, go; give your foster-daughters good counsell,
Tell them that the divell takes delight to hang at a woman's girdle
Like a false rusty watch that she cannot discerne how
The time passes.
Ant. Shut up the court gates.
Rod. Why, sir? what 's the danger?
Ant. Shut up the posternes presently; and call
All the officers o' th' court.
Gris. I shall instantly.
Ant. Who keepes the key o' th' park-gate?
Rod. Forobosco.
Ant. Let him bring 't presently.
1st Serv. Oh, gentlemen o' th' court, the fowlest treason.
Bos. If that these apricocks should be poyson'd now,
Without my knowledge.
1st Serv. There was taken even now a Switzer
In the dutchesse bed-chamber.
2d Serv. A Switzer?
1st Serv. With a pistoll in his great cod-piece.
Bos. Ha! ha! ha!
1st Serv. The cod-piece was the case for 't.
2d Serv. There was a cunning traitor.
Who would have search'd his cod-piece?
1st Serv. True, if he had kept out of the ladies chambers:
And all the mowldes of his buttons were leaden bullets.

2d Serv. Oh wicked caniball! a fire-lock in 's cod-piece?
1st Serv. 'Twas a French plot, upon my life.
2d Serv. To see what the divell can doe.
Ant. All the officers here.
1st Serv. We are.
Ant. Gentlemen,
We have lost much plate you know; and but this evening
Jewels, to the value of four thousand duckats
Are missing in the dutchesse cabinet,
Are the gates shut?
1st Serv. Yes.
Ant. 'Tis the dutchesse pleasure
Each officer be lock't into his chamber
Till the sun rising; and to send the keyes
Of all their chests, and of their outward doores
Into her bed-chamber: she is very sicke.
Rod. At her pleasure.
Ant. She intreats you tak 't not ill: the innocent
Shall be the more approv'd by it.
Bos. Gentlemen o' th' wood-yard, where 's your Switzer now?
1st Serv. By this hand 'twas credibly reported by one o' th' black-guard.
Del. How fares it with the dutchesse?
Ant. She 's expos'd
Unto the worst of torture, paine and fear.
Del. Speake to her all happy comfort.
Ant. How I do play the foole with mine owne danger!
You are this night (deare friend) to post to Rome,
My life lies in your service.
Del. Do not doubt me.
Ant. Oh, 'tis farre from me: and yet feare presents me
Somewhat that looks like danger.
Del. Beleeve it,
'Tis but the shadow of your feare, no more:
How superstitiously we mind our evils?
The throwing downe salt, or crossing of a hare;
Bleeding at nose, the stumbling of a horse,
Or singing of a cricket, are of power
To daunt whole man in us. Sir, fare you well;
I wish you all the joyes of a blest father;
And (for my faith) lay this into your brest,
Old friends (like old swords) still are trusted best.
Cari. Sir, you are the happy father of a sonne,
Your wife commends him to you.
Ant. Blessed comfort!
For Heaven sake send her well: I 'le presently
Go set a figure for 's nativity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA III.

BOSOLA, ANTONIO.

Bos. Sure I did heare a woman shrieke: list, hah!
And the sound came (if I receiv'd it right)
From the dutchesse lodgings: there 's some stratagem,
In the confining all our courtiers
To their severall wards: I must have part of it,
My intelligence will frieze else. List againe,
It may be 'twas the melancholly bird,
(Best friend of silence and of solitarines,)
The owle, that schream'd so: hah! Antonio?
Ant. I heard some noyse: who 's there? what art thou? speak.
Bos. Antonio? Put not your face, nor body,
To such a forc'd expression of feare,
I am Bosola your friend.
Ant. Bosola?
(This moale do's undermin me), heard you not
A noise even now?
Bos. From whence?
Ant. From the dutchesse lodging.
Bos. Not I: did you?
Ant. I did, or else I dream'd.
Bos. Let 's walk towards it.
Ant. No: it may be 'twas
But the rising of the winde.
Bos. Very likely:
Methinkes 'tis very cold, and yet you sweat.
You looke wildly.
Ant. I have bin setting a figure
For the dutchesse jewels.
Bos. Ah, and how falls your question?
Do you find it radicall?
Ant. What 's that to you?
'Tis rather to be question'd what designe [ings)
(When all men were commanded to their lodg-
Makes you a night-walker.
Bos. In sooth I'le tell you:
Now all the court 's asleepe, I thought the divell
Had lenst to do here; I came to say my prayers;
And if I do doe offend you, I doe so,
You are a fine courtier.
Ant. This fellow will undoe me;
You gave the dutchesse apricocks to day,
Pray Heaven they were not poyson'd?
Bos. Poyson'd! a Spanish fig
For the imputation.
Ant. Traitors are ever confident,
Till they are discover'd. There were jewels stolne too.
In my conceit, none are to be suspected
More than your selfe.
Bos. You are a false steward.
Ant. Sawcy slave; I'le pull thee up by the rootes.
Bos. May be the ruyne will crush you to peeces.
Ant. You are an impudent snake indeed (sir):
Are you scarce warme, and doe you shew your sting?
You libell well (sir.)
Bos. No, sir,
Copy it out, and I will set my hand to 't.
Ant. My nose bleeds. One that were superstitious, would count
This ominous, when it meerely comes by chance.
Two letters, that are wrought here for my name,
Are drown'd in blood, meere accident: for you (sir) I'le take order:

I' th' morne you shall be safe; 'tis that must colour
Her lying in; sir, this dore you passe not:
I doe not hold it fit, that you come neere
The dutchesse lodgings, till you have quite your selfe;
The great are like the base; nay, they are the same,
When they seeke shamefull waies, to avoyd shame. [*Exit.*

Bos. Antonio here about did drop a paper,
Some of your helpe (false friend): oh, here it is:
What 's here? a childes nativity calculated?

[*The dutchesse was deliver'd of a sonne 'tweene the houres twelve and one, in the night,* anno Dom. 1504, *(that 's this yeer,)* decimo nono Decembris, *(that 's this night,) taken according to the meridian of Malfy; (that 's our dutchesse: happy discovery!) the lord of the first house being combust in the ascendant, signifies short life: and Mars being in a human signe, joyn'd to the taile of the Dragon, in the eight house, doth threaten a violent death;* cætera non scrutantur.]

Why now 'tis most apparant: this precise fellow
Is the dutchesse bawde: I have it to my wish:
This is a parcell of intelligency
Our courtiers were cas'd up for! It needes must follow,
That I must be committed, on pretence
Of poysoning her: which I'le endure, and laugh at:
If one could finde the father now: but that
Time will discover; old Castruchio
I' th' morning posts to Rome: by him I'le send
A letter, that shall make her brothers galls
Ore-flow their livers: this was a thrifty way:

Though lust doe masque in ne'r so strange disguise,
She 's oft found witty, but is never wise.

SCENA IV.

Cardinall, and JULIA, *Servant, and* DELIO.

Card. Sit: thou art my best of wishes, prethee tell me
What tricke didst thou invent to come to Rome,
Without thy husband?
Jul. Why (my lord) I told him
I came to visit an old anchorite
Here, for devotion.
Card. Thou art a witty false one:
I meane to him.
Jul. You have prevailed with me
Beyond my strongest thoughts: I would not now
Find you inconstant.
Card. Do not put thy selfe
To such a voluntary torture, which proceedes
Out of your owne guilt.
Jul. How (my lord?)
Card. You feare my constancy, because you have approov'd
Those giddy and wild turning in your selfe.
Jul. Did you ere find them?
Card. Soorh generally for women;
A man might strive to make glasse male-able,
Ere he should make them fixed.
Jul. So, (my lord).
Card. We had need go borrow that fantastique glasse
Invented by Galileo the Florentine,
To view another spacious world i' th' moone,
And look to finde a constant woman there.
Jul. This is very well (my lord).
Card. Why do you weep?
Are teares your justification? the selfe same teares
Will fall into your husbands bosome, (lady,)
With a loud protestation, that you love him
Above the world: come, I'le love you wisely,
That jealously, since I am very certaine
You cannot make me cuckould.
Jul. I'le go home
To my husband.
Card. You may thanke me, lady,
I have taken you off your melancholly pearch,
Boare you upon my fist, and shew'd you game,
And let you flye at it: I prethee kisse me,
When thou was 't with thy husband, thou was't watch't
Like a tame elephant: (still you are to thanke me:)
Thou hadst only kisses from him, and high feeding,
But what delight was that? 'twas just like one
That hath a little fingring on the lute,
Yet cannot tune it: (still you are to thanke me.)
Jul. You told me of a piteous wound i' th' heart,
And a sicke liver, when you woed me first,
And spake like one in physicke.
Card. Who 's that?
Rest firme, for my affection to thee,
Lightning moves slow to 't.
Serv. Madam, a gentleman
That 's come poste from Malfy, desires to see you.
Card. Let him enter, I'le withdraw. [*Exit.*
Serv. He saies,
Your husband (old Castruchio) is come to Rome,
Most pittifully tyr'd with riding post.
Jul. Signior Delio? 'tis one of my old suitors.
Del. I was bold and come to see you.
Jul. Sir, you are welcome.
Del. Do you lie here?
Jul. Sure, your owne experience
Will satisfie you now, our Romane prelates
Do not keep lodging for ladies.
Del. Very well:
I have brought you no commendations from your husband,
For I know none by him.
Jul. I heare he 's come to Rome.
Del. I never knew man, and beast, of a horse, and a knight,

So weary of each other, if he had had a good back,
He would have undertooke to have borne his horse,
His breech was so pitifully sore.
Jul. Your laughter
Is my pitty.
Del. Lady, I know not whether
You want money, but I have brought you some.
Jul. From my husband?
Del. No, from mine own allowance.
Jul. I must heare the condition ere I be bound to take it.
Del. Look on 't, 'tis gold, hath it not a fine colour?
Jul. I have a bird more beautifull.
Del. Try the sound on 't.
Jul. A lute-string far exceeds it,
It hath no smell, like cassia, or cyvit,
Nor is it phisicall, though some fond doctors
Perswade us, seeth's in cullisses, I'le tell you,
This is a creature bred by———
Serv. Your husband 's come,
Hath deliver'd a letter to the duke of Calabria, that,
To my thinking, hath put him out of his wits.
Jul. Sir, you heare,
Pray let me know your businesse, and your suite,
As briefly as can be.
Del. With good speed, I would wish you
(At such time, as you are non-resident
With your husband) my mistris.
Jul. Sir, Ile go aske my husband if I shall,
And straight returne your answer. [*Exit.*
Del. Very fine. Is this her wit, or honesty that speak thus?
I heard one say the duke was highly mov'd
With a letter sent from Malfy: I do feare
Antonio is betray'd: how fearfully
Shewes his ambition now, (unfortunate fortune,)
They passe through whirle-pooles, and deep wos do shun,
Who the event weigh, ere the action 's done.

SCENA V.

Cardinall, and FERDINAND, *with a Letter.*

Fer. I have this night dig'd up a man-darke.
Card. Say you?
Fer. And I am grown mad with 't.
Card. What 's the progedy?
Fer. Read there, a sister damn'd, she 's loose i' th' hilts:
Growne a notorious strumpet.
Card. Speake lower.
Fer. Lower?
Rogues do not whisper 't now, but seeke to publish 't,
(As servants do the bounty of their lords,)
Aloud; and with a covetous searching eye,
To marke who note them: Oh confusion sease her,
She hath had most cunning bawdes to serve her turne,
And more secure conveyances for lust,
Than townes of garrison for service.
Card. Is 't possible?
Can this be certaine?
Fer. Rubarbe, oh for rubarbe
To purge this choller, here 's the cursed day
To prompt my memory, and here 't shall sticke
Till of her bleeding heart I make a spunge
To wipe it out.
Card. Why doe you make your selfe
So wild a tempest?
Fer. Would I could be one,
That I might tosse her pallace 'bout her eares,
Root up her goodly forrests, blast her meades,
And lay her generall territory as waste,
As she hath done her honors.
Card. Shall our blood,
(The royall blood of Arragon, and Castile,)
Be thus attainted?
Fer. Apply desperate physicke,
We must not now use balsamum, but fire,
The smarting cupping-glasse, for that 's the meane
To purge infected blood, (such blood as hers:)
There is a kinde of pitty in mine eye,
I 'le give it to my hand-kercher; and now 'tis here,
I 'le bequeath this to her bastard.
Card. What to doe?
Fer. Why to make soft lint for his mothers wounds,
When I have hewed her to peeces.
Card. Curs'd creature!
Unequall nature, to place womens hearts
So farre upon the left side.
Fer. Foolish men,
That ere will trust their honor in a barke,
Made of so slight, weake bul-rush, as this woman,
Apt every minute to sinke it.
Card. Thus
Ignorance, when it hath purchas'd honor,
It cannot weild it.
Fer. Me thinkes I see her laughing;
Excellent Hyenna! talke to me somewhat, quickly,
Or my imagination will carry me
To see her in the shamefull act of sinne.
Card. With whom?
Fer. Happily, with some strong thigh'd bargeman?
Or one th' wood-yard, that can quoit the sledge,
Or tosse the barre, or else some lovely squire
That carries coles up to her private lodgings.
Card. You flye beyond your reason.
Fer. Go to (mistris!)
Tis not your whores milke that can quench my wild-fire,
But your whores blood.
Card. How idlely shewes this rage!
Which carries you, as men convey'd by witches, through the ayre,

On violent whirle-windes: this intemperate noise,
Fitly resembles deafe men's shrill discourse,
Who talke aloud, thinking all other men
To have their imperfection.
Fer. Have not you
My palsey?
Card. Yes, I can be angry,
Without this rapture, there is not in nature
A thing that makes man so deform'd, so beastly,
As doth intemperate anger: chide your selfe,
You have divers men, who never yet exprest
Their strong desire of rest, but by unrest,
By vexing of themselves: come, put your selfe
In tune.
Fer. So, I will only study to seeme
The thing I am not: I could kill her now,
In you, or in my selfe, for I doe thinke
It is some sinne in us, Heaven doth revenge
By her.
Card. Are you starke mad?
Fer. I would have their bodies
Burnt in a cole-pit, with the ventage stop'd,
That their curs'd smoake might not ascend to Heaven:
Or dip the sheetes they lie in, in pitch or sulphure,
Wrap them in 't, and then light them like a match:
Or else to boyle their bastard to a cullisse,
And giv 't his lecherous father, to renew
The sinne of his backe.
Card. I 'le leave you.
Fer. Nay, I have done,
I am confident, had I bin damn'd in hell,
And should have heard of this, it would have put me
Into a cold sweat! In, in, I 'le go sleepe,
Till I know who leapes my sister, I 'le not stirre:
That knowne, I 'le finde scorpions to sting my whips,
And fix her in a generall ecclipse. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS III.

SCENA I.

ANTONIO, *and* DELIO, *Dutchesse*, FERDINAND, BOSOLA.

Ant. Our noble friend, (my most beloved Delio!)
Oh, you have bin a stranger long at court,
Came you along with the lord Ferdinand?
Del. I did, sir, and how fares your noble dutchesse?
Ant. Right fortunately well: she 's an excellent
Feeder of pedegrees: since you last saw her,
She hath had two children more, a sonne and daughter.
Del. Methinkes 't was yesterday: let me but winke,
And not behold your face, which to mine eye
Is somewhat leaner, verily I should dreame
It were within this halfe houre.
Ant. You have not beene in law (friend Delio)
Nor in prison, nor a suitor at the court,
Nor beg'd the reversion of some great man's place,
Nor troubled with an old wife, which doth make
Your time so insencibly hasten.
Del. Pray sir, tell me,
Hath not this newes arriv'd yet to the eare
Of the lord Cardinall?
Ant. I feare it hath,
The lord Ferdinand (that 's newly come to court)
Doth beare himselfe right dangerously.
Del. Pray why?
Ant. He is so quiet, that he seemes to sleepe
The tempest out (as dormice do in winter):
Those houses that are haunted, are most still,
Till the divell be up.
Del. What say the common people?
Ant. The common-rable do directly say
She is a strumpet.
Del. And your graver heads,
(Which would be politique,) what censure they?
Ant. They do observe, I grow to infinite purchase
The left hand way, and all suppose the dutchesse
Would amend it, if she could: for, say they,
Great princes, though they grudge their officers
Should have such large and unconfined meanes
To get wealth under them, will not complaine,
Lest thereby they should make them odious
Unto the people, for other obligation
Of love or marriage, betweene her and me,
They never dreame of.
Del. The lord Ferdinand
Is going to bed.
Fer. I 'le instantly to bed,
For I am weary; I am to be-speake
A husband for you.
Dutch. For me, sir? pray who is 't?
Fer. The great count Malateste.
Dutch. Fye upon him!
A count? he 's a meere sticke of sugar-candy,
(You may looke quite thorough him:) when I choose
A husband, I will marry for your honor.
Fer. You shall do well in 't: how is 't (worthy Antonio?)
Dutch. But (sir) I am to have private conference with you
About a scandalous report, is spread
Touching mine honor.
Fer. Let me be ever deafe to 't:
One of Pasquils paper-bullets, court calumney,

A pestilent ayre, which princes pallaces
Are seldome purg'd off: yet, say that it were true,
I poure it in your bosome, my fix'd love,
Would strongly excuse, extenuate, nay deny
Faults were they apparant in you: go, be safe
In your owne innocency.
Dutch. Oh bless'd comfort!
This deadly ayre is purg'd. [*Exeunt.*
Fer. Her guilt treads on
Hot burning cultures: now, Bosola,
How thrives our intelligence?
Bos. Sir, uncertainly;
'Tis rumour'd she hath had three bastards, but
By whom, we may go read i' th' starres.
Fer. Why, some
Hold opinion, all things are written there.
Bos. Yes, if we could finde spectacles to read them;
I do suspect, there hath bin some sorcery
Us'd on the dutchesse.
Fer. Sorcery, to what purpose?
Bos. To make her dote on some desertles fellow,
She shames to acknowledge.
Fer. Can your faith give way
To thinke there 's power in potions, or in charmes,
To make us love, whether we will or no?
Bos. Most certainly. [things
Fer. Away, these are meere gulleries, horrid
Invented by some cheating mounte-banckes
To abuse us: do you thinke that herbes, or charmes
Can force the will? Some trialls have bin made
In this foolish practise; but the ingredients
Were lenative poysons, such as are of force
To make the patient mad; and straight the witch
Sweares (by equivocation,) they are in love.
The witch-craft lies in her rancke blood: this night
I will force confession from her: you told me
You had got (within these two dayes) a false key
Into her bed-chamber.
Bos. I have.
Fer. As I would wish.
Bos. What doe you intend to do?
Fer. Can you ghesse?
Bos. No.
Fer. Do not aske then:
He that can compasse me, and know my drifts,
May say he hath put a girdle 'bout the world,
And sounded all her quick-sands.
Bos. I doe not
Thinke so.
Fer. What do you thinke then, pray?
Bos. That *you are*
Your owne chronicle too much: and grosly
Flatter your selfe.
Fer. Give me thy hand, I thanke thee:
I never gave pension but to flatterers,
Till I entertained thee: farewell.
That friend a great man's ruine strongly checks,
Who railes into his beliefe, all his defects.

SCENA II.

Dutchesse, ANTONIO, CARIOLA, FERDINAND, BOSOLA, *Officers.*

Dutch. Bring me the casket hither, and the glasse;
You get no lodging here, to night, (my lord).
Ant. Indeed I must perswade one.
Dutch. Very good:
I hope in time 't will grow into a custome,
That noble men shall come with cap and knee,
To purchase a nights lodging of their wives.
Ant. I must lye here.
Dutch. Must? you are a lord of mis-rule.
Ant. Indeed, my rule is only in the night.
Dutch. To what use will you put me?
Ant. We 'll sleep together.
Dutch. Alas! what pleasure can two lovers find in sleepe?
Cari. My lord, I lye with her often; and I know
She 'll much disquiet you.
Ant. See, you are complain'd of.
Cari. For she 's the sprawlingst bedfellow.
Ant. I shall like her the better for that.
Cari. Sir, shall I aske you a question?
Ant. I pray thee, Cariola.
Cari. Wherefore still when you lye with my lady
Do you rise so early?
Ant. Labouring men
Count the clocke oftnest, Cariola,
Are glad when their task 's ended.
Dutch. I 'le stop your mouth.
Ant. Nay, that 's but one, Venus had two soft doves
To draw her chariot: I must have another:
When wilt thou marry, Cariola?
Cari. Never (my lord).
Ant. O fie upon this single life! forgo it:
We read how Daphne, for her peevish slight,
Became a fruitlesse bay-tree: Siriux turn'd
To the pale empty reede: Anaxarate
Was frozen into marble: whereas those
Which married, or prov'd kind unto their friends,
Were, by a gracious influence, transhap'd
Into the olive, pomgranet, mulbery:
Became flowers, precious stones, or eminent starres.
Cari. This is a vaine poetry; but I pray you tell me,
If there were propos'd me, wisdome, riches, and beauty,
In three severall yong men, which should I choose?
Ant. 'Tis a hard question: this was Paris case,

And he was blind in 't, and there was great cause:
For how was 't possible he should judge right,
Having three amorous goddesses in view,
And they starke naked: 't was a motion
Were able to benight the apprehension
Of the severest counsellor of Europe.
Now I looke on both your faces, so well form'd,
It puts me in minde of a question, I would aske.
Cari. What is 't?
Ant. I doe wonder why hard-favour'd ladies,
For the most part, keepe worse favour'd wayting women,
To attend them, and cannot endure faire ones.
Dutch. Oh, that 's soone answer'd.
Did you ever in your life know an ill painter
Desire to have his dwelling next doore to the shop
Of an excellent picture-maker? 'twould disgrace
His face-making, and undo him: I pre-thee
When were we merry? my haire tangles.
Ant. Pray-thee, Cariola, let's steale forth the room,
And let her talke to her selfe: I have divers times
Served her the like when she had chaf'd extreamely:
I love to see her angry: softly, Cariola. [*Exeunt.*
Dutch. Doth not the colour of my haire 'gin to change?
When I waxe gray, I shall have all the court
Powder their haire with arras, to be like me:
You have cause to love me, I entred into my heart
Before you would vouchsafe to call for the keyes.
We shall one day have my brothers take you napping:
Me thinkes his presence (being now in court)
Should make you keep your own bed: but you 'll say
Love mixt with feare, is sweetest: I'le assure you
You shall get no more children till my brothers
Consent to bee your gossips: have you lost your tongue? 'tis welcome:
For know, whether I am doomb'd to live or die,
I can do both like a prince.
[FERDINAND *gives her a poniard.*
Fer. Die then, quickly:
Vertue, where art thou hid? what hideous thing
Is it, that doth clip thee?
Dutch. Pray, sir, heare me.
Fer. Or is it true, thou art but a bare name,
And no essentiall thing?
Dutch. Sir?
Fer. Do not speake.
Dutch. No, sir:
I will plant my soule in mine eares, to heare you.
Fer. Oh must imperfect light of humane reason;
That mak'st so unhappy, to fore-see
What we can least prevent. Pursue thy wishes,
And glory in them: there 's in shame no comfort,
But to be past all bounds, and sense of shame.
Dutch. I pray, sir, heare me: I am married.
Fer. So.
Dutch. Happily, not to your liking: but for that,
Alas! your sheeres do come untimely now
To clip the birds wings, that 's already flowne:
Will you see my husband?
Fer. Yes, if I
Could change eyes with a basilisque.
Dutch. Sure, you came hither
By his confideracy.
Fer. The howling of a wolfe
Is musicke to the (screech-owle) prethee peace;
What ere thou art, that hast enjoy'd my sister,
(For I am sure thou heardst me,) for mine owne sake
Let me not know thee: I came hither, prepar'd
To worke thy discovery; yet am now perswaded
It would beget so violent effects
As would damne us both: I would not for ten millions
I had beheld thee; therefore use all meanes
I never may have knowledge of thy name;
Enjoy thy lust still, and a wretched life,
On that condition: and for thee (wilde woman)
If thou doe wish thy leacher may grow old
In thy embracements, I would have thee build
Such a roome for him as our anchorites
To holier use inhabite: let not the sun
Shine on him, till he 's dead: let dogs and monkeys
Only converse with him, and such dumbe things
To whom nature denies use, to sound his name.
Doe not keepe a paraqueto, lest she learne it;
If thou doe love him, cut out thine owne tongue,
Lest it bewray him.
Dutch. Why might not I marry?
I have not gone about, in this, to create
Any new world, or custome.
Fer. Thou art undone.
And thou hast taine that massy sheet of lead
That hid thy husbands bones, and foulded it
About my heart.
Dutch. Mine bleedes for 't.
Fer. Thine? thy heart?
What should I name 't, unlesse a hollow bullet
Fill'd with unquenchable wild-fire?
Dutch. You are in this
Too strict; and were you not my princely brother
I would say too wilfull: my reputation
Is safe.
Fer. Dost thou know what reputation is,
I'le tell thee to small purpose, since th' instruction
Comes now too late.
Upon a time, reputation, love, and death,
Would travell o're the world: and it was concluded
That they should part, and take three severall wayes:
Death told them, they should find him in great battailes;
Or cities plagu'd with plagues: Love gives them counsell
To enquire for him 'mongst unambitious shepherds,

Where dowries were not talkt of: and sometimes
'Mongst quiet kindred, that had nothing left
By their dead parents: stay, (quoth reputation,)
Do not forsake me: for it is my nature,
If once I part from any man I meet,
I am never found againe: and so, for you:
You have shooke hands with reputation,
And made him invisible: so fare you well.
I will never see you more.
Dutch. Why should only I,
Of all the other princes of the world,
Be cas'd up, like a holy relique? I have youth,
And a little beauty.
Fer. So you have some virgins,
That are witches: I will never see thee more.
[*Exit.*
Dutch. You saw this apparition.

Enter ANTONIO *with a Pistoll.*

Ant. Yes; we are
Betraid: how came he hither? I should turne
This to thee, for that.
Cari. Pray sir doe: and when
That you have cleft my heart, you shall reade there,
Mine innocence.
Dutch. That gallery gave him entrance.
Ant. I would this terrible thing would come againe,
That (standing on my guard) I might relate
My warrantable love: ha! what meanes this?
Dutch. He left this with me.
[*She shewes the ponyard.*
Ant. And it seemes, did wish
You would use it on your selfe.
Dutch. His action
Seem'd to intend so much.
Ant. This hath a handle to 't,
As well as a point, turne it towards him,
And so fasten the keene edge in his rancke gall:
How now? who knocks? more earthquakes?
Dutch. I stand
As if a myne, beneath my feet, were ready
To be blowne up.
Cari. 'Tis Bosola.
Dutch. Away,
Oh misery, me thinkes unjust actions
Should weare these masques, and curtaines; and not we:
You must instantly part hence, I have fashion'd it already. [*Exit* ANTONIO.
Bos. The duke your brother is tane up in a whirle wind,
Hath tooke horse, and 's rid poste to Rome.
Dutch. So late?
Bos. He told me, (as he mounted into th' saddle,)
You were undone.
Dutch. Indeed, I am very neere it.
Bos. What 's the matter?
Dutch. Antonio, the master of our houshold,
Hath dealt so falsely with me, in 's accounts:
My brother stood engag'd with me for money
Ta'ne up of certaine Neopolitane Jewes,
And Antonio let 's the bonds be forfeit.
Bos. Strange, this is cunning.
Dutch. And hereupon
My brothers bills at Naples are protested
Against: call up the officers.
Bos. I shall. [*Exit.*
Dutch. The place that you must flye to, is Ancona;
Hire a house there. I'le send after you
My treasure, and my jewels: our weake safety
Runs upon ingenious wheeles; short sillables
Must stand for periods: I must now accuse you
Of such a fained crime, as Tasso calls
Magnanima mensogna, a noble lye,
Cause it must shield our honors: harke, they are comming.
Ant. Will your grace heare me?
Dutch. I have got well by you: you have yeelded me
A million of losse; I am like to inherit
The peoples curses for your stewardship:
You had the tricke, in audit time to be sicke,
Till I had sign'd your quietus; and that cur'd you
Without helpe of a doctor. Gentlemen,
I would have this man be an example to you all,
So shall you hold my favour: I pray let him;
For h' as done that (alas!) you would not thinke of,
And (because I intend to be rid of him)
I meane not to publish: use your fortune elsewhere.
Ant. I am strongly arm'd to brooke my overthrow,
As commonly men beare with a hard yeere:
I will not blame the cause on't; but doe thinke
The necessity of my malevolent starre
Procures this, not her humour: O the inconstant,
And rotten ground of service, you may see:
'Tis ev'n like him, that in a winter night
Takes a long slumber ore a dying fire; [cold,
As loath to part from 't: yet parts thence are
As when he first sate downe.
Dutch. We doe confiscate
(Towards the satisfying of your accounts)
All that you have.
Ant. I am all yours: and 'tis very fit
All mine should be so.
Dutch. So, sir; you have your passe.
Ant. You may see (gentlemen) what 'tis to serve
A prince with body and soule. [*Exit.*
Bos. Here 's an example for extortion; what moisture is drawne out of the sea, when foule weather comes, powres downe, and runs into the sea againe.
Dutch. I would know what are your opinions
Of this Antonio.
2d Of. He could not abide to see a pigs head gaping,
I thought your grace would finde him a Jew.

3d Of. I would you had bin officer, for your owne sake.
4th Of. You would have had more money.
1st Of. He stop'd his eares with blacke wooll: and to those came
To him for money said he was thicke of hearing.
2d Of. Some said he was an hermophrobite, for he could not abide a woman.
4th Of. How scurvy proud would he looke, when the treasury was full!
Well, let him go.
1st Of. Yes, and the chippings of the buttery flye after him,
To scowre his golden chaine.
Dutch. Leave us: what doe you thinke of these?
Bos. That these are rogues; that in 's prosperity,
But to have waited on this fortune, could have wish'd
His dirty stirrop rivited through their noses:
And follow'd after 's mule, like a beare in a ring.
Would have prostituted their daughters to his lust:
Made their first-borne intelligencers: thought none happy
But such as were borne under his planet:
And wore his livery: and doe these lice drop off now?
Well, never looke to have the like againe:
He hath left a sort of flattring rogues behind him,
Their doome must follow: princes pay flatterers
In their owne money; flatterers dissemble their vices,
And they dissemble their lies; that 's justice:
Alas! poore gentleman.
Dutch. Poore? he hath amply fill'd his cofers.
Bos. Sure he was too honest: Pluto, the god of riches,
When he 's sent (by Jupiter) to any man,
He goes limping, to signify that wealth
That comes on God's name, comes slowly, but when he 's sent
On the divells arrand, he rides post, and comes in by scuttles:
Let me shew you, what a most unvalu'd jewell
You have (in a wanton humour) throwne away,
To blesse the man shall finde him. He was an excellent
Courtier, and most faithfull; a souldier, that thought it
As beastly to know his owne value too little,
As devillish to acknowledge it too much.
Both his vertue and forme deserv'd a farre better fortune:
His discourse rather delighted to judge it selfe, than shew it selfe.
His breast was fill'd with all perfection,
And yet it seem'd a private whispering roome,
It made so little noyse of 't.
Dutch. But he was basely descended.
Bos. Will you make your selfe a mercinary herald,
Rather to examine mens pedegrees than vertues?
You shall want him;
For know an honest states-man to a prince,
Is like a cedar planted by a spring,
The spring bathes the trees root, the grateſull tree
Rewards it with his shadow: you have not done so.
I would sooner swim to the Bermoothe's on two polititians
Rotten bladders, tide together with an intelligencers heart-string,
Than depend on so changeable a princes favour.
Fare thee well (Antonio), since the malice of the world
Would needs downe with thee, it cannot be said yet
That any ill happened unto thee, considering thy fall
Was accompanied with vertue.
Dutch. Oh, you render me excellent musicke.
Bos. Say you?
Dutch. This good one that you speake of, is my husband.
Bos. Do I not dreame? can this ambitious age
Have so much goodnes in 't, as to preſer
Of wealth and painted honors? possible?
Dutch. I have had three children by him.
Bos. Fortunate lady!
For you have made your private nuptiall bed
The humble and faire seminary of peace.
No question but many an unbenefic'd scholler
Shall pray for you, for this deed, and rejoyce
That some preferment in the world can yet
Arise from merit. The virgins of your land
(That have no dowries) shall hope your example
Will raise them to rich husbands: should you want
Souldiers, 'twould make the very Turks and Moores
Turne Christians, and serve you for this act.
Last, the neglected poets of your time,
In honour of this trophee of a man,
Rais'd by that curious engine, (your white hand,)
Shall thanke you, in your grave, for 't; and make that
More reverend than all the cabinets
Of living princes. For Antonio,
His fame shall likewise flow, from many a pen,
When heralds shall want coates, to sell to men.
Dutch. As I taste comfort in this friendly speech,
So would I find concealment.
Bos. O! the secret of my prince,
Which I will weare on th' in-side of my heart.
Dutch. You shall take charge of all my coyne, and jewels,
And follow him, for he retires himselfe
To Ancona.
Bos. So.
Dutch. Whether, within few dayes,
I meane to follow thee.

Bos. Let me thinke:
I would wish your grace to faigne a pilgrimage
To our lady of Loretto, (scarce seven leagues
From faire Ancona,) so may you depart
Your country with more honour, and your flight
Will seeme a princely progresse, retaining
Your usuall traine about you.
Dutch. Sir, your direction
Shall lead me by the hand.
Cari. In my opinion
She were better progresse to the bathes
At Leuca, or go visit the Spaw
In Germany, for (if you will beleeve me)
I do not like this jesting with religion,
This faigned pilgrimage.
Dutch. Thou art a superstitious foole;
Prepare us instantly for our departure:
Past sorrowes, let us moderately lament them;
For those to come, seeke wisely to prevent them. [*Exit.*
Bos. A polititian is the divels quilted anvell;
He fashions all sinnes on him, and the blowes
Are never heard; he may worke in a ladies chamber,
(As here for proof,) what rests, but I reveale
All to my lord: Oh this base quality
Of inteligencers! why, every quality i' th' world
Prefers but gaine, or commendation:
Now for this act, I am certaine to be rais'd,
And men that paint weeds (to the life) are prais'd. [*Exit.*

SCENA III.

Cardinall, FERDINAND, MALATESTE, PESCARA, SILVIO, DELIO, BOSOLA.

Card. Must we turne souldier then?
Mal. The emperor,
Hearing your worth that way, (ere you attain'd
This reverend garment) joynes you in commission
With the right fortunate souldier, the Marquis of Pescara,
And the famous Lanoy.
Card. He that had the honor
Of taking the French king prisoner?
Mal. The same.
Here 's a plot drawne, for a new fortification
At Naples.
Fer. This great Count Malateste, I perceive
Hath got employment?
Del. No employment (my lord);
A marginall note in the muster-booke, that he is
A voluntary lord.
Fer. He 's no souldier.
Del. He ha 's worne gun-powder in 's hollow tooth, for the tooth-ache.
Sil. He come to the leaguer, with a full intent
To eat fresh beefe and garlicke, meanes to stay
Till the sent be gon, and straight returne to court.
Del. He hath read all the late service,
As the City Chronicle relates it.
And keepes two painters going, only to expresse
Battailes in modell.
Sil. Then he 'll fight by the booke.
Del. By the almanacke, I thinke
To choose good dayes, and shun the criticall;
That 's his mistris skarfe.
Sil. Yes, he protests
He would *do* much for that taffita.
Del. I thinke he would run away from a battaile
To save it from taking prisoner.
Sil. He is horribly afraid
Gun-powder will spoile the perfume on 't.
Del. I saw a Dutch-man breake his pate once
For calling him pot-gun, he made his head
Have a boare in 't like a musket.
Sil. I would he had made a touch-hole to 't.
He is indeed a guarded sumpter cloth,
Only for the remoove of the court.
Pes. Bosola arriv'd? what should be the businesse?
Some falling out amongst the cardinals.
These factions amongst great men, they are like
Foxes, when their heads are divided
They carry fire in their tailes, and all the country
About them goes to wracke for 't.
Sil. What 's that Bosola?
Del. I knew him in Padua, a fantasticall schollar,
Like such, who study to know how many knots was in
Hercules club, of what colour Achilles beard was,
Or whether Hector were not troubled with the tooth-ache:
He hath studied himselfe halfe bleare-ey'd, to know the
True semitry of Cæsars nose by a shooing-horne, and this
He did to gaine the name of a speculative man.
Pes. Marke Prince Ferdinand,
A very salamander lives in 's eye,
To mocke the eager violence of fire.
Sil. That cardinal hath made more bad faces with his oppression,
Than ever Michael Angelo made good ones;
He lifts up 's nose, like a foule porpisse before a storme.
Pes. The Lord Ferdinand laughes.
Del. Like a deadly canon,
That lightens ere it smoakes.
Pes. These are your true pangs of death,
The pangs of life, that struggle with great statesmen.
Del. In such a deformed silence, witches whisper their charmes.
Card. Doth she make religion her riding hood
To keep her from the sun and tempest?
Fer. That: that damnes her. Methinkes her fault, and
Beauty blended together, shew like leprosie,
The whiter, the fouler: I make it a question

Whether her beggerly brats were ever christened.
Card. I will instantly solicite the state of Ancona
To have them banish'd.
Fer. You are for Loretto?
I shall not be at your ceremony: fare you well,
Write to the duke of Malfy, my yong nephew,
She had by first husband, and acquaint him
With 's mothers honesty.
Bos. I will.
Fer. Antonio!
A slave that only smell'd of ink and counters,
And nev'r in 's life look'd like a gentleman,
But in the audit time; goe, goe presently,
Draw me out an hundred and fifty of our horse,
And meet me at the fort-bridge. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA IV.

Two Pilgrimes to the Shrine of our Lady of LORETTO.

1*st Pilg.* I have not seen a goodlier shrive then this,
Yet I have visited many. [day,
2*d Pilg.* The Cardinall of Arragon is, this
To resigne his cardinals hat, his sister
Dutchesse likewise is arriv'd to pay her
Vow of pilgrimage: I expect a noble ceremony.
1*st Pilg.* No question:——They come.

[*Here the ceremony of the Cardinals enstalment, in the habit of a Souldier, perform'd in delivering up his crosse, hat, robes, and ring, at the shrive; and investing him with sword, helmet, shield, and spurs: then* ANTONIO, *the Dutchesse, and their Children, (having presented themselves at the shrine,) are (by a form of banishment in dumbshew expressed towards them by the Cardinall and the State of Ancona) banished. During all which ceremony, this ditty is sung (to very solemn musick) by divers church-men, and then* [Exeunt.

Armes, and honors, deck thy story,
To thy fames eternall glory,
Adverse fortune ever flie thee,
No disastrous fate come nigh thee.
I alone will sing thy prayses,
Whom to honor, vertue raises;
And thy study, that divine-is,
Bent to marshal-discipline-is:
Lay aside all those robes lie by thee,
Crowne thy arts with arms; they 'll beautifie thee.
O worthy of worthiest name, adorn'd in this manner,
Leade bravely thy forces on, under war warlike banner;
O, mayst thou prove fortunate in all marshall courses,
Guide thou still, by skill, in arts, and forces:
Victory attend thee nigh whilst fame sings loud thy powers,
Triumphant conquest crown thy head, and blessings poure downe showres.

1*st Pilg.* Heer 's a strange turne of state! who would have thought
So great a lady would have match'd her selfe
Unto so meane a person? yet the cardinall
Beares himselfe too cruell.
2*d Pilg.* They are banish'd.
1*st Pilg.* But I would aske, what power hath this state
Of Ancona to determine of a free prince?
2*d Pilg.* They are a free state, sir, and her brother shew'd
How that the pope fore-hearing of her loosenesse,
Hath seaz'd into the protection of the church
The dukedome, which she held as dowager.
1*st Pilg.* But by what justice?
2*d Pilg.* Sure I thinke by none,
Only her brothers instigation.
1*st Pilg.* What was it with such violence he took
Off from her finger?
2*d Pilg.* 'Twas her wedding-ring,
Which he vow'd shortly he would sacrifice
To his revenge.
1*st Pilg.* Alas, Antonio,
If that a man be thrust into a well,
No matter who sets hand to 't, his owne weight
Will bring him sooner to th' bottome: come, let 's hence.
Fortune makes this conclusion generall,
"All things to help th' unhappy man to fall."
[*Exeunt.*

SCENA V.

ANTONIO, *Dutchesse, Children,* CARIOLA, *Servants,* BOSOLA, *Souldiers, with Vizards.*

Dutch. Banish'd Ancona?
Ant. Yes, you see what power
Lightens in great mens breath.
Dutch. Is all our traine
Shrunke to this poore remainder?
Ant. These are poore men,
(Which have got little in your service,) vow
To take your fortune: but your wiser buntings,
Now they are fledg'd, are gone.
Dutch. They have done wisely.
This puts me in minde of death; physitians thus,
With their hands full of money, use to giue ore
Their patients.
Ant. Right the fashion of the world;
From decaid fortunes every flatterer shrinkes;
Men cease to build, where the foundation sinkes.
Dutch. I had a very strange dream to night.
Ant. What is 't?
Dutch. Methought I wore my coronet of state,
And on a sudden all the diamonds
Were chang'd to pearles.
Ant. My interpretation

Is, you'll weepe shortly, for to me, the pearles
Do signifie you tears.
Dutch. The birds, that live i' th' field
On the wilde benefit of nature, live
Happier than we; for they may choose their mates,
And carroll their sweet pleasures to the spring.
Bos. You are happily ore-ta'ne.
Dutch. From my brother?
Bos. Yes, from the lord Ferdinand, your brother,
All love and safety.
Dutch. Thov dost blanch mischiefe,
Wouldst make it white. See, see; like to the calme weather
At sea, before a tempest, false hearts speake faire
To those they intend most mischiefe.
A letter. *Send* Antonio *to me, I want his head in a busines*: (a politicke equivocation:)
He doth not want your counsell, but your head;
That is, he cannot sleepe till you be dead.
And here 's another pitfall, that 's strew'd ore
With roses: marke it, 'tis a cunning one.

I stand ingaged for your husband, for severall debts at Naples: let not
That trouble him, I had rather have his heart than his money.

And I beleeve so too.
Bos. What doe you beleeve?
Dutch. That he so much distrusts my husbands love,
He will by no meanes beleeve his heart is with him
Untill he see it. The devill is not cunning enough
To circumvent us in riddles.
Bos. Will you reject that noble and free league
Of amity and love, which I present you?
Dutch. Their league is like that of some politicke kings,
Only to make themselves of strength and power
To be our after-ruine: tell them so.
Bos. And what from you?
Ant. Thus tell him: I will not come.
Bos. And what of this?
Ant. My brothers have dispers'd
Blood-hounds abroad; which till I heare are muzzell'd;
No truce, though hatch'd with nere such politicke skill,
Is safe, that hangs upon our enemies will.
I'le not come at them.
Bos. This proclaimes your breeding.
Every small thing drawes a base minde to feare,
As the adamant drawes yron: fare you well, sir,
You shall shortly heare from 's. [*Exit.*
Dutch. I suspect some ambush:
Therefore, by all my love, I doe conjure you
To take your eldest sonne, and fly towards Millaine;
Let us not venture all this poor remainder in one unlucky bottom.
Ant. You counsell safely:
Best of my life, farewell! since we must part,
Heaven hath a hand in 't: but no otherwise,
Then as some curious artist takes in sunder
A clock, or watch, when it is out of frame to bring 't in better order.
Dutch. I know not which is best,
To see you dead, or part with you. Farewel, boy,
Thou art hapy, that thou hast not understanding
To know thy misery: for all our wit and
Reading brings us to a truer sence of sorrow:
In the eternall church, sir, I doe hope we shall not part thus.
Ant. Oh, be of comfort!
Make patience a noble fortitude,
And think not how unkindly we are us 'd:
" Man (like to cassia) is prov'd best, being bruis'd."
Dutch. Must I, like to a slave-born ruffian,
Account it praise to suffer tyranny? and yet
O (Heaven!) thy heavy hand is in 't. I have seene
My little boy oft scourge his top, and compar'd
My selfe to 't: naught made me ere go right,
But Heavens scourge-stick.
Ant. Do not weep:
Heaven fashion'd us of nothing; and we strive
To bring our selves to nothing. Farewel, Cariola,
And thy sweet armful. If I do never see thee more,
Be a good mother to your little ones,
And save them from the tiger: fare you well.
Dutch. Let me looke upon you once more; for that speech
Came from a dying father: your kisse is colder
Then that I have seen an holy anchorite
Give to a dead mans skull.
Ant. My heart is turn'd to a heavy lump of lead,
With which I sound my danger: fare you well. [*Exit.*
Dutch. My laurel is all wither'd.
Cari. Looke (madam) what a troop of arm'd men
Make towards us.

Enter BOSOLA, *with a Guard.*

Dutch. O, they are very welcome:
When Fortunes wheele is over-charg'd with princes,
The waight makes it move swift. I would have my ruine
Be sudden: I am your adventure, am I not?
Bos. You are, you must see your husband no more.
Dutch. What devil art thou, that counterfeits Heavens thunder?
Bos. Is that terrible? I would have you tell me
Whether is that note worse, that frights the silly birds
Out of the corne, or that which doth allure them
To the nets? you have hearkned to the last too much.

Dutch. O misery! like to a rusty ore-charg'd canon,
Shall I never fly in pieces? Come: to what prison?
Bos. To none.
Dutch. Whether then?
Bos. To your palace.
Dutch. I have heard that Charons boat serves to convay
All ore the dismall lake, but brings none backe againe. [pity.
Bos. Your brothers meane you safety and
Dutch. Pity! with such a pity men preserve alive
Pheasants and quailes, when they are not fat enough to be eaten.
Bos. These are your children?
Dutch. Yes.
Bos. Can they prattle?
Dutch. No.
But I intend, since they were borne accurs'd,
Curses shall be their first language.
Bos. Fye, madam,
Forget this base low fellow.
Dutch. Were I a man, I 'll'd
Beat that counterfeit face into thy other.
Bos. One of no birth.
Dutch. Say that he was borne meane:
Man is most happy, when 's owne actions
Be arguments, and examples of his vertue.
Bos. A barren, beggerly vertue.
Dutch. I pre-thee who is greatest, can you tell?
Sad tales befit my woe: I 'le tell you one.
A salmon, as she swam unto the sea,
Met with a dog-fish, who encounters her
With this rough language: Why art thou so bold
To mixe thy selfe with our high state of floods,
Being no eminent courtier, but one
That for the calmest, and fresh time o' th' yeere
Do'st live in shallow rivers, rank'st thy selfe
With silly smylts, and shrympes? and darest thou
Passe by our dog-ship, without reverence?
O (quoth the salmon) sister, be at peace:
Thanke Jupiter, we both have pass'd the net,
Our value never can be truly knowne,
Till in the fishers basket we be showne.
I' th' market then my price may be the higher,
Even when I am neerest to the cooke, and fire.
So, to great men, the morrall may be stretched;
"Men oft are valued high, when th' are most wretched."
But come: whither you please: I am arm'd 'gainst misery:
Bent to all swayes of the oppressors will.
Ther's no deepe valley, but neere some great hill.
[*Exit.*

ACTUS IV.

SCENA I.

FERDINAND, BOSOLA, *Dutchesse*, CARIOLA, *Servants.*

Fer. How doth our sister dutchesse beare her selfe
In her imprisonment?
Bos. Nobly: I 'le describe her:
She 's sad, as one us'd to 't: and she seemes
Rather to welcome the end of misery
Then shun it: a behaviour so noble,
As gives a majesty to adversity:
You may discerne the shape of lovelinesse
More perfect, in her teares, then in her smiles;
She will muse foure houres together: and her silence
(Methinkes) expresseth more, then if she spake.
Fer. Her melancholy seems to be fortifide with a strange disdain.
Bos. 'Tis so: and this restraint
(Like English mastiffes, that grow feirce with tying)
Makes her too pationately apprehend those pleasures she 's kept from.
Fer. Curse upon her!
I will no longer study in the booke
Of anothers heart: informe her what I told you.
[*Exit.*
Bos. All comfort to your grace.
Dutch. I will have none:
Pray-thee, why dost thou wrap thy poysoned pils
In gold, and sugar?
Bos. Your elder brother, the Lord Ferdinand,
Is come to visite you; and sends you word,
'Cause once he rashly made a solemne vow
Never to see you more, he comes i' th' night:
And prayes you (gently) neither torch nor taper
Shine in your chamber: he will kisse your hand:
And reconcile himselfe: but, for his vowe,
He dares not see you.
Dutch. At his pleasure:
Take hence the lights: he 's come.
Fer. Where are you?
Dutch. Here, sir.
Fer. This darknesse suits you well.
Dutch. I would aske you pardon.
Fer. You have it;
For I account it the honorabl'st revenge,
Where I may kill, to pardon: where are your cubbs?
Dutch. Whom?
Fer. Call them your children;
For though our nationall law distinguish bastards
From true legitimate issue, compassionate nature
Makes them all equall.

Dutch. Do you visit me for this?
You violate a sacrament o' th' church
Shall make you howle in hell for 't.
Fer. It had bin well,
Could you have liv'd thus alwayes: for indeed
You were too much i' th' light: but no more,
I come to seale my peace with you: here 's a hand, [*Gives her a dead mans hand.*
To which you have vow'd much love: the ring upon 't
You gave.
Dutch. I affectionately kisse it. [heart.
Fer. Pray do: and bury the print of it in your
I will leave this ring with you, for a love-token:
And the hand, as sure as the ring: and do not doubt
But you shall have the heart too: when you need a friend,
Send it to him that owd it: you shall see
Whether he can aid you.
Dutch. You are very cold,
I feare you are not well after your travell:
Hah! lights: Oh horrible!
Fer. Let her have lights enough. [*Exit.*
Dutch. What witch-craft doth he practise, that he hath left
A dead-mans hand here?———
[*Here is discover'd (being a travers,) the artificiall figures of* ANTONIO, *and his Children, appearing as if they were dead.*'
Bos. Looke you; here 's the piece from which 't was ta'ne:
He doth present you this sad spectacle,
That now you know directly they are dead,
Hereafter you may (wisely) cease to grieve
For that which cannot be recovered.
Dutch. There is not between heaven and the earth, one wish
I stay for after this: it wastes me more,
Than were 't my picture, fashion'd out of wax,
Stuke with a magicall needle, and then buried
In some foule dung-hill: and yond's an excellent property
For a tyrant, which I would account mercy.
Bos. What 's that? [trunke,
Dutch. If they would bind me to that livelesse
And let me freeze to death.
Bos. Come, you must live.
Dutch. That 's the greatest torture soules feele in hell,
In hell: that they must live, and cannot dye:
Portia, I 'll new kindle thy coales againe,
And revive the rare, and almost dead example
Of a loving wife.
Bos. O fye, despaire? remember
You are a Christian.
Dutch. The church enjoynes fasting:
I 'll starve my selfe to death.
Bos. Leave this vaine sorrow;
Things being at the worst, begin to mend:
The bee, when he hath shot his sting into your hand,
May then play with your eye-lid.
Dutch. Good comfortable fellow,
Perswade a wretch that 's broke upon the wheele
To have all his bones new set: entreat him live,
To be executed again: who must dispatch me?
I account this world a tedious theater,
For I do play a part in 't 'gainst my will.
Bos. Come, be of comfort, I will save your life.
Dutch. Indeed I have not leisure to tend so final a businesse.
Bos. Now, by my life, I pitty you.
Dutch. Thou art a foole then,
To wast thy pitty on a thing so wretch'd
As cannot pitty it: I am full of daggers:
Puffe! let me blow these vipers from me:
What are you?
1st Serv. One that wishes you long life.
Dutch. I would thou wert hang'd for the horrible curse
Thou hast given me: I shall shortly grow one
Of the miracles of pitty: I 'll go pray: no,
I 'll go curse.
Bos. Oh fye.
Dutch. I could curse the stars.
Bos. Oh fearefull!
Dutch. And those three smyling seasons of the yeare
Into a Russian winter: nay, the world
To its first chaos.
Bos. Looke you, the stars shine stil
Dutch. Oh, but you must remember, my curse hath a great way to go:
Plagues (that make lanes through largest families)
Consume them.
Bos. Fye, lady.
Dutch. Let them, like tyrants,
Never be remembered, but for the ill they have done:
Let all the zealous prayers of mortified
Church-men forget them.
Bos. O uncharitable!
Dutch. Let Heaven a little while cease crowning martirs,
To punish them: go, howle them this; and say I long to bleed:
" It is some mercy, when men kill with speed." [*Exit.*
Fer. Excellent! as I would wish: she 's plagu'd in art.
These presentations are but fram'd in wax,
By the curious master in that quality,
Vincentio Lauriola, and she takes them
For true substantiall bodies.
Bos. Why do you do this?
Fer. To bring her to despaire.
Bos. 'Faith, end here,
And go no farther in your cruelty,
Send her a penitentiall garment, to put on,
Next to her delicate skin, and furnish her
With beads, and prayer-books.
Fer. Damne her, that body of hers,
While that my blood ran pure in 't, was more worth

Than that which thou wouldst comfort, (call'd a soule,)
I wil send her masques of common curtizans,
Have her meat serv'd up by baudes, and ruffians,
And ('cause she 'll needes be mad) I am resolv'd
To remove forth the common hospitall,
All the mad-folke, and place them neere her lodging:
There let them practise together, sing and dance,
And act their gambols to the full o' th' moone:
If she can sleepe the better for it, let her,
Your work is almost ended.
Bos. Must I see her again?
Fer. Yes.
Bos. Never.
Fer. You must.
Bos. Never in mine own shape,
That 's forfeited, by my intelligence,
And this last cruell lie: when you send me next,
The businesse shall be comfort.
Fer. Very likely,
Thy pity is nothing of kin to thee: Antonio
Lurkes about Millaine, thou shalt shortly thither,
To feed a fire, as great as my revenge,
Which nev'r will slack, till it have spent his fuell,
" Intemperate agues make physitians cruell."
[*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

Dutchesse, CARIOLA, *Servant, Mad-men,* BOSOLA, *Executioners,* FERDINAND.

Dutch. What hideous noise was that?
Cari. 'Tis the wild consort
Of mad-men (lady), which your tyrant brother
Hath plac'd about your lodging: this tyranny
I thinke was never practis'd till this houre.
Dutch. Indeed I thanke him: nothing but noyse and folly
Can keep me in my right wits, wherens reason
And silence make me starke mad: sit downe,
Discourse to me some dismall tragedy.
Cari. O 'twill increase your melancholly.
Dutch. Thou art deceiv'd;
To heare of greater griefe, would lessen mine.
This is a prison?
Cari. Yes, but you shall live
To shake this durance off.
Dutch. Thou art a foole,
The robin-red-brest and the nightingale,
Never live long in cages.
Cari. Pray dry your eyes.
What thinke you of, madame?
Dutch. Of nothing:
When I muse thus, I sleepe.
Cari. Like a mad-man, with your eyes open?
Dutch. Dost thou thinke we shall know one another
In th' other world?
Cari. Yes, out of question.
Dutch. O that it were possible we might
But hold some two dayes conference with the dead;
From them I should learne somewhat, I am sure
I never shall know here: I'le tell thee a miracle;
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow.
Th' heaven o're my head seemes made of molten brasse,
The earth of flaming sulphure; yet I am not mad:
I am acquainted with sad misery,
As the tan'd galley-slave is with his oare;
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custome makes it easie. Who doe I looke like now?
Cari. Like to your picture in the gallery,
A deale of life in shew, but none in practise:
Or rather like some reverend monument
Whose ruines are even pittied.
Dutch. Very proper;
And fortune seemes only to have her eye-sight,
To behold my tragedy. How now,
What noise is that?
Serv. I am come to tell you
Your brother hath intended you some sport:
A great physitian, when the pope was sicke
Of a deepe melancholly, presented him
With severall sorts of mad-men, which wilde object
(Being full of change and sport) forc'd him to laugh,
And so th' impost-hume broke: the selfe same cure
The duke intends on you.
Dutch. Let me come in.
Serv. There 's a mad lawyer, and a secular priest,
A doctor that hath forfeited his wits
By jealousie: an astrologian,
That in his workes, said such a day o' th' moneth
Should be the day of doome; and failing of 't,
Ran mad: an English taylor, crais'd i' th' braine
With the study of new fashions: a gentleman usher,
Quite beside himselfe, with care to keepe in minde
The number of his ladies salutations;
Or how do you, she employ'd him in each morning:
A farmer too (an excellent knave in graine)
Mad, 'cause he was hindred transportation;
And let one broaker (that 's mad) loose to these,
You 'ld thinke the divell were among them.
Dutch. Sit, Cariola: let them loose when you please,
For I am chain'd to endure all your tyranny.
[*Here (by a mad-man) this Song is sung, to a dismall kinde of musicke.*

O let us howle some heavy note,
Some deadly dogged howle,
Sounding, as from the threatning throat,
Of beasts, and fatall fowle.
As ravens, schrich-owles, bulls, and beares,
We 'll bell and bawle our parts,
Till yerk-some noise have cloy'd your eares,
And corasiv'd your hearts.

At last, when as our quire wants breath,
Our bodies being blest,
We 'll sing like swans, to welcome death,
And die in love and rest.

1st Mad. Doomes-day not come yet? I'le draw it neerer by a perspective, or make a glasse that shall set all the world on fire upon an instant: I cannot sleepe, my pillow is stuff't with a littor of porcupines.

2d Mad. Hell is a meere glasse-house, where the devils are continually blowing up mens soules, on hollow yrons, and the fire never goes out.

3d Mad. I will lie with every woman in my parish the tenth night:
I will tithe them over, like hay-cocks.

4th Mad. Shall my pothecary outgoe me, because I am a
Cockold? I have found out his roguery: he makes allom [have sore
Of his wives urin, and sells it to puritanes, that
Throates with over-strayning.

1st Mad. I have skill in harroldry.

2d Mad. Hast?

1st Mad. You doe give for your creast, a wood-cockes head, with the
Braines pickt out on 't, you are a very ancient gentleman.

3d Mad. Greeke is turn'd Turke, we are only to be sav'd by the
Helvetian translation. [you.

1st Mad. Come on, sir, I will lay the law to

2d Mad. Oh, rather lay a corazive, the law will eat to the bone.

3d Mad. He that drinkes but to satisfie nature, is damn'd.

4th Mad. If I had my glasse here, I would shew a sight should make
All the women here call me mad doctor.

1st Mad. What 's he, a rope-maker?

2d Mad. No, no, no, a snuffling knave, that while he shewes the
Tombes, will have his hand in a wenches placket.

3d Mad. Woe to the caroach, that brought home my wife from
The masque, at three a clocke in the morning, it had a large
Feather-bed in it.

4th Mad. I have pared the devills nayles forty times, roasted them
In ravens egges, and cur'd agues with them.

3d Mad. Get me three hundred milch bats, to make possets,
To procure sleepe.

4th Mad. All the colledge may throw their 'caps at me, I have made a
Soape-boyler costive, it was my master-piece;—

[*Here the dance, consisting of eight madmen, with musicke answerable thereunto; after which,* BOSOLA *(like an old man) enters.*

Dutch. Is he mad too?

Serv. Pray question him: I'le leave you.

Bos. I am come to make thy tombe.

Dutch. Hah! my tombe?
Thou speak'st, as if I lay upon my death-bed,
Gasping for breath: dost thou perceive me sicke?

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sicknes is insensible.

Dutch. Thou art not mad sure, dost know me?

Bos. Yes.

Dutch. Who am I?

Bos. Thou art a box of worme-seed, at best, but a saluatory
Of greene mummey: what 's this flesh? a little curded milke,
Phantasticall puffe-paste: our bodies are weaker than those
Paper prisons, boyes use to keepe flies in; more contemptible:
Since ours is to preserve earth-wormes: didst thou never see
A larke in a cage? such is the soule in the body: this world
Is like her little turfe of grasse, and the heaven ore our heads,
Like her looking-glasse, only gives us a miserable knowledge
Of the small compasse of our prison.

Dutch. Am not I thy dutchesse?

Bos. Thou art some great woman sure, for riot begins to sit on thy
Fore-head (clad in gray haires) twenty yeares sooner, than on a
Merry milke-maides. Thou sleep'st worse, than if a mouse [feare
Should be forc'd to take up his lodging in a cat's
A little infant, that breedes it 's teeth, should ly with thee, would
Cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bed-fellow.

Dutch. I am dutchesse of Malfy still.

Bos. That makes thy sleepes so broken:
" Glories (like glow-wormes) a farre off, shine bright,
But look'd too neere, have neither heat nor light."

Dutch. Thou art very plaine.

Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living.
I am a tombe-maker.

Dutch. And thou com'st to make my tombe?

Bos. Yes.

Dutch. Let me be a little merry:
Of what stuffe wilt thou make it?

Bos. Nay, resolve me first, of what fashion?

Dutch. Why, doe we grow phantasticall in our death-bed?
Do we affect fashion in the grave?

Bos. Most ambitiously: Princes images on their tombes,
Do not lie, as they were wont, seeming to pray,
Up to heaven: but with their hands under their cheekes,
(As if they died of the tooth-ache,) they are not carved

With their eyes fix'd upon the starres; but, as their
Mindes were wholly bent upon the world,
The selfe same way they seeme to turne their faces.
Dutch. Let me know fully therefore the effect
Of this thy dismall preparation,
This talke, fit for a charnell?
Bos. Now, I shall,
Here is a present from your princely brothers,
[*A coffin, cords, and a bell.*
And may it arrive wel-come, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.
Dutch. Let me see it,
I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veines, to do them good.
Bos. This is your last presence-chamber.
Cari. O my sweet lady!
Dutch. Peace! it affrights not me.
Bos. I am the common bell-man,
That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
The night before they suffer.
Dutch. Even now thou said'st
Thou wast a tombe-maker?
Bos. 'Twas to bring you
By degrees to mortification. Listen.

Harke, now every thing is still,
The schritch-owle, and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our dame, aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shrowd:
Much you had of land and rent,
Your length in clay 's now competent.
A long war disturb'd your mind,
Here your perfect peace is sign'd,
Of what is 't, fooles make such vaine keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth, weeping:
Their life a generall mist of error,
Their death, a hideous storme of error,
Strew your haire with powders sweet:
Don cleane linnen, bathe your feete,
And (the foule fiend more to checke)
A crucifixe let blesse your necke,
'Tis now full tide, 'twixt night and day,
End your groane, and come away.

Cari. Hence villaines, tyrants, murderers! alas!
What will you do with my lady? Call for helpe.
Dutch. To whom, to our next neighbours? they are mad-folkes.
Bos. Remove that noyse.
Dutch. Farewell, Cariola.
In my last will I have not much to give,
A many hungry guests have fed upon me,
Thine will be a poor reversion.
Cari. I will die with her.
Dutch. I pray-thee look thou giv'st my little boy
Some sirrop for his cold, and let the girle
Say her prayers, ere she sleep. Now what you please,
What death?
Bos. Strangling; here are your executioners.
Dutch. I forgive them:
The appoplexie, cathar, or cough o' th' lungs,
Would do as much as they do.
Bos. Doth not death fright you?
Dutch. Who would be afraid on't?
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In th' other world.
Bos. Yet, methinkes,
The manner of your death should much afflict you;
This cord should terrifie you?
Dutch. Not a whit: [cut
What would it pleasure me, to have my throat
With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearles?
I know death hath ten thousand severall doores
For men to take their exits: and 'tis found
They goe on such strange geometricall hinges,
You may open them both wayes: any way, (for Heaven sake,)
So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers,
That I perceive death, (now I am well awake,)
Best gift is, they can give, or I can take,
I would faine put off my last womans fault,
I'd not be tedious to you.
Exec. We are ready.
Dutch. Dispose my breath, how please you, but my body
Bestow upon my women, will you?
Exec. Yes.
Dutch. Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull downe heaven upon me:
Yet stay, heaven gates are not so highly arch'd
As princely palaces, they that enter there
Must go upon their knees: come, violent death,
Serve for mandragora, to make me sleepe:
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet.
[*They strangle her.*
Bos. Where 's the waiting-woman?
Fetch her: some other strangle the children:
Looke you, there sleeps your mistris.
Cari. Oh thou art damn'd
Perpetually for this. My turne is next,
Is 't not so ordered?
Bos. Yes, I am glad
You are so well prepar'd for 't.
Cari. You are deceiv'd, sir,
I am not prepar'd for 't, I will not die,
I will come to my answere; and know
How I have offended.
Bos. Come, dispatch her:
You kept her counsell, now you shall keepe ours.
Cari. I will not die, I must not, I am contracted
To a yong gentleman.
Exec. Here 's your wedding-ring.
Cari. Let me but speake with the duke: I'le discover
Treason to his person.

Bos. Delayes: throttle her.
Exec. She bites and scratches.
Cari. If you kill me now,
I am damn'd: I have not bin at confession
This two yeeres.
Bos. When?
Cari. I am quicke with child.
Bos. Why, then,
Your credit's sav'd: beare her into th' next roome:
Let this lie still.
Fer. Is she dead?
Bos. She is what
You'l'd have her: but here begin your pity:
[*Shewes the children strangled.*
Alas! how have these offended?
Fer. The death
Of young wolfes is never to be pittied.
Bos. Fix your eye here.
Fer. Constantly.
Bos. Do you not weep?
Other sins only speake; murther shreikes out:
The element of water moistens the earth,
But bloud flies upwards, and bedewes the heavens.
Fer. Cover her face: mine eyes dazell: she di'd young.
Bos. I think not so: her infelicity
Seem'd to have yeares too many.
Fer. She and I were twinnes:
And should I die this instant, I had liv'd
Her time to a minute.
Bos. It seemes she was borne first:
You have bloudily approv'd the ancient truth,
That kindred commonly do worse agree
Than remote strangers.
Fer. Let me see her face again;
Why didst not thou pitty her? what an excellent
Honest man might'st thou have been
If thou hadst borne her to some sanctuary?
Or (bold in a good cause) oppos'd thy selfe
With thy advanced sword above thy head,
Between her innocency and my revenge?
I bad thee, when I was distracted of my wits,
Go kill my dearest friend, and thou hast don't.
For let me but examine well the cause;
What was the meannesse of her match to me?
Onely I must confesse, I had a hope
(Had she continu'd widow) to have gain'd
An infinite masse of treasure by her death:
And what was the main cause; her mariage,
That drew a streame of gall quite through my
Heart; for thee, (as we observe in tragedies
That a good actor many times is curss'd
For playing a villains part,) I hate thee for 't: and
(For my sake) say thou hast done much ill, well.
Bos. Let me quicken your memory; for I
Perceive you are falling into ingratitude: I
Challenge the reward due to my service.
Ferd. I'le tell thee
What I'le give thee.
Bos. Doe:
Ferd. I'le give thee a pardon for this murther.
Bos. Hah!
Ferd. Yes: and 'tis
The largest bounty I can study to do thee.
By what authority didst thou execute
This bloudy service?
Bos. By yours.
Fer. Mine? was I her judge?
Did any ceremoniall form of law
Doomb her to not-being? did a compleat jury
Deliver her conviction up i' th' court?
Where shalt thou find this judgment registered,
Vnlesse in hell? See: like a bloudy foole
Th' hast forfeited thy life, and thou shalt dy for 't.
Bos. The office of justice is perverted quite
When one theefe hangs another: who shall dare
To reveale this?
Fer. Oh, I'le tell thee:
The wolfe shall finde her grave, and scrape it up,
Not to devoure the corps, but to discover
The horrid murther.
Bos. You, not I, shall quake for 't.
Fer. Leave me:
Bos. I will first receive my pension.
Fer. You are a villaine.
Bos. When your ingratitude
Is judge, I am so.
Ferd. O horror! [divels,
That not the feare of him, which binds the
Can prescribe man obedience.
Never looke upon me more.
Bos. Why, fare thee well:
Your brother, and your self, are worthy men;
You have a paire of hearts, are hollow graves,
Rotten, and rotting others: and your vengeance
(Like two chain'd-bullets,) still goes arme in
arme.
You may be brothers; for treason, like the plague
Doth take much in a bloud: I stand [illegible]
That long hath ta'ne a sweet and gallant [illegible]
I am angry with my selfe, now that I was
Fer. Get thee into some unknown part o' th' world,
That I may never see thee.
Bos. Let me know
Wherefore I should be thus neglected? sir,
I serv'd your tyranny: and rather strove,
To satisfie your selfe, then all the world;
And though I loath'd the evil, yet I lov'd
You that did councell it: and rather sought
To appeare a true servant, then an honest man.
Fer. I'le goe hunt the badger by owle-light:
'Tis a deed of darknesse. [*Exit.*
Bos. He 's much distracted. Off, my painted honour!
While with vaine hopes our faculties we tyre,
We seeme to sweat in yce, and freeze in fire:
What would I do, were this to do againe?
I would not change my peace of conscience
For all the wealth of Europe. She stirs! here 's
life: [mine
Returne (faire soule) from darknesse, and leade
Out of this sencible hell: she 's warme, she breathes:

Vpon thy pale lips I will melt my heart,
To store them with fresh colour: who 's there?
Some cordiall drinke. Alas! I dare not call:
So pity would destroy pity: her eye opes,
And heaven, in it, seems to ope, (that late was shut,)
To take me up to mercy.
Dutch. Antonio.
Bos. Yes (madam) he is living,
The dead bodies you saw, were but faign'd statues;
He 's reconcil'd to your brothers: the pope hath wrought
The attonement.
Dutch. Mercy. [*She dies.*
Bos. Oh, she 's gone againe: there the cords of life broke:
Oh sacred innocence! that sweetly sleeps
On turtles feathers; whilst a guilty conscience
Is a blacke register, wherein is writ
All our good deeds, and bad: a perspective
That shewes us hell; that we cannot be suffer'd
To doe good when we have a minde to it.
This is manly sorrow:
These teares, I am very certaine, never grew
In my mothers milke. My estate is sunke
Below the degree of feare: where were
These penitent fountaines, while she was living?
Oh, they were frozen up: here is a sight
As direfull to my soule, as is the sword
Unto a wretch hath slaine his father. Come, I'le beare thee hence,
And execute thy will; that 's deliver
Thy body to the reverend dispose
Of some good women: that the cruell tyrant
Shall not deny me: then I'le post to Millaine,
Where somewhat I will speedily enact
Worth my dejection.

ACTUS V.

SCENA I.

ANTONIO, DELIO, PESCARA, JULIA.

Ant. What thinke you of my hope of reconcilement
To the Arragonian brethren?
Del. I misdoubt it;
For theagh they have sent their letters of safe conduct
For your repaire to Millaine, they appeare
But nets, to entrap you. The marquis of Pescara,
Under whom you hold certaine land in cheit,
Much 'gainst his noble nature, hath bin mov'd
To seize those lands, and some of his dependants
Are at this instant making it their suit
To be invested in your revenues.
I cannot thinke they meane well to your life,
That doe deprive you of your meanes of life,
Your living.
Ant. You are still an heretique.
To any safety I can shape my selfe.
Del. Here comes the marquis: I will make my selfe
Petitioner for some part of your land,
To know whither it is flying.
Ant. I pray do.
Del. Sir, I have a suit to you.
Pes. To me?
Del. An easie one:
There is the cittadell of St Bennet,
With some demeasnes, of late in the possession
Of Antonio Bologna, please you bestow them on me.
Pes. You are my friend: but this is such a suit,
Nor fit for me to give, nor you to take.
Del. No, sir?
Pes. I will give you ample reason for 't,
Soon in private: her 's the cardinalls mistris.
Jul. My lord, I am grown your poor petitioner,
And should be an ill begger, had I not
A great mans letter here, (the cardinals,)
To court you in my favour.
Pes. He entreats for you
The cittadell of St Bennet, that belong'd
To the banish'd Bologna.
Jul. Yes.
Pes. I could not have thought of a friend, I could
Rather pleasure with it: 'tis yours.
Jul. Sir, I thank you:
And he shall know how doubly I am engag'd
Both in your gift, and speedinesse of giving,
Which makes your grant the greater. [*Exit.*
Ant. How they fortifie
Themselves with my ruine!
Del. Sir, I am
Little bound to you.
Pes. Why?
Del. Because you denide this suit to me, and gav 't
To such a creature.
Pes. Do you know what it was?
It was Antonio's land: not forfeited
By course of law, but ravish'd from his throat
By the cardinals entreaty: it were not fit
I should bestow so maine a peece of wrong
Vpon my friend: 'tis a gratification
Only due to a strumpet; for it is injustice:
Shall I sprinkle the pure bloud of innocents
To make those followers, I call my friends,
Looke ruddier upon me? I am glad
This land (ta'ne from the owner by such wrong)
Returnes againe unto so foule an use,
As salary for his lust. Learne, (good Delio,)

To aske noble things of me, and you shall find
I'le be a noble giver.
Del. You instruct me well.
Ant. Why, here 's a man now, would fright
Impudence from sawciest beggers.
Pes. Prince Ferdinand 's come to Millaine
Sick (as they give out) of an appoplexie:
But some say 'tis a frenzy; I am going to visit
him. [*Exit.*
Ant. 'Tis a noble old fellow:
Del. What course do you mean to take, Antonio?
Ant. This night, I mean to venture all my
fortune
(Which is no more, then a poor lingring life,)
To the cardinals worst of malice: I have got
Private accesse to his chamber: and intend
To visit him about the mid of night,
(As once his brother did our noble dutchesse.)
It may be that the sudden apprehension
Of danger, (for I'le goe in mine own shape,)
When he shall see it fraight with love and duty,
May draw the poyson out of him, and work
A friendly reconcilement: if it faile,
Yet it shall rid me of this infamous calling;
For better fall once, then be ever falling.
Del. I'll second you in all danger; and (how
ere)
My life keeps ranke with yours.
Ant. You are still my lov'd, and best friend.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

PESCARA, *a Doctor*, FERDINAND, *Cardinall*, MALATESTE, BOSOLA, JULIA.

Pes. Now doctor, may I visit your patient?
Doc. If 't please your lordship: but he 's instantly
To take the ayre here in the gallery, by my direction.
Pes. Pray-thee, what 's his disease?
Doc. A very pestilent disease (my lord),
They call licanthropia.
Pes. what 's that?
I need a dictionary to 't.
Doc. I'le tell you:
In these that are possess'd with 't, there ore-flows
Such melancholly humour, they imagine
Themselves to be transformed into woolves,
Steale forth to church-yards in the dead of night,
And dig dead bodies up: as two nights since
One met the duke, 'bout mid-night in a lane
Behind St Markes church, with the leg of a man
Upon his shoulder; and he howl'd fearefully:
Said he was a woolfe: only the difference
Was, a woolves skinne is hairy on the out-side,
His on the in-side: bad them take their swords,
Rip up his flesh, and try: straight I was sent for,
And having minister'd unto him, found his grace
Very well recovered.
Pes. I am glad on 't.
Doc. Yet not without some feare
Of a relaps: if he grow to his fit againe,
I'han ever Peraclesus dream'd of. If
They 'll give me leave I'le buffet his madnes out
of him.
Stand aside, he comes.
Fer. Leave me.
Mal. Why doth your lordship use this solitarines?
Fer. Eagles commonly flye alone: they are
crowes, dawes, and
Sterlings, that flocke together: looke, what 's
that,
Followes me?
Mal. Nothing (my lord).
Fer. Yes.
Mal. 'Tis your shadow.
Fer. Stay it, let it not haunt me.
Mal. Impossible; if you move, and the sun
shine.
Fer. I will throttle it.
Mal. Oh, my lord; you are angry with
nothing.
Fer. You are a foole:
How is 't possible I should catch my shadow,
Unlesse I fall upon 't? When I go to hell,
I meane to carry a bribe: for, looke you,
Good gifts evermore make way for the worst
persons.
Pes. Rise, good my lord.
Fer. I am studying the art of patience.
Pes. 'Tis a noble vertue.
Fer. To drive sixe snailes before me, from
this towne
To Mosco; neither use goad nor whip to them,
But let them take their owne time: (the patient'st
man i' th' world,
Match me for an experiment:) and I'le crawle
after
Like a sheepe-biter.
Card. Force him up.
Fer. Use me well, you were best:
What I have done, I have done: I'le confesse
nothing.
Doc. Now let me come to him: Are you mad
(My lord?) are you out of your princely wits?
Fer. What 's he?
Pes. Your doctor.
Fer. Let me have his beard saw'd off, and his
eye
Browes fill'd more civill.
Doc. I must do mad trickes with him,
For that 's the only way on 't. I have brought
Your grace a salamanders skin, to keep you
From sun-burning.
Fer. I have cruell sore eyes.
Doc. The white of a cockatrixes egge is present remedy.
Fer. Let it be a new laid one, you were best:
Hide me from him: physitians are like kings,
They brooke no contradiction.
Doc. Now he begins to feare me,
Now let me alone with him.
Card. How now, put off your gowne?

Doc. Let me have some forty urinalls fill'd with rose-water;
He and I'le go pelt one another with them,
Now he begins to feare me: Can you fetch a friske, sir?
Let him go, let him go upon my perill:
I find by his eye he stands in awe of me,
I'le make him as tame as a dormouse.
Fer. Can you fetch your friskes, sir? I will stampe him into a cullice;
Flea off his skin, to cover one of the anatomies
This rogue hath set i' th' cold yonder, in barber chyrurgeons hall:
Hence, hence, you are all of you like beasts for sacrifice.
There 's nothing left of you, but tongue and belly,
Flattery and leachery.
Pes. Doctor, he did not feare you throughly.
Doc. True, I was somewhat too forward.
Bos. Mercy upon me, what a fatall judgement
Hath falne upon this Ferdinand!
Pes. Knowes your grace
What accident hath brought unto the prince
This strange distraction?
Card. I must faigne somewhat: thus they say it grew,
You have heard it rumor'd for these many yeeres,
None of our family dies, but there is seene
The shape of an old woman, which is given
By tradition, to us, to have bin murther'd
By her nephewes, for her riches: such a figure
One night (as the prince sate up late at 's booke)
Appear'd to him; when, crying out for helpe,
The gentleman of 's chamber found his grace
All on a cold sweat, alter'd much in face
And language: since which apparition,
He hath growne worse and worse, and I much feare
He cannot live.
Bos. Sir, I would speake with you.
Pes. We 'll leave your grace,
Wishing to the sicke prince, our noble lord,
All health of minde and body.
Card. You are most welcome:
Are you come? so, this fellow must not know
By any meanes I had intelligence
In our dutchesse death: for (though I counsell'd it)
The full of all th' agreement seem'd to grow
From Ferdinand. Now, sir, how fares our sister?
I do not thinke but sorrow makes her looke
Like to an oft dy'd garment: she shall now
Taste comfort from me: why do you look so wildely?
Oh, the fortune of your master here, the prince,
Dejects you, but be you of happy comfort:
If you 'll do one thing for me, I'le intreate,
Though he had a cold tombe-stone ore his bones
I'll'd make you what you should be.
Bos. Any thing;
Give me it in a breath, and let me flye to 't:
They that thinke long, small expedition win,
For musing much o' th' end, cannot begin.
Jul. Sir, will you come in to supper?
Card. I am busie, leave me.
Jul. What an excellent shape hath that fellow? [*Exit.*
Card. 'Tis thus: Antonio lurkes here in Millaine,
Enquire him out, and kill him: while he lives,
Our sister cannot marry, and I have thought
Of an excellent match for her: do this, and stile me
Thy advancement.
Bos. By what meanes shall I finde him out?
Card. There 's a gentleman call'd Delio
Here in the campe, that hath bin long approv'd
His loyall friend: set eye upon that fellow.
Follow him to masse, may be Antonio,
Although he do account religion
But a schoole-name, for fashion of the world,
May accompany him; or else go enquire out
Delio's confessor, and see if you can bribe
Him to reveale it: there are a thousand wayes
A man might find to trace him: as to know,
What fellowes haunt the Jewes, for taking up
Great summes of money, for sure he 's in want;
Or else to go to th' picture-makers, and learne
Who brought her picture lately, some of these
Happily may take.
Bos. Well, I'le not freeze i' th' business:
I would see that wretched thing, Antonio,
Above all sights i' th' world.
Card. Do, and be happy. [*Exit.*
Bos. This fellow doth breed basiliskes in 's eyes:
He 's nothing else, but murder; yet he seemes
Not to have notice of the dutchesse death:
'Tis his cunning: I must follow his example;
There cannot be a surer way to trace,
Than that of an old fox.
Jul. So, sir, you are well met.
Bos. How now?
Jul. Nay, the doores are fast enough;
Now, sir, I will make you confesse your treachery.
Bos. Treachery?
Jul. Yes, confesse to me
Which of my women 'twas you hyr'd, to put
Love-powder into my drinke?
Bos. Love-powder?
Jul. Yes, when I was at Malfy,
Why should I fall in love with such a face else?
I have already suffer'd for thee so much paine,
The only remedy to do me good,
Is to kill my longing.
Bos. Sure your pistoll holds
Nothing but perfumes, or kissing comfits: excellent lady.
You have a pretty way on 't to discover
Your longing: come, come, I'le disarme you,
And arme you thus; yet this is wondrous strange.
Jul. Compare thy forme and my eyes together,

You 'll find my love no such great miracle: now you 'll say
I am wanton: this nice modesty, in ladies,
Is but a troublesome familiar,
That haunts them.
Bos. Know you me? I am a blunt soldier.
Jul. The better;
Sure there wants fire, where there are no lively sparkes
Of roughnesse.
Bos. And I want complement.
Jul. Why, ignorance in court-ship cannot make you do amisse,
If you have a heart to do well.
Bos. You are very faire.
Jul. Nay, if you lay beauty to my charge,
I must plead unguilty.
Bos. Your bright eyes
Carry a quiver of darts in them, sharper
Than sun-beames.
Jul. You will mar me with commendation,
Put your selfe to the charge of courting me,
Whereas now I woe you.
Bos. I have it, I will work upon this creature,
Let us grow most amorously familiar:
If the great cardinall now should see me thus,
Would he not count me a villaine?
Jul. No, he might count me a wanton,
Not lay a scruple of offence on you:
For if I see, and steale a diamond,
The fault is not i' th' stone, but in me the theef,
That purloines it: I am suddaine with you:
We that are great women of pleasure, use to cut off
These uncertaine wishes, and unquiet longings,
And in an instant joyne the sweet delight
And the prity excuse together: had you bin i' th' street,
I should have courted you.
Bos. Oh, you are an excellent lady.
Jul. Bid me do somewhat for you presently,
To expresse I love you.
Bos. I will, and if you love me,
Faile not to effect it: the cardinall is grown wondrous mellancholly,
Demand the cause, let him not put you off,
With faign'd excuse, discover the maine ground on 't.
Jul. Why would you know this?
Bos. I have depended on him,
And I heare that he is falne in some disgrace
With the emperor; if he be, like the mice
That forsake falling houses, I would shift
To other dependance.
Jul. You shall not need follow the wars,
I'll be your maintenance.
Bos. And I your loyall servant,
But I cannot leave my calling.
Jul. Not leave an
Ungratfull generall, for the love of a sweet lady?
You are like some cannot sleep in feather-beds,
But must have blocks for their pillows.
Bos. Will you do this?
Jul. Cunningly.
Bos. To morrow I 'll expect th' intelligence.
Jul. To morrow? get you into my cabinet,
You shall have it with you: do not delay me,
No more than I do you: I am like one
That is condemn'd: I have my pardon promis'd.
But I would see it seal'd: Go, get you in,
You shall see me wind my tongue about his heart
Like a skeine of silke.
Card. Where are you?
Serv. Here.
Card. Let none, upon your lives,
Have conference with the prince Ferdinand,
Unlesse I know it: in this distraction
He may reveale the murther.
Yond's my lingring consumption:
I am weary of her; and by any meanes
Would be quit off.
Jul. How now, my lord?
What ailes you?
Card. Nothing.
Jul. Oh, you are much altered:
Come, I must be your secretary, and remove
This lead from off your bosome; what 's the matter?
Card. I may not tell you.
Jul. Are you so far in love with sorrow,
You cannot part with part of it? or think you
I cannot love your grace, when you are sad,
As well as merry? or do you suspect
I, that have bin a secret to your heart
These many winters, cannot be the same
Unto your tongue?
Card. Satisfie thy longing;
The only way to make thee keep my councell,
Is not to tell thee.
Jul. Tell your eccho this,
Or flatterers, that (like ecchoes) still report
What they heare (though most imperfect), and not me:
For, if that you be true unto your selfe,
I 'll know.
Card. Will you rack me?
Jul. No, judgement shall
Draw it from you: it is an equall fault
To tell ones secrets unto all, or none.
Card. The first argues folly.
Jul. But the last tyranny.
Card. Very wel: why imagine I have committed
Some secret deed, which I desire the world
May never heare of.
Jul. Therefore may not I know it?
You have conceal'd for me as great a sin
As adultery. Sir, I beseech you.
For perfect triall of my constancy
Till now: sir, I beseech you.
Card. You 'll repent it.
Jul. Never.
Card. It hurries thee to ruine: I 'll not tell thee;
Be well advis'd, and thinke what danger 't is
To receive a princes secrets: they that do,

Had need have their breasts hoop'd with adamant
To containe them: I pray thee yet be satisfi'd,
Examine thine own frailty; 't is more easie
To tie knots, then unloose them: 't is a secret
That (like a lingring poyson) may chance lie
Spread in thy vaines, and kill thee seven yeare hence.
Jul. Now you dally with me.
Card. No more, thou shalt know it.
By my appointment, the great dutchesse of Malfy,
And two of her young children, foure nights since
Were strangled.
Jul. Oh Heaven! sir, what have you done?
Card. How now? how settles this? think you your
Bosome will be a grave, darke and obscure enough
For such a secret?
Jul. You have undone your selfe, sir.
Card. Why?
Jul. It lies not in me to conceale it.
Card. No? come, I will swear you to 't upon this book.
Jul. Most religiously.
Card. Kisse it.
Now you shall never utter it, thy curiosity
Hath undone thee: thou 'rt poyson'd with that book:
Becnuse I knew thou couldst not keep my councell,
I have bound thee to 't by death.
Bos. For pitty sake, hold.
Card. Ha, Bosola?
Jul. I forgive you
This equall piece of justice you have done:
For I betraid your councell to that fellow,
He over heard it; that was the cause I said
It lay not in me to conceale it.
Bos. Oh, foolish woman,
Coldst not thou have poyson'd him?
Jul. 'Tis weaknesse,
Too much to thinke what should have bin done,
I go, I know not whither.
Card. Wherefore com'st thou hither?
Bos. That I might find a great man, (like your self,)
Not out of his wits, (as the lord Ferdinand,)
To remember my service.
Card. I 'll have thee hew'd in pieces.
Bos. Make not your selfe such a promise of that life
Which is not yours to dispose of.
Card. Who plac'd thee here?
Bos. Her lust, as she intended.
Card. Very well, now you know me for your fellow murderer.
Bos. And wherefore should you lay faire marble colours
Upon your rotten purposes to me?
Unlesse you imitate some that do plot great treasons,
And when they have done, go hide themselves i' th' graves,
Of those were actors in 't?
Card. No more,
There is a fortune attends thee.
Bos. Shall I go sue a fortune any longer?
'Tis the fooles pilgrimage.
Card. I have honors in store for thee.
Bos. There are many wayes that conduct to seeming
Honor, and some of them very durty ones.
Card. Throw to the devill
Thy mellancholy, the fire burnes well,
What need we keep a stirring of 't, and make
A great smoother? thou wilt kill Antonio?
Bos. Yes.
Card. Take up that body.
Bos. I thinke I shall
Shortly grow the common beare for church-yards.
Card. I will allow thee some dozen of attendants,
To aid thee in the murther.
Bos. Oh, by no meanes.
Physitians that apply horse-leeches to any rancke swelling,
Use to cut of their tailes, that the blond may run through them
The faster: let me have no traine, when I go to shed bloud,
Least it make me have a greater, when I ride to the gallowes.
Card. Come to me after midnight, to helpe to remove that body
To her own lodging: I 'll give out she died o' th' plague;
'T will breed the lesse enquiry after her death.
Bos. Where 's Castruchio, her husband?
Card. He 's rode to Naples to take possession
Of Antonio's cittadell.
Bos. Beleeve me, you have done a very happy turn.
Card. Faile not to come: there is the master-key
Of our lodgings: and by that you may conceive
What trust I plant in you. [*Exit.*
Bos. You shall find me ready.
Oh, poore Antonio, though nothing be so needfull
To thy estate, as pitty, yet I find
Nothing so dangerous: I must look to my footing;
In such slippery yce-pavements, men had need
To be frost-nayld well: they may break their necks else.
The president 's here afore me: how this man
Beares up in bloud! seemes fearelesse! why, 'tis well:
Security some men call the suburbs of hell,
Only a dead wall between. Well (good Antonio)
I 'll seek thee out; and all my care shall be
To put thee into safety from the reach
Of these most cruell biters, that have got
Some of thy bloud already. It may be
I 'll joyne with thee in a most just revenge.
The weakest arme is strong enough, that strikes

With the sword of justice. Still me thinkes the dutchesse
Haunts me! there, there! 'tis nothing but my mellancholy.
O penitence, let me truely tast thy cup,
That throwes men down, only to rise them up.
[*Exit.*

SCENA III.

ANTONIO, DELIO, *Eccho, (from the Dutchesse grave).*

Del. Yond 's the cardinal's window: this fortification
Grew from the ruines of an ancient abbey:
And to yond side o' th' river lies a wall
(Piece of a cloyster), which in my opinion
Gives the best eccho that you ever heard;
So hollow, and so dismall, and withall
So plaine in the distinction of our words,
That many have suppos'd it is a spirit
That answers.
Ant. I do love these ancient ruines:
We never tread upon them, but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history;
And questionlesse, here in this open court
(Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather) some lye enterr'd
Lov'd the church so well, and gave so largely to 't,
They thought it should have canopide their bones
Till doomes-day: but all things have their end:
Churches and cities (which have diseases like to men)
Must have like death that we have.
Ecc. *Like death that we have.*
Del. Now the *Eccho* hath caught you.
Ant. It groan'd (me thought), and gave
A very deadly accent.
Ecc. *Deadly accent.*
Del. I told you 'twas a pretty one: you may make it
A huntes-man, or a faulconer, a musitian,
Or a thing of sorrow.
Ecc. *A thing of sorrow.*
Ant. I sure: that suites it best.
Ecc. *That suites it best.*
Ant. 'Tis very like my wifes voyce.
Ecc. *I, wifes-voyce.*
Del. Come, let 's walke farther from 't:
I would not have you to' th' cardinals to night:
Doe not.
Ecc. *Do not.*
Del. Wisdome doth not more moderate wasting sorrow
Than time: take time for 't: be mindfull of thy safety.
Ecc. *Be mindfull of thy safety.*
Ant. Necessity compels me;
Make scruteny throughout the passes
Of your owne life: you 'll find it impossible
To flye your fate.
Ecc. *O flye your fate.*
Del. Harke: the dead stones seeme to have pity on you,
And give you good counsell.
Ant. Eccho, I will not talke with thee;
For thou art a dead thing.
Ecc. *Thou art a dead thing.*
Ant. My dutchesse is asleepe now,
And her little-ones, I hope sweetly; oh Heaven!
Shall I never see her more?
Ecc. *Never see her more.*
Ant. I mark'd not one repetition of the Eccho,
But that: and on the sudden, a cleare light
Presented me a face folded in sorrow.
Del. Your fancy, meerely.
Ant. Come: I'le be out of this ague;
For to live thus, is not indeed to live:
It is a mockery and abuse of life;
I will not henceforth save my selfe by halves,
Lose all, or nothing.
Del. Your own vertue save you:
I'le fetch your eldest sonne, and second you:
It may be that the sight of his owne blood
Spread into so sweet a figure, may beget
The more compassion.
However, fare you well:
Though in our miseries, fortune have a part,
Yet, in our noble suffrings, she hath none,
Contempt of paine, that we may call our owne.
[*Exit.*

SCENA IV.

Cardinall, PESCARA, MALATESTE, RODORICO, GRISOLAN, BOSOLA, FERDINAND, ANTONIO, *Servant.*

Card. You shall not watch to night by the sicke prince,
His grace is very well recover'd.
Mal. Good my lord suffer us.
Card. Oh, by no meanes:
The noise, and change of object in his eye,
Doth more distract him: I pray, all to bed,
And though you heare him in his violent fit,
Do not rise, I entreat you.
Pes. So sir, we shall not.
Card. Nay, I must have you promise
Upon your honors, for I was enjoyn'd to 't
By himselfe; and he seem'd to urge it sencibly.
Pes. Let our honors binde this trifle.
Card. Nor any of your followers.
Mal. Neither.
Card. It may be to make triall of your promise
When he 's asleepe, my selfe will rise, and faigne
Some of his mad trickes, and cry out for helpe,
And faigne my selfe in danger.
Mal. If your throat were cutting,
I 'll 'd not come at you, now I have protested against.
Card. Why, I thanke you.
Gris. 'Twas a foule storme to night.
Rod. The lord Ferdinand's chamber shooke like an ozier.

Mal. 'Twas nothing but pure kindnesse in the devill,
To rocke his owne childe. [*Exeunt.*
Card. The reason why I would not suffer these
About my brother, is, because at midnight
I may with better privacy convay
Julias body to her owne lodging: O, my conscience!
I would pray now: but the devill takes away my heart
For having any confidence in prayer.
About this houre, I appointed Bosola
To fetch the body: when he hath serv'd my turne,
He dies. [*Exit.*
Bos. Hah! 'twas the cardinals voyce: I heard him name
Bosola, and my death: listen, I heare ones footing.
Fer. Strangling is a very quiet death.
Bos. Nay then I see I must stand upon my guard.
Fer. What say to that? whisper, softly: doe you agree to 't?
So it must be done i' th' darke: the cardinall
Would not for a thousand pounds the doctor should see it. [*Exit.*
Bos. My death is plotted; here 's the consequence of murther.
We value not desert, nor Christian breath,
When we know blacke deeds must be cur'd with death.
Serv. Here stay, sir, and be confident, I pray:
I'll fetch you a dark lanthorne. [*Exit.*
Ant. Cold I take him at his prayers,
There were hope of pardon.
Bos. Fall right my sword:
I 'll not give thee so much leysure, as to pray.
Ant. Oh, I am gone! thou hast ended a long suit
In a minute.
Bos. What art thou?
Ant. A most wretched thing,
That only have thy benefit in death,
To appeare my selfe.
Serv. Where are you, sir?
Ant. Very neere my home: Bosola?
Serv. Oh, misfortune.
Bos. Smother thy pitty, thou art dead elſe: Antonio?
The man I would have sav'd 'bove mine own life?
We are meerely the stars tennys-balls (strooke, and banded
Which way please them): oh good Antonio,
I 'll whisper one thing in thy dying eare,
Shall make thy heart breake quickly: thy faire dutchesse
And two sweet children——.
Ant. Their very names
Kindle a little life in me.
Bos. Are murdered!
Ant. Some men have wisht to die,
At the hearing of sad tidings: I am glad
That I shall do 't in sadnes: I would not now
Wish my wounds balm'de, nor heal'd: for I have no use
To put my life to: in all our quest of greatnes,
(Like wanton boyes, whose pastime is their care,)
We follow after bubbles blowne i' th' ayre.
Pleasure of life, what is 't? only the good houres
Of an ague: meerely a preparative to rest,
To endure vexation: I doe not aske
The processe of my death: only commend me
To Delio.
Bos. Breake, heart!
Ant. And let my sonne fly the courts of princes.
Bos. Thou seem'st to have lov'd Antonio?
Serv. I brought him hither,
To have reconcil'd him with the cardinall.
Bos. I doe not aske thee that:
Take him up, if thou tender thine owne life,
And beare him where the Lady Julia
Was wont to lodge. Oh! my fate moves swift.
I have this cardinall in the forge already,
Now I'le bring him to th' hammer: (O direfull misprision!)
I will not imitate things glorious,
No more than base: I'le be mine owne example.
On, on, and looke thou represent, for silence,
The thing thou bear'st. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA V.

Cardinall (with a Booke), BOSOLA, PESCARA, MALATESTE, RODORICO, FERDINAND, DELIO, *Servants with* ANTONIO'S *Body.*

Card. I am puzzell'd in a question about hell:
He saies, in hell there 's one materiall fire,
And yet it shall not burne all men alike.
Lay him by: how tedious is a guilty conscience!
When I looke into the fish-ponds, in my garden,
Me thinkes I see a thing, arm'd with a rake,
That seemes to strike at me. Now? art thou come? thou look'st ghastly;
There sits in thy face some great determination,
Mix'd with some feare.
Bos. Thus it lightens into action:
I am come to kill thee.
Card. Hah! helpe: our guard!
Bos. Thou art deceiv'd:
They are out of thy howling.
Card. Hold: I will faithfully divide
Revenues with thee.
Bos. Thy prayers and proffers
Are both unseasonable.
Card. Raise the watch! we are betraid!
Bos. I have confinde your flight:
I'le suffer your retrait to Julias chamber,
But no further.
Card. Helpe! we are betraid!
Mal. Listen.
Card. My dukedome, for rescew.
Rod. Fye upon his counterfeiting.
Mal. Why, 't is not the cardinall.
Rod. Yes, yes, 't is he:
But I'le see him hang'd ere I'le go downe to him.

Card. Here 's a plot upon me, I am assaulted: I am lost,
Unlesse some rescew.
Gris. He doth this pretty well:
But it will not serve to laugh me out of mine honor.
Card. The sword 's at my throat!
Rod. You would not baule so loud then.
Mal. Come, come, let 's go to bed: he told us thus much aforehand.
Pes. He wish'd you should not come at him: but beleev't,
The accent of the voyce sounds not in jest.
I'le downe to him, howsoever, and with engines
Force ope the doores.
Rod. Let 's follow him aloofe,
And note how the cardinall will laugh at him.
Bos. There 's for you first; 'cause you shall not unbarracade the doore
To let in rescew. [*He kills the Servant.*
Card. What cause hast thou to pursue my life?
Bos. Looke there.
Card. Antonio!
Bos. Slaine by my hand unwittingly:
Pray, and be sudden: when thou kill'dst thy sister,
Thou tookst from justice her most equall ballance,
And left her nought but the sword.
Card. O mercy!
Bos. Now it seemes thy greatnes was only outward:
For thou fall'st faster of thy selfe, than calamity
Can drive thee: I'le not waste longer time: there.
Card. Thou hast hurt me.
Bos. Againe.
Card. Shall I die like a levoret,
Without any resistance? helpe, helpe, helpe!
I am slaine.
Fer. Th' allarum? give me a fresh horse:
Rally the vaunt-guard, or the day is lost:
Yeeld, yeeld! I give you the honor of armes,
Shake my sword over you; will you yeilde?
Card. Helpe me, I am your brother.
Fer. The devill?
My brother fight upon the adverse party?
There flies your ransome.
[*He wounds the Cardinall, and (in the scuffle) gives* BOSOLA *his deaths wound.*
Card. Oh justice!
I suffer now, for what hath former bin:
"Sorrow is held the eldest child of sin."
Fer. Now you 're brave fellowes:
Cæsars fortune was harder than Pompeys:
Cæsar died in the armes of prosperity,
Pompey at the feet of disgrace: you both died in the field;
The paine's nothing: paine many times is taken away with
The apprehension of greater, (as the tooth-ache with the sight
Of a barber, that comes to pull it out): there 's phylosophy for you.
Bos. Now my revenge is perfect: sinke (thou maine cause
Of my undoing); the last part of my life
Hath done me best service.
[*He kills* FERDINAND.
Fer. Give me some wet hay, I am broken winded,
I do account this world but a dog-kenell:
I will vault credit, and affect high plensures.
Bos. He seems to come to himselfe, now he 's so neer the bottome.
Fer. My sister, oh, my sister! there 's the cause on 't.
"Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or lust,
"Like diamonds, we are cut with our owne dust."
Card. Thou hast thy payment too.
Bos. Yes, I hold my weary soule in my teeth,
'Tis ready to part from me: I doe glory
That thou, which stoodst like a huge piramid,
Begun upon a large and ample base,
Shalt end in a little point, a kind of nothing.
Pes. How now (my lord?)
Mal. Oh sad disaster!
Rod. How comes this?
Bos. Revenge for the dutchesse of Malfy, murdered
By th' Arragonian brethren: for Antonio,
Slaine by his hand: for lustfull Julia,
Poyson'd by this man: and lastly, for my selfe,
(That was an actor in the maine of all,
Much 'gainst mine owne good nature, yet i' th' end
Neglected.)
Pes. How now (my lord?)
Card. Looke to my brother:
He gave us these large wounds, as we were strugling
Here i' th' rushes: and now, I pray, let me
Be laid by, and never thought of.
Pes. How fatally (it seemes) he did withstand
His owne rescew?
Mal. Thou wretched thing of blood,
How came Antonio by his death?
Bos. In a mist: I know not how;
Such a mistake, as I have often seene
In a play: Oh, I am gone!
We are only like dead walls, or vaulted graves,
That ruin'd, yeilds no eccho: fare you well.
It may be paine, but no harme to me to die,
In so good a quarrell: Oh this gloomy world!
In what a shadow, or deep pit of darknes,
Doth (womanish and fearefull) mankind live!
Let worthy minds ne're stagger in distrust
To suffer death, or shame for what is just,
Mine is another voyage.
Pes. The noble Delio, as I came to th' palace,
Told me of Antonio's being here, and shew'd me
A pretty gentleman, his sonne and heire.
Mal. Oh, sir, you come too late.
Del. I heard so, and [use
Was arm'd for 't ere I came: let us make noble

Of this great ruine, and joyne all our force
To establish this yong hopefull gentleman
In 's mothers right. These wretched eminent things
Leave no more fame behind 'em, than should one
Fall in a frost, and leave his print in snow;
As soone as the sun shines, it ever melts,
Both forme and matter: I have ever thought
Nature doth nothing so great, for great men,
As when she 's pleas'd, to make them lords of truth:
Integrity of life, is fames best friend,
Which nobly (beyond death) shall crowne the end.

EDITION.

The Dutchesse of Malfy: a Tragedy: as it was approvedly well acted at the Black-Friers, by his Majesties servants. The perfect and exact copy, with divers things printed, that the length of the play would not beare in the presentment. Written by John Webster.

Horat. —— *Si quid* ——
—— *Candidus Imperti si non his utero mecum.*

London: Printed by I. Raworth, for I. Benson, and are to be sold at his shop in St Dunstans Churchyard in Fleetstreet.

THE REBELLION.

WRITTEN BY

THOMAS RAWLINS.

THOMAS RAWLINS, *author of* The Rebellion, *was principal Engraver of the Mint in the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II.; a vocation which, in his preface, he prefers to the threadbare occupation of a poet. It is an argument, as well of his personal respectability, as of his easy circumstances, that no fewer than eleven copies of prefatory verses, by the wits of the time, are prefixed to the old edition. Notwithstanding the popularity of the piece, and several passages of real merit, it was never re-published; perhaps because Rebellion soon assumed the whole kingdom for its stage.*

TO THE WORSHIPFULL, AND HIS HONOURED KINSMAN,

ROBERT DUCIE,

OF ASTON, IN THE COUNTY OF STAFFORD, ESQUIRE;

SON TO SIR R. DUCIE, KNIGHT AND BARONET, DECEASED.

SIR,

Not to boast of any perfections, I have never yet bin owner of ingratitude, and would bee loath envy should taxe mee now; having at this time opportunity to pay part of that debt I owe your love. This tragedy had at the presentment a generall applause; yet I have not that want of modesty, as to conclude it wholly worthy your patronage; although I have bin bold to fixe your name unto it. Yet, however, your charity will be famous in protecting this plant from the breath of *Zoilus*; and forgiving this my confidence: and your acceptance cherish a study of a more deserving peece, to quit the remainder of the ingagement: In

Your kinsman, ready to serve you,

THOMAS RAWLINS.

TO THE READER.

READER, if courteous, I have not so little faith as to feare thy censure; since thou knowest youth hath many faults, whereon I depend: although my ignorance of the stage is also a sufficient excuse: if I have committed any, let thy candor judge mildly of them; and thinke not those voluntary favours of my friends (by whose compulsive perswasions I have published this) a commendations of my seeking, or through a desire in me to encrease the volume, but rather a care, that you (since that I have bin over entreated to present it to you) might find therein something worth your time. Take no notice of my name, for a second worke of this nature shall hardly beare it. I have no desire to bee knowne by a thread-bare cloake, having a calling that will maintaine it woolly. Farewell.

TO HIS LOVING FRIEND THE AUTHOR, UPON HIS TRAGEDY "THE REBELLION."

To praise thee, friend, and shew the reason why,
Issues from honest love; not flattery.
My will is not to flatter, nor for spight
To praise, or dispraise; but to doe thee right.
Proud daring rebells, in their impious way
Of *Machivillian* darkenesse; this thy play
Exactly shewes; speakes thee truths *satyrist*,
Rebellions *foe*, *times* honest *artist*.
Thy continu'd scenes, parts, plots, and language
can
Distinguish (worthily) the *vertuous man*
From the *vicious villaine*, earths fatall ill,
Intending mischeivous traitor *Machivill*.
Him and his trech'rous complices, that strove
(Like the *gigantick rebells* warre 'gainst *Jove*)
To disenthrone *Spains king*, (the Heavens annoynted,)
By sterne death all were justly disappointed,
Plots meet with counter-plots, revenge, and
blood,
Rebells ruine, makes thy *tragedy* good.

NATH. RICHARDS.

TO HIS WORTHY ESTEEMED MR THOMAS RAWLINS ON HIS "REBELLION."

I MAY not wonder, for the world does know,
What poets can, and oft times reach unto.
They oft worke myracles: no marvaile than
Thou mak'st thy tailer here a nobleman:
Would all the trade were honest too; but he
Hath learn't the utmost of the mystery,
Filching with cunning industery, the heart
Of such a beauty, which did prove the smart
Of many worthy lovers, and doth gaine
That prize which others labour'd for in vaine.
Thou mak'st him valiant too, and such a spirit,
As every noble mind approves his merit.
But what renowne th' 'ast given his worth, 'tis fit
The world should render to thy hopefull wit,
And with a welcome plaudit entertaine
This lovely issue of thy teeming braine.
That their kinde usage to this birth of thine,
May winne so much upon thee for each line
Thou hast bequeath'd the world thou 'lt give her
tenne,
And raise more high the glory of thy penne:
Accomplish these our wishes, and then see,
How all that love the arts will honour thee.

C. C.

TO MY FRIEND MR RAWLINS, UPON THIS PLAY, HIS WORKE.

FRIEND, in the faire compleatnesse of your play
Y'ave courted truth; in these few lines to say
Something concerning it, that all may know
I pay no more of praise than what I owe.
'Tis good, and merit much more faire appeares
Apparelled in plaine prayse, then when it weares
A complementall glosse. *Taylers* may boast
Th'ave gain'd by your young pen what they long lost
By the old proverbe, which sayes, *Three to a man:*
But to your vindicating muse, that can
Make one a man, and a man noble, they
Must wreaths of bayes as their due praises pay.

ROBERT DAVENPORT.

TO THE AUTHOR, ON HIS "REBELLION."

THY play I ne're saw: what shall I say then?
I in my vote, must doe as other men,
And praise those things to all, which common fame
Does boast of, such a hopefull growing flame,
Which in dispight of flattery shall shine,
Till envy at thy glory doe repine:
And on Pernassus cliffie top shall stand,
Directing wandring wits to wish'd-for land;
Like a beacon o' th' Muses hill remaine,
That still doth burne, not lesser light retaine;
To shew that other wits, compar'd with thee,
Is but Rebellion i' th' high'st degree.
For from thy labours (thus much I doe scan)
A tayler is ennobled to a man.

R. W.

TO HIS DEARE FRIEND, MR THOMAS RAWLINS.

To see a springot of thy tender age,
With such a lofty straine to word a stage;
To see a *tragedy* from thee in print,
With such a world of fine meanders in 't,
Pusles my wondring soule: for there appeares
Such disproportion 'twixt thy lines and yeares,
That when I read thy lines, methinkes I see
The sweet tongu'd *Ovid* fall upon his knee,
With (parce precor) every line, and word,
Runnes in sweet numbers of its owne accord:
But I am wonder-strook, that all this while
Thy unfeather'd quill should write a *tragicke* stile.
This above all my admiration drawes,
That one so young should know dramatticke lawes.
'Tis rare, and therefore is not for the span,
Or grensie thumbes of every common man.
The damaske rose that sprouts before the spring
Is fit for none to smell at, but a king.
Goe on sweet friend, I hope in time to see
Thy temples rounded with the *Daphnean tree.*
And if men aske who nurst thee, Ile say thus,
It was the *ambrosian* spring of *Pegasus.*

ROB. CHAMBERLAIN.

TO HIS FRIEND, MR THOMAS RAWLINS, ON HIS PLAY CALLED "THE REBELLION."

I WILL not praise thee, friend, nor is it fit,
Least I be said to flatter what y' have writ:
For some will say, I writ to applaud thee,
That when I print thou maist doe so for me.
Faith they're deceiv'd, thou justly claim'st thy bayes:
Vertue rewards her selfe; thy work's thy praise.

T. JOURDAN.

TO THE AUTHOR, MASTER THOMAS RAWLINS.

KIND friend excuse me, that doe thus intrude,
Thronging thy volume with my lines so rude.
Applause is needlesse here, yet this I owe
As due to th' Muses: thine ne're su'd (I know)
For hands, nor voyce, nor pen, nor other praise
Whatsoe're by mortalls us'd, thereby to raise
An authors name eternally to blisse;
Wer't rightly scann'd (alas!) what folly 'tis:
As if a poets single worke alone,
Wants power to lift him to the spangled throne
Of highest *Jove*: or needes their luke-warme fires,
To cut his way or pierce the circled *spheares*.
Foolish presumption! whosoe're thou art,
Thus fondly deem'st of poets princely art,
Here needs no paultry petty pioners skill
To fortifie; nay, thy melefluous quill
Strikes *Momus* with amaze, and silence deepe,
And doom'd poore *Zoilus* to the *Lethean* sleepe.
Then ben't dismay'd, I know thy booke will live,
And deathlesse trophies to thy name shall give.
Who doubts, where *Venus* and *Minerva* meete
In every line, how pleasantly they greete?
Strewing thy paths with roses, red and white,
To decke thy silver-streames of fluent wit;
And entertaine the graces of thy minde:
O may thy early head be sweet shelter finde,
Vnder the umbraes of those verdant bayes,
Ordain'd for sacred poesies sweet layes.
Such are thy lines, in such a curious dresse,
Compos'd so quaintly; that if I may guesse,
None save thine owne should dare t' approach the presse,

I. GOUGH.

TO THE INGENIOUS AUTHOR.

A SOWRE and austere kind of men there be,
That would out-law the lawes of poesie;
And from a common-wealths well govern'd lists,
Some grave and too much severe Platonists,
Would exclude poets; and have enmity
With the soules freedome, ingenuity.
These are so much for wisedome, they forget
That Heaven allow'th the use of modest wit.
These thinke the author of a jest alone,
Is the man that deserves damnation:
Holding mirth vitious, and to laugh a sin:
Yet we must give these Cynicks leave to grin.
What will they thinke, when they shall see thee in
The plaines of faire Elizium? sit among
A crowned troope of poets? and a throng
Of ancient bardes, which soule-delighting quire
Sings daily anthemnes to Apolloes lyre.
Amongst which thou shalt sit; and crowned thus,
Shalt laugh at Cato and Democritus.
Thus shall thy bayes be superscrib'd: my pen
Did not alone make playes, but also men.

E. B.

TO HIS FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

BLESSE me, you sacred sister. What a throng
Of choice encomions 's prest? such as was sung
When the sweet singer *Stesichorus* liv'd;
Vpon whose lips the nightingale surviv'd.
What makes my sickly fancy hither hye
(Vnlesse it be for shelter?) when the eye
Of each peculiar artist makes a quest
After my slender judgement? then a jest
Dissolves my thoughts to nothing, and my paines
Has its reward in adding to my staines.
But as the river of *Athamas* can fire
The sullen wood, and make its flames aspire,
So the infused comfort I receive
By th' tye of friendship, prompts me to relieve
My fainting spirits; and with a full saile
Rush 'mongst your *Argoseys* dispite of haile,
Or stormes of critticks, friend, to thee I come,
I know th' ast harbour, I defie much roome:
Besides, Ile pay thee for 't in gratefull *verse*,
Since that thou art witts abstract, Ile rehearse:

Nothing shall wooll your eares with a long phraise,
Of a sententious folly; for to raise
Sad pyramids of flattery, that may be
Condemn'd for the sincere prolixity.
Let Envy turne her mantle, and expose
Her rotten intralls to infect the rose,
Or pine like greennesse of thy extant wit:
Yet shall thy *Homers* shield demolish it.
Vpon thy quill as on an eagles wing, [pering:
Thou shalt be led through th' ayre's sweet whis-
And with thy pen thou shalt ingrave thy name,
(Better then pencill,) in the list of fame.

I. TATHAM.

ON MASTER RAWLINS, AND HIS TAYLER, IN "THE REBELLION."

In what a strange delemma stood my mind,
When first I saw the tayler, and did finde
It so well fraught with wit! but when I knew
The noble tayler to proceed from you;
I stood amaz'd, as one with thunder strook,
And knew not which to read; you, or your booke.
I wonder how you could, being of our race,
So eagle-like looke Phœbus in the face.
I wonder how you could, being so yong,
And teeming yet, encounter with so strong
And firme a story; 'twould indeed have prov'd
A subject for the wisest, that had lov'd
To sucke at Aganippe. But goe on,
My best of friends; and as you have begun
With that is good, so let your after times
Transcendent be. Apollo he still shines
On the best wits; and if a Momus chance
On this thy volume scornfully to glance,
Melpomene will defend, and you shall see,
That vertue will at length make envy flee.

I. KNIGHT.

TO HIS INGENIOUS FRIEND, MR RAWLINS, THE AUTHOR OF "THE REBELLION."

WHAT need I strive to prayse thy worthy frame,
Or raise a trophy to thy lasting name?
Were my bad wit with eloquence refin'd,
When I have said my most, the most 's behind.
But that I might be knowne for one of them,
Which do admire thy wit, and love thy pen.
I could not better shew forth my good will,
Then to salute you with my virgin quill,
And bring you something to adorne your head
Among a throng of friends, who oft have read
Your learned poems, and doe honour thee,
And thy bright genius. How like a curious tree
Is thy sweet fancy, bearing fruit so rare
The learned still will covet: Momus no share
Shall have of it; but end his wretched dayes
In grifee, 'cause now now he seeth th' art crown'd with bayes.

JO. MERIELL.

THE REBELLION.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Cupid.
King of SPAINE.
ANTONIO, *a Count.*
MACHVILE, *a Count.*
ALERZO, FULGENTIO, PANDOLPHO, } *Three Spanish Colonells.*
PETRUCHIO, *Governour of* FILFORD.
RAYMOND, *(a Moore,) Generall of the French Army.*
LEONIS, GILBERTY, FIRENZO, } *Three French Colonells.*
SEBASTIANO, PETRUCHIO's *Sonne, in the disguise of a Tayler cald* GIOVANNO.
Old Tayler.
VIRMINE, *his Man.*
Three Taylers more.
Captaine of the Bandetty.
Two Ruffians and a Brave.

PHILIPPA, *the Moore's Wife.*
AURISTELLA, MACHVILE's *Wife.*
EVADNE, ANTONIO's *Sister.*
AURELIA, SEBASTIANO's *Sister.*
Nurse, Attendant on EVADNE.

Attendants.

SCENE—SEVILL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter severally, ALERZO, FULGENTIO, *and* PANDOLPHO.

Aler. Collonell?
Ful. Signior Alerzo.
Aler. Heere.
Pan. Signiors, well met:
The lazy morne has scarcely trim'd her selfe
To entertaine the sun; she still retaines
The slimy tincture of the banisht night:
I hardly could discerne you.
Aler. But you appeare fresh as a city bride-groome,
That has sign'd his wife a warrant for the
Crafting hornes; how fares Belinda,
After the weight of so much sin? you lay with her
To night, come, speake, did you take upon trust,
Or have you pawn'd a collony of oathes?
Or an imbroydered belt? or have you tane
The courtiers tricke, to lay your sword at morgage?
Or perhaps a feather? 't will serve in trafficke,
To returne her ladiship, a fanne, or so.
Pan. Y' are merry.
Ful. Come, be free,
Leave modesty for women to gild
Their pretty thriving art of plenitude,
To inrich their husbands browes with cornucopines:
A souldier, and thus bashfull!
Poxe, be open.
Pan. Had I the poxe, good colonell, I should stride
Farre opener then I doe:
But poxe o' the fashion.
Aler. Count Antonio. [*To them enter* ANT.

Ful. Tho' he appeare fresh as a bloome
That newly kist the sun, adorn'd with pearly
Drops, flung from the hand of the rose finger'd morne,
Yet in his heart lives a whole host of valour.
Pan. Hee appeares
A second Mars.
Aler. More powerfull since he holds wisedome
And vallour captive.
Ful. Let us salute him.
[*Whilst they salute* ANTONIO, *enters Count* MACHVILE.
Mach. Ha! how close they strike,
As if they heard a winged thunder-bolt threatn'd his death,
And each ambitious were to lose his life;
So it might purchase him a longer being:
Their breath ingenders like two peacefull winds,
That joyne a friendly league, and fill the ayre
With silken musicke:
I may passe by and scarce be spar'd a looke,
Or any else but yong Antonio.
Rise from thy scorching den, thou soule of mischiefe!
My blood boyles hotter then the poyson'd flesh
Of Hercules cloth'd in the Centaurs shirt:
Swell me, revenge, till I become a hill
High as Olimpus cloud dividing top;
That I might fall, and crush them into ayre.
Ile observe. [*Exit behind the hangings.*
Ant. Commandy the all
This little world I 'me master of containes,
And be assur'd 'tis granted; I have a life,
I owe to death; and in my countries causes I should——
Ful. Good sir, no more,
This ungratefull land owes you too much already.
Aler. And you still bind it in stronger bonds.
Pan. Your noble deeds, that like to thoughts out-strip [ment:
The fleeting clouds, dash all our hopes of pay-
We are poore but in unprofitable thankes;
Nay, that cannot rehearse enough your merit.
Ant. I dare not heare this; pardon bashfull eares
For suffering such a scarlet to o're-spread
Your burning portalls.
Gentlemen, your discourses tast of court,
They have a relish of knowne flattery;
I must deny to understand their folly:
Your pardon, I must leave you,
Modesty commands.
Ful. Your honours vassales.
Ant. O good colonell, be more a souldier,
Leave complements for those that live at ease,
To stuffe their table bookes; and o're a bord,
Made gaudy with some pageant, beside custards,
Whose quaking strikes a feare into the eaters,
Dispute 'em in a fashionable method.
A souldiers language should be as his calling,
(Ruffe,) to declare he is a man of fire.
Farewell without the straining of a sinew,
No superstitious cringe; adue. [*Exit.*
Aler. Is 't not a hopefull lord?
Nature to him has chain'd the peoples hearts;
Each to his saint offers a forme of prayer
For yong Antonio.
Pan. And in that loved name pray for the kingdoms good:
Ful. Count Machvile.
[MACHVILE *from behind the hangings.*
Aler. Let 's away.
[*Exeunt: manet* MACHVILE.
Heart, wilt not burst with rage, to see these slaves
Fawne like to whelpes on yong Antonio,
And fly from me as from infection? Death,
Confusion, and the list of all deseases, waite upon your lives
Till you be ripe for hell; which when it gapes
May it devoure you all: stay Machvile,
Leave this same idle chat, it becomes woman
That has no strength; but what her tongue
Makes a monopoly, be more a man,
Thinke, thinke; in thy braines minte
Coyne all thy thoughts to mischiefe:
That may act revenge at full.
Plot, plot, tumultious thoughts, incorporate;
Beget a lumpe how e're deform'd, that may at length,
Like to a cub lick'd by the carefull dam,
Become like to my wishes perfect vengeance,
Antonio, I Antonio; nay all,
Rather then loose my will, shall head-long fall
Into eternall ruine; my thoughts are high,
Death sit upon my brow; let every frowne
Banish a soule that stops me of a crowne. [*Exit.*

Enter EVADNE *and Nurse.*

Evad. The taylor yet return'd, nurse?
Nur. Madam, not yet.
Evad. I wonder why he makes gownes so imperfect
They need so many sayes.
Nur. Truely, in sooth, and in good deed law madam
The stripling is in love deepe, deepe in love.
Evad. Ha!
Does his soule shoote with an equall dart
From the commanding bow of loves great god,
Keepe passionate time with mine? or has [*Aside.*
She spy'd my errour to reflect with eager beames
Of thirsty love upon a taylor, being my selfe
Borne high?——I must know more.
In love, good nurse; with whom?
Nur. Hey-hoe! truely, madam, 'tis a fortune,
Cupid, good lad, prais'd be his god-head for 't,
Has throwne upon me, and I am proud on 't;
O 'tis a youth joccond as sprightly May,
One that will doe discreetly with a wife,
Bord her without direction from the stars,
Or counsell from the moone to doe for physicke;
No, he 's a backe;—O 'tis a backe indeed!
Evad. Fye, this becomes you not.
Nur. Besides, he is of all that conquering calling,
A taylor, madam; O 'tis a taking trade!

What chamber-maid, with reverence may
I speake of those lost maiden-heads,
Could long hold out against a taylor?
Evad. Y' are uncivill.
Nur. What aged female, for I must confesse I am
Worne threed-bare,
Would not be turn'd, and live a marriage life,
To purchase heaven?
Evad. Heaven——
Nur. Yes, my deare madam, heaven; whither,
My most sweet lady, but to heaven? hell 's a
Taylors ware-house; he has the keyes, and sits
In triumph crosse legg'd o're the mouth:
It is no place of horrour,
There 's no flames made blew with brimstone;
But the bravest silkes, so fashionable:
O I doe long to weare such properties!
Evad. Leave your talke,
One knocks, goe see. [*Knockes within.*
Nur. O 'tis my love! I come. [*Exit.*
Evad. A taylor; fye, blush my too tardy soule,
And on my brow place a becomming scorne,
Whose fatall sight may kill his mounting hopes.
Were he but one that when 'twas said hee's borne,
Had bin borne noble, high,
Equall in blood to that our house boasts great;
I'de fly into his armes with as much speed,
As an ayre cutting arrow to the stake.
But O he comes! my fortitude is fled.

Enter Nurse and GIOVANNO *with a Gowne.*

Gio. Yonder she is and walkes, yet in sence strong enough to maintaine argument; she 's under my cloake; for the best part of a lady, as this age goes, is her clothes; in what reckoning ought we taylers to be esteem'd then, that are the master workemen to correct nature! You shall have a lady in a diologue with some gallant, touching his suite, the better part of man, so sucke the breath that names the skilfull tayler as if it nourisht her. Another Dona fly from the close imbracements of her lord, to be all over mensur'd by her tayler. One will bee sicke forsooth, and bid her maid deny her to this don, that earle, the other marquesse, nay to a duke; yet let her taylor lase and unlase her gowne, so round the skirts to fit her to the fashion: here 's one has in my sight made many a noble don to hang the head, dukes and marquesses, three in a morning breake their fasts on her denialls; yet I, her tayler, blest bee the kindnesse of my loving stare, am usher'd; she smiles and sayes I have staid too long, and then findes fault with some slight stitch, that eye-let hole 's too close, then must I use my bodkin, 'twill never please else; all will not doe, I must take it home to mend it but to bring it her againe next morning. Wee taylors are the men, spight o' the proverbe [illegible] cannot live without. Is it wee That please them best, in their commodity:
There 's magick in our habits, taylors can
Prevaile 'bove him, honour stiles best of man.
Evad. Bid him draw neere.
Nur. Come hither love, sweet chucke
My ladye calls.
Gio. What meanes this woman? sure she loves me too,
Taylors shall speed had they no tongues to wooe:
Women wou'd sue to them.
Evad. What, have you done it now?
Gio. Maddam, your gowne by my industry
Is purg'd of errours.
Evad. Lord what a neate methodicall way you have
To vent your phrases; pray when did you commence?
Gio. What meane you, madam?
Evad. Doctor I meane, you speake so physicall.
Nur. Nay, madam, 'tis a youth, I praise my starrs
For their kind influence, a woman may be proud on,
And I am.
O 'tis a youth in print, a new Adonis,
And I could wish, although my glasse tells me
I 'me woundrous faire, I were a Venus for him.
Gio. O lady, you are more fairer by farre.
Nur. La you there, madam.
Gio. Where art thou, man? art thou transform'd?
Or art thou growne so base that
This rediculous witch should thinke I love her?
Evad. Leave us.
Nur. I goe.
Ducke, Ile be here anon;
I will, dove. [*Exit.*
Gio. At your best leasure.
Protect me man-hood, least my glutted sence,
Feeding with such an eager appetite on
Your rare beauty, breaking the sluces,
Burst into a flood of passionate teares;
I must, I will enjoy her, though a
Destroying clap from Joves artillery were the reward:
And yet dull-daring sir by your favour no,
He must be more than savage can attempt
[*Aside.*
To injure so much spotlesse innocence:
Pardon, great powers, the thought of such offence.
Evad. When Sebastiano, clad in conquering steele,
And in a phrase able to kill, or from a cowards heart
Banish the thought of feare; wo'd me,
Won not so much upon my captive soule
As this youths silence does: [*Aside.*
Helpe me some power out of this tangling maze,
I shall be lost else.
Gio. Feare to the breast of women,
Build thy throne on their soft hearts;

Mine must not be thy slave.
Your pleasure, madam.
Evad. I have a question must be directly answer'd;
No excuse, but from thy heart a truth.
Gio. Command me, madam; were it a secret
On whose hinges hung the casements of my life,
Yet your command shall be obey'd; to the least
Scruple.
Evad. I take your word:
My aged nurse tells me you love her:
Answer; is 't a truth?
Gio. She 's jealous, Ile try;
As oracle.
Evad. Ha!
Gio. Tis so, ile further; I love her, madam,
With as rich a flame as anchorits
Doe saints they offer prayers too:
I hug her memory as I wou'd embrace
The breath of Jove, when it pronounc'd me
Happy; or prophet, that should speake my
After life great, even with adoration deified.
Evad. My life, like to a bubble i' th' aire,
Dissolv'd by some uncharitable winde,
Denyes my body warmth: your breath
Has made me nothing [*She faints.*
Gio. Rather let me lose all externall being.
Madam, good madam.
Evad. You say you love her.
Gio. Madam, I doe.
Can any love the beauty of a stone,
Set by some curious artist in a ring,
But he must attribute some to
The file that addes unto the lùstre?
You appeare like to a jemme, cut by the
Steddy hand of carefull nature, into such
Beautious tablets, that dull art,
Famous in skilfull flattery, is become
A novice in what fame proclaim'd him doctor;
He cann't expresse one sparke of your great lustre.
Madam, those beauties that, but studied on
By their admirers, are deifi'd, serve
But as spots, to make your red and white
Envy'd of cloisterd saints.
Evad. Have I, ungratefull man, like to the sun,
That from the heavens sends downe his
Cherishing beames on some religious plant,
That with a bow, the worship of the
Thankfull, payes the preserver of his life,
And groth: but thou, unthankfull man,
In scorne of me, to love a callender of many
Yeares.
Gio. Madam, upon my knees, a superstitious rite
The Heathens us'd to pay their gods, I offer up
A life, that untill now nere knew a price;
Made deare because you love it.
Evad. Arise; it is a ceremony due unto none but Heaven.
Gio. Here Ile take roote, and grow into my grave,
Unlesse, deare goddesse, you forget to bee
Cruell to him adores you with a zeale,
Equall to that of hermits.
Evad. I beleeve you, and thus exchange a devout vow,
Humbly upon my knees, that though the
Thunder of my brothers rage should force divorce,
Yet in my soule to love you; witnesse all
The wing'd inhabitants of the highest heaven.
Gio. If suddaine lightning, such as vengefull Jove
Cleares the infectious ayre with, threatn'd to
Scorch my daring soule to cynders, if I
Did love you, lady, I wo'd love you, spight
Of the dogged fates, or any power
Those curst bagges set to oppose me.

To them enter Nurse.

Evad. Be thy selfe againe.
Nur. Madam, your brother.
Evad. Fye, you have done it ill; our brother, say you?
Pray you take it home and mend it.
Gio. Madam, it shall be done; I take my leave.
Love, I am made thy envy; I am he
This votresse prayes unto, as unto thee:
Taylers are more than men; and here 's the odds,
They make fine ladyes; ladyes make them gods:
And so they are not men, but farre above them:
This makes the tailers proud; then ladies love them. [*Exit.*

ANTONIO *meets him.*

Ant. What 's he that past?
Evad. My tailer.
Ant. Theres something in his face I sure should know.
But, sister, to your beads; pray for distress'd Scivel;
Whilst I mount some watch tower,
To o're-looke our enemies, religious lawes
Command me fight for my lov'd countries cause.
[*Exit.*
Evad. Love bids me pray, and on his altars make
A sacrifice, for my lov'd taylers sake. [*Exit.*

Alarum. *Enter* RAYMOND, PHILIPPA, LEONIS, GILBERTY, *and* FIRENZO.

Ray. Stand.
Leo. Stand.
Gil. Stand.
Fir. Give the word through the army, stand there.
Within. Stand, stand, stand, stand, hoe.
Ray. Bid the drum cease, whilst we embrace our love:
Come, my Philippa, like the twins of warre,
Lac'd in our steely corslets, we're become
The envy of those braine begotten gods,

Mouldy antiquity lifted to heaven:
Thus we exchange our breath. [*Kisses.*
Phi. My honour'd lord,
Duty commands, I pay it backe againe,
'Twill waste me into smoake else.
Can my body retaine that breath, that wou'd
Consume an army, drest in a rougher habit?
Pray deliver (come I' me a gentle thiefe)
The breath you stole.
Ray. Restore back mine——So, goe pitch our tent, we 'le
Have a combate i' th' field of love, with thee
Philippa, 'ere we meet the foe: thou art
A friendly enemy. How say you, lords,
Does not my love appeare
Like to the issue of the braine of Jove,
Governesse of armes and arts, Minerva?
Or a selected beauty from a troop of Amazons?
Lords. She is a mine of valour.
Phi. Lords spare your praises till, like Bradament,
The mirrour of our sexe, I make the foe
Of France and us, crouch like a whelpe,
Aw'd by the heaving of his masters hand;
My heart runnes through my arme, and when I deale
A blow, it sinkes a soule:
My sword flies nimbler than the bolts of Jove,
And wounds as deepe: Spaine, thy proud host shall feele
Death has bequeath'd his office to my steele.
Ray. Come on, brave lords, upon your generalls word,
Philippa loves no parley, like the sword.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter GIOVANNO, *Old Taylor*, VIRMINE, *and Two more.*

Gio. Come bullies, come; we must forsake the use of nimble sheeres, and now betake us to our Spanish needles, stelletto blades, and prove the proverbe lyes, lyes in his throat: one tayler can erect sixteene, nay more, of upstart gentlemen, knowne by their cloathes, and leave enough materialls in hell to damne a broker.
O. Tay. We must to the wars, my boyes.
Vir. How, master, to the warres?
O. Tay. I, to the warres, Virmine; what sayst thou to that?
Vir. Nothing, but that I had rather stay at home: O the good penny bread at breakfasts that I shall lose! Master, good master, let me alone, to live with honest John, noble John Blacke.
2d Tay. Wilt thou disgrace thy worthy calling, Virmine?
Vir. No, but I am afraid my calling will disgrace me: I shall be gaping for my mornings loafe, and dramme of ale; I shall; and now and then look for a cabbich leafe, or an odde remnant to cloath my bashfull buttocks.
O. Tay. You shall.
Vir. Yes marry; why I hope poor Virmine must bee fed, and will be fed, or I'le torment you.
Gio. Master, I take priviledge from your love to hearten on my fellowes.
O. Tay. I, I; doe, doe good boy. [*Exit.*
Gio. Come, my bold fellowes, let us eternize,
For our countries good, some noble act,
That may by time be regestred at full:
And as the yeare renewes, so shall our fame
Be fresh to after times: the taylers name,
So much trod under, and the scorne of all,
Shall by this act be high, whilst others fall.
3d Tay. Come, Virmine, come.
Vir. Nay, if virmine slip from the backe of a tayler, spit him with a Spanish needle: or torment him in the louses engin: your two thumbe nailes. [*Exit all but* GIOVANNO.
Gio. The city seig'd, and thou thus chain'd
In ayrie fetters of a ladies love;
It must not be: stay, 'tis Evadne's love;
Her life is with the city ruin'd, if the
French become victorious:
Evadne must not dye, her chaster name
That once made cold, now doth my blood inflame. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Table and Chaires.

Enter (after a shoute crying ANTONIO,*) the Governour and Count* MACHVILE.

Gov. Hell take their spacious throates! we shall e're long
Be pointed as a prodige;
Antonio is the man they londe with praise,
And we stand as a cypher to advance
Him by a number higher.
Mach. Now, Machvile, plot his ruine. [*Aside.*
It is not to be borne; are not you our Masters subsitude? then why should he
Usurpe a priviledge, without your leave,
To preach unto the people a doctrine
They ought not heare?
He incites 'em not to obey your charge,
Unlesse it be to knit a friendly league
With the opposing French, laying before 'em
A troope of fained dangers will insue,
If we doe bid 'em battle.
Gov. Dares he doe this?
Mach. 'Tis done already;
Smother your anger and you shall see, here
At the counsell boarde he 'le break into a
Passion:——which I'le provoke him to.—[*Aside.*

To them ANTONIO, ALERZO, FULGENTIO, *and* PANDOLPHO: *they sit in counsell.*

Gov. Never more neede, my worthy partners in
The dangerous brunts of iron warre, had we
Of counsell: the hot rain'd French, led by that
Haughty Moore, (upon whose sword sits
Victory inthron'd,) daily increase;
And, like the army of another Xerxes,
Make the o're burthen'd earth groane at their weight.
We cannot long hold out; nor have we hope
Our royall master can raise up their seige
E're we be forc't to yeeld:
My lord, your counsell? 'tis a desperate griefe.
Mach. And must my lord finde undelaid release?
Noble commanders, since that warres grim god,
After our sacrifice of many lives,
Neglects our offerings, and repayes our service
With losse; 'tis good to deale with policy.
He 's no true souldier that deales heedlesse blowes
With the indangering of his life; and may
Walke in a shade of safety, yet o'rethrow
His towering enemy.
Great Alexander made the then knowne world
Slave to his powerfull will, more by the helpe
Of polliticke wit,
Than by the ruffe compultion of the sword,
Troy, that indur'd the Grecians ten yeares siege,
By pollicy was fir'd, and became
Like to a lofty beacon all on flame.
Gov. Hum, hum.
Mach. Suppose the French be markt for conquerers:
Starrs have bin crost, when at a naturall birth
They dart prodigious beames; their influence,
Like to the flame of a new lighted tapor,
Has with the breath of pollicy bin blowne
Out, even to nothing,
Ful. Hum, hum.
Aler. This has bin studied,
Pan. He 's almost out.
Gov. Good,
But to the matter;
Your counsell?
Mach. 'Tis this, my lord;
That straight before the French have pitcht their tents,
Or rais'd a worke before our city walls;
As yet their ships have not o're spread the sea,
We send a regiment that may with speed
Land on the marshes, and begirt their backes,
Whilst we open our gates, and with a strong assault
Force 'em retreat into the armes of death:
So the revengefull earth shall be their tombe,
That did ere while trample her teeming wombe.
Gov. Machvile speakes oracle;
What sayes Antonio?
Ant. Nothing.
Gov. How?
Ant. Nothing.
Mach. It takes: revenge,
I hugge thee; yong lord thou art lost. [*Aside.*
Gov. Speake Antonio your counsell.
Ant. Nothing.
Gov. How?
Ant. So;
And could my wish obtaine a sudden grant
From yon tribunall, I would crave, my sences
Might be all steept in Lethe, to forget
What Machvile has spoken.
Mach. Ha, it takes unto my wish. [*Aside.*
Why, Antonio?
Ant. Because you speake
Not like a man, that were possest with a
Meere souldiers heart; much lesse a soule guarded
With subtle sinewes: O madnesse! can there be
In nature such a prodegie so sencelesse,
So much to be wondred at,
As can applaud or lend a willing eare
To that my blushes doe betray I 've bin
Tardy to heare? your childish pollicy.
Gov. Antonio, you 're too bold; this usurpt liberty
To abuse a man of so much merit, is not
Seemely in you: nay, I'le terme it sawcinesse.
Ant. Nay, then, my lord, I claime the priviledge
Of a counseller, and will object.
This my propheticke feares whisper'd my heart:
When from a watch tower I beheld the French
Erect their speares; which, like a mighty grove,
Denied my eyes any other object:
The tops showd by a stolen reflection from
The sun like diamonds, or as the glorious
Guilder of the day, should daine a lower visit.
Then my warme blood, that us'd to play like
Summer, felt a change; gray-bearded winter
Froze my very soule, till I became,
Like the Pyrenian hills, rapt in a roabe of ice:
My atticke feares froze me into a statue.
Aler. Cowardly Antonio.
Ful. I have lost my faith,
And can behold him now without a wonder.
Gov. Antonio, y'are too long, and wracke our patience;
Your counsell?
Ant. I fear'd, but what? not our proud enimies:
No, did they burthen all our Spanish world;
And I, poore I, onely surviv'd to threat defiance
In the mounsiers teeth, and stand defendant
For my countries cause; naked, unarm'd,
I'de through their bragging host, and pay my life
A sacrifice to death, for my lov'd countries safety.
Aler. Fulgentio, thou hast not lost
Thy faith?
Ful. Noe, I'me reformed, he 's valiant,
Gov. Antonio, your counsell?
Mach. I, your counsell?

Ant. Our foes increase to an unreckon'd number;
We lesse then nothing, since we have no hope
To arrive a number, that may cope with
Halfe their army.
'Tis my counsell we strike a league:
'Tis wisedome to sue peace, where powerfull fate
Threatens a ruine: least repent too late.
Ful. 'Tis god-like counsell.
Aler. And becomes the tongue of yong Antonio.
Gov. Antonio, let me tell you, you have lost
Your valiant heart; I can with safety now
Terme you a coward.
Ant. Ha!
Gov. Nay, more,
Since by your oratory you strive
To rob your country of a glorious conquest;
That may to after times beget a feare,
Even with the thought should awe the trembling
World: you are a traytor.
Ant. Ha! my lord! coward and traytor! 'tis a damned lye,
And in the heart of him dares say 't againe
I'le write his errour.
Mach. 'Tis as I wou'd hav 't.
Ful. Noble Antonio.
Aler. Brave spirited lord.
Ful. The mirrour of a souldier.
Gov. O! are you mov'd, sir? has the deserved name
Of traytor prickt you?
Ant. Deserv'd?
Gov. Yes.
Mach. Yes.
Ant. Machvile, thou lyest; hadst thou a heart
Of harden'd steele, my powerfull arme
Should pierce it.
[*They fight all in a confused manner:* ANTONIO *kills the Governour,* MACHVILE *falls.*
Aler. The governour
Slaine by Antonio's hand?
Ful. No, by the hand of justice; fly, fly, my lord!
Aler. Send for a chirurgeon to dresse count Machvile,
He must be now our governour; the king
Signed it in the dead governours commission.
[*Exeunt.*
Ant. Now I repent too late my rash contempt:
The horrour of a murtherer will still
Follow my guilty thoughts, fly where I will.
[*Exit* ANTONIO.
Mach. I'me wounded, else, coward Antonio,
Thou shouldst not fly from my revengefull arme:
But may my curses fall upon thy head
Heavy as thunder! maist thou dye
Burthen'd with ulcerous sins, whose very
Weight may sinke thee downe to hell,
Beneath the reach of smooth-fac'd mercies arme!
[*A shoute within, crying* ANTONIO.
Confusion choake your rash officious throates!
And may that breath that speakes his loathed name
Beget a plague, whose hot infectious aire
May scald you up to blisters, which foretell
A purge of life: up, Machvile,
Tho'st thy will, how ere crosse fate
Divert the peoples hearts; they must perforce
Sue to that shrine our liking shall erect.
The governour is dead, Antonio's lost
To any thing but death; 'tis our glad fate
To gripe the staffe of what wee look't for, state.
My bloods ambitious, and runs through my veines
Like nimble water through a leaden pipe
Up to some barren mountaine; I must have more;
All wealth, in my thoughts, to a crowne is poore.

Enter GIOVANNO, EVADNE, *and Nurse.*

Gio. 'Tis a neate gowne, and fashionable,
Madam; is 't not, love?
Nur. Upon my virginity wonderfull handsome:
Deare, when we are married I'le have such a one;
Shall I not, chicken? ha.
Gio. What else, kind nurse?
Nur. Truely you taylers are the most sanctified members
Of a kingdome:
How many crooked and untoward bodies have
You set upright, that they goe now so straight in their
Lives and conversation, as the proudest on them all?
Gio. That 's certaine, none prouder.
Evad. How meane you, sir?
Gio. Faith, madam, your crooked moveables in artificiall bodies, that rectifie the deformity of natures over-plus, as bunching backes, or scarcity, as scanty shoulders, are the proudest creatures; you shall have them jet it with an undaunted boldnesse; for the truth is, what they want in substance they have in ayre:
They will scould the tayler out of his art,
And impute the defect of nature to his want
Of skill, though his labour make her appearance
Pride worthy.
Nur. Well said, my birds-eye, stand for the credit of
Taylers whilst thou livest; wilt thou not, chucke?
Ha, sayst thou, my deare?
Gio. I were ungratefull, else.
Evad. Nurse, pray leave us, your presence makes your
Sweetheart negligent of what he comes about;
Pray be won to leave us here.
Nur. Madam, your will 's obey'd:
Yet I can hardly passe from thee, my love,
At such a suddaine warning.
Gio. Your eager love may be termed dotage;

For shame, confesse your selfe to lesse expressions:
Leave my lady.
Nur. A kisse, and then I goe; so: farewell, my duck. [*Exit.*
Gio. Death, she has left a scent to poison me;
Love her, said she? is any man so mad, to hugge a disease,
Or imbrace a colder image then Pigmalions,
Or play with the bird of
Frosty antiquity? not I:
Her gumms stinke worse then a pest-house,
And more danger of infecting.
As I 'me a mortall tayler, and your servant, madam,
Her breath has tainted me: I dare not salute
Your ladiship.
Evad. Come, you are loath to part with 't, 'tis so sweet.
Gio. Sweet, say you, madam? a muster of diseases
Can't smell worse, than her rotten teeth.
Excuse my boldnesse, to deferre your longing;
Thus I am new created with your breath.
[*Kisses.*
My gaping pores will ne're be satisfied.
Againe —— they still are hungry.
Evad. My deare friend, let not thy lovely person
March with the scoulding peace affrighting drum:
War is too cruell: come, I'le chaine
You here, here in my armes; and stiffle you
With kisses; you sha' not goe——by this you sha' not goe.
Gio. By this I must.
Evad. I'le smother that harsh breath.
[*They kisse.*
Gio. Again I counter-checke it

Enter ANTONIO *as pursued, he sees them, and stands amazed.*

Ant. O sister! ha!
What killing sight is this! cannot be she.
Sister.
Evad. O my deare friend, my brother, w' are undone.
Ant. Degenerate girle, lighter than wind or ayre;
Canst thou forget thy birth? or, 'cause thou 'rt faire,
Art priviledg'd, dost thinke, with such a zeale
To graspe an under shrub? dare you exchange
Breath with your taylers, without feare of vengeance
From the desturbed ghosts of our dead parents,
For their bloods injury? or are your favours
Growne prostitute to all? my unkind fate
Grieves me not halfe so much, as thee forgetfull.
Gio. Sir, if on me this language, I must tell you,
You are too rash to censure. My unworthinesse, that makes
Her seeme so ugly in your eyes, perhaps
Hangs in these cloaths; and 's shifted off with them.
I am as noble, but that I hate to make
Comparisons, as any you can thinke worthy
To be call'd her husband.
Ant. Shred of a slave, thou lyest!
Gio. Sir, I am hasty too; yet in the presence of my
Mistris can use a temper.
Ant. Brave! your mistris!

Enter MACHVILE *with Officers.*

Mach. Lay hold on him;
Ere we presume to meete the enemy
Weele purge the city; lest the wrath of Heaven
Fall heavy on us: Antonio, I arrest thee
Of capitall treason 'gainst the king and realme.
To prison with him.
Evad. O my lost brother!
Gio. 'Tis but an errour; treason d' ye call it, to kill
The governour in heate of blood, and not intended?
For my Evadne's sake, something I'le doe
Shall save his life. [*Exit.*
Mach. To prison with him.
Ant. Farewell Evadne, as thou lovest the peace
Of our dead ancestors, cease to love
So loath'd a thing; a tayler!
Why, 'tis the scorne of all; therefore be rul'd
By thy departing brother, doe not mixe
With so much basenesse:
Come, officers, beare me e'ne where you please,
My opprest conscience no where can have ease.
[*Exit with Officers.*
Mach. Lady, we here enjoyne you to
Your chamber as a prisoner, to
Waite a further censure; your brothers
Fault has pul'd a punishment upon your head,
Which you must suffer.
Evad. 'Ene what you please, your tyranny can't beare
A shape so bad to make Evadne feare:
Strong innocence shall guard my afflicted soule,
Whose constancy shall tyranny controule.
[*Exeunt.*
[*A noise within, crying Rescue, rescue! Enter* ANTONIO *and Guard; to them* GIOVANNO *and Taylers, and rescue him; and beate them off.*

Enter an Officer, meeting MACHVILE.

Of. A troope of taylers by force have tane
Antonio from us, and have borne him (spight
Of the best resistance we could make) unto some
Secret place; we can not finde him.
Mach. Screech-owle, dost know what thou hast said?
Death, finde him, or you dye! O my crosse starres!

He must not live to torture our vext sence,
But dye; though he had no fault but innocence.
[*Exit.*

Enter GIOVANNO, ANTONIO, *and the Old Tayler.*

Gio. Can this kindnesse merit your love?
Do I deserve your sister?

Ant. My sister! worthy tayler, 'tis a gift lyes not in me to give: aske something else, 'tis thine, although it bee gain'd with the quite extinguishing of this; this breath you gave mee.

Gio. Have not I——

Ant. Speake no further, I confesse you have bin all unto me, life, and being; I breath but with your licence: will no price buy out your interest in me, but her love? I tell thee, tayler, I have blood runs in mee, Spaine cannot match for greatnesse, next her kings. Yet, to requite thy love, I'le call thee friend, be thou Antonio's friend; a favour nobles have thirsted for: will this requite thee?

Gio. Sir, this may, but——

Ant. My sister, thou wouldst say, most worthy tayler; shee is not mine to give; honour spake in my dying father, 'tis a sentence that's registred here, in Antonio's heart, I must not wed her, but to one in blood calls honour father: prethee be my friend, forget I have a sister; in love I'le be more than a brother; tho' not to mingle blood.

Gio. May I not call her mistresse?

Ant. As a servant, far from the thoughts of wedlocke.

Gio. I 'me yours, friend I am proud on 't; you shall finde,
That, though a tayler, I 'ave an honest mind.
Pray, master, helpe my lord unto a suite, his life
Lyes at your mercy.

1*st Tay.* I'le warrant you.

Ant. But for thy men.

1*st Tay.* O they are proud in that they rescued you,
And my blood of honour; since you are pleas'd
To grace the now declining trade of taylers,
By being shrouded in their homely cloaths,
And decke a shop-board with your noble person;
The taunting scornes, the foule mouth'd
World can throw upon our needfull calling,
Shall be answered:
They injure honour, since your honour is a
Noble practitioner in our mistery.

Gio. Cheere up Antonio, take him in,
The rest will make him merry; I'le goe try
The temper of a sword upon some shield
That guards a foe.
Pray for my good successe. [*Exit.*

1*st Tay.* Come, come, my lord, leave melancholy
To hired slaves, that murther at a price:
Yours was ——

Ant. No more, flatter not my sin.

1*st Tay.* You are too strikt a convertite; let 's in. [*Exit.*

After a confused noyse within, enter RAYMOND, LEONIS, GILBERTY, *hastily.*

Ray. What meanes this capering eccho?
Or from whence did this so lively counterfeit
Of thunder breake out to liberty?

Gil. 'Tis from the city.

Ray. It cannot be, their voyce should outroare Jove;
Our army, like a bassiliske, has strucke
Death through their eyes; our number, like a wind
Broke from the icy prison of the north,
Has froze the portalls to their shivering hearts;
They scarce have breath enough to speake 't:
They live. [*A shoute within.*

Gil. 'Tis certainely from thence.

Leo. Y' are deceived, poore Spaniards feare
Has chang'd their elevated gate to a dejection:
Their planet strooke.

Ray. 'Tis from our jocond fleet, my genius prompts me;
They have already plough'd the unruly seas,
And with their breasts, proofe 'gainst the battering
Waves, dasht the bigge billowes into angry froth,
And, spight of the contentious full mouth'd gods
Of sea and wind, have reach't the citty frontiers,
And begirt her navigable skirts.
Againe: 'tis so. [*Againe, within.*

Gil. My creeds another way;
I have no faith but to the city.

Alarum. Enter a Souldier bloody.

Leo. Here 's one,
Now we shall know: ha! he appeares
Like one compos'd of horrour.

Ray. What speakes thy troubled front?

Leo. Speak, crimson metor.

Ray. Speake, prodigy, or on my sword thou fallst.

Sol. The bold Spaniards, setting aside all cold acknowledgment
Of any oddes, or notice of the number our army
Is made proud with, sends from their walls
More lightning, than great Jove afrights
The trembling world with, when the aire
Is turned to muteny.

Ray. Villaine, thou lyest;
'Twere madnesse to beleeve thee.
Foolish Spaine, may like those giants, that
Heapt hill on hill, mountaine on mountaine,
To plucke Jove from heaven, who with
A hand of vengeance flung 'em downe beneath
The centure, and those cloud-contemning mounts,
Heav'd by the strength of their ambitious armes,
Became their monuments: so Spaines rash
Folly, from this arme of mine, shall find their
Graves amongst the rubbish of their
Ruin'd cities.

Enter a second Souldier.

What, another! thy hasty newes?
2d Mess. The daring enemies have through their gates
Made a victorious salley: all our troopes
Have joyntly, like the dust before the wind,
Made a dishonoured flight: Harke!
[*Alarum within.*
The conquering foe makes hitherward.
Ray. Runne to my tent, fetch my Philippa:
Slave, why mov'st thou not?
2d Mess. The enemy's upon us.
Ray. Shall I send thy coward soule down the
Vaults of horrour? flye, villaine, or thou dyest!
[*Strikes him.*

Alarum. Enter MACHVILE, ALERZO, FULGENTIO, PANDOLPHO, *with* PHILIPPA *Prisoner*, GIOVANNO *with Taylers.*

Mach. Let one post to my castle, and conduct my lady;
Tell her I have a prisoner won'd become proud
In her fore 't captivity to waite upon her beauty:
Flye, let not the tardy clouds out-saile thee.
Phi. Canst thou, proud man, thinke that Philippa's
Heart is humbled with her fortunes? no, didst thou
Bring all the rough tortures,
From the worlds child-hood to this houre invented,
And on my resolute body, proofe against paine,
Practis'd Scicilian tyranny,
My gyant thoughts should, like a cloud of wind,
Contemning smoak, mingle with heaven:
And not a looke so base, as to be pittied, shall
Give you cause of triumph.
Aler. 'Fore heaven, a fiery girle.
Ful. A masculine spirit.
Pan. An Amazon.
Ray. See my Philippa, her rich colour's fled, and like that soule
The furrow fronted fates have made an anvill
To forge diseases on, she 's lost her selfe
With her fled beauty; yet, pale as she stands,
She addes more glory to our churlish foe,
Than bashfull Tytan to the easterne world.
Spaniards, she is a conquest, Rome,
When her two-neckt eagles aw'd the world,
Would have swum through their owne blood to purchase:
Nor must you enjoy that jemme, the superstitious gods
Would quarrell for, but through my heart.
Courage, brave friends, they're valiant that can flye
I' th' mouth of danger; 'tis they winne, though dye.
Gio. This Moore speakes truth,
Wrapt in a voyce of thunder.
Ray. Speake, my Philippa, what untutor'd slave
Durst lay a rugged hand upon thy softnesse?
Phi. 'Twas the epitome of Hercules:
No bigge Colossus, yet for strength farre bigger:
A little person, great with matchlesse valour.
Ray. What paines thou takest to praise
Thine enemy.
Phi. 'Twere sinne to rob him, that has wasted so
His blood for praise: this noble souldier, he
'Twas made me captive; nor can he boast
'Twas in an easie combate; for my good
Sword, now ravish'd from mine arme, forc'd crimson
Drops, that, like a goary sweat, buryed
His manly body in oblivion: those that were
Skild in his effigies, as drunke with Lethe, had
Forgot 'twas hee; till by the drawing of the
Ruefull curtaine they saw in him their errour.
Ray. A common souldier owner of a strength worthy
Such praise? Dares he cope with the
French generall single?
Phi. My lord, you must strike quick and sure.
Ray. Why pause you? my Philippa must not stay,
Captivity's infection.
Mach. We have the day. [arme
Ray. Not till you conquer me: which if my
Be not by witch-craft rob'd of his late strength,
Shall spinne your labour to an ample length.
Mach. Upon him then.
Gio. Ods is dishonourable combate: my lads,
Lets one to one; I am for the Moore.
Aler. Thee!
Ful. Tayler, you are too sawcy.
Gio. Sawcy?
Aler. Vntutor'd groome, mechanicke slave.
Gio. You have protection, by the governours presence,
Else my plumed estrages, 'tis not your feathers,
More waighty than your heads, should stop
My vengeance, but I'de text my wrong
In bloody characters upon your pamperd flesh.
Ful. You wou'd?
Gio. By Heaven I would.
Ful. You'd be advis'd, and render up your life a sacrifice to patience.
Gio. Musk-cat, I'de make your civet worship stinke first in your perfumed buffe.
Aler. Phlegmaticke slave.
Gio. Bloudlesse commanders.
Ful. *Pan.* *Aler.* } How?
Gio. So.
Ful. *Pan.* *Aler.* } Let 's reward his boldnesse.
[*They fall upon* GIOVANNO.
Mach. Whence this rashnesse?
Ray. Blest occation! lets on 'em.
[*The French whisper.*
[*The French flye upon 'em: they turne to their Guard, and beate 'em off.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter MACHVILE, FULGENTIO, PANDOLPHO, ALERZO, GIOVANNO *with* RAYMOND *Prisoner, and the rest of the Taylors.*

All the Tay. A tayler, a tayler, a tayler!

Gio. Raymond, y' are now my prisoner:
Blind chance has favour'd where your thoughts,
And hope she meant to ruine
From our discord, which Heaven has made victorious,
You meant to strike a harmony should glad you.

Aler. 'Tis not to be borne: a tayler! [*Whisper.*

Ful. 'Twas an affront gales me to thinke on 't:
Besides, his sawcy valour might have ruin'd all
Our forward fortunes, had the French been
Stronger: let him be banish'd.

Mach. It shall be so;
My feares are built on grounds
Stronger than Atlas shoulders: this same tayler
Retaines a spirit like the lost Antonio;
Whose sister we will banish, in pretence of
Love to justice; 'tis a good snare, to trap the
Vulgar hearts: his, and her goods, to guild my
Lawlesse doings; I'le give the poore, whose tongues
Are i' their bellies; which being full,
Is tipt with heartlesse prayers; but empty,
A falling planet is lesse dangerous; they 'le downe to
Hell for curses. You tayler.

Gio. My lord.

Mach. Deliver up your prisoner.

Gio. Y' are obey'd.

Mach. So: now we command, on forfeit of thy
Life, you be not seene in any ground our
Masters title circles, within three daies.
Such a factious spirit we must not nourish:
Least, like the fables serpent, growne warme
In your conceited worth, you sting
Your countries breast, that nurst your valour.

Gio. This my reward?

Aler. More then thy worth deserves.

Gio. Pomander boxe, thou lyest.

Ful. Goe purge your selfe; your country vomits you.

Gio. Slaves, y' are not worth my anger.

Ful. Goe vent your spleene 'mongst satyres, pen a
Pamphlet, and call 't the scourge of greatnesse.

Aler. Or Spaines ingratitude.

Gio. Yee are not worth my breath,
Else I should curse you; but I must weepe,
Not that I part from thee, unthankfull Spaine,
But my Evadne: well, it must bee so:
Heart, keepe thy still tough temper spight of woe. [*Exit.*

Mach. My house shall be your prison.
Attend 'em, colonell.

[*Exeunt* RAYMOND, PHILIPPA, ALERZO, FULGENTIO, PANDOLPHO; *manent Taylers.*

Ful. Please you walke.

1*st Tay.* My servant banisht?

3*d Tay.* Famist, master? nay, faith and a tayler
Come to be famisht, 'tis a hard world:
No bread in this world here hoe, to save
The renowned corps of a tayler from famishing?
'Tis no matter for drinke, give me bread.

2*d Tay.* Thou hast a gut would swallow a pecke loafe.

3*d Tay.* I, marry wou'd it, with vantage; I tell truth,
And, as the proverbe sayes, shame the divell;
If our hell afford a divell: but I see none
Unlesse he appeare in a delicious remnant of
Nim'd sattin, and by my faith that 's a courteous
Divill, that suffers the brokers to hang him
In their ragged wardrobe; and us'd to sell his
Divelship for money: I tell truth; a tayler
And lye, faith I scorne that.

1*st Tay.* Leave your discovery.

3*d Tay.* Master, a traveller you know is famous for lying;
And having travelled as farre as hell,
May not I make description of the unknowne land?

1*st Tay.* My braine is busie,
Sebastiano must not tread an unknowne land
To finde out a grave; unfortunate Sebastiano!
First to lose thy selfe in a disguise, unfitting for thy
Birth, and then thy country for thy too much vallour:
There 's danger in being vertuous, in this age
Led by those sinfull actors, the plunged stage,
Of this vice-bearing world, would head-long fall,
But charitable vertue beares up all.
I must invent, I ha't, so:
As he 's a tayler, he is banisht Spaine,
As Sebastiano, 'tis revokt againe. [*Exit cum suis.*

Enter MACHVILE *solus.*

Mach. How subtile are my springes! they take all.
With what swift speed unto my chaffie baite
Doe all fowles fly, unto their hasty ruine?
Clap, clap your wings, and flutter, greedy fooles,
Whilst I laugh at your folly; I have a wier
Set for the Moore, and his ambitious consort;
Which if my wife wo'd second, they are sure.

Enter AURISTELLA.

Auris. What must she second?

Mach. Art thou there, my love? we 're in a path
That leades us to a height, we may confront
The sun, and with a breath extinguish common
Starres; be but thou rul'd, the light
That does create day to this city
Must be derived from us.
Auris. You fire my soule, and to my airy
Wings add quicker feathers: what taske
Wo'd not I run, to be cald queene?
Did the life-blood of all our family,
Father and mother, stand as a quicke wall
To stop my passage to a throne,
I'de with a puniard ope their azure veines,
And squeese their active blood up into clods,
Till they become as cold as winters snow;
And as a bridge upon their trunkes I'de goe.
Mach. Our soules are twinnes, and thirst with equall heat
For deity: kings are in all things gods,
Saving mortality.
Auris. To be a queene, what danger wo'd I run!
I'de spend my life like to a bare-foot nun,
So I might sit above the lesser starrs
Of small nobility, but for a day.
Mach. 'Tis to be done, sweet love, a nearer way:
I have already, with the suger'd baites
Of justice, liberallity, and all
The foxe like ginns, that subtile statse-men
Set to catch the hearts o' th' giddy multitude:
Which, if it faile, as cautious policy
Forbids, I build too strongly on their drunke
Uncertaine votes, I'de have thee breake with
My great prisoners wife, as I will
Doe with him; promise the states equall
Devided halfe himselfe shall rule:
So that if need compell us to take armes,
We may have forces from the realme of France,
To seate us in the chaire of government.
Auris. I never shall indure to walke as equall
With proud Philippa, no; my ambitious soule
Boyles in a thirsty flame of totall glory:
I must be all, without a second flame
To dim our luster.
Mach. Still my very soule, thinkest thou I can indure
Compeditor, or let an Ethiope sit by Machvils side,
As partner in his honour? no, as I have seene
I' the common-wealth of players, one that did act
The Thebane Creon's part; with such a life
I became ravisht, and on Raymond meane
To plot what he did on the caveling boyes of Oedipus,
Whilst we graspe the whole dignity.
Auris. As how, sweet Machvile?
Mach. It is not ripe, my love:
The king I heare applauds my justice;
Wherefore I have sent order, that count Antonio
Once being taken, be sent to Fill-ford mill;
There ground to death.
Auris. What for his sister?
Mach. Thy envy: she I have banisht;
And her goods, to guard a shower of curses
From my head, I 'ave given the poore.
Auris. Good pollicy, let 's home to our designes:
I hate to be officious, yet my frowne
Shall be dissolv'd to flattery for a crowne. [*Exit.*
Mach. Attend your lady——so her forward spleene,
Tickled with thought of greatnesse makes the scene attempts run smooth: the haughty Moore shall bee the lader, on whose servile back I'le mount to greatnesse.
If calm peace deny me easie way,
Rough war shall force it; which done, Raymond
And his Philippa must goe seeke an empire in Elizium; for to rule, predominance belongs
Alone to me: slaves are unworthy rule,
What state wo'd set a crowne upon a mule?
[*Exit.*

ANTONIO *disguis'd sitting in a Closet.*

Ant. My soule is heavy, and my eye-lids feele
The weighty power of lazy Morpheus:
Each element that breathes a life within me
Runs a contrary course, and conspire
To counterfeit a chaos: whilst the frame
And weake supporters of my inward man
(Cracke) as beneath the weight of Atlas burthen:
A suddaine change, how my blear'd eye-lids strive
To force a sleepe 'gainst nature. O you powers
That rule the better thoughts, if you have ought
To act on my fraile body, let it be with eagles:
Speed; or if your wills so please,
Let my fore-past and undejested wrongs
O're whelme my thoughts, and sinke me to the ground
With their no lesse then deaths remembrances.
Cease, bastard slave, to clog my sences
With the leaden weights of an unwilling sleepe; unlesse
Thy raw-bon'd brother joyne his force, and make
A seperation twixt my fiery soule
And my all earthly body;
I am o're come, Heaven worke your wills, my breath
Submits to this as 'twould submit to death.
[*Sleepes.*

Soft Musicke; Love descends halfe way, then speakes.

Love. Sleepe, intranced man, but be
Wakefull in thy fancy; see
Love hath left his pallace faire,
And beates his wings against the ayre,
To ease thy panting breasts of ill:
Love 's a phisitian, our will
Must be obey'd: therefore with hast
To Flanders fly, the ecchoing blast

Of fame shall usher thee along,
And leave thee pester'd in a throng
Of searching troubles, which shall be
But bug-beares to thy constancy.

Enter from one Side Death, and from the other Side AURELIA; *Death strikes three times at* ANTONIO, *and* AURELIA *diverts it. Exeunt severally.*

What this same shadow seemes to be,
In Flanders thou shalt reall see;
The maid that seem'd to conquer death,
And give thee longer lease of breath,
Dotes on thy aire; report hath bin
Lavish in praysing thee unseene.
Make hast to Flanders; time will be
Accus'd of slothfulnesse, if she
Be longer tortur'd: doe not stay,
My power shall guide thee on the way.
[*Assended.*

Enter GIOVANNO *and the Old Tayler.*

Gio. He is asleepe.
O. Tay. See how he strugles, as if some visions
Had assum'd a shape fuller of horrour
Then his troubled thoughts.
Gio. His conscience gripes him to purpose: see he wakes;
Let us observe.
Ant. Stay, gentle power, leave hostage that thy promise
Thou 'lt performe,
And I will offer to thy deity
More then my lazy heart has offer'd yet.
But stay, Antonio, can thy easie faith
Give credit to a dreame? an aiery vision,
Fram'd by strangling fancy, to delude weake
Sence with a gay nothing? recollect thy selfe,
Advise thee by thy feares, it may force hence
This midnights shade of griefe,
And guild it with a morne as full of joy,
As do's bright Phœbus to our ensterne world,
When blushing he arises from the lap
Of sea-greene Thetis to give a new day birth.
Gio. Why, how now, friend? what, talking to thy selfe?
Ant. O, Giovanno, 'tis my unpartiall thoughts,
That rise in war against my guilty conscience;
O it stings me!
O. Tay. Be more a man, shrinke not beneath a weight
So light, a child may beare it; for beleeve me,
If my propheticke feare deceive me not,
You had done an act Spaine should for ever praise
Had you kild Machvile to.
Ant. As how, good master? I must call you so;
This is your livery.
O. Tay. O y' are a noble tayler. But to Machvile.
It was my chance, being sent for by his wife
To take the measure of their noble prisoner;
Who when I came was busie, being plac'd
Into a roome, where I might easily heare
Them talke of crownes, and kingdomes;
And of two that should be partners in this
End of Spaine.
Gio. Who were they?
O. Tay. Machvile and Raymond: at last Machvile laught,
Saying, for this I made the governour
To crosse Antonio at the counsell bord;
Knowing that one must, if not both sho'd dye.
Ant. Did he say this?
O. Tay. He did, and added more under a feigned show
Of love to justice, banisht your sister.
Gio. Is Evadne banisht?
O. Tay. She is; and, as I ghesse, to Flanders; her woman too has left her.
Ant. Nay, droope not friend: host, pray tell proud
Machvile, I have a sword left to chastise
A traitor: come, let 's goe seeke Evadne.
Gio. O, Antonio! the suddaine griefe almost distracts
Thy friend; but come, let 's goe each severall,
And meete at Fill-ford: if thou findest Evadne,
Beare her unto the castle. [*Exit.*
Ant. Farewell, good master. [*Exit.*
O. Tay. O, you honour me:
Bootelesse were all perswasions, they 'le not stay.
I'le to the king; this treason may become,
Like a disease, out of the reach of phisicke,
And may infect past care if let alone. [*Exit.*

Enter RAYMOND *and* PHILIPPA.

Phi. Erect thy head, my Raymond; be more tall
Then daring Atlas, but more safely wise:
Sustaine no burthen but the politicke care
Of being great: till thou atchieve the cities
Axeltree, and wave it as thou list. [hits
Ray. Hast thou no skill in magick, that thou
So just upon my thoughts? thy tongue is tipt
Like natures miracle, that drawes the steele
With unresisted violence: I can not keepe
A secret to my selfe, but thy prevailing
Rhetoricke ravishes and leaves my breast
Like to an empty casket, that once was blest
With keeping of a jewell I durst not trust the
Ayre with, 'twas so precious: pray be carefull.
Phi. You doe not doubt me?
Ray. No, were you a woman made of such course ingrediance as the common, which in our triveall phrase we call meere women; I wou'd not trust thee with a cause so weighty, that the discovery did indanger this, this haire; that when 'tis gone a linxes cannot misse it: but you are—I want expressions, 'tis not common words can speake you truely, you are more than woman.
Phi. My lord, you know my temper, and how to
Win upon my heart.

Ray. I must be gone, and post a messenger,
France must supply what wants to make thee great;
An army, my Philippa, which these people
Snoring in pride of their last victory,
Doe not so much as dreame on:
Nor shall, till they be forced to yeeld their voyces
At our election; which will be ere long.
Phi. O 'tis an age, I'de rather have it sed,
Philippa then a prisoner were dead. [*Exit.*

Enter a Crimenall Judge and Officers, with ANTONIO, PETRUCHIO *and* AURELIA *meete him, with Servants.*

Jud. Captaine Petruchio, take this condemned man
Into your charge; it is Antonio, once a
Spanish count, till his rash folly, with his
Life made forfeit of his honour; he
Was found travelling to your castle;
'Twas Heavens will that his owne feet
Should with a willing pace conduct him to his ruine:
For the murther he must be ground to death
In Filford mill, of which you are the governour:
Here my commision in its end gives strength to yours;
He 's your charge: farewell,
His death must be with speed. [*Exit with his.*
Ant. Deceive me not, good glasses, your lights
In my esteeme never till now was precious,
'Tis the same, I 'tis the very same
I sleeping saw.
Aurel. Is this the man fame speakes so nobly of?
O love, Aurelia, never untill now
Could say he knew thee; I must desemble it.
Pet. Come, sir, to my castle.
Aurel. Fie on you, sir; to kill a governour it is a fact
Death cannot appeare too horrible to punish.
Ant. Can this be truth? O shallow, shallow man!
To credit aire, beleeve there can be substance
In a cloud of thickned smoake, as truth hid in a dreame;
Yes, there is truth, that like a scrowle fetcht from
An oracle, betrayes the double dealing of the gods;
Dreames that speake all of joy, doe turne to griefe,
And such bad fate deludes my light beleefe.
Pet. Away with him. [*Exeunt.*

AURELIA *sola.*

Aurel. Oft have I heard my brother with a tongue
Proud of the office, prais'd this lovely lord;
And my trapt soule did with as eager hast
Draw in the breath; and now, O Aurelia!
Buried with him must all thy joy thou hast
For ever sleepe; and with a pale consumption,
Pittying him wilt thou thy selfe be ruin'd?
He must not dye; if there be any way
Reveal'd to the distressed, I will find it:
Assist a poore lost virgin some good power,
And lead her to a path, whose secret tract
May guide both him and me unto our safety.
Be kind, good wits, I never untill now
Put you to any trouble; 'tis your office,
To helpe at need this little world you live by:
Not yet! O dulnesse! doe not make me mad—
I hav 't, blest braine! now shall a womans wit
Wrestle with fate, and if my plot but hit,
Come off with wreaths: my duty, nay my all,
I must forsake, lest my Antonio fall. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter GIOVANNO *mad, solus.*

Not finde Evadne! sure some wanton wind
Has snatcht her from the earth into the aire;
Smooth Zephers faines the tresses of her haire,
Whilst slicke favonions playes the fawning slave;
And hourely dyes, making her breasts his grave:
O false Evadne! is Giovanno's love,
That has out-done all merrit for thy sake,
So light, that winde out-weighs it?
No, no, no; Evadne is all vertue,
Sweet as the breath of roses; and as chast
As virgin lillies in their infancy:
Downe, you deluding ministers of ayre;
Evadne is not light, though she be faire:
Dissolve that counterfeit; ha, ha, ha, ha.
See how they shrinke: why so, now I will love you:
Goe search into the hollowes of the earth,
And finde my love, or I will chaine you up
To eternity: see, see, who 's this? O I know him now.
So, ho, ho; so, ho, ho, not heare?
'Tis Phæton: no, 'tis an heire got
Since his fathers death, into a cloake of gold
Out-shines the sunne; the head-strong horses
Of licentious youth have broke their reines
And drawne him through the signes of all libidinousnes;
See, from the whorish front of Capra,
He 's tumbling downe as low as beggery.
O, are you come, grimme Tartor? Radamonte
Goe aske of Pluto if he have not tane

Evadne to his smoky common-wealth,
And ravisht her? Begon, why stirre you not?
Ha, ha, ha, the devill is afraid.
Evad. Helpe, a rape! [*Within.*
Ban. Stop her mouth.
Gio. Who calls for helpe? tis my Evadne; I,
It was her voyce that gave the eccho life,
That cry'd a rape. Divell, dost love a wench?
Who was thy pander, ha? What saucy fiend
Durst lay his unpar'd fangs on my Evadne?
Come, I'le swimme unarmed o're Acheron,
And sinke grimme Charon in his fiery boate.
Evad. Murther! a rape! [*Within.*
Gio. I come, I come. [*Exit.*

Enter the Bandetos dragging EVADNE *by the haire: she drops a Scarfe. Exeunt.*

Enter GIOVANNO *againe.*

Gio. I cannot finde her yet;
The king of flames protests she
Is not there: but hang him, rogue,
They say he'le lye. O how my glutted spleene
Tickles to thinke how I have payd the slave?
I made him lead me into every hole:
Ha, ha, ha, what crying was ther there?
Here on a wheele, turn'd by a furies hand,
Hangs a distracted states-man, that had spent
The little wit Heaven to strange purpose lent him,
To suppresse right, make beggers, and get meanes
To be a traytor. Ha, ha, ha, and here
A vsurer, fat with the curses of so many heires
His extortion had undone, sate to the chin
In a warme bath, made of new melted gold;
And now and then a draught past through his throat:
He fed upon his god; but he being angry
Scalded his chops. Right against him
Stood a fool'd gallant, chain'd unto a post,
And lasht by folly for his want of wit.
The reeling drunkard and plumpe glutton stood
Making of faces, close by Tantalus:
But dranke and fed on aire.
The whore-master tyed to a painted punke,
Was by a fury termed insatiate lust,
Whipt with a blade of fire. And here———
What 's here? 'tis my Evadnes vale; 'tis hers,
I know 't:
Some slave has ravish'd my Evadne! Well,
There breaths not such an impious slave in hell:
Nay, it is hers, I know it too too plaine:
Your breath is lost, 'tis hers, you speake in vaine. [*Exit.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter the Bandetos with EVADNE *by the haire.*

Capt. Come, bring her forward, tye her to that tree,
Each man shall have his turne: Come, minion,
You must squench the raging flames of my
Concupisence: what, doe you weep, you
Puritanicall punke? I shall tickle mirth
Into you by and by: Trotter, good Trotter post
Unto my cell, make compound of muskadine
And egges; for the truth is, I am a gyant in my
Promises, but in the act a pigmy: I am old, and
Cannot doe as I have done; good Trotter,
Make all convenient speed.
Trot. Faith, master, if you cann't, here 's them that can ferrit in a cunny burrow without a provocative, I'le warrant you: good master, let me beginne the health.
Capt. No more, I say: it is a percell of excellent mutton: I'le cut it up my selfe: Come, minion. [*Exit* TROTTER.
[*The Captaine takes his dagger and windes it about her haire, and sticks it in the ground: Thunder and Lightning.*
Evad. Kill me! Oh kill me! Rather let me dye,
Than live to see the jewell that adornes
The soules of vertuous virgins ravisht from me.
Doe not adde sinne to sinne, and at a price
That ruines me, and not enriches you,
Purchase damnation: doe not, doe not do 't:
Sheath here your sword, and my departing soule,
Like your good angell, shall solicit Heaven
To dash out your offences: let my flight
Be pure and spotlesse: doe not injure that,
Man-hood wou'd blush to thinke on: it is all
A maids divinity: wanting her life
She 's a faire course: wanting her chastity,
A spotted soule of living infamy.
Capt. Hang chastity.
3d Ban. A very voyce.

Enter TROTTER.

Trot. O captaine, captaine! yonder 's the mad Orlando the furious, and I thinke he takes me for——What doe you call him?
Capt. What, Meder?
Trot. I, I, Meder: the divell Meder him, he has so nudled me———O here he comes: I'le be gone. [*Exit.*

Enter GIOVANNO.

Gio. Stay satyre, stay; you are too light of foote,
I cannot reach your paces, prethee stay.
What goddesse have you there? sure 'tis Evadne!
Are you the dragons that ne're sleepe, but watch
The golden fruit of the Hisperides?
Ha, then I am Hercules; flye yee?
Sure that face dwelt on Evadnes shoulders.
[*He beates them off, and unbindes* EVADNE.
Evad. O thou preserver of neare lost Evadne!
What must my weaknesse pay? [mad.
Gio. 'Tis, 'tis she; she must not know I'me
Evad. Assist me some good power, (it is my friend,)
Make me but wise enough to resolve my selfe.
Gio. It may be 'tis not she; I'le aske her name.
What are you cald, sweet goddesse?
Evad. They that know me mortall, terme me Evadne.

Gio. 'Tis she: I, I, 'tis she.
Evad. Pray you, sir, unto the bond of what I owe you,
Which is a poore distressed virgins life, adde
This one debt: what are you?
Gio. Not worth your knowledge: I am a poore,
A very, very poore despised thing: but say,
I pray, are you sure your name 's Evadne?
Evad. Tis questionlesse my tayler. I am she,
(Receive me to your armes,) not alter'd
In my heart, though in my cloaths.
Gio. I doe believe you, indeed I doe; but stay, I don't.
Are you a maid, a virgin, pray tell me?
For my Evadne could not tell a lye; speak,
I shall love you, though that jewell 's gone.
Evad. I am as spotlesse, thanke your happy selfe
That sav'd me from those robbers, as
The child which yet is but a jelly, 'tis so yong.
Gio. No more, no more, trust me I doe believe you.
So many slaves, whose flaming appetites,
Wou'd in one night ravish a throng of virgins,
And never feele degression in their heate.
I'le after and murther all.
Evad. How doe you?
Gio. Well, very well: belike you thinke I'me mad.
Evad. You looke distractedly.
Gio. Tis but your thoughts, indeed I'me wondrous well.
How faire she lookes, after so foule a deede!
It cannot be she should be false to me:
No, thou'rt mad to thinke so. Foole, O foole!
Thinkst thou those slaves, having so faire a marke,
Wou'd not be shooting? Yes, they wou'd, they have.
Evadne is flye-blowne, I cannot love her.
Evad. What say you, sweet?
Gio. The innocence that sits upon that face
Sayes she is chast, the guilty cannot speake
So evenly as she does; guilty, said I?
Alas! it were not her fault, were she ravish't.
O madnesse, madnesse, whither wilt thou beare me?
Evad. His sences are unsetled; I'le goe seeke
Some holy man to rectifie his wits.
Sweet, will you goe unto some hermits cell?
You looke as you lackt rest.
Gio. She speaks like to an angel, she 's the same
As when I saw her first, as pure, as chast.
Did she retaine the substance of a sinner,
For she is none, her breath wo'd then be sower,
And betray the rankenesse of the act: but
Her chast sighes beget as sweet a dew
As that of May.
Why weepes Evadne, truely I 'me not mad.
See, I am tame, pray leade me where you please.
[*Exeunt.*

A Banquet is set forth: Enter PETRUCHIO, AURELIA, *with two Servants bringing* ANTONIO *asleepe in a Chaire, and set him to the Table.*

Pet. The drinke has done its part effectually;
'Twas a strong powder that could hold his sences
So fast, that this removing, so full of noise,
Had not the power to wake him.
Aurel. Good father, let Aurelia, your daughter,
Doe this same act of justice; let me tread the pin:
The fact of his being so foule, so hatefull,
Has lent me, though a maid, such fortitude.
Pet. Thou hast thy wish, do 't boldly; 'tis a deed
That, in the ignorance of elder ages,
Wou'd be thought full of merit:
Be not daunted.
Aurel. I have a thought tels me it is religious,
To sacrifice a murtherer to death;
Especially one that did act a deed
So generally accounted odious.
Pet. By holy (Jaques) I'me a governour,
And should my life (though by the hand of him
My duty does call king) be stroke i' th' aire;
My injur'd corps should not forsake the earth
Till I did see 't reveng'd: be resolute, thy foot
Is guided by a power, that, though unseene,
Is still a furtherer of good attempts.
Aurel. Pray, sir, lend me the key of the backe ward,
For though my conscience tells me 'tis an act
I may hereafter boast off; yet I'le passe unto our
Ladies chappell when 'tis done, to be confest
Ere I am seene of any.
Pet. I am proud to see thee so well given.
Take 'em, girle, and with 'em take my prayers.
Aurel. He wakes; pray leave me, sir.
[*Exit* PETRUCHIO.
So I'le make fast the doore:
Goodnesse beare witnesse 'tis a potent power
Out-weighs my duty.
Ant. Amazement! on what tentors doe you stretch?
O how this alteration wracks my reason! I' me
To find the axeltree on which it hangs?
Am I asleepe?
Aurel. Shake thy wonder off, and leave that seate,
'Twas set to sinke thy body for ever
From the eyes of humane sight;
To tell thee how, wou'd be a fatall meanes
To both our ruines——briefly, my love
Has broke the bands of nature with my father,
To give you being.
Ant. Happy, happy vision! the blest preparative
To this same houre; my joy wo'd burst me else.
Aurel. Receive me to thy armes.
Ant. I wou'd not wish to live but for thee, life were
A trouble; welcome to my soule.

Aurel. Stand; I have a ceremony to offer to our
Safety ere we goe.
[*She takes a Dogge and tyes it to the Chaire: shee stampes: the Chaire and Dogge descend; a Pistoll shot within: a noise of a Mill.*
Had not my love, like a kind branch
Of some o're looking tree, catcht thee,
Thou 'dst fallen, never to looke upon the world againe.
Ant. What shall I offer to my lifes preserver?
Aurel. Onely thy heart, crown'd with a wreath of love,
Which I will ever keepe; and, in exchange,
Deliver mine.
Ant. Thus I deliver, in this kisse receive 't.
Aurel. In the same forme Aurelia yeelds up hers.
Ant. What noise is that? [*A noise.*
Aurel. I feare my father.
Ant. What 's to be done?
Aurel. Through the backe ward, of which I have
The key; weele suddainly make scape,
Then in two gownes, of which I am provided,
Weele cloath our selves till we be past all feare.
Ant. Be 't as you please, 'tis my good genious will
Thee I obey: command, I'le follow still. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PETRUCHIO *with Servants.*

Pet. She 's gone unto her prayers; may every bend
Draw downe a blessing on her, that like seed
May grow into a harvest: 'tis a girle
My age is proud of; she 's indeed the modell
Of her dead mothers vertues, as of shape.
Beare hence this banquet. [*Exit with the banquet.*

GIOVANNO *is discovered sleeping in the lap of* EVADNE.

Evad. Thou silent god, that with the leaden mace
Arresteth all (save those prodigious birdes)
That are fates heraulds, to proclaime all ill;
Deafe Giovanno, let no fancied noyse
Of ominous screech-owles, or night ravens voyce,
Affright his quiet sences: let his sleepe
Be free from horrour, or unruly dreames;
That may beget a tempest in the streames
Of his calme reason: let 'em run as smooth,
And with as great a silence, as those doe
That never tooke an injury; where no wind
Had yet acquaintance: but, like a smooth cristall,
Dissolv'd into a water that never frown'd,
Or knew a voyce but musicke.

Enter ANTONIO *and* AURELIA *in Hermits Gownes.*

Holy hermits, for such your habits speake you,
Joyne your prayers with a distressed virgins;
That the wits of this distracted yong man
May be setled.
Ant. Sure 'tis my sister, and that sleeping man
Giovanno. She loves him still. [*Hee wakes.*
Gio. O what a blessednesse am I bereft of!
What pleasure has the least part of a minute
Stollen from my eyes? me thought I did imbrace
A brother and a friend; and both Antonio.
Evad. Blest be those gentle powers that——
Gio. What, Evadne——have deceived my eyes,
Take heede, Evadne, worship not a dreame,
'Tis of a smoaky substance, and will shrinke
Into the compasse of report; that 't was:
And not reward the labour of a word
Were it substantiall: could I now but see
That man of men; I 'de by my practice
Of religious prayers, add to the kalender
One holy-day, and keepe it once a yeare.
Ant. Behold Antonio.
Evad. Brother. [*To* ANTONIO.
Aurel. Brother. [*To* GIOVANNO.
Ant. What earth-quake shakes my heart!
With what a speed she flew into his armes!
Evad. Some power, that hearkens to the prayer of virgins,
Has bin distill'd to pitty at my fortunes,
And made Evadne happy.
Aurel. Now my longing, that was growne big,
Is with your sight delivered of a joy,
That will become a giant; and overcome me.
Welcome, thrice welcome, brother.
Ant. Ha, her brother! Fortune has bound me
So much in their debts, I must dispaire to pay 'em:
Twice has my life bin by these twins of goodnesse
Pluckt from the hand of death; that fatall emnity
Betweene our houses here shall end,
Though my father at his death commanded me
To eternity of hatred:
What tye binds stronger then reprieve from death?
Come hither, friend; now brother, take her,
Thou hast bin a noble tayler.
Gio. Be moderate, my joyes, doe not o're whelme me:
Here take Aurelia, may you live happy:
O Antonio! this, this was the cause of my disguise;
Sebastine could not win Evadne's love,
But Giovanno did; come now to our fathers castle.
Ant. Pardon me; there is a barre that does
Concerne my life forbids you as a friend,
To thinke on going to any place
But to the taylers house, which is not farre.
Come, as we goe I will relate the cause.
Aurel. Doe, good brother.
Evad. Goe, good Sebastiano.

Gio. Sebastine is your page, and bound to follow:
Leade on.
Ant. O noble temper, I admire thee! may
The world bring forth such taylers every day.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter three Taylers on a Shop-board.

1*st Tay.* Come, come let 's worke;
For if my guesses point the right, we sha'nt
Worke long.
3*d Tay.* I care not how soone, for I have a notable
Stomacke to bread.
2*d Tay.* Dost heare, I suspect that courtier my master
Brought in last night, to be the king;
Which if it be, bullies, all the bread in the
Towne sha'nt satisfie us, for we will eate
Cum privilegio.
1*st Tay.* Come, let 's have a device, a thing, a song, boy.
3*d Tay.* Come, an aire——

THE SONG.

1st Tay. *'Tis a merry life we live,*
All our worke is brought unto us;
Still are getting, never give,
For their cloaths all men do woe us:
Yet unkind they blast our names,
With aspertions of dishonour:
For which we make bold with their dames,
When we take our measure on her.
All Tay. *For which wee, &c.*

Enter ANTONIO, GIOVANNO, *and the Old Tayler.*

O. Tay. You see the life we live; cease.
Ant. O 'tis a merry one.
Gio. It is no newes to me, I have bin us'd to't.
O. Tay. Now for discovery; the king as yet
Is ignorant of your names, and shall be
Till your merits beg your pardon.
My lord, you are for Machvile; take this gowne.
Ant. Pray for successe. [*Exit* ANTONIO.
O. Tay. You, in this French disguise, for proud Philippa;
This is her garment. I heare the king, be gone:
The French maus folly sit upon your tongue.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the King, EVADNE, *and* AURELIA.

King. Beleeve me, tayler, you have out-stript the court,
For such perfections live not every where;
Nature was vext as she's a very shrew,
She made all others in an angry mood;
These onely she can boast for master-peeces:
The rest want something or in mind or forme,
These are precisely made: a critticke jury,
Of cavelling arts cannot condemne a scruple.
Auret. But that your entrance in this formall speech
Betray'd you are a courtier, I had bin angry
At your ranke flattery.
King. Can you say so?
Evad. Sir, she has spoke my meaning.
King. Friend, what are those beauties cald? [*Aside.*
O. Tay. Your graces pardon.
King. Are they oracle, or is the knowledge fatall?
But that I know thy faith, this deniall
Wou'd conjure a suspition in my breast;
Vse thy prerogative; 'tis thy owne house,
In which you are a king; and I your guest.
Come ladies. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONIO *disguis'd like a Physitian.*

Ant. This habite will doe well, and lesse suspected;
Rapt i' this cover lives a kingdomes plague;
They kill with licence; Machviles proud dame
'Tis fam'd is sicke: upon my soule, how ere
Her health may be the aguesh commons cry;
She 's a disease they groane for: this disguise
Shall sift her ebon soule, and if she be
Infectious, like a meagrome, or rot limbe,
The sword of justice must devide the joynt
That holds her to the states indanger'd body.
She comes.

Enter MACHVILE, *with* AURISTELLA *leaning on his arme, with two Servants.*

Mach. Looke up, my Auristella;
Better the sun forsake his course to blesse,
With his continuing beames the Antipodes;
And we grovell for ever in eternall night,
Then death eclipse thy rich and stronger light.
Seeke some physitian: horrour to my soule! she faints;
I'de rather lose the issue of my hopes, than Auristella.
Ant. Issue of his hopes; strange. [*Aside.*
Mach. The crownes injoyment can yeeld no content,
Without the presence of my Auristella.
Ant. Crownes injoyment! O villaine!
Mach. Why stirre you not? fetch me some skilfull man,
My kingdome shall reward him; if his art
Chaine her departing soule unto her flesh,
But for a day, till she be crown'd a queene:
Fly, bring him unto this walke.
Ant. Stay,
Most honour'd count, (now for a forged linke
Of flattery to chaine me to his love;) [*Aside.*
Having with studious care gone o're the art
Folly tearmes magick, which more sublime soules
Skil'd i' the starrs, know is above that mischiefe;
I finde you 're borne to be 'bove vulger greatnesse,
Even to a throne: but stay, let 's fetch this lady.
Mach. All greatnesse without her is slavery.
Ant. Vse modest violence.
Auris. Oh!
Ant. Stand wider, give her aire.

Mach. God-like physitian, I and all that 's mine,
Will at thy feet offer a sacrifice.
Ant. Fore fend it goodnesse; I, nay all,
E're many houres make the now yong day
A type of sparkeling youth, shall on their knees
Pray for your highnesse.
Mach. Looke up, my Auristella, and be great;
Rise with the sun, but never to decline.
Auris. What have you done?
Mach. Wak'd thee to be a queene.
Auris. A queene! O don't dissemble; you have rob'd me
Of greater pleasure, than the fancied blisse
Elizium ownes: O for a pleasure reall, that
Wo'd appeare in all unto my dreame: that I may
Frowne, and then kill; smile, and create againe.
Were there a hell, as doting age wo'd have,
To fright from lawlesse courses heedlesse youth:
For such a short liv'd happinesse as that,
I wo'd be lost unto eternity.
Mach. The day growes old in houres:
Come, Auristella, to the capitall;
The gray-beard senate shall on humble knees
Pay a religious sacrifice of praise
Unto thy demy deity: the starrs
Have in a generall senate made thee queene
Of this our world. Great master of thy art,
Confirme my love.
Ant Madam——
Mach. Nay heare him, love, beleeve me he 's a man
That may be secretary to the gods;
He is alone in art, 'twere sin to name
A second; all are dunces to him.
Ant. How easie is the faith of the ambitious!
Mach. Follow me to the counsell. [*Exit.*
Auris. Are you the man my husband speakes so high of?
Are you skill'd i' the starres?
Ant. Yes, madam.
Auris. Your habit sayes, or you abuse the custome,
You 're a physitian?
Ant. Madam, I'me both.
Auris. And dee' find no let that stops my rysing?
Ant. Not any.
Auris. Away, your skill is dull, dull to dirision.
There is a star fixt i' the heaven of greatnesse,
That sparkles with a rich and fresher light,
Than our sicke and defective taper.
Ant. It may be so, the horiscope is troubled.
Auris. Confusion take your horiscope and you!
Can you with all your art advise my feares,
How to confound this constellation?
Ant. Death, how she conjures!
Madam, I must search into the planets.
Auris. Planet me no planets; be a physitian,
And from your study of industrious poisons,
Fetch me your best experienc'd speedy one,
And bring it to me straight: what 'tis to doe,
Like unresolved riddles hid from you. [*Exit.*
Ant. Planet, said I? upon my life no planet
Is so swift as her nere resting evill,
That's her tongue: well, I'le not question
What the poisons for; if for her selfe,
The common hangman 's eas'd the labour of a blow;
For if she live, her head must certaine off;
The poison I'le goe get, and give it her,
Then to the king:
If Sebastiano's frenchified disguise
Purchase the like discovery, our eyes
Will be too scanty; we had need to be
All eye, to watch such haughty villany. [*Exit.*

Enter GIOVANNO *and* PHILIPPA.

Gio. Begare, madam, me make de gowne so brave; O, de hole vorke be me patron; me ha vorke for le grand duches le Shevere, le royne de Francia, Spanea de Angleter, an all d' fine madamosels.
Phi. Nay, monsier, to deprive desert of praise, is unknown language; troth I use it not; nay, it is verry well.
Gio. Be me trot a madam me ner doe ill, de English man do ill, de Spanere doe, de Duch, de all doe ill, but your Franch man, and begare he doe incomparable brave.
Phi. Y' are too proud on 't.
Gio. Begare me noe proud ide vorle, me speake be me trot de trut, ang me noe lye: metra, madam, begare you have de find bode a de vorle, O de fine brave big ting me have ever measure, me waire fit it so pat.

Enter RAYMOND.

Phi. Welcome, my lord!
Shall I still long, yet lose my longing still?
Is there no art to mount the lofty seat?
No engin that may make us ever great?
Must we be still stil'd subjects, and for feare
Our closest whispers reach the awing eare,
Not trust the wind?
Ray. Be calme, my love;
Ha! who have we here, an eues dropper?
Gio. Me, signior, be pover a jentle homa a Franch
A votre commandement.
Phi. My tayler.
Gio. We, monsier de madam tayler.
Ray. Some happy genius does attend my wishes,
Or spirit like a page conducts unto me
The ministers, whose sweet must seat me easie.
Come hither French man, canst thou rule thy tongue?
Art not too much a woman?
Gio. No begar me show someting for de man.
Ray. Or canst thou be like a perverse one, professe dogednes?

Be as a dead man dumbe, briefly be this:
A friend to France, and with a silent speed,
Post to our now approaching armed friends:
Tell them that Raymond, e're the hasty sand
Of a short houre be spent, shall be impal'd,
And on his brow, a deputy for France,
Support a golden wreath of kingly cares:
Bid 'em make hast to plucke my partner downe
Into his grave; be gone, as thou nursest
In thy breast thoughts that doe thirst
For noblenesse: be secret and thou'rt made;
If not, thou'rt nothing. Marke, 'tis Raymond sayes it:
And, as I live, I breath not, if my deedes
Appeare not in a horrour 'bove my words.

Gio. Begar me no ned de threaten, me be as close to your secret, or my ladyes secrets, as de skin to de flesh; de flesh to de bone: if me tell, call me de—vat de ye call de moder o de dog, de bich; call me de son o de bich.

Enter FULGENTIO.

Ful. Count Machvile waites your honour i' th' hall.

Ray. Do 't, and be more then common in our favour;
Here take this ring for thy more credit:
Farewell, be quicke and secret. [*Exeunt.*

Gio. Folly goe from my tongue, the French so nigh, [provided;
And thou, halfe-ruin'd Spaine, so wretchedly
Strange, yet not, all countries have bread monsters: ['tis both:
'Tis a proverbe as plaine as true, and aged as *One tainted sheepe mares a whole flocke.*
Machvile, that tainted beast, whose spreading ills
Infecteth all; and by infecting kills.
I'le to the French, what he intends to be
Our ruine, shall confound their villany. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter the King, ANTONIO, *Old Taylor,* EVADNE, AURELIA, *the King and* ANTONIO *whisper.*

King. For this discovery be still Antonio;
The frowning law may with a furrowed face
Hereafter looke upon, but nere shall touch
Thy condemn'd body. Here from a kings hand
Take thy Aurelia; our command shall smooth
The rising billowes of her fathers rage,
And charme it to a calme: let one be sent
To certifie our pleasure, we wo'd see him.

O. Tay. Your graces wil shall be in all obey'd.

King. Thy loyall love makes thy king poore.

O. Tay. Let not your judgement, royall sir, be question'd,
To terme that love was but a subjects duty. [*Exit.*

King. You sent the poyson, did you?

Ant. Yes, and it like your grace; the apothecary
Cald it a strong provocative to madnesse.

King. Did not he question what you us'd it for?

Ant. O! my disguise saved him that labour, sir;
My habit, that was more physitian than my selfe,
Told him 'twas to dispatch some property
That had beene torter'd with five thousand drugges
To try experiment: another man
Sha'nt buy the quantity of so much rats-bane
Shall kill a flea, but shall be had forsooth
Before a justice, be question'd; nay, perhaps
Confin'd to peepe throw an iron grate:
When your physitian may poyson, who
Not, *cum privilegio*: it is his trade.

Enter GIOVANNO.

Evad. O my Sebastine!

Gio. Peace, my Evadne, the king must not yet know me.

Evad. My brother has already made you knowne.

Gio. Wil 't please your highnesse?

King. What, Sebastiano, to be still a king
Of universall Spaine, without a rivall?
Yes, it does please me, and you ministers
Of my still growing greatnesse, shall e're long
Find I am pleas'd with you, that boldly durst
Plucke from the fixed arme of sleeping justice
Her long sheath'd sword, and whet the rusty blade
Upon the bones of Machvile, and his
Confederate rebells.

Gio. That, my lord, is yet to doe; let him mount higher,
That his fall may be too deep for a resurrection;
They 're gone to the great hall, whither wilt please your
Grace disguised to goe; your person, by our care, shall be
Secure. Their French troopes I have sent as uselesse into
France, by vertue of Raymonds ring, which he gave
Me to bid the generall by that token
To march to this city. [me?

King. What say the colonells, will they assist

Ant. Doubt not, my lord.

King. Come then, lets goe guarded, with such as you
'Twere sinne to feare, were all the world untrue.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Taylers.

O. Tay. Now for the credit of taylers.

Sd Tay. Nay, master, and we doe not act as they say,
With any players in the globe of the world,
Let us be baited like a bull for a company of
Strutting coxecombes: nay, we can act I can tell you.

O. Tay. Well, I must to the king; see you be perfect,
I'le move it to his highnesse. [*Exit.*

1st Tay. Now, my masters, are we to doe; d'e marke me, doe———

3d Tay. Doe; what doe? Act, act, you foole you: do, said you, what doe? you a player, you a plasterer, a meere durt dawber; and not worthy to bee mentioned with Virmine, that exact actor: doe, I am asham'd on't, fie.

2d Tay. Well said, Virmine, thou ticklest him y' faith.

4th Tay. Doe, pha.

1st Tay. Well play; we are to play a play.

3d Tay. Play a play a play, ha, ha, ha! O egredious nonsensesicall wigeon, thou shame to our crosse-legg'd corporation; thou fellow of a sound, play a play; why forty pound golding of the beggers theater speakes better, yet has a marke for the sage audience to exercise their dexterity, in throwing of rotten apples whilst my stout n tor pockets, and then eates up the injury: play a play; it makes my worship laugh y faith.

2d Tay. To him Virmine, thou bitst him yfaith.

1st Tay. Well, act a play before the king.

2d Tay. What play shall we act?

3d Tay. To fret the French the more, we will act Strange but True, or the Stradling Mounsieur, with the Neopolitan gentleman between his legges.

2d Tay. That wo' not act well.

3d Tay. O giant of incomperable ignorance! that wo' not act well, ha, ha! that wo' not doe well, you asse you.

2d Tay. You bit him for saying doe: Virmine, leave biting; you'd best.

1st Tay. What say you to our Spanish Bilbo?

3d Tay. Who, Jeronimo?

1st Tay. I.

3d Tay. That he was a mad rascall to stab himselfe.

1st Tay. But shall wee act him?

2d Tay. I, let us doe him.

3d Tay. Doe againe, ha.

2d Tay. No, no, let us act him.

3d Tay. I am content.

1st Tay. Who shall act the ghost?

3d Tay. Why marry that will I, I Virmine.

1st Tay. Thou dost not looke like a ghost.

3d Tay. A little players deceite: flower will doe't. Marke me,
I can rehearse, make me rehearse some:
" When this eternall substance of the soule
Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh,
I was a tayler in the court of Spaine."

2d Tay. Courtier Virmine in the court of Spaine.

3d Tay. I, there 's a great many courtiers *Virmine* indeed:
Those are they beg poore mens livings;
But I say, tailer Virmine is a court tailer.

2d Tay. Who shall act Jeronimo?

3d Tay. That will I:
Marke if I doe not gape wider than the widest
Mouth'd fowler of them all, hang me:
" Who calls Jeronimo from his naked bed? haugh!"
Now for the passionate part—
" Alas! it is my sonne Horatio."

1st Tay. Very fine: but who shall act Horatio?

2d Tay. I, who shall doe your sonne?

3d Tay. What doe, doe againe: well, I will act Horatio.

2d Tay. Why, you are his father.

3d Tay. Pray who is fitter to act the sonne, than the father
That begot him.

1st Tay. Who shall act prince Belthazer and the king?

3d Tay. I will doe prince Belthazer too: and for the king
Who but I? which of you all has such a face for a king,
Or such a leg to trip up the heeles of a traytor?

2d Tay. You will doe all I thinke.

3d Tay. Yes marry will I; who but Virmine? yet I will
Leave all to play the king:
Passe by Jeronimo.

2d Tay. Then you are for the king?

3d Tay. I, bully, I.

1st Tay. Lets goe seeke our fellowes, and to this geere.

3d Tay. Come on then. [*Exeunt.*

A Table and Stooles set. Enter Brave.

Bra. Men of our needfull profession, that deale in such commodities as mens lives, had need to looke about 'em 're they traflicke: I am to kill Raymond, the devills cozen german, for he weares the same complexion: but there is a right devill that hath hired me, that 's count Machvile. Good table conceale me; here will I wait my watch-word: but stay, have I not forgot it—(*Then*)—I, then is my arme to enter. I heare them comming. [*Goes under the table.*

Enter the King, ANTONIO, *Old Tayler,* EVADNE, AURELIA, *above.* MACHVILE, RAYMOND, PHILIPPA, AURISTELLA, GIOVANNO, *the Colonells, with a Guard below.*

Mach. Pray take your seats.

Ray. Not well? prethee retire.

Phi. Sicke, sicke at heart.

Auris. Well wrought poison, O how joy swells me!

Ant. You see, my lord, the poison is boxt up,
[*Above.*
Phi. Health waite upon this royall company.
King. Knowes she we are here?
Ant. O no, my lord, 'tis to the twins of treason:
Machvile and Raymond.
Ful. Royall! there 's something in 't.
Aler. It smells ranke o' th' traytor.
Pan. Are you i' th' wind on 't?
Auris. Will you leave us?
Phi. I cannot stay; O I am sicke to death!
[*Exit.*
Auris. Or I'le nere trust poison more.
Mach. Pray seate your selves,
Gentlemen; though your deserts have merit,
[*They sit about the table.*
And your worths have deserv'd nobly;
But ingratitude, that shall be banisht
From a princes breast, is Philips favorite.
King. Philip, traytor! why not king? I am so.
Ant. Patience, good my lord; I'le downe.
[*Exit.*
Mach. It lives too neere him:
You that have venter'd, with expence of blood
And danger of your lives, to rivet him
Unto his seate with peace: you that in war
He term'd his Atlasses, and prest with praises
Your brawny shoulders; cald you his Colossuses,
And said your lookes frighted tall war
Out of his territories: now in peace,
The issue of your labour: this bad man,
Philip I meane, made of ingratitude,
Wo' not afford a name, that may distinguish
Your worthy selves from cowards;
Civet cats spotted with rats dung,
Or a face like white broth, strew'd o're with currance
For a stirring caper, or itching dance, to
Please my lady Vanity, shall be made
A smocke knight.
King. Villaine! must our disgrace mount thee?
Ful. To what tends this?
Aler. What meanes count Machvile?

Enter ANTONIO *below.*

Auris. To be your king; fie on this circumstance,
My longing will not brooke it: say,
Will you obey us as your kings and queenes.
[*Aside.*
Ful. My lord Antonio!
Ant. Confine your selves, the king is within hearing; therefore make show of liking Machviles plot: let him mount high, his fall will bee the deeper: my life you shall bee safe.
Auris. Say, are you agreed?
Ray. If not, weele force you to 't:
Speake, French man, are our forces i' th' city?
Gio Wee, mounsier.
Aler.
Ful.
Pan. } We acknowledge you our king.
King. More traytors!
Mach. Why——then.
[*The Brave stabs* RAYMOND.
Ray. Ha, from whence this suddaine mischiefe?
Did you not see a hand arm'd with the fatall
Ruine of my life?
Gio. None paw, signior.
Mach. Ha, ha, ha! lay hold on those French souldiers:
Away with them!
[*Exeunt Guard with the French Colonels.*
Ray. Wast thy plot, Machvile? goe laughing to thy grave. [*Stabs him.*
Auris. Alasse! my lord is wounded.
Ray. Come hither, French man, make a dying man
Bound to thy love; goe to Philippa,
Sickly as she is bring her unto me;
Or my flying soule will not depart in peace else:
Prethee make hast: yet stay, I have not breath
To pay thy labour.
Shrinke yee, you tweene-borne Atlasses, that beare
This my neere ruin'd world; have you not strength
To beare a curse, whose breath may taint the aire,
That this globe may feele a universall plague?
No, yet beare up, till with a vengefull eye
I out-stare day, and from the dogged sky
Plucke my impartiall star: O, my blood
Is frozen in my veines—farewell revenge—me—
[*Dyes.*
Aler. They need no law.
Ful. Nor hang-man.
Pan. They condemne and execute without a jury.

Enter PHILIPPA *mad.*

Phi. I come, I come; nay, fly not, for by hell
I'le plucke thee by the beard, and drag thee thus
Out of thy fiery cave. Ha! on yonder hill
Stand troopes of divills waiting for my soule:
But I'le deceive 'em, and, instead of mine,
Send this same spotted tygers.
[*Stabs* AURISTELLA.
Auris. Oh!
Phi. So, whilst they to hell
Are posting with their prize, I'le steale to heaven:
Wolfe, dost thou grin? ha! is my Raymond dead?
So ho, so ho: come backe
You sutty fiends that have my Raymonds soule,
And lay it downe, or I will force you do 't:
No, won't you stir? by Stix I'le baite you for 't:
Where is my crowne? Philippa was a queene,

Was she not, ha? Why so, where is my crowne?
O you have hid it—ha, wa'st thou
[*Overthrowes the table.*
That rob'd Philippa of her Raymonds life?
Nay, I will nip your wings, you shall not fly;
I'le plucke you by the guarded front: and thus
Sinke you to hell before me. [*Stabs the Brave.*
Brave. Oh, oh!
Phi. What, downe, ho, ho, ho:
Laugh, laugh, you soules that fry in endlesse flames;
Ha, whence this chilnesse—must I dye—nay then,
I come, I come; nay weepe not, for I come:
Sleepe, injur'd shadow; O death strikes dumbe!
[*Dyes.*
Auris. Machvile thy hand, I can't repent, farewell:
My burthened conscience sinkes me downe to hell. [*Dyes.*
Mach. I cannot tarry long, farewell; weele meet.
Where we shall never part: if here be any
My life has injur'd, let your charity
Forgive declining Machvile: I am sorry.
Ant. His penitence workes strongly on my temper.
Off disguise; see; falling count: Antonio forgives thee.
Mach. Antonio! O my shame!
Can you whom I have injur'd most pardon my guilt?
Give me thy hand yet neurer, this imbrace
Betrays thee to thy death: ha, ha, ha. [*Stabs him.*
So weepes the Ægyptian monster when it kills,
Wash't in a floud of teares; could'st ever thinke
Machviles repentance could come from his heart?
No, downe Colossus author of my sin,
And beare the burthen mingled with thine owne,
To finish thy damnation.

Enter the King, AURELIA, EVADNE, *Old Tayler.*

King. Accursed villaine! thou hast murther'd him
That holds not one small drop of loyall blood,
But what is worth thy life.
Evad. O my brother!
Gio. Give him some ayre, the wound cannot be mortall.
Aurel. Alas! he faints, O my Antonio!
Curst Machvile, may thy soule——
Ant. Peace, peace Aurelia; be more mercifull:
Men are apt to censure, and will condemne
Thy passion, call it madnesse, and say thou
Wantst religion: nay, weepe not, sweet,
For every one must dye: it was thy love,
For to deceive the law, and give me life:
But death you see has reacht me, O, I dye;
Blood must have blood, so speakes the law of heaven:
I slew the governour; for which rash deed,
Heaven, fate, and man, thus make Antonio bleed.
[*Dyes.*
Mach. Sleepe, sleepe great heart, thy vertue made me ill
Authors of vice, 'tis fit the vitious kill:
But yet forgive me: Oh! my great heart
Dissolves like snow, and lessens to a rhume,
Cold as the envious blasts of notherne wind:
World, how I lov'd thee, 'twere a sin to boast;
Farewell, I now must leave thee; my life
Growes empty with my veines: I cannot stand, my breath
Is as my strength, weake; and both seaz'd by death:
Farewell ambition; catching at a crowne,
Death tript me up, and head-long threw me downe. [*Dyes.*
King. So falls an exhalation from the sky,
And 's never mist, because unnaturall;
A birth begotten by incorporate ill;
Whose usher to the gazing world is wonder.

Enter PETRUCHIO.

Alas! good man, thou 'rt come unto a sight
Will try thy temper, whether joy or griefe
Shall conquer most within thee; joy lyes here
Scater'd in many heapes: these, when they liv'd,
Threatned to teare this balsome from our brow,
And rob our majesty of this elyxar:
[*Points to his crowne.*
Is 't not my right? was I not heire to Spaine?
Pet. You are our prince, and may you live
Long to injoy your right.
King. But now looke here, 'tis plaine griefe has a hand
Harder than joy; it presseth out such teares.
Nay, rise.
Pet. I doe beseech your grace not to thinke me
Contriver of Antonio's scape from death,
'Twas my disloyall daughters breach of duty.
King. That 's long since pardon'd.
Pet. You 're still mercifull.
King. Antonio was thy sonne, I sent for thee
For to confirme it, but he is dead:
Be mercyfull, and doe not curse the hand
That gave it him, though it deserve it.
Aurel. O my griefes, are you not strong enough
To breake my heart? pray tell me, tell me true:
Can it be thought a sin? or is it so,
By my owne hand to ease my breast of woe?
King. Alas! poore lady; rise, thy father's here.
Pet. Looke up, Aurelia; ha! why doe you kneele?
Gio. For a blessing.
Pet. Why she is not Aurelia, doe not mocke me.
King. But he is Sebastiano, and your sonne;
Late by our hand made happy by injoying
The faire Evadne, dead Antonio's sister:
For whose sake he became a tayler,
And so long liv'd in that meane disguise.

Pet. My joy had bin too great if he had liv'd;
The thrifty heavens mingle our sweets with gall;
Least being glutted with excesse of good,
We should forget the giver. Rise, Sebastiano,
With thy happy choise; mayst thou live crown'd
With the injoyment of those benifits
My prayers shall beg for: rise, Aurelia,
And in some place blest with religious prayers,
Spend thy left remnant.
Aurel. You advise well: indeed it was a fault
To breake the bonds of duty and of law;
But love, O love! thou whose all conquering power
Builds castles on the hearts of easie maides,
And makes 'em strong unto attempt those dangers;
That, but rehearst before, wo'd fright their soules
Into a jelly. Brother, I must leave you;
And, father, when I send to you a note, that shall
Desire a yearely stipend to that holy place
My tyred feet has found to rest them in;
Pray confirme it.
And now, great king, Aurelia begs of you,
To grace Antonio in the mournefull march
Unto his grave, which be where you thinke fit:
We need not be inter'd both in one vault.
King. Blest virgin, thy desires I will performe.
Aurel. Then I leave you, my prayers shall still attend you;
As I hope yours shall accompany me.
Father, your blessing, and ere long expect
To heare where I am entertain'd a nunne.
Brother, and sister, to you both adue;
Antonio dead, Aurelia marries new. [*Exit.*
Pet. Farewell, girle; when I remember thee,
The beades I drop shall be my teares.

Enter VIRMINE *in a Cloake for the Prologue.*

King. She 's to all virgins a true mirror;
They that wo'd behold true love, reflect on her:
There 't is ingross'd.
3d Tay. Great king, our grace———
O. Tay. The king is sad, you must not act.
3d Tay. How? not act?
Shall not Virmine act?
O. Tay. Yes, you shall act, but not now;
The king is indispos'd.
3d Tay. Well then, some other time; I Virmine
The king will act before the king.
O. Tay. Very good, pray make your *exit.*
3d Tay. I'le muster up all the taylers in the Towne, and so tickle their sides.
[*The King and* GIOVANNO *whisper.*
O. Tay. Nay thou 'rt a right Virmine; goe, be not
Troublesome. [*Exit* VIRMINE.
Gio. Upon my truth and loyalty, great king,
What they did was but fain'd, meerely words
Without a heart: 'twas by Antonio's counsell.
King. Thou art all truth: rise.
[*The Colonells kneele.*
Omnes. Long live king Philip in the calme of peace,
To exercise his regall clemency.
King. Take up Antonio's body, and let the rest
Finde Christian buriall: mercy befits a king.
Come, trusty tayler,
And to all countries let swift fame report,
King Philip made a taylers house his court.
O. Tay. Your grace much honours me.
King. We can't enough pay thy alone deserts;
Kings may be poore, when subjects are like thee,
So fruitfull in all loyall vertuous deeds:
March with the body, we 'le performe all rites
Of sable ceremony: that done,
We 'le to our court, since all our owne is won.
[*Exeunt.*

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THE WITCH.

BY

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

The following singular play was discovered in MS. by Mr Isaac Reed, Editor of the last edition of Steevens's Shakspeare, and of Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, and by him printed and distributed among his friends. By the observations of Mr Malone, in his Chronology of the plays of Shakspeare, and of Mr Steevens, it would appear that The Witch *was anterior to* Macbeth, *and that consequently the scenes of the Witches in the latter, similar to those which occur in the former, were imitated by Shakspeare, or at least suggested to him by the performance of Middleton. The songs beginning, Come away, &c. and Blackspirits, &c. of which only the two first words are printed in* Macbeth, *are found at full length in* The Witch. *The following dedication, from an apparent allusion to King James's act against Witches, which passed into a law in 1603, appears to have been written soon after that period. Middleton there speaks of his production as written long before: and that he found great difficulty in recovering it; the superior merit of* Macbeth *having probably caused it to be thrown aside.*

The plot of The Duke and Duchess of Ravenna *is taken, with great alterations in the catastrophe, from the history of Alboyene, King of Lombardy, related in a novel of Bandello, and afterwards formed into a tragedy by Sir W. Davenant.*

The present edition is printed from the one mentioned above and printed in 1778. The orthography is reduced to the present standard, and directions are added to the several scenes.

TO THE TRULY WORTHY AND GENEROUSLY AFFECTED

THOMAS HOLMES, ESQUIRE.

NOBLE SIR,

As a true testimony of my ready inclination to your service, I have, merely upon a taste of your desire, recovered into my hands, though not without much difficulty, this ignorantly ill-fated labour of me.

Witches are, *ipso facto*, by the law condemned; and that only, I think, hath made her lie so long in an imprisoned obscurity: for your sake alone she hath thus far conjured herself abroad, and bears no other charms about her, but what may tend to your recreation; nor no other spell but to possess you with a belief, that as she, so he that first taught her to enchant, will always be

Your devoted

THO. MIDDLETON.

THE WITCH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke.
Lord Governor.
SEBASTIAN, *contracted to* ISABELLA, *disguised as a Servant under the name of* CELIO.
FERNANDO, *his Friend.*
ANTONIO, *Husband to* ISABELLA.
ABBERZANES, *a Gentleman, neither honest, wise, nor valiant.*
ALMACHILDES, *a fantastical Gentleman.*
GASPERO, HERMIO, } *Servants to* ANTONIO.
FIRESTONE, *the Clown,* HECCATE's *Son.*

Duchess.
ISABELLA, *Niece to the Governor.*
FRANCISCA, ANTONIO's *Sister.*
AMORETTA, *the Duchess's Woman.*
FLORIDA, *a Courtezan.*
HECCATE, *the chief Witch.*
STADLIN, HOPPO, } *Witches.*
Other Witches and Servants, Mutes.

SCENE—RAVENNA, *and the Neighbourhood.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Room in ANTONIO's *House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* FERNANDO.

Seb. My three years spent in war, have now undone
My peace for ever.
Fer. Good, be patient, sir.
Seb. She is my wife, by contract before Heaven
And all the angels, sir.
Fer. I do believe you;
But where 's the remedy now? You see she 's gone;
Another has possession.
Seb. There 's the torment.
Fer. This day, being the first of your return
Unlucky, proves the first too of her fast'ning
Her uncle, sir, the governor of Ravenna
Holding a good opinion of the bridegroom,
As he 's fair spoken, sir, and wondrous mild——
Seb. There goes the devil in a sheepskin.
Fer. With all speed
Clap it up suddenly. I cannot think, sure,
That the maid overloves him: tho' being married,
Perhaps, for her own credit, now she intends
Performance of an honest duteous wife.
Seb. Sir, I 've a world of business; question nothing:
You will but lose your labour. 'Tis not fit
For any, hardly mine own secresy
To know what I intend. I take my leave, sir;
I find such strange employments in myself,
That unless death pity me, and lay me down,
I shall not sleep this seven years; that 's the least, sir. [*Exit.*
Fer. That sorrow 's dangerous can abide no counsel,
'Tis like a wound past cure: wrongs done to love
Strike the heart deeply: none can truly judge on 't
But the poor sensible sufferer whom it racks
With unbelieved pains, which men in health
That enjoy love, not possibly can act,
May not so much as think. In troth I pity him;
His sighs drink life-blood in this time of feasting:—
A banquet towards too? Not yet hath riot

Play'd out her last scene? At such entertainments still
Forgetfulness obeys and surfeit governs.
Here 's marriage sweetly honour'd in gorg'd stomachs
And overflowing cups.

Enter GASPERO *and Servant.*

Gas. Where is she, sirrah?
Serv. Not far off.
Gas. Pr'ythee, where? go fetch her hither.
I 'll rid him away straight. The king 's now risen, sir.
Serv. I am a joyful man to hear it, sir.
It seems he 's drunk the less: tho' I think he
That has the least has certainly enough. [*Exit.*
Gas. I have observ'd this fellow all the feast-time;
He hath not pledg'd one cup, but look'd most wickedly
Upon good Malego; flies to the black jack still,
And sticks to small beer like a water-rat.

Enter FLORIDA.

Oh here she comes; alas, the poor whore weeps,
'Tis not for grace now, all the world must judge;
It is for spleen and madness 'gainst this marriage:
I do but think how she could beat the vicar now,
Scratch the man horribly that gave the woman,
The woman worst of all, if she durst do it.——
Why, how now, mistress? Th' sweeping needs not, for tho'
My master marry, for his reputation,
He means to keep you too.
Flo. How, sir?
Gas. He doth, indeed:
He swore 't to me last night: are you so simple,
(And have been five years traded,) as to think
One woman would serve him? Fy; not an empress!
Why he 'll be sick o' th' wife within ten nights,
Or never trust my judgement
Flo. Will he, think'st thou?
Gas. Will he?
Flo. I find thee still so comfortable;
Beshrew my heart, if I knew how to miss thee.
They talk of gentlemen, perfumers, and such things:
Give me the kindness of the master's man
In my distress, say I.
Gas. 'Tis your great love, forsooth;
Please you withdraw yourself to yond private parlour;
I 'll send you venison, custard, parsnip-pie:
For banquetting-stuff, as suckets, jellies, sirrups,
I will bring in myself.
Flo. I 'll take 'em kindly, sir. [*Exit.*
Gas. She has your grand strumpet's complement to a tittle.
'Tis a fair building: it had need: it has
Just at this time some one and twenty inmates;
But half of 'em are young merchants; they 'll depart shortly.
They take but rooms for summer, and away they
When 't grows foul weather. Marry, then come the termers,
And commonly they 're well-booted for all seasons.

Enter ALMACHILDES *and* AMORETTA.

But, peace: no word. The guests are coming in.
Alma. The fates have bless'd me. Have I met you privately?
Amor. Why, sir! Why Almachildes!
Alma. Not a kiss?
Amor. I 'll call aloud, i' faith.
Alma. I 'll stop your mouth.
Amor. Upon my love to reputation
I'le tell the duchess once more.
Alma. 'Tis the way
To make her laugh a little.
Amor. She 'll not think
That you dare use a maid of honour thus.
Alma. Amsterdam swallow thee for a puritan, and Geneva cast thee up again, like she that sunk at Charing-cross, and rose again at Queenhithe.
Amor. Aye, these are the silly fruits of the sweet vine, sir.
Alma. Sweet venery be with thee, and I at the tail of my wish! I am a little headstrong, and so are most of the company. I will to the witches. They say they have charms and tricks to make.

Enter Duke, Duchess, Lord Governor, ANTONIO, ISABELLA, *and* FRANCISCA.

A wench fall backwards, and lead a man herself to a country-house some mile out of the town, like a fire-drake. There be such whoreson kind girls, and such bawdy witches, and I 'll try conclusions.
Duke. A banquet yet! Why surely, my lord governor,
Bacchus could ne'er boast of a day till now,
To spread his pow'r, and make his glory known.
Duch. Sir, you 've done nobly; tho' in modesty
You keep it from us, know we understand so much,
All this day's cost 'tis your great love bestows,
In honor of the bride your virtuous niece.
Gov. In love to goodness, and your presence, madam;
So understood, 'tis rightly.
Duke. Now will I
Have a strange health after all these.
Gov. What 's that, my lord?
Duke. A health in a strange cup, and 't shall go round.
Gov. Your grace need not doubt that, sir; having seen
So many pledg'd already: this fair company
Cannot shrink now for one; so it end there.

Duke. It shall, for all ends here. Here 's a full period.
[*Taking out a cup formed of a skull.*
Gov. A skull, my lord?
Duke. Call it a soldier's cup, man.
Fy! how you fright the women! I have sworn
It shall go round; excepting only you, sir,
For your late sickness, and the bride herself,
Whose health it is.
Isa. Marry, I thank Heaven for that.
Duke. Our duchess, I know, will pledge us, tho' the cup
Was once her father's head; which, as a trophy,
We 'll keep till death, in memory of that conquest.
He was the greatest foe our steel e'er struck at,
And he was bravely slain. Then took we thee
Into our bosom's love: thou mad'st the peace
For all thy country: thou; that beauty did.
We are dearer to thee than a father; are we not?
Duch. Yes, sir, by much.
Duke. And we shall find that straight.
Ant. That 's an ill bride-cup for a marriage day;
I do not like the face on't.
Gov. Good my lord,
The duchess looks pale: let her not pledge you there.
Duke. Pale?
Duch. Sir, not I.
Duke. See how your lordship fails now;
The rose not fresher, nor the sun at rising
More comfortably pleasing.
Duch. [*Drinks.*] Sir, to you,
The lord of this day's honour.
Ant. All first moving
From your grace, madam, and the duke's great favour;
Since it must.
Fran. This the worst fright that could come
To a conceal'd great belly: I'm with child,
And this will bring it out, or make me come
Some seven weeks sooner than we maidens reckon. [*Aside.*
Duch. Did ever cruel barbarous art match this? [*Aside.*
Twice hath his surfeits brought my father's memory
Thus spightfully and scornfully to mine eyes,
And I 'll endure 't no more; 'tis in my heart since.
I'll be reveng'd as far as death can lead one.
Alma. Am I the last man then? I may deserve
To be first one day.
Gov. Sir, it has gone round now.
Duke. The round? An excellent way to train up soldiers!
Where 's bride and bridegroom?
Ant. At your happy service.
Duke. A boy to night at least: I charge you look to 't,
Or I'll renounce you for industrious subjects.
Ant. Your grace speaks like a worthy and tried soldier. [*Exeunt.*
Gas. And you 'll do well, for one that ne'er tossed pike, sir. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Witches' Habitation.

Enter HECCATE, HOPPO, STADLIN, *and other Witches, with Properties and Habits fitting.*

Hec. Titty and Tiffin, Suckin
And Pidgen, Liard and Robin!
White spirits, black spirits, red spirits:
Devil-Toad, Devil-Ram, Devil-Cat, and Devil-Dam,
Why Hoppo and Stadlin, Hellwayn and Prickle!
Stad. Here, sweating at the vessel.
Hec. Boil it well.
Hop. It gallops now.
Hec. Are the flames blue enough?
Or shall I use a little [1] seeten more?
Stad. The nips of fairies upon maids' white hips,
Are not more perfect azure.
Hec. Tend it carefully.
Send Stadlin to me with a brazen dish,
That I may fall to work upon these serpents,
And squeeze 'em ready for the second hour.
Why, when?
Stad. Here 's Stadlin, and the dish.
Hec. There, take this unbaptized brat:
Boil it well; preserve the fat.
You know 'tis precious to transfer
Our 'nointed flesh into the air.
In moon-light nights, on steeple-tops, [stops,
Mountains and pine-trees, that like pricks, or
Seem to our height: high towers, and roofs of princes,
Like wrinkles in the earth: whole provinces
Appear to our sight then, even [2] leek
A russet-mole upon a lady's cheek.
When hundred leagues in air we feast and sing,
Dance, kiss, and coll, use every thing;
What young man can we wish to pleasure us
But we enjoy him in an Incubus;
Thou know'st it, Stadlin.
Stad. Usually that 's done.
Hec. Last night thou gott'st the mayor of Whelply's son;
I knew him by his black cloak lin'd with yellow.
I think thou 'st spoil'd the youth. He 's but seventeen;
I 'll have him the next morning. Away; in!
Go, feed the vessel for the second hour.

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[1] Conjectured to be suet.

[2] *Like*, to suit the rhyme.

Stad. Where be the magical herbs?
Hec. They 're down his throat.
His mouth cramm'd full; his ears and nostrils stuff'd.
I thrust in eleoselinum—lately
Aconitum, frondes populeus, and soot,
You may see that, he looks so black i' th' mouth:
Then sium, acharum, volgaro too,
Dentaphillon, the blood of a flittermouse,
Solanum somnificum et oleum.
Stad. Then there 's all Heccat?
Hec. Is the heart of wax
Stuck full of magic needles?
Stad. 'Tis done Heccat.
Hec. And is the farmer's picture and his wife's
Lay'd down to th' fire yet?
Stad. They are roasting both too.
Hec. Good;
Then their marrows are a melting subtilely,
And three months' sickness sucks up life in 'em.
They denied me often flour, barm, and milk,
Goose-grease, and tar, when I ne'er hurt their churnings,
Their brew-locks nor their batches, nor forespoke
Any of their breedings. Now I'll be meet with 'em.
Seven of their young pigs I have bewitch'd already
Of the last litter; nine ducklings, thirteen goslings, and a hog,
Fell lame last Sunday after even-song too.
And mark how their sheep prosper; or what soup
Each milch-kine gives to th' pail: I'll send these snakes
Shall milk 'em all before hand. The dew'd skirted dairy wenches
Shall shake dry dugs for this, and go home cursing.
I'll mar their syllabubs, and swathy feastings
Under cows' bellies with the parish youths.
Where 's Firestone? our son Firestone.

Enter FIRESTONE.

Fire. Here am I, mother.
Hec. Take in this brazen dish full of dear ware,
Thou shalt have all when I die, and that will be
Even just at twelve o' clock at night come three year.
Fire. And may you not have one o'clock into the dozen, mother?
Hec. No.
Fire. Your spirits are then more unconscionable than bakers:
You'll have liv'd then, mother, six-score year to the hundred; and methinks after six-score years the devil might give you a cast; for he 's a fruiterer too, and has been from the beginning. The first apple that e'er was eaten came thro' his fingers. The costermongers then I hold to be the ancientest trade; tho' some would have the tailor prick'd down before him.
Hec. Go, and take heed you shed not by the way:
The hour must have her portion: 'tis dear sirrup;
Each charmed drop is able to confound
A family consisting of nineteen,
Or one and twenty feeders,
Fire. Marry, here 's stuff indeed!
Dear sirrup call you it? A little thing would make me give you a dram on't in a posset, and cut you three years shorter [*Aside.*
Hec. Thou'rt now about some villainy.
Fire. Not I, forsooth.—Truly the devil's in her, I think. How one villain smells out another straight! There 's no knavery but is nos'd like a dog and can smell out a dog's meaning. [*Aside.*] ——Mother, I pray give me leave to ramble abroad to-night with the night-mare, for I have a great mind to overlay a fat parson's daughter.
Hec. And who shall lie with me then?
Fire. The great cat for one night, mother; 'tis but a night: make shift with him for once.
Hec. You 're a kind son:
But 'tis the nature of you all, I see that:
You'd rather hunt after strange women still
Than lie with your own mother. Get thee gone!
Sweat thy six ounces out about the vessel,
And thou shalt play at midnight. The nightmare
Shall call thee when it walks.
Fire. Thanks, most sweet mother. [*Exit.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Hec. [*Sits down.*] Urchins, elves, hags, satyrs,
Pans, fawns, silence! Kitt with the candlestick;
Tritons, centaurs, dwarfs, imps, the spoon, the mare, the man i' th' oak; the Hell-waine, the Fire-drake, the Buckle. A. Ab. Hur. Hus.
Seb. Heaven knows with what unwillingness and hate
I enter this damn'd place; but such extremes
Of wrongs in love, fight 'gainst religious knowledge,
That, were I led by this disease to deaths
As numberless as creatures that must die,
I could not shun the way. I know what 'tis
To pity mad-men now; they 're wretched things
That ever were created, if they be
Of woman's making, and her faithless vows.
I fear they 're now a-kissing. What's a clock?
'Tis now but supper-time: but night will come,
And all new-married couples make short suppers.——
Whate'er thou art, I 've no spare time to fear thee;
My horrors are so strong and great already,
That thou seem'st nothing. Up, and laze not!
Hadst thou my business, thou couldst ne'er sit so;
'Twould firk thee into air a thousand mile
Beyond thy ointments. I would I were read
So much in thy black power, and mine own griefs!
I 'm in great need of help: wilt give me any?

Hec. Thy boldness takes me bravely. We 're all sworn
To sweat for such a spirit. See I regard thee,
I rise and bid thee welcome. What 's thy wish now?
Seb. Oh, my heart swells with 't! I must take breath first.
Hec. Is 't to confound some enemy on the seas?
It may be done to-night. Stadlin's within;
She raises all your sudden ruinous storms
That shipwreck barks, and tear up growing oaks,
Flies over houses, and takes Anno Domini
Out of a rich man's chimney, (a sweet place for 't!)
He would be hang'd ere he would set his own years there;
They must be chamber'd in a five-pound picture,
A green silk curtain drawn before the eyes on 't:——
His rotten diseas'd years!—Or dost thou envy
The fat prosperity of any neighbour?
I 'll call forth Hoppo, and her incantation
Can straight destroy the young of all his cattle;
Blast vineyards, orchards, meadows; or in one night
Transport his dung, hay, corns, by reeks, whole stacks,
Into thine own ground.
Seb. This would come most richly now
To many a country grazier: but my envy
Lies not so low as cattle, corn, or vines:
'Twill trouble your best powers to give me ease.
Hec. Is it to starve up generation?
To strike a barrenness in man or woman?
Seb. Ha!
Hec. Ha! did you feel me there? I knew your grief.
Seb. Can there be such things done?
Hec. Are these the skins
Of serpents? These of snakes?
Seb. I see they are.
Hec. So sure into what house these are conveyed,
Knit with these charms, and retentive knots,
Neither the man begets, nor woman breeds;
No, nor performs the best desires of wedlock,
Being then a mutual duty. I could give thee
Chiroconita, Adincantida,
Archimadon, Marmaritin, Calicia,
Which I could sort to villainous barren ends,
But this leads the same way. More I could instance;
As the same needle thrust into their pillows
That sews and socks up dead men in their sheets:
A privy grizzle of a man that hangs
After sun-set; good, excellent: yet all 's there, sir.
Seb. You could not do a man that special kindness,
To part them utterly, now? Could you do that?
Hec. No; time must do 't: we cannot disjoin wedlock.
'Tis of heav'n's fast'ning. Well may we raise jars,
Jealousies, strifes, and heart-burning disagreements,
Like a thick scurf o'er life, as did our master
Upon that penitent miracle: but the work itself
Our power cannot disjoint.
Seb. I depart happy
In what I have then, being constrain'd to this.
And grant you, greater pow'rs, that dispose men,
That I may never need this hag again! [*Exit.*
Hec. I know he loves me not, nor there 's no hope on 't;
'Tis for the love of mischief I do this,
And that we 're sworn to the first oath we take.

Enter FIRESTONE.

Fire. Oh mother! mother!
Hec. What 's the news with thee now?
Fire. There 's the bravest young gentleman within, and the fineliest drunk!—I thought he would have fallen into the vessel. He stumbled at a pipkin of child's grease, reel'd against Stadlin, overthrew her, and, in the tumbling east, struck up old Buckle's heels with the clothes over her ears.
Hec. Hog-day!
Fire. I was fain to throw the cat upon her to save her honesty: and all little enough. I cried out still, I pray be covered.

Enter ALMACHILDES.

See, where he comes now, mother.
Alma. Call you these witches? They be tumblers, methinks, very flat tumblers.
Hec. 'Tis Almachildes: fresh blood stirs in me——
The man that I have lusted to enjoy,
I have had him thrice in Incubus already.
Alma. Is your name Goody Hag?
Hec. 'Tis any thing.
Call me the horrid'st and unhallowed things
That life and nature trembles at, for thee
I 'll be the same. Thou com'st for a love-charm now?
Alma. Why, thou 'rt a witch, I think.
Hec. Thou shalt have choice of twenty, wet, or dry.
Alma. Nay, let 's have dry ones.
Hec. If thou wilt use 't by way of cup and potion
I 'll give thee a remora shall bewitch her straight.
Alma. A remora? What 's that?
Hec. A little suck-stone,
Some call it a stalamprey, a small fish.
Alma. And must 't be buttered?
Hec. The bones of a green frog too: wondrous precious,
The flesh consumed by pismires.
Alma. Pismires? give me a chamber-pot.
Fire. You shall see him go nigh to be so unmannerly he 'll make water before my mother anon.

Alma. And now you talk of frogs, I have somewhat here:
I come not empty pocketted from a banquet;
(I learnt that of my haberdasher's wife).
Look, goody witch, there 's a toad in marchpane for you.
Hec. Oh, sir, you 've fitted me.
Alma. And here 's a spawn or two
Of the same paddock-brood too, for your son.
Fire. I thank your worship, sir; how comes your handkercher so sweetly thus bewrayed? sure 'tis wet sucket, sir.
Alma. 'Tis nothing but the sirrup the toad spit. Take all, I pr'ythee.
Hec. This was kindly done, sir,
And you shall sup with me to-night for this.
Alma. How? Sup with thee? Dost think I 'll eat fried rats
And pickled spiders?
Hec. No: I can command, sir,
The best meat i' th' whole province for my friends,
And reverently serv'd in too.
Alma. How?
Hec. In good fashion.
Alma. Let me but see that, and I 'll sup with you.
[*She conjures: enter a Cat, playing on a fiddle, and Spirits bringing in meat.*
The cat and fiddle 's an excellent ordinary: you had a devil once in a fox-skin.
Hec. Oh, I have him still: come walk with me, sir. [*Exeunt.*
Fire. How apt and ready is a drunkard now to reel to the devil! Well, I 'll even in, and see how he eats, and I 'll be hanged if I be not the fatter of the twain with laughing at him. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Room in ANTONIO'S *House.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* GASPARO.

Gas. Good sir, whence springs this sadness? Trust me, sir,
You look not like a man was married yesterday.
There could come no ill tidings since last night
To cause this discontent. I was wont to know all
Before you had a wife, sir: you ne'er found me
Without those parts of manhood, trust and secrecy.
Ant. I will not tell thee this.
Gas. Not your true servant, sir?
Ant. True! you 'll all flout according to your talent,
The best a man can keep of you: and a hell 'tis
For masters to pay wages to be laught at.
Give order that two cocks be boiled to jelly.
Gas. How! two cocks boiled to a jelly?
Ant. Fetch half an ounce of pearl. [*Exit.*
Gas. This is a cullyse
For a consumption; and I hope one night
Has not brought you to need the cook already,
And some part of the goldsmith: what, two trades
In four and twenty hours, and less time!
'Pray heaven the surgeon and the 'pothicary
Keep out; and then 'tis well. You had better fortune,
As far as I see, with your strumpet sojourner,
Your little four nobles a week: I ne'er knew you
Eat one ponado all the time you 've kept her,
And is 't in one night now come up to two cock-broths?
I wonder at the alteration strangely.

Enter FRANCISCA.

Fran. Good-morrow, Gaspar.
Gas. Your hearty wishes, mistress,
And your sweet dreams, come upon you.
Fran. What 's that, sir?
Gas. In a good husband; that 's my real meaning.
Fran. Saw you my brother lately?
Gas. Yes.
Fran. I met him now,
As sad (methought) as grief could make a man:
Know you the cause?
Gas. Not I: I know nothing;
But half an ounce of pearl and kitchen-business,
Which I will see performed with all fidelity.
I'll break my trust in nothing: not in porridge I.
[*Exit.*
Fran. I have the hardest fortune I think of a hundred gentlewomen:
Some can make merry with a friend seven year,
And nothing seen; as perfect a maid still,
(To the world's knowledge,) as she came from rocking.
But 'twas my luck at the first hour, forsooth,
To prove too fruitful. Sure I'm near my time.
I'm yet but a young scholar: I may fail
In my account; but certainly I do not.
These bastards come upon poor venturing gentlewomen
Ten to one faster than your legitimate children.
If I had been married, I'll be hang'd if I had been with child so soon now. When they are our husbands, they 'll be whipt ere they 'll take such pains as a friend will do; to come by water to the back-door at midnight; there stay perhaps an hour in all weathers, with a pair of reeking watermen laden with bottles of wine, chewits,

and currant-custards. I may curse those egg-pies: they are meat that help forward too fast. This hath been usual with me night by night, (honesty forgive me!) when my brother has been dreaming of no such junket; yet he hath fared the better for my sake, though he little think for what, nor must he ever. My friend promis'd me
To provide safely for me, and devise
A means to save my credit here i' th' house:
My brother sure would kill me if he knew 't,
And powder up my friend, and all his kindred,
For an East-Indian voyage.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. Alone, sister?
Fran. No, there 's another with me, tho' you see 't not. [*Aside.*
Morrow, sweet sister, how have you slept to night?
Isa. More than I thought I should: I have had good rest.
Fran. I am glad to hear 't.
Isa. Sister, methinks you are too long alone,
And lose much good time sociable and honest.
I'm for the married life; I must praise that now.
Fran. I cannot blame you, sister, to commend it;
You've happen'd well, no doubt, on a kind husband,
And that 's not every woman's fortune, sister.
You know, if he were any but my brother,
My praises should not leave him yet so soon.
Isa. I must acknowledge, sister, that my life
Is happily bless'd with him: he is no gamester,
That ever I could find, or hear of yet,
Nor midnight surfeiter: he does intend
To leave tobacco too.
Fran. Why, here 's a husband!
Isa. He saw it did offend me, and swore freely
He'd ne'er take pleasure in a toy again
That should displease me. Some knights' wives in town
Will have great hope, upon his reformation,
To bring their husbands' breaths into th' old fashion,
And make them kiss like Christians, not like Pagans.
Fran. I promise you, sister, 'twill be a worthy work,
To put down all these pipers; 'tis great pity
There should not be a statute against them,
As against fiddlers.
Isa. These good offices,
If you had a husband, you might exercise
To th' good o' th' commonwealth and do much profit.
Beside, it is a comfort to a woman
To have children, sister; a great blessing certainly.
Fran. They will come fast enough.
Isa. Not so fast neither
As they're still welcome to an honest woman.
Fran. How near she comes to me! I protest she grates
My very skin. [*Aside.*
Isa. Were I conceived with child,
Beshrew my heart, I should be proud on 't.
Fran. That 's natural. Pride is a kind of swelling,
But yet I have small cause to be proud of mine. [*Aside.*
Isa. You are no good companion for a wife:
Get you a husband; prythee, sister, do,
That I may ask your counsel now and then:
'Twill mend your discourse much. You maids know nothing.
Fran. No; we are fools; but commonly we prove
Quicker mothers than you that have husbands.—
I'm sure I shall else: I may speak for one. [*Aside.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. I will not look upon her.—I'll pass by
And make as tho' I see her not. [*Aside.*
Isa. Why, sir,
'Pray your opinion, by the way; with leave, sir,
I'm counselling your sister here to marry.
Ant. To marry? Soft: the priest is not at leisure yet:
Some five years hence. Would you fain marry, sister?
Fran. I have no such hunger to 't, sir; for I think
I've a good bit that well may stay my stomach,
As well as any that broke fast, a sinner.
Ant. Tho' she seem tall in growth, she 's short in years
Of some that seem much lower. How old, sister?
Not seventeen, for a yard of lawn!
Fran. Not yet, sir.
Ant. I told you so.
Fran. I would he had laid a wager of old shirts rather:
I shall have more need of them shortly; and yet,
A yard of lawn will serve for a christening cloth;
I have use for every thing, as my case stands. [*Aside.*
Isa. I care not if I try my voice this morning;
But I have got a cold, sir, by your means.
Ant. I 'll strive to mend that fault.
Isa. I thank you, sir. [*Sings.*

SONG.

In a maiden time profest,
Then we say that life is best:
Tasting once the married life,
Then we only praise the wife.
There 's but one state more to try,
Which makes women laugh or cry——
Widow, widow: of these three
The middle 's best, and that give me!

Ant. There 's thy reward. [*Kisses her.*
Isa. I will not grumble, sir,
Like some musicians: if more come, 'tis welcome.
Fran. Such tricks have made me do all that I have done.
Your kissing niarried folks spoils all the maids
That ever live i' th' house with 'em.

Enter ABERZANES, *with Servants.*

Oh, here he comes
With his bags and bottles. He was born to lead
Poor watermen, and I.
Ab. Go, fellows, into th' larder; let the bake-meats
Be sorted by themselves.
Ant. Why, sir?
Ab. Look the Canary bottles be well stopt,
The three of claret shall be drunk at dinner.
Ant. My good sir, you're too plenteous of these courtesies;
Indeed you are: forbear 'em, I beseech ye.
I know no merit in me, but poor love
And a true friend's well-wishing, that can cause
This kindness in excess. I' th' state that I am
I shall go near to kick this fellow shortly,
And send *him* down stairs with his bag and baggage.
Why comes he now I'm married? There 's the point. [*Aside.*
I pray forbear these things.
Ab. Alas, you know, sir,
These idle toys, which you call courtesies,
They cost me nothing but my servants' travail.
One office must be kind, sir, to another;
You know the fashion: What! the gentlewoman
Your sister's sad, methinks.
Ant. I know no cause she has.
Fran. Nor shall you by my good will. What d' you mean, sir?
Shall I stay here, to shame myself and you?
The time may be to night, for aught you know.
[*Aside to* ABERZANES.
Ab. Peace! There 's means wrought, I tell thee.
Fran. Aye, sir, when?

Enter SEBASTIAN *disguis'd as a Servant, and a Gentleman.*

Ant. How now! what 's he?
Isa. Oh, this is the man, sir,
I entertain'd this morning for my service;
Please you to give your liking.
Ant. Yes, he 's welcome,
I like him not amiss. Thou would'st speak business;
Would'st thou not?
Seb. Yes; may it please you, sir;
There is a gentleman from the northern parts,
Hath brought a letter, as it seems, in haste.
Ant. From whom?
Gent. Your bonny lady mother, sir.
Ant. You're kindly welcome, sir. How doth she?
Gent. I left her heale varray well, sir.
Ant. [*reads.*] "I pray send your sister down with all speed to me. I hope it will prove much for her good in the way of her preferment: fail me not, I desire you, son; nor let any excuse of her's with-hold her. I have sent, ready furnished, horse and man for her."
Ab. Now, have I thought upon you?
Fran. Peace, good sir.
You 're worthy of a kindness another time.
Ant. Her will shall be obeyed. Sister, prepare yourself;
You must down with all speed.
Fran. I know down I must;
And good speed send me.
Ant. 'Tis our mother's pleasure.
Fran. Good sir, write back again, and certify her
I 'm at my heart's wish here. I 'm with my friends,
And can but be well, say.
Ant. You shall pardon me, sister:
I hold it no wise part to contradict her,
Nor would I counsel you to 't.
Fran. 'Tis so uncouth
Living i' th' country, now I 'm us'd to th' city,
That I shall ne'er endure 't.
Ab. Perhaps, forsooth,
'Tis not her meaning you shall live there long.
I do not think but after a month, or so,
You 'll be sent up again: that 's my conceit.
However, let her have her will.
Ant. Aye, good sir,
Great reason 'tis she should.
Isa. I 'm sorry, sister,
'Tis our hard fortune thus to part so soon.
Fran. The sorrow will be mine.
Ant. Please you walk in, sir;
We 'll have one health into those northern parts,
Tho' I be sick at heart.
[*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* ISABELLA.
Ab. Aye, sir, a deep one,
Which you shall pledge too.
Fran. You shall pardon me:
I have pledged one too deep already, sir.
Ab. Peace! all 's provided for: thy wine 's laid in,
Sugar and spice: the place not ten miles hence.
What cause have maids now to complain of men,
When a farm-house can make all whole again?
[*Exeunt* ABERZANES *and* FRANCISCA.
Seb. It takes: he 's not content. How well she bears it yet!
Hardly myself can find so much from her
That am acquainted with the cold disease.
Oh, honesty 's a rare wealth in a woman,
It knows no want, at least will express none,
Not in a look. Yet I 'm not thoroughly happy;
His ill does me no good: well may it keep me
From open rage, and madness for a time,
But I feel heart's grief in the same place still.
What makes the greatest torment 'mongst lost souls!

'Tis not so much the horror of their pains,
(Tho' they be infinite,) as the loss of joys.
It is that deprivation is the mother
Of all the groans in hell; and, here on earth
[3] Of all the redd-sighs in the hearts of lovers.
Still she 's not mine that can be no man's else,
Till I be nothing, if religion
Have the same strength for me as 't has for others.
Holy vows witness that our souls were married!

Enter GASPARO *and Lord Governor.*

Gas. Where are you, sir? Come, pray give your attendance;
Here 's my lord governor come.
Gov. Where 's our good kindred?
Not stirring yet, I think.
Gas. Yes, good my lord:
Please you walk near.
Gov. Come, gentlemen, we 'll enter.
Seb. I ha' done 't upon a breach; this 's a less venture. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Gallery of the Palace.

Enter ALMACHILDES.

Alma. What a mad toy took me to sup with witches!
Fy of all drunken humours! By this hand
I could beat myself when I think on 't. And the rascals
Made me good cheer too; and to my understanding then
Ate some of every dish and spoiled the rest:
But coming to my lodging, I remember
I was as hungry as a tired foot-post.——
[*Pulls out the charm.*
What 's this? Oh, 'tis the charm her hagship gave me
For my duchess' obstinate woman: round about
A three-penny silk riband of three colours.
[Reads.] "*Necte tribus nodis ternos Amoretta colores.*"
Amoretta? why there 's her name indeed.
"*Necte Amoretta.*" Again: two bouts,
"*Nodo et Veneris dic vincula necte.*"
Nay, if Veneris be one, I'm sure there 's no dead flesh in 't.
If I should undertake to construe this now,
I should make a fine piece of work of it;
For few young gallants are giv'n to good construction
Of any thing (hardly of their best friends' wives,
Sisters, or nieces.) Let me see what I can do now:
"*Necte tribus nodis:*" Nick of the tribe of noddies,
"*Ternos colores,*" that makes turn'd colours,
"*Nodo et Veneris,*" goes to his venery like a noddy.
"*Dic vincula,*" with Dick the vintner's boy.
Here were a sweet charm now, if this were the meaning on 't,
And very likely to overcome an honorable gentleman.
The whoreson old hell-cat would have given me the brain of a cat once in my handkerchief:—I bade her make sauce with 't with a vengeance!—and a little bone in the hethermost part of a wolf's tail: I bade her pick her teeth with 't, with a pestilence!
Nay this is somewhat cleanly yet and handsome;
A coloured riband! a fine gentle charm;
A man may give 't his sister, his brother's wife
Ordinarily.

Enter AMORETTA.

See, here she comes, luckily.
Amor. Bless'd pow'rs! what secret sin have I committed,
That still you send this punishment upon me?
Alma. 'Tis but a gentle punishment: so take it. [*Takes hold of her.*
Amor. Why, sir, what mean you? Will you ravish me?
Alma. What! In the gallery, and the sun peep in?
There 's fitter time and place.—'Tis in her bosom now. [*Aside.*
Amor. Go; you're the rudest thing e'er came at court.
Alma. Well, well; I hope you 'll tell me another tale
Ere you be two hours older. A rude thing!
I 'll make you eat your word; I 'll make all split else. [*Exit.*
Amor. Nay: now I think on 't better, I 'm to blame too;
There 's not a sweeter gentleman in court,
Nobly descended too, and dances well.
Beshrew my heart, I 'll take him when there 's time;
He will be catch'd up quickly. The duchess says [me
She 's some employment for him, and has sworn
To use my best art in 't. Life of my joys,
That were good stuff! I will not trust her with him:
I 'll call him back again: he must not keep
Out of my sight so long: I shall grow mad then.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. He lives not now to see to morrow spent, [in 't.
If this means take effect, as there 's no hardness
Last night he played his horrid game again,
Came to my bedside at the full of midnight,

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[3] We should probably read, 'Of all the sighs bred in the hearts of lovers.'

And in his hand that fatal fearful cup;
Wak'd me and forc'd me pledge him, to my trembling
And my dead father's scorn: that wounds my sight
That his remembrance should be rais'd in spight.
But either his confusion, or mine, ends it.——
Oh, Amoretta! hast thou met him yet?
Speak, wench, hast done that for me?
Amor. What, good madam?
Duch. Destruction to my hopes! Dost ask that now?
Didst thou not swear to me, out of thy hate
To Almachildes, thou 'dst dissemble him
A loving entertainment, and a meeting
Where I should work my will?
Amor. Good madam, pardon me:
A loving entertainment I do protest
Myself to give him, (with all speed I can too.)
[*Aside.*
Pr'ythee, as I 'm yet a maid, a perfect one,
As the old time was wont to afford, when
There[4] were few tricks and little cunning stirring,
I can dissemble none that will serve your turn;
He must have ev'n a right one, and a plain one.
Duch. Thou mak'st me doubt thy health. Speak, art thou well?
Amor. Oh, never better. If he would make haste,
And come back quickly: he stays now too long.
[*Aside. She drops the charm.*
Duch. I'm quite lost in this woman.—What's that fell
Out of her bosom now? some love token. [*Aside.*
Amor. Nay, I'll say that for him: he 's the uncivill'st gentleman,
And every way desertless. [*Aside.*
Duch. Who 's that now,
She discommends so fast? [*Aside.*
Amor. I could not love him, madam,
Of any man in court.
Duch. What 's he now, pr'ythee?
Amor. Who should it be but Almachildes, madam?
I never hated man so deeply yet.
Duch. As Almachildes?
Amor. I am sick, good madam,
When I but hear him nam'd.
Duch. How is this possible?
But now thou said'st thou lov'dst him, and didst raise him
'Bove all the court, in praises.
Amor. How great people
May speak their pleasure, madam! But surely I
Should think the worse of my tongue while I liv'd then.
Duch. No longer have I patience to forbear thee:
Thou that retain'st an envious soul to goodness;
He is a gentleman deserves as much
As ever fortune yet bestowed on man:
The glory and prime lustre of our court;
Nor can there any but ourself, be worthy of him:
And take you notice of that now from me:
Say you have warning on 't: if you did love him,
You must not now.
Amor. Let your grace never fear it.
Duch. Thy name is Amoretta, as ours is,
'T has made me love and trust thee.
Amor. And my faithfulness
Has appear'd well i' th' proof still. Has 't not, madam?
Duch. But if 't fail now, 'tis nothing.
Amor. Then it shall not.
I know he'll not be long from fluttering
About this place, now he 's had a sight of me; and I'll perform
In all that I vow'd, madam, faithfully.
Duch. Then am I bless'd, both in revenge, and love,
And thou shalt taste the sweetness.

Enter ALMACHILDES.

Amor. What your aims be
I list not to inquire: all I desire
Is to preserve a competent honesty,
Both for mine own and his use that shall have me,
Whose luck soe'er it be. [*Exit Duchess.*
Oh, he 's return'd already;
I knew he would not fail.
Alma. It works by this time,
Or the devil's in 't I think: I'll ne'er trust witch else,
Nor sup with them this twelvemonth.
Amor. I must sooth him now;
And 'tis great pain to do 't against one's stomach.
Alma. Now, Amoretta,——
Amor. Now you 're welcome, sir,
If you'd come always thus.
Alma. Oh! am I so?
Is the case altered since?
Amor. If you'd be[5] ruled,
And know your times, 'twere somewhat, a great comfort.
'Las! I could be as loving and as venturous
As any woman, (we 're all flesh and blood, man;)
If you could play the game out modestly
And not betray your hand. I must have care, sir;
You know I have a marriage-time to come,
And that 's for life. Your best folks will be merry;
But look to the main chance, (that 's reputation,)
And then do what they list.
Alma. Wilt have my oath?
By the sweet health of youth, I will be careful

[4] Old Copy, *was.*

[5] The MS. reads *rude.*

And never prate on 't; nor, like a cunning[6] snarer,
Make thy clipp'd name the bird to call in others.
Amor. Well; yielding then to such conditions
As my poor bashfulness shall require from you,
I shall yield shortly after.
Alma. I'll consent to 'em;
And may thy sweet humility be a pattern
For all proud women living.
Amor. They 're beholding to you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Farmhouse in the Country.

Enter ABERZANES, *and an Old Woman with a Child.*

Ab. So, so: away with him. I love to get 'em,
But not to keep 'em. Dost thou know the house?
O. Wom. No matter for the house; I know the porch.
Ab. There 's six-peuce more for that. Away, keep close! [*Exit Old Woman.*
My tailor told me he sent away a maid-servant
Well ballast on all sides, within these nine days:
His wife ne'er dreamt on 't: gave the drab ten pounds,
And she ne'er troubled him. A common fashion
He told me 'twas, to rid away a scape,
And I have sent him this for 't. I remember
A friend of mine once serv'd a prating tradesman
Just on this fashion, to a hair in troth.
'Tis a good ease to a man. You can swell a maid up
And rid her for ten pound; there 's the purse back again,
Whate'er becomes of your money or your maid.
This comes of bragging now. It 's well for the boy too;
He 'll get an excellent trade by 't; and on Sundays
Go like a gentleman that has pawn'd his rapier.
He need not care what country-man his father was,
Nor what his mother was when he was gotten.
The boy will do well, certain. Give him grace
To have a quick hand and convey things cleanly:

Enter FRANCISCA.

'Twill be his own another day.—Oh, well said:
Art almost furnish'd? There 's such a toil always
To set a woman to horse; a mighty trouble.
The letter came to your brother's hands I know
On Thursday last by noon. You were expected there
Yesterday night.
Fran. It makes the better, sir.
Ab. We must take heed we ride thro' all the puddles
'Twixt this and that now, that your safe-guard there
May be most properly[7] dabbled.
Fran. Alas, sir,
I never mark'd till now;—I hate myself—
How monstrous thin I look!
Ab. Not monstrous neither:
A little sharp i' th' nose, like a country woodcock.
Fran. Fy, fy! how pale I am! I shall betray myself.
I would you'd box me well and handsomely
To get me into colour.
Ab. Not I; pardon me:
That let a husband do, when he has married you.
A friend at court will never offer that.
Come, how much spice and sugar have you left now,
At this poor one month's voyage?
Fran. Sure not much, sir;
I think some quarter of a pound of sugar
And half an ounce of spice.
Ab. Here 's no sweet charge!
And there was thirty pound, good weight and true,
Beside what my man stole when 't was a-weighing,
And that was three pound more; I'll speak with th' least.
The Rhenish wine, is 't all run out in caudles too?
Fran. Do you ask that, sir? 'Tis of a week's departure.
You see what 'tis now to get children, sir.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Your mares are ready both, sir.
Ab. Come, we'll up then.
Youth, give my sister a straight wand: there 's two-pence.
Boy. I'll give her a fine whip, sir.
Ab. No, no, no;
Tho' we have both deserved it.
Boy. Here 's a new one.
Ab. Pr'ythee talk to us of no whips, good boy,
My heart akes when I see 'em. Let's away.
[*Exeunt.*

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[6] Edit. 1778, suarer.

[7] Old Copy—*probably.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—RAVENNA.

An Apartment of the Palace.

Enter the Duchess, leading ALMACHILDES *blindfold.*

Alma. This you that was a maid? How are you born
To deceive men! I had thought to have married you.
I had been finely handled: had I not?
I 'll say that man is wise ever hereafter
That tries his wife before hand. 'Tis no marvel
You should profess such bashfulness, to blind one,
As if you durst not look a man i' th' face,
Your modesty should blush so. Why do you not run,
And tell the duchess now? Go: you should tell all.
Let her know this too:—why, here 's the plague now: —
'Tis hard at first to win 'em: when they 're gotten
There 's no way to be rid on 'em; they stick
To a man like birdlime. My watch 's out.
Will you release me? I 'll release myself else.
Duch. Nay, sure I 'll bring you to your sight again. [*Unbinds his eyes.*
Say, thou must either die, or kill the duke;
For one of them thou must do.
Alma. How, good madam?
Duch. Thou hast thy choice, and to that purpose, sir,
I have giv'n thee knowledge now of what thou hast,
And what thou must do, to be worthy on 't:
You must not think to come by such a fortune
Without desert; that were unreasonable.
He that 's not born to honour must not look
To have it come with ease to him: he must win it.
Take but into thine actions wit and courage,
That 's all we ask of thee. But if thro' weakness
Of a poor spirit thou deniest me this,
Think but how thou shalt die (as I 'll work means for 't,)
No murderer ever like thee: for I purpose
To call this subtle sinful snare of mine
An act of force from thee. Thou 'rt proud and youthful:
I shall be believed. Besides, thy wantonness
Is at this hour in question 'mongst our women,
Which will make ill for thee.
Alma. I had hard chance,
To light upon this pleasure that 's so costly:
'Tis not content with what a man can do,
And give him breath, but seeks to have that too.
Duch. Well, take thy choice.
Alma. I see no choice in 't, madam;
For 'tis all death methinks.
Duch. Thou 'st an ill sight then,
Of a young man; 'tis death if thou refuse it;
And say, my zeal has warn'd thee. But, consenting,
'Twill be new life, great honour, and my love,
Which, in perpetual bands, I'll fasten to thee.
Alma. How, madam?
Duch. I'll do 't religiously,
Make thee my husband: may I lose all sense
Of pleasure in life else, and be more miserable
Than ever creature was; for nothing lives
But has a joy in somewhat.
Alma. Then by all
The hopeful fortunes of a young man's rising,
I will perform it, madam.
Duch. There 's a pledge then
Of a duchess' love for thee; and now trust me
For thy most happy safety. I will choose
That time shall never hurt thee. When a man
Shows resolution, and there 's worth in him,
I 'll have a care of him. Part now for this time,
But still be near about us, till thou canst
Be nearer, that 's ourself.
Alma. And that I 'll venture hard for.
Duch. Good speed to thee! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

ANTONIO'S *House.*

Enter GASPARO *and* FLORIDA.

Flo. Pr'ythee be careful of me; very careful now.
Gas. I warrant you: he that cannot be careful of a queen can be careful of nobody. 'Tis every man's humour that. I should never look to a wife half so handsomely.
Flo. Oh, softly, sweet sir, should your mistress meet me now
In her own house, I were undone for ever.
Gas. Never fear her: she 's at her prick-song close,
There 's all the joy she has, or takes delight in.
Look, here 's the garden-key; my master gave it me,
And will'd me to be careful. Doubt not you on 't.
Flo. Your master is a noble complete gentleman,
And does a woman all the right that may be.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. How now? What 's she?
Gas. A kind of doubtful creature:
I 'll tell thee more anon.
[*Exeunt* GASPARO *and* FLORIDA.

Seb. I know that face
To be a strumpet's, or mine eye is envious,
And would fain wish it so where I would have it.
I fail, if the condition of this fellow
Wears not about it a strong sense of baseness.
I saw her once before, (five days since 'tis,)
And the same wary pandarous diligence
Was then bestowed on her. She came altered then,
And more inclining to the city-tuck.
Whom should this piece of transformation visit
After the common courtesy of frailty
In our house here? Surely not any servant:
They are not kept so lusty, she so low.
I 'm at a strange stand. Love and luck, assist me!
The truth I shall win from him by false play.

Enter GASPARO.

He 's now return'd. Well, sir, as you were saying———
Go forward with your tale.
Gas. What? I know nothing.
Seb. The gentlewoman.
Gas. She 's gone out at the back-door now.
Seb. Then farewell she, and you, if that be all.
Gas. Come, come: thou shalt have more. I have no power
To lock myself up from thee.
Seb. So methinks.
Gas. You shall not think. Trust me, sir, you shall not.
Your ear: she 's one o' th' falling family,
A queen my master keeps; she lies at Rutney's.
Seb. Is 't possible? I thought I had seen her somewhere.
Gas. I tell you truth sincerely. She 's been thrice here
By stealth within these ten days, and departed still
With pleasure and with thanks, sir; 'tis her luck.
Surely I think, if ever there were man
Bewitch'd in this world, 'tis my master, sirrah.
Seb. Think'st thou so, Gaspar?
Gas. Oh, sir, too apparent.
Seb. This may prove happy: 'tis the likeliest means
That fortune yet e'er show'd me. [*Aside.*

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. You 're both here now,
And strangers newly 'lighted: Where 's your attendance?
Seb. I know what makes you waspish. A pox on 't!
She 'll every day be angry now at nothing.
[*Exeunt* SEBASTIAN *and* GASPARO.
Isa. I 'll call her stranger ever in my heart.
She 's kill'd the name of sister thro' base lust,
And fled to shifts. Oh, how a brother's good thoughts
May be beguil'd in woman! Here 's a letter,
Found in her absence, reports strangely of her,
And speaks her impudence. She has undone herself,
(I could not hold from weeping, when I read it,)
Abus'd her brother's house and his good confidence.
'Twas done not like herself. I blame her much:
But if she can but keep it from his knowledge,
I will not grieve him first: it shall not come
By my means to his heart.

Enter GASPARO.

Now, sir, the news?
Gas. You call'd 'em strangers. 'Tis my master's sister, madam.
Isa. Oh, is it so? she 's welcome. Who 's come with her?
Gas. I see none but Aberzanes. [*Exit.*
Isa. He 's enough
To bring a woman to confusion
More than a wiser man, or a far greater.
A letter came last week to her brother's
To make way for her coming up again
After her shame was lighten'd, and he writ there
The gentleman her mother wish'd her to,
Taking a violent surfeit at a wedding,
Died ere she came to see him. What strange cunning
Sin helps a woman to!

Enter ABERZANES *and* FRANCISCA.

Here she comes now.
Sister, you 're welcome home again.
Fran. Thanks, sweet sister.
Isa. You 've had good speed.
Fran. What says she? [*Aside.*]—I have made
All the best speed I could.
Isa. I well believe you.
Sir, we 're all much beholding to your kindness.
Ab. My service, madam, to a gentlewoman.
I took a bonny mare I keep, and met her
Some ten mile out of town, eleven, I think.
'Twas at the stump I met you, I remember,
At bottom of the hill.
Fran. 'Twas there about, sir.
Ab. Full eleven then, by the rod, if they were measur'd.
Isa. You look ill, methinks: Have you been sick of late?
'Troth, very bleak; doth she not? How think you, sir?
Ab. No, no: a little sharp with riding: she 's rid sore.
Fran. I ever look lean after a journey, sister:
One shall do that has travail'd, travail'd hard.
Ab. Till evening I commend you to yourselves, ladies. [*Exit.*
Isa. And that 's best trusting to, if you were hang'd.——
You 're well acquainted with his hand went out now?
Fran. His hand?

Isa. I speak of nothing else. I think 'tis there. [*Showing the letter.*
Please you to look upon 't; and when you 've done,
If you did weep, it could not be amiss;
A sign you could say grace after a full meal.
You had not need look paler; yet you do.
'Twas ill done to abuse yourself and us,
To wrong so good a brother, and the thoughts
That we both held of you. I did doubt you much
Before our marriage: but then, my strangeness,
And better hope still, kept me off from speaking.
Yet may you find a kind and peaceful sister of me,
If you desist here, and shake hands with folly,
Which you 've more cause to do, than I to wish you.
As truly as I bear a love to goodness,
Your brother knows not yet on 't, nor shall ever
For my part, so you leave his company.
But if I find you impudent in sinning,
I will not keep 't an hour; nay, prove your enemy;
And you know who will aid me. As you 've goodness,
You may make use of this: I 'll leave it with you. [*Exit.*

Fran. Here 's a sweet churching after a woman's labour, [devil
And a fine "give you joy." Why, where the
Lay you to be found out? The sudden hurry
Of hastening to prevent shame, brought shame forth.
That 's still the curse of all lascivious stuff:
Misdeeds could never yet be wary enough.
Now must I stand in fear of every look, [secret?
Nay, tremble at a whisper. She can keep it
That 's very likely, and a woman too!
I 'm sure I could not do 't; and I am made
As well as she can be for any purpose.
'T would never stay with me two days; I have cast it.
The third would be a terrible sick day with me,
Not possible to bear it. Should I then
Trust to her strength in 't, that lies every night
Whispering the day's news in her husband's ear?
No; and I 've thought upon the means. Bless'd fortune!
I must be quiet with her in the same fashion,
Or else 'tis nothing: there 's no way like it,
To bring her honesty into question cunningly.
My brother will believe small likelihoods,
Coming from me too. I lying now i' th' house,
May work things to my will, beyond conceit too.
Disgrace her first: her tale will ne'er be heard.
I learn'd that counsel first of a sound guard.
I do suspect Gaspar, my brother's squire there,
Had some hand in this mischief: for he 's cunning;
And I perhaps may fit him.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Your sister told me
You were come. Thou 'rt welcome.

Fran. Where is she?
Ant. Who? My wife?
Fran. Aye, sir.
Ant. Within.
Fran. Not within hearing, think you?
Ant. Within hearing?
What 's thy conceit in that? Why shak'st thy head so?
And look'st so pale and poorly?
Fran. I 'm a fool indeed
To take such grief for others, for your fortune, sir.
Ant. My fortune? Worse things yet? Farewel life then!
Fran. I fear you 're much deceived, sir, in this woman.
Ant. Who? In my wife? Speak low: come hither; softly; sister.
Fran. I love her as a woman you made choice of:
But when she wrongs you, natural love is touch'd, brother;
And that will speak, you know.
Ant. I trust it will.
Fran. I held a shrewd suspicion of her lightness
At first, when I went down; which made me haste the sooner.
But more, to make amends, at my return now,
I found apparent signs.
Ant. Apparent, say'st thou?
Fran. Aye, and of base lust too: that makes th' affliction.
Ant. There has been villainy wrought upon me then;
'Tis too plain now.
Fran. Happy are they, I say still,
That have their sisters living i' th' house with 'em,
Their mothers, or some kindred: a great comfort
To all poor married men. It is not possible
A young wife can abuse a husband then:
'Tis found straight. But swear service to this, brother.
Ant. To this and all thou wilt have.

Enter ISABELLA.

Fran. Then this follows, sir. [*They whisper.*
Ant. I praise thy counsel well. I 'll put 't in use straight. [*Exit* FRANCISCA.
See, where she comes herself. Kind, honest lady;
I must now borrow a whole fortnight leave of thee.
Isa. How, sir? A fortnight?
Ant. It may be but ten days; I know not yet.
'Tis business for the state, and 't must be done.
Isa. I wish good speed to 't then.
Ant. Why, that was well spoke.
I 'll take but a foot-boy: I need no more.
The rest I 'll leave at home, to do you service.
Isa. Use your own pleasure, sir.
Ant. Till my return
You 'll be good company, my sister and you.

Isa. We shall make shift, sir.
Ant. I 'm glad now she 's come;
And so the wishes of my love to both! [*Exit.*
Isa. And our good prayers with you, sir.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Now my fortune!——
By your kind favour, madam.
Isa. With me, sir?
Seb. The words shall not be many; but the faithfulness
And true respect that is included in 'em,
Is worthy your attention; and may put upon me
The fair repute of a just honest servant.
Isa. What 's here to do, sir, there 's such great preparation toward?
Seb. In brief, that goodness in you is abus'd, madam;
You have the married life, but 'tis a strumpet
That has the joy on 't, and the fruitfulness:
There goes away your comfort.
Isa. How? A strumpet?
Seb. Of five years' cost and upwards: a dear mischief,
As they are all of 'em. His fortnight's journey
Is to that country. If it be not rudeness
To speak the truth, I have found it all out, madam.
Isa. Thou 'st found out thine own ruin; for, to my knowledge,
Thou dost belie him basely. I dare swear
He is a gentleman as free from that folly
As ever took religious life upon him.
Seb. Be not too confident to your own abuse, madam.
Since I 've begun the truth, neither your frowns,
The only curses that I have on earth,
(Because my means depend upon your service,)
Nor all the execration of man 's fury
Shall put me off. Tho' I be poor, I 'm honest,
And too just in this business. I perceive now
Too much respect and faithfulness to ladies
May be a wrong to servants.
Isa. Art thou yet
So impudent to stand in 't?
Seb. Are you yet so cold, madam,
In the belief on 't? There my wonder 's fixt,
Having such blessed health and youth about you,
Which makes the injury mighty.
Isa. Why I tell thee
It were too great a fortune for thy lowness
To find out such a thing: thou dost not look
As if thou 'rt made for 't. By the precious sweets of love
I would give half my wealth for such a bargain,
And think 't were bought too cheap: thou canst not guess
Thy means and happiness, should I find this true.
First, I 'd prefer thee to the lord, my uncle:
He 's governor of Ravenna: all the advancements
I' th' kingdom flow from him. What need I boast that
Which common fame can teach thee?
Seb. Then thus, madam,
Since I presume now on your height of spirit,
And your regard to your own youth and fruitfulness,
(Which every woman naturally loves and covets,)
Accept but of my labour, in directions, [right
You shall find both your wrongs, (which you may
At your own pleasure,) yet not miss'd to night
Here in the house neither: None shall take notice
Of any absence in you, as I 've thought on 't.
Isa. Do this, and take my praise and thanks for ever.
Seb. As I deserve, I wish 'em; and will serve you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Witches' Habitation.

Enter HECCATE, STADLIN, HOPPO, *and other Witches.*

Hec. The moon 's a gallant; see how brisk she rides!
Stad. Here 's a rich evening, Heccat.
Hec. Aye, is 't not, wenches,
To take a journey of five thousand miles?
Hop. Our's will be more to night.
Hec. Oh, 't will be precious. Heard you the owl yet?
Stad. Briefly in the copse,
As we came thro' now.
Hec. 'Tis high time for us then.
Stad. There was a bat hung at my lips three times
As we came thro' the woods, and drank her fill:
Old Puckle saw her.
Hec. You are fortunate still.
The very scritch owl lights upon your shoulder,
And woos you like a pidgeon. Are you furnished?
Have you your ointments?
Stad. All.
Hec. Prepare to flight then:
I 'll overtake you swiftly.
Stad. Hye then, Heccat!
We shall be up betimes.
Hec. I 'll reach you quickly. [*They ascend.*

Enter FIRESTONE.

Fire. They are all going a birding to night. They talk of fowls i' th' air, that fly by day, I 'm sure they 'll be a company of foul sluts there to-night. If we have not mortality affeared, I 'll be hang'd, for they are able to putrify it, to infect a whole region. She spies me now.
Hec. What, Firestone, our sweet son?
Fire. A little sweeter than some of you; or a dunghill were too good for me.
Hec. How much hast there?
Fire. Nineteen, and all brave plump ones; besides six lizards, and three serpentine eggs.
Hec. Dear and sweet boy! What herbs hast thou?

Fire. I have some mar-martin, and mandragon.
Hec. Marmaritin, and mandragora, thou would'st say.
Fire. Here 's pandax too. I thank thee; my pan akes, I am sure, with kneeling down to cut 'em.
Hec. And selago,
Hedge-hissop too! How near he goes my cuttings!
Were they all cropt by moonlight?
Fire. Every blade of 'em, or I am a mooncalf, mother.
Hec. Hie thee home with 'em.
Look well to th' house to night: I 'm for aloft.
Fire. Aloft, quoth you? I would you would break your neck once, that I might have all quickly. [*Aside.*]—Hark, hark, mother! They are above the steeple already, flying over your head with a noise of musicians.
Hec. They are indeed. Help me! Help me! I 'm too late else.

SONG.

[*In the air above.*]

Come away, come away!
Heccat, Heccat, come away!
Hec. I come, I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may;
With all the speed I may.
Where 's Stadlin?
[*Above.*] Here.
Hec. Where 's Puckle?
[*Above.*] Here:
And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too:
We lack but you, we lack but you.
Come away, make up the count!
Hec. I will but 'noint, and then I mount.

A Spirit descends in the shape of a Cat.

[*Above.*] There 's one come down to fetch his dues;
A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood:
And why thou stay'st so long, I muse, I muse
Since th' air 's so sweet and good?
Hec. Oh, art thou come,
What news, what news?
Spirit. All goes still to our delight,
Either come, or else
Refuse, refuse.
Hec. Now I am furnish'd for the flight.
Fire. Hark, hark! The cat sings a brave treble in her own language.
Hec. [*Ascending with the Spirit.*] Now I go, now I fly,
Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.
Oh, what dainty pleasure 'tis
To ride in the air
When the moon shines fair,
And sing, and dance, and toy, and kiss!
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over seas our mistress' fountains,
Over steep towers and turrets
We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits.
No ring of bells to our ears sounds,
No howls of wolves, no yelp of hounds;
No not the noise of water's breach,
Or cannon's roar, our height can reach.
[*Above.*] No ring of bells, &c.
Fire. Well, mother, I thank you for your kindness. You must be gambolling i' th' air, and leave me here like a fool and a mortal. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Rooom in the Palace.

Enter ALMACHILDES.

Alma. Though the fates have endued me with a pretty kind of lightness, that I can laugh at the world in a corner on 't; and can make myself merry on fasting nights to rub out a supper, (which were a precious quality in a young formal student,) yet let the world know there is some difference betwixt my jovial condition, and the lunary state of madness. I am not quite out of my wits. I know a bawd from an aquavitæ shop, a strumpet from wild-fire, and a beadle from brimstone. Now shall I try the honesty of a great woman soundly. She reckoning the duke 's made away, I 'll be hang'd if I be not the next now. If I trust her as she 's a woman, let one of her long hairs wind about my heart, and be the end of me; which were a piteous lamentable tragedy, and might be entitled, ' A fair warning for all hair-bracelets.'
Already there 's an insurrection
Among the people: they are up in arms,
Not out of any reason, but their wills,
Which are in them their saints; sweating and swearing,
Out of their zeal to rudeness, that no stranger,
As they term her, shall govern over them. [first.
They say they'll raise a duke among themselves

Enter Duchess.

Duch. Oh, Almachildes, I perceive already
Our loves are born to curses. We 're beset
By multitudes; and, which is worse, I fear me
Unfriended too of any. My chief care
Is for thy sweet youth's safety.
Alma. He that believes you not
Goes the right way to heaven, o' my conscience.
Duch. There is no trusting of 'em: they are all as barren

In pity as in faith. He that puts confidence
In them, dies openly to the sight of all men,
Not with his friends and neighbours in peace private;
But as his shame, so his cold farewel is,
Public and full of noise. But keep you close, sir,
Not seen of any, till I see the way
Plain for your safety. I expect the coming
Of the lord governor, whom I will flatter
With fair entreaties, to appease their wildness;
And, before him, take a great grief upon me
For the duke's death, his strange and sudden loss;
And when a quiet comes, expect thy joys.

Alma. I do expect now to be made away
'Twixt this and Tuesday night: if I live Wednesday,
Say I have been careful, and shunn'd spoon-meat. [*Exit.*

Duch. This fellow lives too long after the deed:
I am weary of his sight: he must die quickly,
Or I've small hope of safety. My great aim is
At the lord governor's love: he is a spirit
Can sway and countenance, these obey and crouch.
My guiltiness had need of such a master,
That with a beck can suppress multitudes,
And dim misdeeds, with radiance of his glory,
Not to be seen with dazzled popular eyes.

Enter the Lord Governor.

And here behold him come.

Gov. [*Speaking within.*] Return back to 'em,
Say we desire 'em to be friends of peace
Till they hear farther from us.

Duch. Oh, my lord,
I fly unto the pity of your nobleness,
The grievedst lady that was e'er beset
With storms of sorrows, or wild rage of people.
Never was woman's grief for loss of lord
Dearer than mine to me.

Gov. There 's no right done
To him now, madam, by wrong done to yourself;
Your own good wisdom may instruct you so far:
And for the people's tumult, (which oft grows
From liberty, or rankness of long peace,)
I'll labour to restrain, as I've begun, madam.

Duch. My thanks and praises shall ne'er forget you, sir;
And, in time to come, my love.

Gov. Your love, sweet madam?
You make my joys too happy. I did covet
To be the fortunate man that blessing visits,
Which I'll esteem the crown, and full reward
Of service present, and deserts to come.
It is a happiness I 'll be bold to sue for
When I have set a calm upon these spirits
That now are up for ruin.

Duch. Sir, my wishes
Are so well met in your's, so fairly answer'd
And nobly recompenced, it makes me suffer
In those extremes that few have ever felt;
To hold two passions in one heart at once,
Of gladness, and of sorrow.

Gov. Then as the olive
Is the meek ensign of fair fruitful peace,
So is this kiss of your's.

Duch. Love's pow'r be with you, sir.

Gov. [*Aside.*] How she 's betrayed her! May I breathe no longer
Than to do virtue service, and bring forth
The fruits of noble thoughts, honest and loyal.
This will be worth th' observing; and I 'll do 't. [*Exit.*

Duch. What a sure happiness confirms joy to me,
Now in the times of my most imminent dangers?
I look'd for ruin; and increase of honour
Meets me auspiciously. But my hopes are clogg'd now
With an unworthy weight: there 's the misfortune.
What course shall I take now with this young man?
For he must be no hindrance. I have thought on 't:
I 'll take some witch's counsel for his end,
That will be sur'st. Mischief is mischief's friend. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

FERNANDO'S *House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* FERNANDO.

Seb. If ever you knew force of love in life, sir,
Give to mine pity.

Fer. You do ill to doubt me.

Seb. I could make bold with no friend seemlier
Than with yourself, because you were in presence
At our vow-making.

Fer. I 'm a witness to 't.

Seb. Then you best understand of all men living
This is no wrong I offer, no abuse
Either to faith or friendship; for we 're register'd
Husband and wife in heaven, tho' there wants that
Which often keeps licentious man in awe
From starting from their wedlocks, the knot public.
'Tis in our souls knit fast; and how more precious
The soul is than the body, so much judge
The sacred and celestial tie within us,
More than the outward form, which calls but witness
Here upon earth, to what is done in heaven:
Tho' I must needs confess the least is honorable;
As an ambassador sent from a king
Has honor by th' employment, yet there 's greater
Dwells in the king that sent him: so in this.

Fer. I approve all you speak; and will appear to you
A faithful pitying friend.

Enter FLORIDA.

Seb. Look, there is she, sir,
One good for nothing but to make use of;
And I 'm constrained to employ her to make all things
Plain, easy, and probable: for when she comes
And finds one here that claims him, as I 've taught
Both this to do 't, and he to compound with her,
'Twill stir belief the more of such a business.
Fer. I praise the carriage well.
Seb. Hark you, sweet mistress;
I shall do you a simple turn in this;
For she disgrac'd thus, you are up in favour
For ever, with her husband.
Flo. That 's my hope, sir,
I would not take the pains else. Have you the keys
Of the garden-side, that I may get betimes in,
Closely, and take her lodging?
Seb. Yes, I have thought upon you:
Here be the keys.
Flo. Marry, and thanks, sweet sir,
Set me to work so still.
Seb. Your joys are false ones, [*Aside.*
You 're like to lie alone. You 'll be deceiv'd
O' th' bed-fellow you look for; else my purpose
Were in an ill case: he 's on his fortnight's journey.
You 'll find cold comfort there. A dream will be
Even the best market you can make to night.—
She 'll not be long now: you may lose no time neither,
If she but take you at the door, 'tis enough.
When a suspect doth catch once, it burns mainly.
There may you end your business, and as cunningly
As if you were i' th' chamber, if you please
To use but the same art.
Flo. What need you urge that
Which comes so naturally I cannot miss on 't?
What makes the devil so greedy of a soul
But 'cause he has lost his own, to all joys lost?
So 'tis our trade to set snares for other women
'Cause we were once caught ourselves. [*Exit.*
Seb. A sweet allusion:
Hell and a whore it seems are partners then
In one ambition: yet thou 'rt here deceiv'd now,
Thou canst set none to hurt, or wrong her honour;
It rather makes it perfect. Best of friends
That ever love's extremities were bless'd with,
I feel mine arms with thee; and call my peace
The offspring of thy friendship. I will think
This night my wedding-night; and with a joy,
As reverend as religion can make man's,
I will embrace this blessing. Honest actions
Are laws unto themselves, and that good fear
Which is in others forc'd grows kindly there.
[*Knocking at the door.*
Fer. Hark, hark! one knocks. Away, sir:
'tis she certainly;
It sounds much like a jealous woman's 'larum.
[*Exit* SEBASTIAN.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. By your leave, sir.
Fer. You 're welcome, gentlewoman.
Isa. Our ladyship then stands us in no stead now. [*Aside.*
One word in private, sir. [*Whispers.*
Fer. No, surely forsooth,
There 's no such here, you have mistook the house.
Isa. Oh, sir, that have I not. Excuse me there;
I come not with such ignorance: think not so, sir.
'Twas told me at the entering of your house here
By one that knows him too well.
Fer. Who should that be?
Isa. Nay, sir, betraying is not my profession;
But here I know he is; and I presume
He would give me admittance, if he knew on 't,
As one on 's nearest friends.
Fer. You 're not his wife, forsooth?
Isa. Yes, by my faith, am I.
Fer. 'Cry you mercy then lady.
Isa. She goes here by the name on 's wife: good stuff!
But the bold strumpet never told me that.
Fer. We are so oft deceiv'd that let our lodgings,
We know not whom to trust; 'tis such a world,
There are so many odd tricks now-a-days
Put upon housekeepers.
Isa. Why, do you think I'd wrong
You, or the reputation of your house?
'Pray show me the way to him.
Fer. He 's asleep, lady.
The curtains drawn about him.
Isa. Well, well, sir;
I 'll have that care, I'll not disease him much,
Tread you but lightly. Oh, of what gross falsehood
Is man's heart made of! Had my first love liv'd
And return'd safe, he would have been a light
To all men's actions, his faith shin'd so bright.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I cannot so deceive her; 'twere too sinful:
There 's more religion in my love than so.
It is not treacherous lust that gives content
To an honest mind: and this could prove no better.
Were it in me a part of manly justice,
That have sought strange hard means to keep her chaste
To her first vow, and I t' abuse her first?
Better I never new what comfort were
In woman's love, than wickedly to know *it*.
What could the falsehood of one night avail him
That must enjoy for ever, or he 's lost?

'Tis the way rather to draw hate upon me,
For, known, 'tis as impossible she should love me,
As youth, in health, to dote upon a grief;
Or one that 's robb'd and bound, t' affect a thief.
No, he that would soul's sacred comfort win,
Must burn in pure love, like a seraphin.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. Celio!
Seb. Sweet madam?
Isa. Thou hast deluded me:
There 's nobody.
Seb. How? I wonder he would miss, madam,
Having appointed too. 'Twere a strange goodness
If heaven should turn his heart now by the way.
Isa. Oh, never, Celio!
Seb. Yes, I 've known the like.
Man is not at his own disposing, madam:
The bless'd powers have provided better for him,
Or he were miserable. He may come yet;
'Tis early, madam; if you would be pleas'd
To embrace my counsel, you should see this night over,
Since you 've bestow'd these pains.
Isa. I intend so.
Seb. That strumpet would be found; else she should go.
I curse the time now I did e'er make use
Of such a plague. Sin knows not what it does.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in ANTONIO'S *House, with a Gallery above.*

Enter FRANCISCA *above.*

Fran. 'Tis now my brother's time; even much about it:
For tho' he dissembled a whole fortnight's absence,
He comes again to-night. 'Twas so agreed
Before he went. I must bestir my wits now,
To catch this sister of mine, and bring her name
To some disgrace first, to preserve mine own.
There 's profit in that cunning. She cast off
My company betimes to-night, by tricks and slights;
And I was well contented. I 'm resolv'd
There 's no hate lost between us: for I know
She does not love me now; but painfully,
Like one that 's forc'd to smile upon a grief,
To bring some purpose forward: and I'll pay her
In her own metal. They 're now all at rest,
And Gaspar there and all, (list!) fast asleep:
He cries it hither. I must disease you straight, sir.
For the maid-servants, and the girls o' th' house,
I spic'd them lately with a drowsy posset;
They will not hear in haste.—My brother's come.
Oh, where 's this key now for him? Here 'tis, happily;
But I must wake him first. Why Gaspar, Gaspar!
Gas. [*within.*] What a pox gasp you for?
Fran. Now I 'll throw 't down.
Gas. Who 's that call'd me now? Somebody call'd Gaspar?
Fran. Oh, up, as thou 'rt an honest fellow, Gaspar.
Gas. I shall not rise to-night then. What 's the matter?
Who 's that? Young mistress?
Fran. Aye: Up, up, sweet Gaspar!
My sister hath both knock'd and call'd this hour,
And not a maid will stir.
Gas. They 'll stir enough, sometimes.
Fran. Hark, hark again! Gaspar, oh run; run, pr'ythee!
Gas. Give me leave to clothe myself.
Fran. Stand'st upon clothing
In an extremity? Hark, hark again!
She may be dead ere thou com'st. Oh, in quickly!——
He 's gone: he cannot choose but be took now,
Or met in his return: that will be enough.

Enter ANTONIO.

Brother! here take this light.
Ant. My careful sister.
Fran. Look first in his own lodging ere you enter.
[ANTONIO *exit, and re-enter below.*
Ant. Oh, abused confidence! there 's nothing of him,
But what betrays him more.
Fran. Then 'tis too true, brother.
Ant. I 'll make base lust a terrible example,
No villainy e'er paid dearer.
Fran. Help! hold, sir.
Ant. I 'm deaf to all humanity. [*Exit.*
Fran. List, list!——
A strange and sudden silence after all.
I trust he 's spoil'd 'em both: too dear a happiness!
Oh, how I tremble between doubts and joys!

Re-enter ANTONIO *below.*

Ant. There perish both; down to the house of falsehood
Where perjurous wedlock weeps. Oh, perjurous woman,
She 'd took the innocence of sleep upon her
At my approach, and would not see me come,
As if she'd lain there like a harmless soul
And never dreamt of mischief. What 's all this now?
I feel no ease; the burthen's not yet off
So long as the abuse sticks in my knowledge.
Oh, 'tis a pain of hell, to know one's shame!
Had it been hid and done, it had been done happy;
For he that 's ignorant lives long and merry.
Fran. I shall know all, now.—Brother!
Ant. Come down quickly; for I must kill thee too.

Fran. Me?
Ant. Stay not long!
If thou desir'st to die with little pain,
Make haste, I'd wish thee, and come willingly.
If I be forc'd to come, I shall be cruel
Above a man to thee.
Fran. Why, sir! why, brother!
Ant. Talk to thy soul, if thou wilt talk at all:
To me thou 'rt lost for ever.
Fran. This is fearful in you!
Beyond all reason, brother; would you thus
Reward me for my care and truth shown to you?
Ant. A curse upon 'em both, and thee for company!
'Tis that too diligent thankless care of thine
Makes me a murderer, and that ruins truth
That lights me to the knowledge of my shame.
Hadst thou been secret, then had I been happy,
And had a hope, like man, of joys to come.
Now here I stand, a shame to my creation;
And, which is heavier than all torments to me,
The understanding of this base adultery
And that thou 'rt the author, which thou deserv'st
Death worthily for.
Fran. If that be the worst, hold, sir!
Hold, brother! I can ease your conscience straight;
By my soul's hope I can! There 's no such thing.
Ant. How?
Fran. Bless me but with life, I 'll tell you all.
Your bed was never wrong'd.
Ant. What? never wrong'd?
Fran. I ask but mercy, as I deal with truth now.
'Twas only my deceit, my plot and cunning,
To bring disgrace upon her, by that means,
To keep mine own hid, which none knew but she.
To speak truth, I had a child by Aberzanes, sir.
Ant. How! Aberzanes?
Fran. And my mother's letter
Was counterfeited, to get time and place
For my delivery.
Ant. Oh, my wrath 's redoubled!
Fran. At my return, she could speak all my folly,
And blam'd me, with good counsel. I, for fear
It should be made known, thus rewarded her,
Wrought you into suspicion without cause;
And at your coming rais'd up Gaspar suddenly,
Sent him hot in before you, by a falsehood;
Which to your kindled jealousy, I knew,
Would add enough. What 's now confess'd is true.
Ant. The more I hear, the worse it fares with me.
I ha' kill'd 'em now for nothing: yet the shame
Follows my blood still. Once more, come down!
Look you, my sword goes up. Call Hermio to me!
The less man alone: he 'll wake me soon
To find his [illegible] fault, and [illegible] service.
[*Exit* FRANCISCA.
Already the day breaks upon my guilt:

Enter HERMIO.

I must be brief, and sudden.—Hermio!
Her. Sir.
Ant. Run; knock up Aberzanes speedily!
Say I desire his company this morning
To yonder house-[illegible], tell him.—That will fetch him.——
Oh, hark you, by the way—— [*Whispers.*
Her. Yes, sir.
Ant. Use speed now,
Or I will ne'er use thee more; and perhaps
I speak in a right hour. My grief o'erflows;
I must in private go, and vent my woes. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Room in ANTONIO'S *House.*

Enter [1] ANTONIO *and* ABERZANES.

Ant. You 're welcome, sir.
Ab. I think I 'm worthy on 't;
For look you, sir, I come untrust, in troth.
Ant. The more 's the pity, (honester men go to 't,)
That slaves should 'scape it. What blade have you got there?
Ab. Nay, I know not that, sir. I am not acquainted greatly with the blade. I am sure 'tis a good scabbard, and that satisfies me.
Ant. 'Tis long enough indeed, if that be good.
Ab. I love to wear a long weapon; 'tis a thing commendable.
Ant. I pray, draw it, sir.
Ab. It is not to be drawn.
Ant. Not to be drawn?
Ab. I do not care to see 't: to tell you troth, sir, 'tis only a holiday thing, to wear by a man's side. [*to myself.*
Ant. Draw it, or I 'll rip thee down from neck
Tho' there 's small glory in 't.

---

[1] The MS. reads 'Sebastian,' which name is also prefixed to the two first speeches of Antonio.

Ab. Are you in earnest, sir?
Ant. I 'll tell thee that anon.
Ab. Why, what 's the matter, sir?
Ant. What a base misery is this in life now!
This slave had so much daring courage in him,
To act a sin would shame whole generations,
But hath not so much honest strength about him
To draw a sword in way of satisfaction;
This shows thy great guilt, that thou dar'st not fight.
Ab. Yes, I dare fight, sir, in an honest cause.
Ant. Why, come then, slave, thou'st made my sister a whore.
Ab. Prove that an honest cause, and I 'll be hang'd.
Ant. So many starting holes? Can I light no way?
Go to; you shall have your wish, all honest play.

Enter FRANCISCA.

Come forth thou fruitful wickedness; thou seed
Of shame and murder: take to thee in [illegible]
Baseness and [illegible]; a fit match for thee.
Come, sir, along with me.
Ab. Yes, what to do?
I am too young to take a wife, in truth.
Ant. But old enough to make a strumpet tho'.
You'd fain get all your children beforehand,
And marry, when you 've done: that 's a strange course, sir,
This woman I bestow on thee. What dost thou say?
Ab. I would I had such another to bestow on you, sir.
Ant. Uncharitable slave! thou, coward as thou art,
To wish a plague so great as thine, to any!
Ab. To my friend, sir, where I think I may be bold.
Ant. Down; and do 't solemnly. Contract yourselves
With truth and zeal, or ne'er rise up again.
I will not have her die i' th' state of strumpet,
Tho' she took pride to live one. Hermito, the wine!

Enter HERMITO *with a cup.*

Her. 'Tis here, sir: 'troth, I wonder at some things:
But I 'll keep honest. [*Exit.*
Ant. So here 's to you both now. [*Drinks.*
And to your joys, if 't be your luck to find 'em:
I tell you, you must weep hard, if you do.
Divide it 'twixt you both. You shall not need
A strong bill of divorcement after that
If you mislike your bargain. Go, get in now!
Kneel and pray heartily to get forgiveness
Of those two souls whose bodies thou hast murdered.
[*Exeunt* ABERZANES *and* FRANCISCA.
Spread, subtle poison! Now my shame to her
Will die when I die: there 's some comfort yet.
I do but think how each man's punishment
Proves still a kind of justice to himself.
I was the man that told this innocent gentlewoman
(Whom I did falsely wed and falsely kill)
That he that was her husband first by contract,
Was slain i' th' field: and he 's known yet to live.
So did [I] cruelly beguile his heart,
For which I 'm well rewarded: so is Gaspar,
Who, to befriend my love, swore fearful oaths
He saw the last breath flie from him. I see now
'Tis a thing dreadful t' abuse holy vows,
And falls most weighty.

Enter HERMITO.

Her. Take comfort, sir:
You 're guilty of no death: they 're only hurt,
And that not mortally.
Ant. Thou breath'st untruths.
Her. Speak, Gaspar, for me then.

Enter GASPARO.

Gas. Your [illegible]
Has hurt me without cause.
Ant. 'Tis chang'd to grief for 't.
How fares my wife?
Gas. No doubt, sir, she fares well,
For she ne'er felt your fury. The poor sinner
That hath this seven year kept herself sound for you,
'Tis your luck to bring her into th' surgeon's hands now.
Ant. Florida!
Gas. She: I know no other, sir,
You were ne'er at charge yet but with one light-horse.
Ant. Why, where 's your lady? Where 's my wife to night then?
Gas. Nay, ask not me, sir. Your struck doe within
Tells a strange tale of her.
Ant. This is unsufferable!
Never had man such means to make him mad.
Oh, that the poison would but spare my life
Till I had found her out!
Her. Your wish is granted, sir.
Upon the faithfulness of a pitying servant,
I gave you none at all: my heart was kinder.
Let not conceit abuse you: you 're as healthful,
For any drug, as life yet ever found you.
Ant. Why here 's a happiness wipes off mighty sorrows.
The benefit of ever-pleasing service
Bless thy profession!——

Enter Lord Governor.

Oh, my worthy lord,
I 've an ill bargain: never man had worse.
The woman that, unworthy, wears your blood
To countenance sin in her; your niece, she 's false.
Gov. False!
Ant. Impudent, adulterous.

Enter FLORIDA.

Gov. You 're too loud,
And grow too bold too with her virtuous meekness;
Who dare accuse her?
Flo. Here 's one dare and can.
She lies this night with Celio her own servant.
The place, Fernando's house.
Gov. Thou dost amaze us.
Ant. Why, here 's but lust translated from one haseness
Into another. Here I thought to have caught 'em,
But 'lighted wrong, by false intelligent,
And made me hurt the innocent. But now
I 'll make my revenge dreadfuller than a tempest;
An army should not stop me, or a sea
Divide 'em from my revenge. [*Exit.*
Gov. I 'll not speak
To have her spar'd, if she be base and guilty;
If otherwise, heaven will not see her wrong'd;
I need not take care for her. Let that woman
Be carefully look'd to, (both for health and sureness,)
It is not that mistaken wound thou wear'st,
Shall be thy privilege.
Flo. You cannot torture me
Worse than the surgeon does; so long I care not
[*She is carried off.*
Gov. ¶ If she be adulterous I will never trust
Virtues in women; they 're but veils for lust.
[*Exit.*
Her. To what a lasting ruin mischief runs!
I had thought I had well and happily ended all,
In keeping back the poison; and new rage now
Spreads a worse venom. My poor lady grieves me;
'Tis strange to me that her sweet seeming virtues
Should be so meanly overtook with Celio,
A servant: 'tis not possible.

Enter ISABELLA *and* SEBASTIAN.

Isa. Good morrow, Hermio:
My sister stirring yet?
Her. How? Stirring, forsooth!
Here has been simple stirring. Are you not hurt, madam?
'Pray speak; we have a surgeon ready.
Isa. How? A surgeon?
Her. Hath been at work these five hours.
Isa. How he talks!
Her. Did you not meet my master?
Isa. How? your master? Why, came he home to-night?
Her. Then know you nothing, madam?
Please you but walk in; you shall hear strange business.
Isa. [*to* SEB.] I 'm much beholding to your truth now; am I not?
You 've serv'd me fair: my credit 's stain'd for ever. [*Exeunt* ISABELLA *and* HERMIO.
Seb. This is the wicked'st fortune that e'er blew.
We 're both undone, for nothing. There 's no way
Flatters recovery now: the thing 's so gross.
Her disgrace grieves me more than a life's loss.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Witches' Habitation.

Enter Duchess, HECCATE, FIRESTONE.

Hec. What death is 't you desire for Almachildes?
Duch. A sudden and a subtle.
Hec. Then I 've fitted you.
Here lie the gifts of both; sudden and subtle;
His picture made in wax, and gently molten
By a blue fire, kindled with dead men's eyes,
Will waste him by degrees.
Duch. In what time, pr'ythee?
Hec. Perhaps in a month's progress.
Duch. What? A month?
Out upon pictures! If they be so tedious,
Give me things with some life.
Hec. Then seek no farther.
Duch. This must be done with speed, dispatched this night,
If it may, possible.
Hec. I have it for you:
Here 's that will do 't. Stay but perfection's time,
And that 's not five hours hence.
Duch. Can'st thou do this?
Hec. Can I?
Duch. I mean, so closely.
Hec. So closely do you mean too?
Duch. So artfully, so cunningly.
Hec. Worse and worse; doubts and incredulities,
They make me mad. Let scrupulous creatures know,

Cum volui, ripis ipsis mirantibus, amnes
In fontes rediere suos: concussaque sista,
Stantia concutio cantu freta; nubilo pelio,
Nubilaque induco: ventos abigoque vocoque,
Vipereas rumpo verbis et carmine fauces,
Et silvas moveo, jubeoque tremiscere montes,
Et mugire solum, manesque exire sepulchres.
Te quoque luna traho.

Can you doubt me then, daughter?
That can make mountains tremble, miles of woods walk;
Whole earth's foundations bellow, and the spirits

¶ In the MS. these two lines are part of Florida's speech; they, however, certainly belong to the governor.

Of the entomb'd to burst out from their marbles;
Nay, draw you moon to my involv'd designs?
Fire. I know as well as can be when my mother's mad, and our great cat angry; for one spits French then, and th' other spits Latin.
Duch. I did not doubt you, mother.
Hec. No? what did you?
My power 's so firm, it is not to be question'd.
Duch. Forgive what 's past: and now I know th' offensiveness
That vexes art, I 'll shun th' occasion ever.
Hec. Leave all to me and my five sisters, daughter.
It shall be conveyed in at howlet-time.
Take you no care. My spirits know their moments;
Raven or scritch-owl never fly by th' door,
But they call in, (I thank 'em,) and they lose not by 't.
I give 'em barley soak'd in infants' blood;
They shall have *semina cum sanguine*,
Their gorge cramm'd full, if they come once to our house:
We are no niggard. [*Exit Duchess.*
Fire. They have but too well when they come hither. They ate up as much t' other night as would have made me a good conscionable pudding.
Hec. Give me some lizard's brain: quickly, Fire-stone!
Where 's grannam Stadlin, and all the rest o' th' sisters?
Fire. All at hand, forsooth.
Hec. Give me marmaritin; some bear-breech. When?
Fire. Here 's bear-breech and lizard's brain, forsooth.
Hec. Into the vessel;
And fetch three ounces of the red-hair'd girl I kill'd last midnight.
Fire. Whereabouts, sweet mother?
Hec. Hip; hip or flank. Where is the acopus?
Fire. You shall have acopus, forsooth.
Hec. Stir, stir about; whilst I begin the charm.

A CHARM SONG.

The Witches going about the Cauldron.

Black spirits, and white; red spirits, and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.
Titty, Tiffin, keep it stiff in;
Firedrake, Puckey, make it lucky;
Liard, Robin, you must bob in.
Round, around, around, about, about;
All ill come running in; all good keep out!
1st Witch. Here 's the blood of a bat.
Hec. Put in that; oh, put in that.
2d Witch. Here 's libbard's-bane.
Hec. Put in again.
1st Witch. The juice of toad; the oil of adder.
2d Witch. Those will make the yonker madder.
Hec. Put in: There 's all, and rid the stench.
Fire. Nay, here 's three ounces of the red-hair'd wench.
All. Round, around, around, &c.
Hec. See, see, enough: into the vessel with it.
There; 't hath the true perfection. I am so light
At any mischief: there 's no villainy
But is a tune, methinks.
Fire. A tune! 'Tis to the tune of damnation then. I warrant you that song hath a villainous burthen.
Hec. Come, my sweet sisters; let the air strike our tune,
Whilst we show reverence to yond peeping moon.
[*The Witches dance, and then exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter Lord Governor, ISABELLA, SEBASTIAN, FRONTINA, FRANCISCA ARTEZANES, GASPARO.

Isa. My lord, I have given you nothing but the truth
Of a most plain and innocent intent.
My wrongs being so apparent in this woman,
(A creature that robs wedlock of all comfort,
Where'er she factions,) I could do no less
But seek means privately to shame his folly.
No farther reach'd my malice; and it glads me
That none but my base injurer is found
To be my false accuser.
Gov. This is strange
That he should give the wrongs, yet seek revenge.
But, sirrah, you; you are accus'd here doubly:
First by your lady for a false intelligence
That caus'd her absence, which much hurts her name,
Tho' her intents were blameless: next by this woman,
For an adulterous design and plot
Practis'd between you to entrap her honour,
Whilst she, for hat hire, should enjoy her husband.
Your answer.
Seb. Part of this is truth, my lord,
To which I am guilty in a rash intent,
But clear in act; and she most clear in both,
Not sanctity more spotless.

Enter HERMIO.

Her. Oh, my lord!
Gov. What news breaks there?
Her. Of strange distraction:
Here stands the lady, that within this hour
Was made a widow.
Gov. How?
Her. Your niece, my lord.
A fearful and expected accident

Brought death to meet his fury: for, my lord,
Entering Fernando's house, like a rais'd tempest,
Which nothing heeds but its own violent rage,
Blinded with wrath and jealousy, which scorn guides,
From a false trap-door fell into a depth
Exceeds a temple's height; which takes into it
Part of the dungeon that falls threescore fathom
Under the castle:
Gov. Oh you seed of lust!
Wrongs, and revenges wrongful, with what terrors
You do present yourselves to wretched man
When his soul least expects you.
Isa. I forgive him
All his wrongs now, and sign it with my pity.
Flo. Oh, my sweet servant! [*Swoons.*
Gov. Look to your light mistress.
Gas. She 's in a swoon, my lord.
Gov. Convey her hence.
It is a sight would grieve a modest eye
To see a strumpet's soul endue passion
For him that was the husband of another.
Yet all this clears not you. [*To* SEBASTIAN.
Seb. [*Discovering himself.*] Thanks to heav'n
That I am now of age to clear myself then!
Gov. Sebastian!
Seb. The same, much wrong'd, sir.
Isa. Am I certain
Of what mine eye takes joy to look upon?
Seb. Your service cannot alter me from knowledge:
I am your servant ever.
Gov. Welcome to life, sir!
Gaspar, thou swor'st his death.
Gas. I did indeed, my lord,
And have been since well paid for 't: one forsworn mouth
Hath got me two or three more here.
[*Showing his wounds.*
Seb. I was dead, sir,
Both to my joys, and all men's understanding,
Till this my hour of life; for 't was my fortune
To make the first of my return to Urbin
A witness to that marriage: since which time,
I 've walk'd beneath myself, and all my comforts,
Like one in earth whose joys are laid above:
And tho' it had been offence small in me
To enjoy mine own, I left her pure and free.
Gov. The greater and more sacred is thy blessing:
For where heaven's bounty holy ground-work finds,
'Tis like a sea, encompassing chaste minds.

Enter Duchess.

Her. The duchess comes, my lord.
Gov. Be you then all witnesses
To an intent most horrid.
Duch. One poor night
Ever Almachildes now.
Better his meaner fortunes went than ours,
That took the true height of a princess' spirit
To match unto their greatness. Such lives as his
Were only made to break the force of fate
Ere it came at us, and receive the venom.
'Tis but a usual friendship, for a mistress
To lose some forty years in hopeful time,
And hazard an eternal soul for ever:
As young as he has done, and more desertful.
Gov. Madam.
Duch. My lord?
Gov. This is the hour that I 've so long desired:
The tumult 's full appeas'd. Now may we both
Exchange embraces with a fortunate arm,
And practise to make love-knots, thus.
[*Draws a curtain, and discovers the Duke laid out as a corpse.*
Duch. My lord!
Gov. Thus, lustful woman, and bold murderess, thus!
Bless'd pow'rs, to make my loyalty and truth so happy! [*Honour.*
"Look there, thou shame of greatness, stain of
Behold thy work, and weep before thy death!
If thou liv'st blest with sorrow and a conscience,
Which is a gift from heav'n, and seldom knocks
At any murderer's breast with sounds of comfort,
See this thy worthy and unequall'd piece:
A fair encouragement for another husband!
Duch. Bestow me upon death, sir; I am guilty,
And of a cruelty above my cause.
His injury was too low for my revenge.
Perform a justice that may light all others
To noble actions. Life is hateful to me,
Beholding my dead lord. Make us an one
In death, whom marriage made one of two living,
Till cursed fury parted us. My lord,
I covet to be like him.
Gov. No, my sword
Shall never stain the virgin brightness on 't
With blood of an adult'ress.
Duch. There, my lord,
I dare my accusers, and defy the world,
Death, shame, and torment. Blood I am guilty of,
But not adultery, not the breach of honour.
Gov. No!—Come forth, Almachildes!

Enter ALMACHILDES.

Duch. Almachildes!
Hath time brought him about to save himself
By my destruction? I am justly doom'd.
Gov. Do you know this woman?
Alma. I 've known her better, sir, than at this time.

" Old Copy: "Look thee."

Gov. But she defies you there.
Alma. That 's the common trick of them all.
Duch. Nay, since I 'm touched so near, before my death then,
In right of honour's innocence, I am bold
To call heaven and my woman here to witness.

Enter AMORETTA.

My lord, let her speak truth, or may she perish!
Amor. Then, sir, by all the hopes of a maid's comfort,
Father in faithful service, or bless'd marriage,
The woman that his blinded folly knew
Was only a hir'd strumpet, a professor
Of lust and impudence, which here is ready
To approve what I have spoken.
Alma. A common strumpet!
This comes of scarfs: I 'll never more wear
An haberdasher's shop before mine eyes again.
Gov. My sword is proud thou 'rt lightened of that sin.
Die then a murd'ress only!
Duke. [*rising.*] Live a duchess,
Better than ever lov'd, embrac'd, and honour'd.
Duch. My lord!
Duke. Nay, since in honour thou canst justly rise,
Vanish all wrongs, thy former practice dies.
I thank thee, Almachildes, for my life,
This lord for truth, and heav'n for such a wife;
Who, tho' her intent sum'd, yet she makes amends
With grief and honour, virtue's noblest ends.
What griev'd you then, shall never more offend you;
Your father's scull with honour we 'll inter
And give the peace due to the sepulchre;
And in all times, may this day ever prove
A day of triumph, joy, and honest love!
[*Exeunt.*

THE END.

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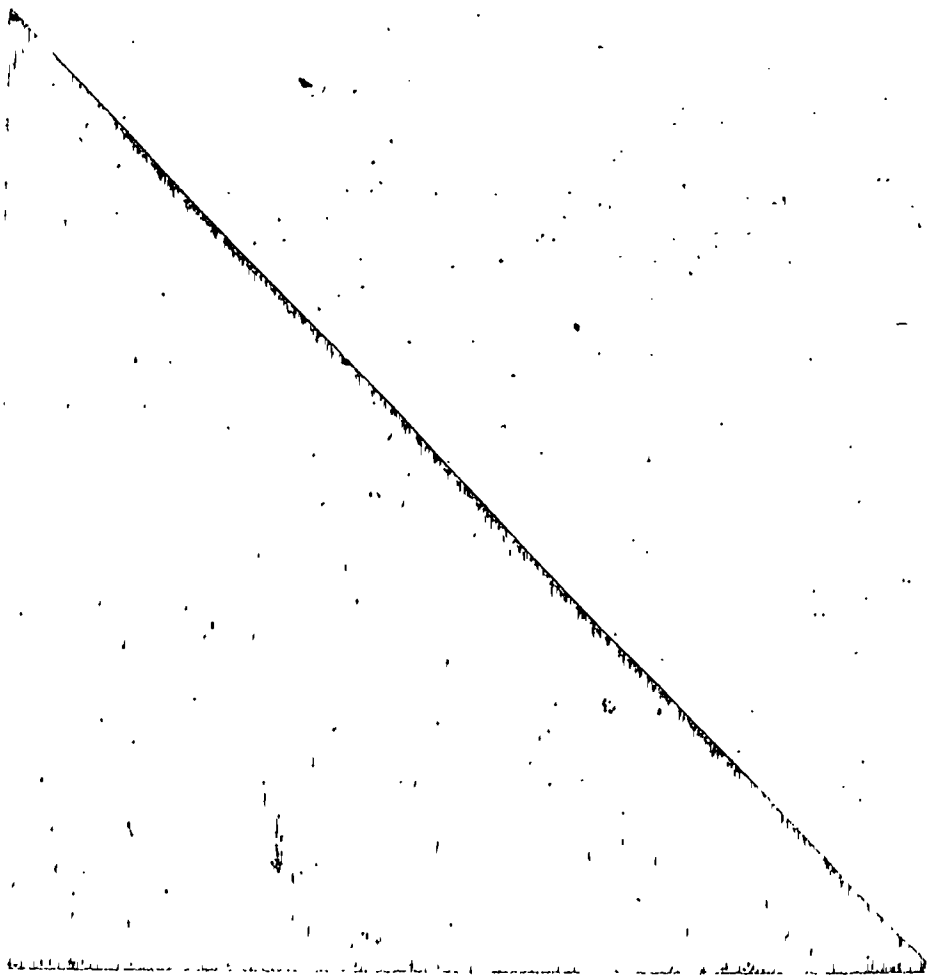

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